GOOD WORDS

1901

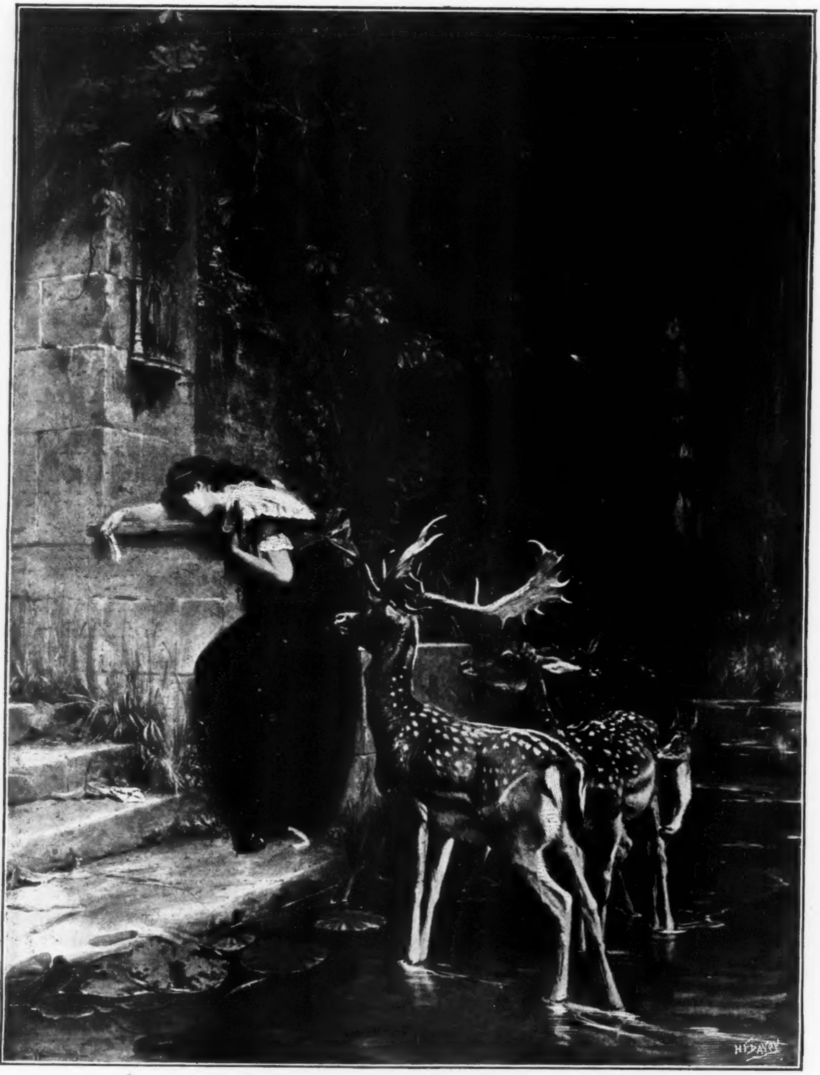
EDITED BY THE VERY REV.

DONALD MACLEOD D.D.

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS

"Good Words are worth much and cost little"
HERBERT

LONDON
ISBISTER AND COMPANY LIMITED
15 AND 16 TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN



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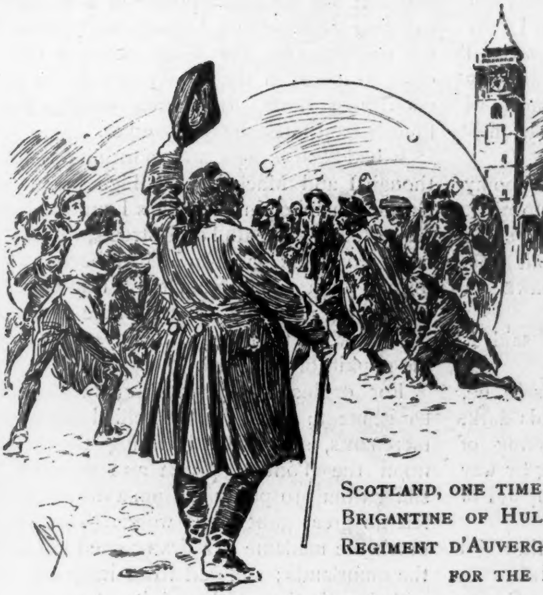
THE RUINED SANCTUARY

By S. E. Waller



THE SHOES OF FORTUNE.

How they brought to Manhood, Love, Adventure, and Content; as also into divers Perils on Land and Sea, in Foreign Parts and in an Alien Army, Paul Greig, Younger, of The Hazel Den in Scotland, one time Purser of "The Seven Sisters" Brigantine of Hull, and late Lieutenant in the Regiment d'Auvergne; all as writ by him and now for the first time set forth

By NEIL MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER I

NARRATES HOW I CAME TO QUIT THE STUDY OF LATIN AND THE LIKE, AND TAKE TO HARD WORK IN A MOORLAND COUNTRY

IT is an odd thing, chance—the one element to baffle the logician and make the scheming and contrivance of the wisest look as foolish in the long run as the sandy citadel a child will build upon the shore without any thought of the incoming tide. A strange thing, chance; and but for chance I might this day be the sheriff of a shire, my head stuffed with the tangled phrase and sentiment of interlocutors, or maybe no more than an advocate overlooked, sitting in John's Coffee-house in Edinburgh—a moody soured man with a jug of claret, and cursing the inconsistences of preferment to office. I might have been that, or less, if it had not been for so trifling a circumstance as the burning of an elderly woman's batch of scones. Had Mistress Grant a more attentive eye to her Culross griddle, what time the scones for her lodgers' breakfast were a-baking forty years ago, I would never have fled furth my native land in a mortal terror of the gallows: had her griddle, say, been higher on the swee-chain by a link or two, Paul Greig would never have foregathered with Dan Risk, the blackguard skipper of a notorious craft; nor pined in foreign jails—Bicêtre the blackest and most dreadful of them all; nor connived, unwitting, at a prince's murder; nor marched the weary leagues of France and fought there on a beggar's wage. And that is not all that hung that long-gone day upon a woman's stair-head gossip to the neglect of her *cuisine*, for had she been more diligent at her baking I had probably never seen my Isobel with a lover's eye.

Well, here's one who can rarely regret the past except that it is gone. It was hard, it was cruel often, dangers the most curious and unexpected beset me, and I got an insight to deep villainies whereof man may be capable; yet on my word, if I had the parcelling out of a second life for myself, I think I would have it not greatly differing from the first, that seems in God's providence like to end in the parish where it started, among kent and friendly folk. I would not swear to it, yet I fancy I would have Lucky Grant again gossiping on her stair-head and her scones burned black, that Mackellar, my fellow-lodger, might make me once more, as he used to do, the instrument of his malcontent.

I mind, as it were yesterday, his gloomy look at the platter that morn's morning. "Here they are again!" cried he, "fired to a cinder; it's always that with the old wife, or else a heart of dough. For a bawbee I would throw them in her face."

"Well, not so much as that," said I, "though it is mighty provoking."

"I'm not thinking of myself," said he, always glooming at the platter with his dark, wild Hielan' eye. "I'm not thinking of myself," said he, "but it's something by way of an insult to you, that had to complain of Sunday's haddocks."

"Oh, as to them," quo' I, "they did brawly for me; 'twas you put your share in your pocket and threw it away on the Green. Besides, the scones are not so bad as they look"—I broke one and ate; "they're owre good at least for a hungry man like me to send back where they came from."

His face got red. "What's that rubbish about the haddocks and the Green?" said he. "You left me at my breakfast when you went to the Ram's Horn Kirk."

"And that's true, Jock," said I; "but I think I have made no' so bad a guess. You were feared to affront the landlady by leaving her ancient fish on the ashet, and you egged me on to do the grumbling."

"Well, it's as sure as death, Paul," said he shamefacedly, "I hate to vex a woman. And you're a thought wrong in your guess"—he laughed at his own humour as he said it—"for when you were gone to your kirk I transferred my share of the stinking fish to your empty plate."

He jouked his head, but scarcely quick enough, for my Sallust caught him on the ear. He replied with a volume of Buchanan the historian, the man I like because he skelped the Lord's anointed, James the First, and for a time there was war in Lucky Grant's parlour room, till I threw him into the recess bed, snibbed the door, and went abroad into the street, leaving my room-fellow for once to utter his own complaints.

I went out with the itch of battle on me, and that was the consequence of a woman's havering while scones burned, and likewise my undoing, for the High Street when I came to it was in the yeasty ferment of encountering hosts, their cries calling poor foolish Paul Greig like a trumpet.

It had been a night and morning of snow, though I and Mackellar, so high in Lucky Grant's chamber in Crombie's Land, had not suspected it. The dull drab streets, with their crazy, corbelled gable-ends, had been transformed by a silent miracle of heaven into something new and clean; where noisome gutters wont to brim with slops there was the napkin of the Lord.

For ordinary I hated this town of my banishment; hated its tun-bellied Virginian merchants, so constantly airing themselves upon the Tontine piazza and seeming to suffer from prosperity as from a disease; and felt no great gout of its women—always so much the madame to a drab-coated lad from the moorlands; suffered from its greed and stifled with the stinks of it. "Gardyloo! Gardyloo! Gardyloo!" Faith! I hear that evening slogan yet, and see the daunderers on the Rottenrow skurry like rats into the closes to escape the cascades from the attic windows. And while I think I loved learning (when it was not too ill to come by), and was doing not so bad in my Humanities, the carven portico of the college in my two sessions of a scholar's fare never but scowled upon me as I entered.

But the snow that morning made of the city a place wherein it was good to be young, warm-clad, and hardy. It silenced the customary traffic of the street, it gave the morning bells a song of fairydom and the valleys of dream; up by—ordinary tall and clean-cut rose the crow-stepped walls, the chimney heads, and steeples, and I clean forgot my constant fancy for the hill of Ballageich and the heather all about it. And war raged. The students faced 'prentice lads and the journeymen of the crafts with volleys of snowballs; the merchants in the little booths ran out tremulous and vainly cried the watch. Charge was made and counter-charge; the air was thick with missiles, and close at hand the silver bells had their merry sweet chime high over the city of my banishment drowned by the voices taunting and defiant.

Merry was that day, but doleful was the

end of it, for in the fight I smote with a snowball one of the bailies of the burgh, who had come waving his three-cocked hat with the pomp and confidence of an elected man and ordering an instant stoppage of our war: he made more ado about the dignity of his office than the breakage of his spectacles, and I was haled before my masters, where I fear I was not so penitent as prudence would advise.

Two days later my father came in upon Dawson's cart to convoy me home. He saw the Principal, he saw the regents of the college, and up, somewhat dashed and melancholy, he climbed to my lodging. Mackellar fled before his face as it had been the face of the Medusa.

"Well, Paul," said my father, "it seems we made a mistake about your birthday."

"Did you?" said I, without meaning, for I knew he was ironical.

"It would seem so, at any rate," said he, not looking my airt at all, but sideways to the window and a tremor in his voice. "When your mother packed your washing last Wednesday and slipped the siller I was not supposed to see into a stocking-foot, she said, 'Now he's twenty and the worst of it over.' Poor woman! she was sadly out of her reckoning. I'm thinking I have here but a bairn of ten. You should still be at the dominie's."

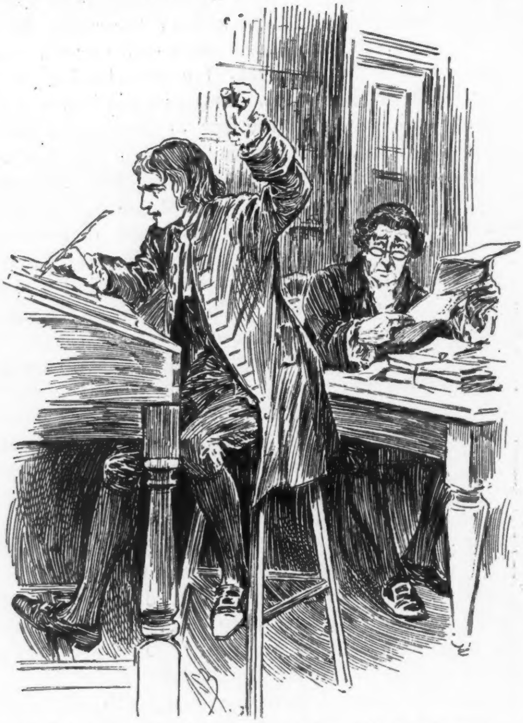
"I was not altogether to blame, father," I cried. "The thing was an accident."

"Of course, of course," said he soothingly. "Was't ever otherwise when the devil joggled an elbow? Whatever it was, accident or design, it's a session lost. Pack up, Paul, my very young boy, and we'll e'en make our way quietly from this place where they may ken us."

He paid the landlady her lawing, with sixpence over for her motherliness, whereat she was ready to greet, and he took an end of my blue kist down the stairs with me, and over with it like a common porter to the carrier's stance.

A raw, raining day, and the rough highways over the hoof with slush of melted snow, we were a chittering pair as we drove under the tilt of the cart that came to the Mearns to meet us, and it was a dumb and solemn home-coming for me.

Not that I cared much myself, for my lawyership thus cracked in the shell, as it were. I had been often seized with the notion that six feet of a moorlander, in a lustre gown and a horse-hair wig and a blue shaloon bag for the fees, was a wastry of good material. But it was the dad and her at home I thought of, and could put my neck below the cart-wheel for distressing. I knew what he thought of as he sat in the cart corner, for many a time he told me his plans; and now they were sadly marred. I was to get as much as I could from the prelections of Professor Reid, work my way through the furrows of Van Eck, Van Muyden, and the Pandects, then go to Utrecht or Groningen for the final baking, and come back to the desk of Coghill and Sproat, Writers to the Signet, in Spreull's Land of Edinburgh; run errands between that dusty hole and the taverns of Salamander Land, where old Sproat (that was my father's doer) held long sederunts with his clients, to write a thesis finally, and graduate at the art of making black look—not altogether white perhaps, but a kind of dirty grey. I had been even privileged to try a sampling of the lawyer's life before I went to college, in the chambers of MacGibbon of Lanark town, where I spent a summer (that had been more profitably passed in my father's fields), backing letters, fair-copying drafts of lease and process, and indexing the letter-book. The last I hated least of all, for I could have a half sheet of foolscap between the pages, and under MacGibbon's very nose try my hand at something sombre in the manner of the old ancient ballads of the Border. Doing that same once, I gave a wild cry and up with my inky hand and shook it. "Eh! eh!" cried MacGibbon, thinking I had gone mad. "What ails ye?" "He struck me with his sword!" said I like a fool, not altogether out of my frenzy; and then the snuffy old body came round the corner of the desk, keeked into the letter-book where I should have been doing his work, and saw that I was wasting good paper with clinking trash. "Oh, sirs! sirs! I never misused a minute of my youth in the like of that!" said he, sneering, and the sneer hurt. "No, I daresay not," I answered him. "Perhaps ye never had the inclination—nor the art." I have gone through the world bound always to say what was in me, and that has been my sore loss more than once; but to speak thus to an old man, who had



"'Eh! eh!' cried MacGibbon, thinking I had gone mad. 'What ails ye?'"

done me no ill beyond demonstrating the general world's attitude to poetry and men of sentiment, was the blackest insolence. He was well advised to send me home for a leathering at my father's hands. And I got the leathering, too, though it was three months after. I had been off in the interim upon a sloop ship out of Ayr.

But here I am havering, and the tilted cart with my father and me in it toiling on the mucky way through the Mearns; and it has escaped couping into the Earn at the ford, and it has landed us at the gate of home; and in all that weary journey never a word, good or ill, from the man that loved me and my mother before all else in a world he was well content with.

Mother was at the door; that dauntened me.

"Ye must be fair starving, Paul," quoth she softly, with her hand on my arm, and I daresay my face was blae with cold and chagrin. But my father was not to let a disgrace well merited blow over just like that.

"Here's our little Paul, Katrine," said he, and me towering a head or two above the pair of them and a black down already on my face. "Here's our little Paul. I hope you have not put by his bibs and daidlies, for the wee man's not able to sup the good things of this life clean yet."

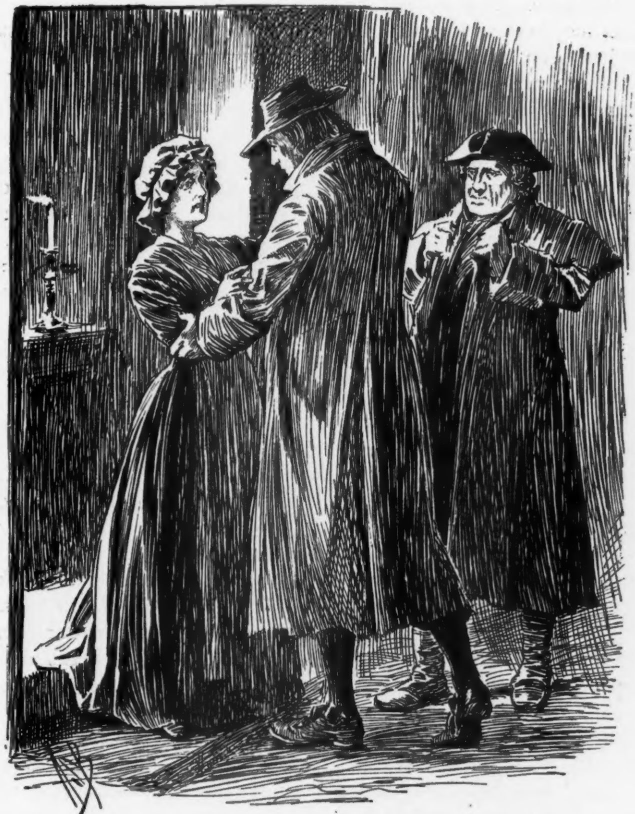
And that was the last word of reproof I heard for my folly from my father, Quinten Greig.

CHAPTER II

MISS FORTUNE'S TRYST BY WATER OF EARN, AND HOW I MARRED THE SAME UNWITTINGLY

For the most part of a year I toiled and moiled like any crofter's son on my father's poor estate, and dreary was the weird I had to dree, for my being there at all was an advertisement to the countryside of what a fool was young Paul Greig. "The Spoiled Horn" was what they called me in the neighbourhood (I learned it in the taunt of a drunken packman), for I had failed at being the spoon I was once designed for, and there was not a ne'er-do-weel peasant nor a bankrupt portioner come craving some benefit to my father's door, but made up for his deference to the laird by his free manner with the laird's son. The extra tenderness of my mother (if that were possible) only served to swell my rebel heart, for I knew she was but seeking to put me in a better conceit of myself, and I found a place whereof I had before been fond exceedingly assume a new complexion. The rain seemed to fall constantly that year, and the earth in spring was sodden and sour. Hazel Den House appeared sunk to the knees in the rotten leafage of the winter long after the lambs came home and the snipe went drumming on the marsh, and the rookery in the holm plantation was busy with scolding parents tutoring their young. A solemn house at its best—it is so yet, sometimes I think, when my wife is on a jaunt at her sister's and Walter's bairns are bedded—it was solemn beyond all description that spring, and little the better for the coming of summer weather. For then the trees about it, that gave it over long billows of untimbered countryside an aspect of dark importance, by the same token robbed it (as I thought then) of its few amenities. How it got the name of Hazel Den I never knew, for autumn never browned a nut there. It was wych elm and ash that screened Hazel Den House; the elms monstrous and grotesque with knotty growths: when they were in their full leaf behind the house, they hid the valley of the Clyde and the Highland hills, that at bleaker seasons gave us a sense of companionship with the wide world beyond our infield of stunted crops. The ash towered to the number of two score and three towards the south, shutting us off from the view there, and working muckle harm to our kitchen-garden. Many a time my father was for cutting them down, but mother forbade it, though her syboes suffered from the shade and her roses grew leggy and unblooming. "That," said she, "is the want of constant love: flowers are like bairns; ye must be aye thinking of them kindly to make them thrive." And indeed there might be something in the notion, for her apple-ringie and Dutch Admiral, jonquils, gillyflowers, and peony-roses throve marvellously, better than they did anywhere in the shire of Renfrew while she lived and tended them, and have never been quite the same since she died, even with a paid gardener to look to them.

A winter loud with storm, then, a spring with rain-rot in the fallen leaf, a summer whose foliage but made our home more solitary than ever, a short autumn of stifling heats—that was the year the Spoiled Horn tasted the bitterness of life, the bitterness that comes from the want of an aim (that is better than the best inheritance in kind) and from a consciousness that the world mistrusts your ability. And to cap all, there was no word about my returning to the prelections of Professor Reid, for a reason I could only guess at then, but learned later, was simply the want of money. My father comported himself to me as if I were doomed to fall into a decline, as we say, demanding my avoidance of night airs, preaching the Horatian virtues of a calm life in the fields, checking with a reddened face and a half-frightened accent every turn of the conversation that gave any alluring colour to travel or adventure. Notably was he dumb, and so was my mother, upon the history of his family. He had had four brothers: three of them, I knew, were dead and their tombs not in Mearns



"'Ye must be fair starving, Paul,' quoth she softly" kirkyard; one of them, Andrew, the youngest, still lived, I feared it might be in a bedlam, by the avoidance they made of all reference to him. I was fated, then, for Bedlam or a galloping consumption—so I apprehended dolefully from the mystery of my folk; and the notion sent me often rambling solitary over the autumn moors, cultivating a not unpleasing melancholy and often stringing stanzas of a solemn complexion that I cannot recall nowadays but with a laugh at my folly.

A favourite walk of mine in these moods was along the Water of Earn, where the river chattered and sang over rocks and shallows or plunged thundering in its linn as it did ere I was born and shall do when I and my story are forgotten. A pleasant place, and yet I nearly always had it to myself alone.

I should have had it always to myself but for one person—Isobel Fortune from the Kirkillstane. She seemed as little pleased to meet me there as I was to meet her, though we had been brought up in the same school together; and when I would come suddenly round a bend of the road and she appeared a hundred yards off, I noticed that she half stopped and seemed, as it were, to swither whether she should not turn and avoid me. It would not have surprised me had she done so, for, to tell the truth, I was no very cheery object to contemplate upon a pleasant highway, with the bawbee frown of a poetic gloom upon my countenance and the most curt of salutations as I passed. What she did there all her lone so often mildly puzzled me, till I concluded she was on a tryst with some young gentleman of the neighbourhood; but as I never saw sign of him, I did not think myself so much the marplot as to feel bound to take another road for my rambling. I was all the surer 'twas a lover she was out to meet, because she reddened guiltily every time we met (a fine and sudden charm to a countenance very striking and beautiful, as I could not but observe even then when weightier affairs engaged me); but it seemed I was all in error for, long after she maintained she was, like myself, indulging a sentimental humour that she found go very well in tune with the noise of Earn Water.

As it was her habit to be busy reading when I thus met, I had little doubt as to the ownership of a book that one afternoon I found on the road not long after passing her. It was—of all things in the world—Hervey's "Meditations!"

"It's an odd graveyard taste for a lass of that stamp," thought I, hastening back after her to restore the book, and when I came up to her she was—not red this time—but wan to the very lips, and otherwise in such confusion that she seemed to tremble upon her legs.

"I think this is yours, Isobel," says I; we were too well acquaint from childhood for any address more formal.

"Oh, thank you, Paul," said she hastily. "How stupid of me to lose it." She took it from me; her eye fell (for the first time, I felt sure) upon the title of the volume, and she bit her lip in a vexation. I was all the more convinced that her book was but a blind in her rambles, and that there was a lover somewhere; and I think I must have relaxed my silly black frown a little, and my proud melancholy permitted a faint smile of amusement. The flag came to her face then.

"Thank you," said she very dryly, and she left me in the middle of the road like a stirk. If it had been no more than that, I should have thought it a girl's tantrum; but the wonder was to come, for before I had taken three steps on my resumed way I heard her run after me. I stopped, and she stopped, and the notion struck me like a rhyme of song that there was something inexpressibly pleasant in her panting breath and her heaving bosom, where a pebble brooch of shining red gleamed like an eye between her breasts.

"I'm not going to tell you a lie about it, Master Paul," she said, almost like to cry; "I let the book fall on purpose."

"Oh, I could have guessed as much as that, Isobel," said I, wondering who in all the world the fellow was. Her sun-bonnet had fallen from her head in her running, and hung at her back on its pink ribbons, and a curl or two of her hair played truant upon her cheek and temple. It seemed to me the young gentleman she was willing to let a book drop for as a signal of her whereabouts was lucky enough.

"Oh! you could have guessed!" she repeated, with a tone in which were dumfounderment and annoyance, "Then I might have saved myself the trouble." And off she went again, leaving me more the stirk than ever and greatly struck at her remorse of conscience over a little sophistry very pardonable in a lass caught gallivanting. When she was gone and her frock was fluttering pink at the turn of the road, I was seized for the first time with a notion that a girl like that some way set off, as we say, or suited with a fine landscape pensive in its loneliness.

Not five minutes later I met young David Borland of the Driepps, and there—I told myself—the lover was revealed. He let on he was taking a short cut for Polnoon, so I said neither buff nor sty as to Mistress Isobel.

The cool superiority of the gentleman, who had, to tell the truth, as little in his head as I had in the heel of my shoe, somewhat galled me, for it cried "Spoiled Horn!" as loud as if the taunt were bawled, so my talk with him was short. There was but one topic in it to interest me.

"Has the man with the scarred brow come yet?" he asked curiously.

I did not understand.

"Then he's not your length yet?" said he, with the manifest gratification of one who has the han'selling of great news. "Oh! I came on him this morning outside a tavern in the Gorbals, bargaining loudly about a saddle horse for Hazel Den. I'll warrant Hazel Den will get a start when it sees him."

I did not care to show young Borland much curiosity in his story, and so it was just in the few words he gave it to me that I brought it home to our supper-table.

My father and mother looked at each other as if I had told them a tragedy. The supper ended abruptly. The evening worship passed unusually fast, my father reading the Book as one in a dream, and we went to our beds nigh an hour before the customary time.

CHAPTER III

OF THE COMING OF UNCLE ANDREW WITH A SCARRED FOREHEAD AND A BRASS-BOUND CHEST, AND HOW I TOOK AN INFECTION

It was a night—as often happens in the uplands of our shire in autumn weather—of vast and brooding darkness: the world seemed to swound in a breathless oven, and I had scarcely come to my chamber when thunder broke wild upon the world and torrential rain began to fall. I did not go to bed, but sat with my candle extinguished and watched the lightning show the landscape as if it had been flooded by the gleam of moon and star.

Between the roar of the thunder and the blatter of the rain there were intervals of an astounding still, of an ominous suspense, and it seemed oddly to me, as I sat in my room, that more than I was awake in Hazel Den House. I felt sure my father and mother sat in their room, still clad and whispering; it was but the illusion of a moment—something felt by the instinct and not by reason—and then a louder, nearer peal of thunder dispelled the notion, and I made to go to bed.

I stopped like one shot, with my waistcoat half undone.

There was a sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the loan, with the squelch of them in the mire sounding soft enough to make me shiver at the notion of the rider's discomfort in that appalling night, and every now and then the metal click of shoes, showing the animal over-reached himself in the trot.

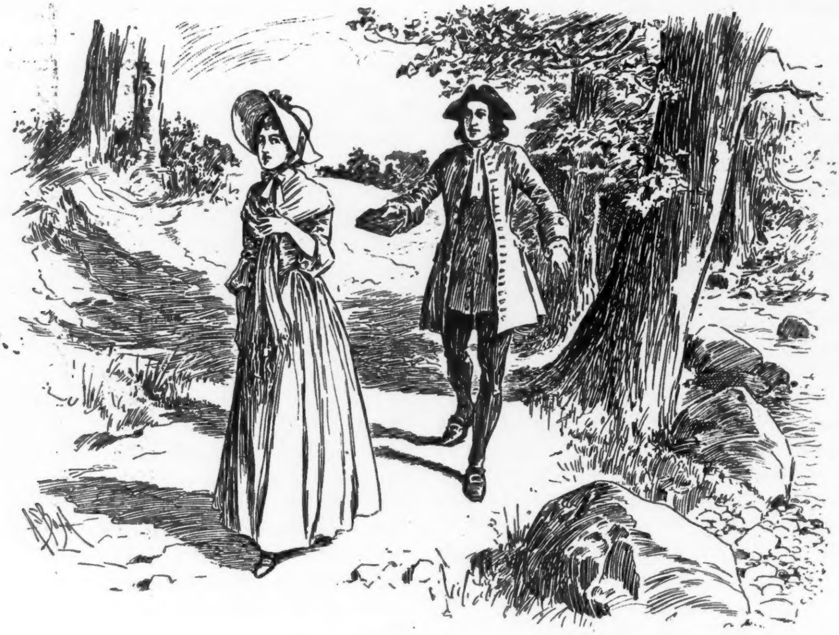
The rider drew up at the front; a flash of the lightning and the wildest thunder-peal of the night seemed to meet among our outhouses, and when the roll of the thunder ceased I heard a violent rapping at the outer door.

The servants would be long ere they let this late visitor out of the storm, I fancied, and I hurried down; but my father was there in the hall before me, all dressed, as my curious intuition had informed me, and his face strange and inscrutable in the light of a shaded candle. He was making to open the door. My appearance seemed to startle him. He paused, dubious and a trifle confused.

"I thought you had been in bed long ago," said he, "and——"

His sentence was not finished, for the horseman broke in upon it with a masterful rataplan upon the oak, seemingly with a whip-head or a pistol butt, and a cry, new to my ear and uncanny, rose through the beating rain.

With a sigh the most distressing I can mind of, my father seemed to reconcile himself to some fate he would have warded off if he could. He unbolted and threw back the door.



"'I think this is yours, Isobel,' says I"

Our visitor threw himself in upon us as if we held the keys of paradise—a man like a rake for lankiness, as was manifest even through the dripping wrap-rascal that he wore; bearded cheek and chin in a fashion that must seem fiendish in our shaven country; with a wild and angry eye, the Greig mole black on his temple, and an old scar livid across his sunburned brow. He threw a three-cocked hat upon the floor with a gesture of insolent possession.

"Well, I'm ——!" cried he, "but this is a black welcome to one's poor brother Andy," and scarcely looked upon my father standing with the shaded candle in the wind. "What's to drink? Drink, do you hear that, Quinten? Drink—drink—d-r-i-n-k. A long strong drink too, and that's telling you, and none of the whey that I'm hearing's running through the Greigs now, that once was a reputable family of three bottles and a rummer to top all."

"Whist, whist, man!" pleaded father tremulously, all the man out of him as he stood before this drunken apparition.

"Whist! quo' he. Well stap me! do you no' ken the lean pup of the litter?" hiccoughed our visitor, with a sort of sneer that made the blood run to my head, and for the first time I felt the great, the splendid, joy of a good cause to fight for.

"You're Andrew," said father simply, putting his hand upon the man's coat sleeve in a sympathy for his drenchen clothes.

That kindly hand was jerked off rudely, an act as insolent as if he had smitten his host upon the mouth: my heart leaped, and my fingers went at his throat. I could have spread him out against the wall, though I knew him now my uncle; I could have given him the rogue's quittance with a black face and a protruding tongue. The candle fell from father's hand; the glass shade shattered; the hall of Hazel Den House was plunged in darkness, and the rain drave in through the open door upon us three struggling.

"Let him go, Paul," whispered my father, who I knew was in terror of frightening his wife, and he wrestled mightily with an arm of each of us.

Yet I could not let my uncle go, for with the other arm he held a knife, and he would perhaps have died for it had not another light come on the stair and my mother's voice risen in a pitiful cry.

We fell asunder on a common impulse, and the drunken wanderer was the first to speak.

"Katrine," said he; "it's always the old tale with Andy, you see; they must be misunderstanding me," and he bowed with a surprising gentlemanliness that could have made me almost think him not the man who had fouled our house with oaths and drawn a knife upon us in the darkness. The blade of the same, by a trick of legerdemain, had gone up the sleeve of his dripping coat. He seemed all at once sobered. He took my good mother by the hand as she stood trembling and never to know clearly upon what elements of murder she had come.

"It is you, Andrew," said she, bravely smiling. "What a night to come home in after twenty years; I'm wae to see you in such a plight. And your horse?" said she again, lifting her candle and peering into the darkness of the night. "I must cry up Sandy to stable your horse."

I'll give my uncle the credit of a confusion at his own forgetfulness.

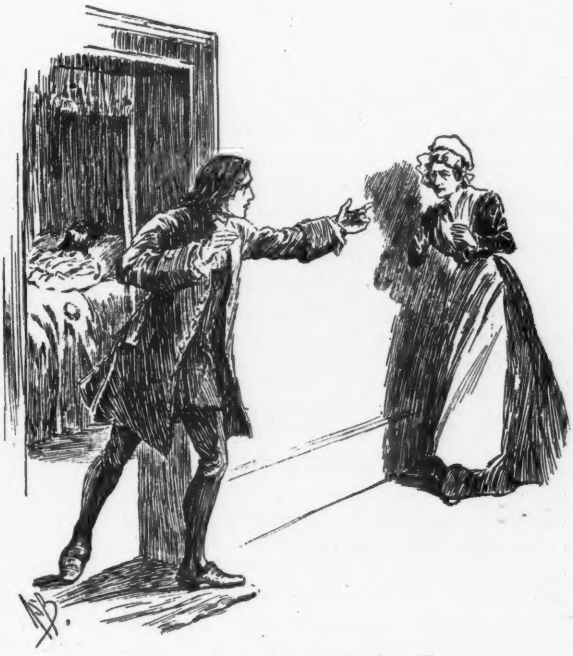
"Good Lord! Katrine," said he, "if I did not clean forget the brute, a fiddle-faced, spavined, spatter-dasher of a Gorbals mare, no' worth her corn; but there's my bit kistie on her hump."

The servant was round soon at the stabling of the mare, and my mother was brewing something of what the gentleman had had too much already, though she could not guess that; and out of the dripping night he lugged in none of a rider's customary holsters but a little brass-bound chest.

"Yon night I set out for my fortune, Quinten," said he, "I did not think I would come back with it a bulk so small as this; did you? It was the sight of this quiet house and the thought of all it contained that made me act like an idiot as I came in. Still, we must just take the world as we get it, Quinten; and I knew I was sure of a warm welcome in the old house, from one side of it if not from the other, for the sake of lang syne. And this is your son, is it?" he went on, looking at my six feet of indignation not yet dead. "Split me if there's whey in that piece! You near jammed my hawze that time! Your Uncle Andrew's hawze, boy. Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Not a bit," said I between my teeth; "I leave that to you."

He smiled till his teeth shone white in his black beard, and "Lord!" cried he, "I'm that glad I came. It was but the toss of a bawbee, when I came to Leith last week, whether I should have a try at the old doocot, or up Blue Peter again and off to the Indies. I hate ceiled rooms—they mind me of the tomb; I'm out of practice at sitting doing nothing in a parlour and saying grace before meat, and—I give you warning, Quinten—I'll be —— if I drink milk for supper. It was the notion of milk for supper and all



"I ran and cried my mother ben"

that means that kept me from calling on Katrine—and you—any sooner. But I'm glad I came to meet a lad of spirit like young Andy here."

"Not Andy," said my father. "Paul is his name."

My uncle laughed.

"That was ill done of you, Quinten," said he; "I think it was as little as Katrine and you could do to have kept up the family name. I suppose you reckoned to change the family fate when you made him Paul. H'm! You must have forgotten that Paul the Apostle wandered most, and many ways fared worst of all the rest. I haven't forgotten my Bible, you see, Quinten."

We were now in the parlour room; a servant lass was puffing up a new-lighted fire; my uncle, with his head in the shade, had his greatcoat off, and stood revealed in shabby garments that had once been most genteel; and his brass-bound fortune, that he seemed averse from parting with a moment, was at his feet. Getting no answer to what he had said of the disciples, he looked from one to the other of us and laughed slyly.

"Take off your boots, Andy," said father. "And where have you been since—since—the Plantations?"

"Stow that, Quinten!" cried my uncle, with an oath and his eye on me. "What Plantations are you blethering about? And where have I been? Ask me rather where have I not been. It makes me dizzy even to think of it: with filthy lascars, lying Greeks, Ebo slaves, Jollofs, Krooboys, Mandingoes, stinking niggers, and slit-eyed Chinese! Oh! I tell you I've seen things in twenty years. And places, too: this Scotland, with its infernal rain and its grey fields and its rags, looks like a nightmare to me yet. You may be sure I'll be out of it pretty fast again."

"Poor Scotland!" said father ambiguously.

There must be people in the world who are oddly affected by names, by the names of places, peoples, things that have never come within their own experience. Till this day the name of Barbadoes influences me like a story of adventure; and when my Uncle Andrew—lank, bearded, drenched with storm, stood in our parlour glibly hinting at illimitable travel, I lost my anger with the tipsy wretch and felt a curious glow go through my being.

CHAPTER IV

I COME UPON THE RED SHOES

UNCLE ANDREW settled for the remainder of his time into our domestic world at Hazel Den as if his place had been kept warm for him since ever he went away. For the remainder of his time, I say, because he was to be in the clods of Mearns kirkyard before the hips and haws were off the hedges; and I think I someway saw his doom in his ghastly countenance the first morning he sat at our breakfast table, contrite over his folly of the night before, as you could see, but carrying off the situation with worldly *sang-froid*, and even showing signs of some affection for my father.

His character may be put in two words—he was a lovable rogue; his tipsy bitterness to the goodman his brother may be explained almost as briefly: he had had a notion of Katrine Oliver, and had courted her before ever she met my father, and he had lost her affection through his own folly. Judging from what I would have felt myself in the like circumstances, his bitterest punishment for a life ill spent must have been to see Katrine Oliver's pitying kindness to him now, and the sight of that douce and loving couple finding their happiness in each other must have been a constant sermon to him upon repentance.

Yet, to tell the truth, I fear my Uncle Andrew was not constituted for repentance or remorse. He had slain a man honestly once, and had suffered the Plantations, but beyond that (and even that included, as he must ever insist,) he had been guilty of no mean act in all his roving career. Follies—vices—extremes—ay, a thousand of them; but for most his conscience never pricked him. On the contrary, he would narrate with gusto the manifold jeopardies his own follies brought him into; his wan face, nigh the colour of a shroud, would flush and his eyes dance humorously as he shocked the table when we sat at meals, our spoons suspended in the agitation created by his wonderful histories.

Kept to a moderation with the bottle, and with the constant influence of my mother, who used to feed the rogue upon vegetables and load his broth with simples unknowing to him as a cure for his craving, Uncle Andrew was, all things considered, an acquisition to Hazel Den House. Speaking for myself, he brought the element of the unusual and the unexpected to a place where routine had made me sick of my own society; and though the man in his sober senses knew he was dying on his feet, he was the cheeriest person of our company sequestered so remote in the moors. It was a lesson in resignation to see yon merry eyes loweing like lamps over his tombstone cheeks, and hear him crack a joke in the flushed and heaving interludes of his cough.

It was to me he ever directed the most sensational of his extraordinary memorials. My father did not like it; I saw it in his eye. It was apparent to me that a remonstrance often hung on the tip of his tongue. He would invent ridiculous and unnecessary tasks to keep me out of reach of that alluring *raconteur*, and nobody saw it plainer than Uncle Andrew, who but laughed with the mischievousness of a boy.

Well, the long and short of it was just what Quinten Greig feared—his Spoiled Horn finally smit with a hunger for the road of the Greigs. For three hundred years—we could go no further back, because of a bend sinister—nine out of ten of that family had travelled that road, that leads so often to a kistful of sailor's shells and a death with boots on. It was a fate in the blood, like the black hair of us, the mole on the temple, and the trick of irony. It was that ailment my father had feared for me; it was that kept the household silent upon missing brothers (they were dead, my uncle told me, in Trincomalee, in Jamaica, and a yard in the Borough of London); it was that inspired the notion of a lawyer's life for Paul Greig.

Just when I was in the deepmost confidence of Uncle Andrew, who was by then confined to his bed and suffering the treatment of Doctor Clews, his stories stopped abruptly and he began to lament the wastry of his life. If the thing had been better acted, I might have been impressed, for our follies never look just like what they are till we are finally on the broad of our backs and the Fell Sergeant's step is at the door. But it was not well acted; and when the wicked Uncle Andrew groaned over the very ploys he had a week ago exulted in, I recognised some of my mother's commonest sentiments in his sideways sermon. She had got her quondam Andy, for lang syne's sake, to help her keep her son at home; and he was doing his best, poor man, but a trifle late in the day.

"Uncle Andrew," said I, never heeding his homily, "tell me what came of the pock-marked tobacco planter when you and the negro lay in the swamp for him."

He groaned hopelessly.

"A rotten tale, Paul, my lad," said he, never looking me in the face; "I rue the day I was mixed up in that affair."

"But it was a good story so far as it went, no further gone than Wednesday last," I protested.

He laughed at that, and for half-an-hour he put off the new man of my mother's bidding, and we were on the old naughty footing again. He concluded by bequeathing to me for the twentieth time the brass-bound chest and its contents, that we had never seen nor could guess the nature of. But now for the first time he let me know what I might expect there.

"It's not what Quinten might consider much," said he, "for there's not a guelder of money in it, no, nor so little as a groat, for as the world's divided ye can't have both the money and the dance, and I was aye the fellow for the dance. There's scarcely anything in it, Paul, but the trash that—ahem! —is the very fitting reward for a life like mine."

"And still and on, uncle," said I, "it is a very good tale about the pock-marked man."

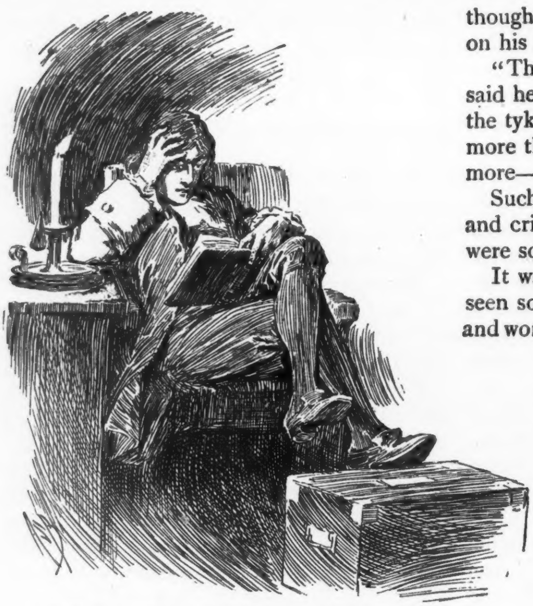
"Ah! You're there, Greig!" cried the rogue, laughing till his hoast came to nigh choke him. "Well, the kist's yours, anyway, such as it is; and there's but one thing in it—to be strict, a pair—that I set any store by as worth leaving to my nephew."

"It ought to be spurs," said I, "to drive me out of this lamentable countryside and to where a fellow might be doing something worth while."

"Eh!" he cried, "you're no' so far off it, for it's a pair of shoes."

"A pair of shoes!" I repeated, half inclined to think Uncle Andrew was doited at last.

"A pair of shoes, and perhaps in some need of the cobbler, for I have worn them a



"Of my uncle's escape from the Jesuits of Spain"

good deal since I got them in Madras. They were not new when I got them, but by the look of them they're not a day older now. They have got me out of some unco' plights in different parts of the world, for all that the man who sold them to me at a bonny penny called them the Shoes of Sorrow; and so far as I ken, the virtue's in them yet."

"A doomed man's whim," thought I, and professed myself vastly gratified by his gift.

He died next morning. It was Candlemas Day. He went out at last like a cruisie wanting oil. In the morning he had sat up in bed to sup porridge that, following a practice I had made before his reminiscences concluded, I had taken in to him myself. Tremendous long and lean the upper part of him looked, and the cicatrice upon his brow made his ghastliness the more appalling. When he sat against the bolsters he could see through the window into the holm field, and, as it happened, what was there but a wild young roe-deer driven down from some higher part of the country by stress of winter weather, and a couple of mongrel dogs keeping him at bay in an angle of the fell dyke.

I have seldom seen a man more vastly moved than Uncle Andrew looking upon this tragedy of the wilds. He gasped as though his chest would crack, a sweat burst on his face.

"That's—that's the end o't, Paul, my lad!" said he. "Yonder's your roving uncle, and the tykes have got him cornered at last. No more the heather and the brae; no more—no more—no more——"

Such a change came on him that I ran and cried my mother ben, and she and father were soon at his bedside.

It was to her he turned his eyes, that had seen so much of the spacious world of men and women and all their multifarious interests, great and little. They shone with a light of memory and affection, so that I got there and then a glimpse of the Uncle Andrew of innocence and the Uncle Andrew who might have been if fate had had it otherwise.

He put out his hand and took hers, and said good-bye.

"The hounds have me, Katrine," said he. "I'm at the fell dyke corner."

"I'll go out and whistle them off, uncle," said I, fancying all a doited man's illusion, though the look of death was on him; but I stood rebuked in the frank gaze he gave me of a fuller comprehension than mine, though he answered me not.

And then he took my father's hand in his other, and to him too he said farewell.

"You're there, Quinten?" said he; "and Katrine—Katrine—Katrine chose by far the better man. God be merciful to poor Andy Greig, a sinner." And these were his last words.

CHAPTER V

A SPOILED TRYST, AND OTHER THINGS THAT FOLLOWED ON THE OPENING OF THE CHEST

THE funeral was over before I cared to examine my bequest, and then I went to it with some reluctance, for if a pair of shoes was the chief contents of the brass-bound chest, there was like to be little else except the melancholy relics of a botched life. It lay where he left it on the night he came—under the foot of his bed—and when I lifted the lid I felt as if I was spying upon a man through a keyhole. Yet, when I came more minutely to examine the contents, I was disappointed that at the first reflection nothing was there half so pregnant as his own most casual tale to rouse in me the pleasant excitation of romance.

A bairn's caul—that sailor's trophy that has kept many a mariner from drowning only that he might die a less pleasant death; a broken handcuff, whose meaning I cared not to guess at; a pop or pistol; a chap-book of country ballads, that possibly solaced his exile from the land they were mostly written about; the batters of a Bible, with nothing between them but his name in his mother's hand on the inside of the board; a traveller's log or itinerary, covering a period of fifteen years, extremely minute in its detail and well written; a broken sixpence and the pair of shoes.

The broken sixpence moved my mother to tears, for she had had the other half twenty years ago, before Andrew Greig grew ne'er-do-weel; the shoes failed to rouse in her or in my father any interest whatever. If they could have guessed it, they would have taken them there and then and sunk them in the deepest linn of Earn.

There was little kenspeckle about them saving their colour, which was a dull dark red. They were of the most excellent material, with a great deal of fine sewing thrown away upon them in parts where it seemed to me their endurance was in no wise benefited, and an odd pair of silver buckles gave to your second glance a foreign look to them.

I put them on at the first opportunity: they fitted me as if my feet had been moulded to them, and I sat down to the study of the log-book. The afternoon passed, the dusk came. I lit a candle, and at midnight, when I reached the year of my uncle's escape from the Jesuits of Spain, I came to myself gasping, to find the house in an alarm, and that lanthorns were out about Earn Water looking for me, while all the time I was *perdu* in the dead uncle's chamber in the baron's wing, as we called it, of Hazel Den House. I pretended I had fallen asleep; it was the first and the last time I lied to my mother, and something told me she knew I was deceiving her. She looked at the red shoes on my feet.

"Ugly brogues!" said she; "it's a wonder to me you would put them on your feet. You don't know who has worn them."

"They were Uncle Andy's," said I, complacently looking at them, for they fitted like a glove: the colour was hardly noticeable in the evening, and the buckles were most becoming.

"Ay! and many a one before him, I'm sure," said she, with distaste in her tone. "I don't think them nice at all, Paul," and she shuddered a little.

"That's but a freit," said I; "but it's not likely I'll wear much of such a legacy." I went up and left them in the chest, and took the diary into my own room and read Uncle Andrew's marvellous adventures in the trade of rover till it was broad daylight.

When I had come to the conclusion it seemed as if I had been in the delirium of a fever, so tempestuous and unreal was that memoir of a wild loose life. The sea was there, buffeting among the pages in rollers and breakers; there were the chronicles of a hundred ports, with boozing kens and lazarettos in them; far out isles and cays in nameless oceans, and dozing lagoons below tropic skies; a great clash of weapons and a bewildering deal of political intrigue in every part of the Continent from Calais to Constantinople. My uncle's narrative in life had not hinted at one-half the marvel of his career, and I read his pages with a rapture, as one hears a noble piece of music, fascinated to the uttermost, and finding no moral at the end beyond that the world we most of us live in with innocence and ignorance is a crust over tremendous depths. And then I burned the book. It went up in a grey smoke on the top of the fire that I had kept going all night for its perusal; and the thing was no sooner done than I regretted it, though the act was dictated by the seemly enough idea that its contents would only distress my parents if they came to their knowledge.

For days—for weeks—for a season—I went about, my head humming with Uncle Andy's voice recounting the most stirring of his adventures as narrated in the log-book. I had been infected by almost his first words the night he came to Hazel Den House, and made a magic chant of the mere names of foreign peoples; now I was fevered indeed; and when I put on the red shoes (as I did of an evening, impelled by some dandyism foreign to my nature hitherto), they were like the seven-league boots for magic, as they set my imagination into every harbour Uncle Andy had frequented and a guest at every inn where he had met his boon companions.

I was wearing them the next time I went on my excursion to Earn side and there met Isobel Fortune, who had kept away from the place since I had smiled at my discovery of her tryst with Hervey's "Meditations." She came upon me unexpectedly, when the gentility of my shoes and the recollection of all that they had borne of manliness was making me walk along the road with a very high head and an unusual jaunty step.

She seemed struck as she came near, with her face displaying her confusion, and it seemed to me she was a new woman altogether—at least, not the Isobel I had been at school with and seen with an indifferent eye grow up like myself from pinafores. It seemed suddenly scandalous that the like of her should have any correspondence with so ill suited a love as David Borland of the Dreipps.

For the first time (except for the unhappy introduction of Hervey's "Meditations") we stopped to speak to each other. She was the most bewitching mixture of smiles and blushes, and stammering now and then and vastly eager to be pleasant to me, and thinks I, "My lass, you're keen on trysting when it's with Borland."

The very thought of the fellow in that connection made me angry in her interest; and with a mischievous intention of spoiling his sport if he hovered, as I fancied, in the neighbourhood, or at least of delaying his happiness as long as I could, I kept the conversation going very blithe indeed.

She had a laugh, low and brief, and above all sincere, which is the great thing in laughter, that was more pleasant to hear than the sound of Earn in its tinkling hollow among the ferns: it surprised me that she should favour my studied and stupid jocosities with it so frequently. Here was appreciation! I took, in twenty minutes, a better conceit of myself than the folks at home could have given me in the twelve months since I left the college, and I'll swear to this date 'twas the consciousness of my fancy shoes that put me in such good key.

She saw my glance go to them at last complacently, and pretended herself to notice them for the first time.

She smiled—little hollows came near the corner of her lips; of a sudden I minded having once kissed Mistress Grant's niece in a stair-head frolic in Glasgow High Street, and the experience had been pleasant enough.

"They're very nice," said Isobel.

"They're all that," said I, gazing boldly at her dimples. She flushed and drew in her lips.

"No, no!" I cried, "'twas not them I was thinking of; but their neighbours. I never saw you had dimples before."

At that she was redder than ever.

"I could not help that, Paul," said she; "they have been always there, and you are getting very audacious. I was thinking of your new shoes."

"How do you know they're new?"

"I could tell," said she, "by the sound of your footstep before you came in sight."

"It might not have been my footstep," said I, and at that she was taken aback.

"That is true," said she, hasty to correct herself. "I only thought it might be your footstep, as you are often this way."

"It might as readily have been David Borland's. I have seen him about here." I watched her as closely as I dared: had her face changed, I would have felt it like a blow.

"Anyway, they're very nice, your new shoes," said she, with a marvellous composure that betrayed nothing.

"They were uncle's legacy," I explained, "and had travelled far in many ways about the world; far—and fast."

"And still they don't seem to be in such a hurry as your old ones," said she, with a mischievous air. Then she hastened to cover what might seem a rudeness. "Indeed, they're very handsome, Paul, and become you very much, and—and—and——"

"They're called the Red Shoes of Sorrow; that's the name my uncle had for them," said I, to help her to her own relief.

"Indeed, and I hope it may be no more than a by-name," said she gravely.

The day had the first rumour of spring: green shoots thrust among the bare bushes on the river side, and the smell of new-turned soil came from a field where a plough had been feiring; above us the sky was blue, in the north the land was pleasantly curved against silver clouds.

And one small bird began to pipe in a clump of willows, that showered a dust of gold upon us when the little breeze came among the branches. I looked at all and I looked at Isobel Fortune, so trim and bonny, and it seemed there and then good to be a man and my fortunes all to try.

"Sorrow here and sorrow there, Isobel," I said, "they are the shoes to take me away sooner or later from Hazel Den.

She caught my meaning with astounding quickness.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked soberly, and I thought she could not have been more vexed had it been David Borland.

"Another year of this," said I, looking at the vacant land, "would break my heart."

"Indeed, Paul, and I thought Earn-side was never so bonny as now," said she, vexed like, as if she was defending a companion.

"That is true, too," said I, smiling into the very depths of her large dark eyes, where I saw a pair of Spoiled Horns as plain as if I looked in sunny weather into Linn of Earn. "That is true, too. I have never been better pleased with it than to-day. But what in the world's to keep me? It's all bye with the college—at which I'm but middling well pleased; it's all bye with the law—for which thanks to Heaven! and, though they seem to think otherwise at Hazel Den House, I don't believe I've the cut of a man to spend his life among routing cattle and dour clay land."

"I daresay not, it's true," said she stammeringly, with one fast glance that saw me from the buckles of my red shoes to the underlids of my eyes. For some reason or other she refused to look higher, and the distant landscape seemed to have charmed her after that. She drummed with a toe upon the path; she bit her nether lip; upon my word, the lass had tears at her eyes! I had, plainly, kept her long enough from her lover.

"Well, it's a fine evening; I must be going," said I stupidly, making a show at parting, and an ugly sense of annoyance with David Borland stirring in my heart.

"But it will rain before morning," said she, making to go too, but always looking to the hump of Dungoyne that bars the way to the Hielands. "I think, after all, Master Paul, I liked the old shoon better than the new ones."

"Do you say so?" I asked, astonished at the irrelevance that came rapidly from her lips, as if she must cry it out or choke. "And how comes that?"

"Just because——" said she, and never a word more, like a woman, nor fair good-e'en nor fair good-day to ye, but off she went, and I was the stirk again.

I looked after her till she went out of sight, wondering what had been the cause of her tirravee. She fair ran at the last, as if eager to get out of my sight; and when she disappeared over the brae that rose from the river-side there was a sense of deprivation within me. I was clean gone in love and over the lugs in it with Isobel Fortune.

CELEBRATED LADY TRAVELLERS

I.—MÉNIE MURIEL DOWIE (Mrs. HENRY NORMAN)

By ETHEL F. HEDDLE

MY friendship with Ménie Muriel Dowie may have been said to be due primarily to the fact that our mothers were close friends before us, and in the family album, a portentous volume into which we used to peep as into family archives, there was the picture of a little fair-haired blue-eyed girl, with, even in those days, something unusual in the chubby face, perhaps a half-humorous confidence, and a frank outlook on the world, which set it somehow apart from the rest, in my mind. I am quite certain when that photograph was taken, the small Ménie went home and described the whole scene to her nurse, with a variety of diction, and a picturesque touch, that would graphically convey the whole scene! Her grandfather, Dr. Robert Chambers, used to say he never knew a child with such a wonderful vocabulary. The vocabulary has gone on increasing. One of the charms of Mrs.

Norman's writing is her choice of exactly the right word in the right place—a word that somehow conveys everything, and leaves you with a sense of happy surprise; she has a gift of filling in words like pieces of a fine mosaic; a talent for conveying to your mind the vast capabilities of the English language. In this she has reminded me often of the late "A.K.H.B."

We did not meet, however, till we were both past the chubby stage; young women, with certain well defined ideas and views of life and work. And from the first moment I met my friend, in the Berkeley Square dining-room of her aunt, Mrs. Frederick Lehmann, I felt that here was some one of charming and marked individuality. I remember the very black gown she wore, and the picture hat on the masses of brown-gold hair. I remember the vivacious and dramatic anecdote, the power that transported one to the scene described. Of a brilliant and gifted family, here was one who was to go far in many ways. We met next in her father's and mother's country place in Kinross-shire, and this was the beginning of our real friendship, for she had seriously begun then "to write," and from the moment that I was seated in the phæton, and was being driven home by the quiet serene Ochils, and her first question was "What are you doing?" the friendship was signed and sealed.

After that what long talks by the fireside of a dainty and characteristic room, what sheafs of MS., what daring and original plots and motifs were discussed: I, who knew of the real sub-stratum of hard work and brave and fearless perseverance that underlay so much brilliancy and talent, was not surprised, when, on the morning after that fateful meeting of the British Association at Leeds, Ménie Muriel Dowie woke to find herself, and her paper on the Karpathians, famous. The hand that wrote that British Association paper—unlike any other, somehow, that was ever written—was a hand that had polished its tools with hard and patient work. Add to this, a grace and fascination which charmed greybeard and youth alike—and you have the explanation of her success. Never before had the stately society been so stirred; and then to think the traveller was this slender willowy figure—in her simple frock! I was asked often in those days, "What is she like? Very strong, I suppose and sturdy," and the picture I drew of her, used to leave a blank and rather incredulous surprise.

But after all it is not the masculine and sturdy women who nowadays are our travellers. We think of Mary Kingsley's madonna-like face and slender figure. It is the power behind the surface fragility, that wonderful power of disregarding obstacles, of literally marching through difficulties, which Mrs. Norman possesses, perhaps more than any woman I know.

She writes of herself to me, when asked, "Please tell me exactly where you have gone"—"As I really have travelled so little, the interest of your article must be sought rather in a sketch of myself if you can make that interesting! Also, all the little things I did are so well-known. The summer before I went to Poland I spent in Devonshire, in a cottage by myself, writing and vaguely exploring about, on a hunter I had hired (you remember). At that time of my life I liked being alone very much, better than being with people, as a general thing. (I don't now: a sign of advancing age, this decline of the happy self-sufficiency of youth, when one's own nature is all the human nature one wants or can handle, and *big* Nature seems so much more interesting than life and the people one can never understand!) Then, you know, I went to Paris for the winter, having been left a little money; and it sufficed to give me the following summer in Poland; that was the summer of '90. After Poland came the British Association venture, which was really a sort of coincidence, unsought by me (my mother always liked going to these meetings, having so many scientific friends and interests); a winter in London, writing my book; and in '91 I married, and spent the next winter going up the Nile, and as far as our then outpost, Saras, which was fifty miles beyond Wady Halfa.

"Though this was mere polite travel, and unaccompanied by anything but the excessive luxury that is apt to obscure the real interest of foreign scenes and life, it had some interest; for I was lent the house of the Colonel commanding at Wady Halfa, and stayed a fortnight where the tourist spent only a few hours. I saw the army we were making, and the men who were making it. The army has since fought Omdurman; two of those men are now Sir Archibald Hunter (I did not meet him), and a certain shy Highland major, who interested me very much, was no less a person than General Hector Macdonald, who, now commanding the Highland Brigade at the front, writes me last week, 'We are patiently waiting for the day, it may or may not come, which will give us the chance to show our training as soldiers and our prowess in the field without rashness' (referring to Magersfontein). 'If this day ever comes, I shall be proud of your congratulations, and if it never arrives, you will know that we were prepared and disappointed.' (I am very proud of this letter, Ethel, and think it an honour to have received it.)

(Gordon & Macfarlan, photographers, Musselburgh)

(MÉNIE MURIEL DOWIE) MRS. HENRY NORMAN

"Well, then, the next thing we did together, Harry and I (and it may be, that it is since I have had Harry, a veritable prince of travellers as regards the noble art of 'getting there,' that I have less appreciated the joy of being alone) was the autumn we spent in the Balkan States and in Constantinople." (The fruits of this journey are found in Mrs. Norman's novel "The Crook of the Bough," where there are some most exquisitely described scenes, in a locale hitherto almost untouched by the novelist.) She continues, "Though the sense of haphazard was now eliminated from my journeying, a new element was introduced, for now, wherever we went, we met and knew the interesting people: politicians, ministers, &c. Then, last winter came Russia and Siberia, and while Harry looked at Central Asia, I came home, as you know, through the Crimea.

"It will be necessary to say something about health. People always wonder, when they see me, 'how I ever stood it.' Well, if you come to think of it, except for a delicate chest, which makes certain civilised conditions bad for me, I can do 'most anything that has to be done in the way of endurance. I can walk, though I never do walk where a horse can be got to go. The Karpathian experience was little different from what has since been found to be the great cure for tuberculous disease! and I never was so well in my life. Perhaps, having the use of my body in a larger degree than some women may have helped me. And travelling seems to be hereditary, for Nigel" (her little son), "getting it from two sides, never knows what it is to lose heart over a long day, and can be found sunny of temper and eager for the coming hour, no matter how long he may have been at it, little as he is! I should like something said to show that I am not a woman's rights woman, in the aggressive sense; that I do not rejoice in ugly clothes"—(Mrs. Norman's clothes partake of her individuality, more than any other woman's I know, and are always original and charming)—"and that I am not desirous of reforming the world, or doing anything subversive of the present agreeable muddle, which is so well suited to lazy women like myself. The dangerous experiment of writing in an ironic sense has caused me to be somewhat misinterpreted in these respects. Whoso reads my novels with a seeing eye, will find that they are studies, as faithful as I could make them, of women who made rather a grotesque little mess of trying to rearrange life. Still, I was only interested in them *as* studies for the kind of fiction I like to handle; and the seriousness of those persons who regard the novel as a pulpit, and know not of irony, somehow got them set down as tracts. In the whole world, character is the thing that interests me most; and less *what* people do, than how and why they do it."

I have thought these lines of Mrs. Norman's would interest the reader, being her own views; but her reference to her husband's power in the "noble art of getting there" (wonderful as I know that to be,) brings me to remark, that as I said before, her own talent in that line is remarkable, and not only in "getting there," but in finding a wonderful interest and charm in everything she meets on the way! Mrs. Norman is a perfectly ideal companion. Her "infinite variety" is not the least of her charms—her keen interest in everything that comes under the brows of those grey-blue eyes, her desire for all knowledge; and a desire for all knowledge I have noticed is the hall-mark of all really clever people. She could be as interested in the budding of roses, and shew herself as apt a pupil, in the quiet Devonshire days she refers to, as in the study of a language, or the marvels of a Parisian gown (she is a fluent linguist). Her talents are so varied, that she leaves you with a blank feeling that somehow it is unfair to other women; the clever fairies at her cradle were really guilty of gross favouritism (or perhaps it was all her mother's doing; this is probably the case). As another instance I remember her interest and quick grasp of everything in my father's* lathe-room and work-shop, where he was cutting diamonds—her interest in every tool in the place. I wrote to her the other day for a friend, to ask for a practical view on the possibility of making poultry pay, and received in return, the clearest account of the whole matter, from the clever and practical mistress of Kitcombe Farm, where she and Mr. Norman (they both love the country) spend their holidays. The interviewer who goes to Kitcombe, to interview her, might be slightly surprised to have pointed out to him a girlish figure making hay, with a cotton sunbonnet shading her face, or to find a lady in the deepest and most engrossing conversation with a local farmer, over the merits and de-merits of her fowls! The farmer, I may add, betrays none of the half-amused, half-patronising deference with which he usually listens to the lady of the estate. He is quite keen and grave. Some one is here who knows what she is talking about and can give him a tip or two, even while she grasps every fact and detail he can give her. She is quite an authority on fowl and farm produce. "It is so interesting!" Happy a mind like this, the mind that finds interest and beauty, too, in every leaf, and blade, and brook, and hedgerow—"books in the running brooks, sermons in stones"—something to learn wherever she goes.

On her travelling experiences, I have touched perhaps too briefly, but I do so for a very good reason. "The Girl in the Karpathians" speaks for itself, so do her word-pictures of scenery, in "The Crook of the Bough"; later, there is her article in the July *Contemporary Review* upon "The Haunted Crimea." In some ways I consider this one of the finest things she has ever written; there are little pictures in it which charm you as you read. A celebrated politician and great student of French literature declared it to be as good as anything Pierre Loti ever wrote. High praise! Here is one little gem.

"I awoke to a second day of Southern sun. A champagne-coloured air floated between me and the wooded coast of Caucasus, where famous peaks, their feet washed by the blue water, spiked up into the blue sky. And then I knew from the incongruity of the scene around me, what had been my dreams of the Black Sea. It was to have been dark, of course; blackish-green water, fretted by white spume everywhere; steely fogs leaning upon the water; above tortured masses of black hyacinthine cloud brooding in an impenetrable sky of lead. Whales? Yes, shadowy shapes of whales there were in my Black Sea. It was cold, cold and salt beyond all other seas, and its shores were barren ruins of sand, or fanged rocks beside which ships sped shyly and distrustingly. I think I had forgotten Caucasus, but a line of savage mountains all a-howl with wolves, would not come badly with my Black Sea as I dreamed it.

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* The late Professor Heddle.

"All was to be dark, all was to be black, mysterious, menacing, in this Black Sea, and, in reality, what a gold and sunny disappointment awaited me!"

In our minds many of us dreamt of the Black Sea vaguely, in much the same way, but we could not put it down like that. But apropos of dreams, here is a little bit of what Mrs. Norman thinks about them.

"I do not ever dream. If one dreams always when awake, one does not dream asleep. If you live, during daylight, in the present, you may live, during the dark, in the maddest of impossible futures. But if you live, on the other hand, in a dream of the maddest of impossible futures, you may sleep in the quiet, empty dark of the present night."

In the forthcoming book on Russia, which we are to hope for in the spring from Mr. Norman, it will doubtless be found that, here and there, his clever wife has been allowed to chronicle her views and impressions. She has written to me much of what her husband's confidence and belief in her and his unfailing sympathy and help have been in her married life, but one feels that happy marriages, like happy nations, have no history, at least for the public eye.

As Mrs. Norman writes, she talks. She is not like some authors, whose vivacity, whose wit and humour, are only to be bought by so many guineas per thousand words, and who shroud themselves, in general, in a grim and forbidding silence, a bored and bombastic dignity, which leaves humbler people under the impression that their society calls forth no effort at either conversation or notice. She is always graphic, picturesque, witty. If she travels down to Aldershot or Hampshire from town, she can interest you for an hour with a clever character sketch of some one she saw, or some little incident, which most people would have been too buried in their daily paper to observe.

"It is quite unnecessary for you to go to the Black Sea," I remarked once. "Why trouble to go so far? Go down to Blackpool, and you can entertain us with what you saw, just as well."

Some time ago she contributed a series of articles to the *Daily Chronicle* entitled "False Gods in the Kitchen," and I have heard practical women, much interested in their household gods, false and real, exclaim over these amazedly. Women who could not appreciate the charm of the Karpathian girl, and who (without having read it) scented something horribly improper in a girl doing "that kind of thing *alone*" (after all is it a crime to be alone? I consider it a misfortune, myself, on most occasions) were immensely taken by the "False Gods," and the suggestions there expressed. They really felt that no one had ever before attacked such subjects as stove cleaning, pots and pans, sinks, kitchen utensils in such a spirit. How interesting it was! There was a glamour, never before imagined, in the new suggestion of how certain long standing abuses, felt, but dumbly and sorrowfully endured, might be removed. French women did so and so, why not English? They were really sensible, practical suggestions; why should one go on enduring such things, after all?

Others who never before thought of pots and pans, read the articles with wondering surprise. They were so entertaining! Fancy the power that could make a new kitchen range not only an interesting but an amusing subject!

If one has known what the world vaguely calls "a celebrity" it is sometimes curious to look back! I look back, now, and remember the maddest, merriest meals in a little room high up in a certain house in the Latin quarter, where Lucy Dowie's clever canvases and sketches hung everywhere, and where we supped amongst a gay litter of Algerian embroidery and March daffodils, and

Parisian pottery, and Bon Marché *occasions* with here and there a pile of MS.

The youngest in heart, and the wittiest of that little group, is the dear "Aunt Annie," who smiles from the best chair, as she hears all our day's doings. She has introduced a clean table-cloth, and sundry extra spoons and forks, and Ménie, in a blue velvet tea-jacket, made by herself, is regarding it aggressively. "Mother has reduced things to horrid middle-class order!" she says. And as we sit down to the yard-long loaf, and the cold chicken, and the *vin ordinaire*, we laugh a great deal.

Outside, we can see the rust-red spars of the Tour Eiffel, through the clear soft Paris dusk. We are very high up, in our étage. Three of us are workers, rich only in hope and endeavour, but no happier four are to be found in all the gay French capital!

THE BORE

By L. B. WALFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

HE was a bore, they all said—and he knew it, and agreed to it—indeed, he himself had started the idea.

Bores are so seldom their own discoverers, that if Gregory Western had been younger, or better looking, or more smartly got up, he might have been accepted as an original specimen of the genus; but as it was, his long, melancholy face and endless talk about himself and his ailments evoked no curiosity.

Of course he was ill; he would not have come to the dullest place on the Riviera (we forbear to name the spot) and been content apparently with its dullness, its entire absence of gaiety and amusement, if he had not been really ill—in a degree. But did he not own to any one and every one who would listen that doctors had said there was nothing wrong in his system which time and rest and absence of worry would not put right? That being the case, it really was a nuisance to be pigeonholed by a restless invalid who was for ever reiterating the facts that gave himself hope, but that reduced his case to one of no interest in the ears of others.

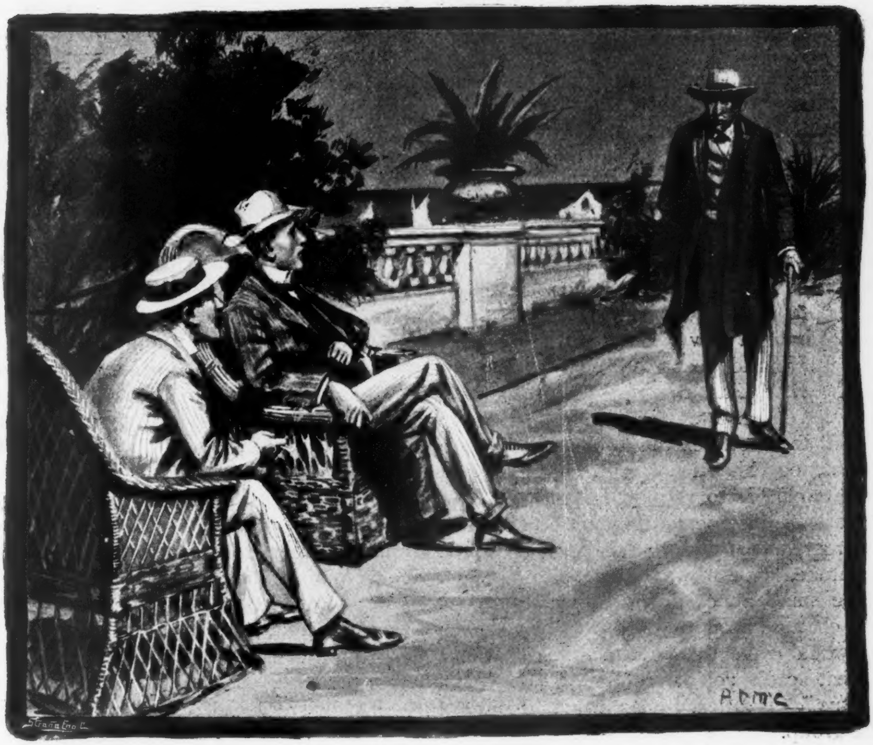
Had he said: "I have a heart complaint from which I may die at any moment," or "I have only one lung, and it is feared the other is going," there would have been a certain respect for his drooping head and dragging footfall; he would have been called "Poor chap!" and pointed out one to another: eyes would have followed him, chairs would have been vacated for him.

But a middle-aged, self-engrossed man, suffering from nervous dyspepsia, may whistle for the sympathy of his kind. No one in the hotel knew anything about Mr. Western, who ought to have brought his own party if he wanted society.

"The deuce is in the fellow that he can't take a hint either, can't keep out of the way, don't you know? Wherever you go you meet him," alleged young Hardcastle, who went about with his arm in a sling; "I do bar that chap," proceeded he, confidentially; "if you go into the smoking-room, he's there; into the billiard-room, he's there; and yet if you give 'em both the cut, and slip outside into the verandah, or garden, he's in and out all the time."

"I could stand that if he'd let you alone," replied his companion, a soldier on his way home from India, "but he pesters me to know why I'm here, and all he wants is a peg on which to hang the story of why *he's* here. He doesn't care a hang—why should he?—what's the matter with any one else, but he must jaw, jaw, jaw about himself. I'm half sorry for the poor beggar, too. It must be beastly to feel as he does."

At this moment the object of their strictures was seen approaching with his usual slow and hesitating step. "I am intruding," was depicted on his features. "You are," stood out in bold response on theirs.



"At this moment the object of their strictures was seen approaching with his usual slow and hesitating step"

There was, however, something so meek and sorrowful in Gregory Western's air, he looked so conscious of his demerits and so subjugated by them, that involuntarily, and with that real gentleness towards misfortune which often underlies English bluntness, Dick Loftus accosted him.

"What have you been about? Hardcastle and I have been for a run on our bikes. A nasty run it was. Head wind the whole way back. But I suppose you have not looked outside?"

"I did not venture, no. In my state of health——"

"Come, come, sir, cheer up; I saw you talking like blazes to that nice looking girl and her mother last night. I winked the other eye, Mr. Western. Uncommonly pretty girl she is. Did you know anything of her before?"

"Mr. Loftus is hoping for an introduction, d'ye see?" put in Bobby Hardcastle, with a grin.

"I should not have presumed to speak to the ladies you mention," said Mr. Western mildly, "only that they of themselves were kind enough to enquire about my health, and it appears that the elder of the two has suffered as I do——"

"That was it? But it was the younger you were talking to."

"And having so suffered she knows what a martyrdom it is," proceeded he, unheeding. "And she is good enough to prescribe for my wretched sleepless nights——"

"I say, I think we ought to go and get ready for dinner," said Hardcastle, rising abruptly. Aside, he continued:

"It's brutal of me, I know, but a very little more of that sort of thing will get on *my* nerves next. Confound it! after all but getting my quietus in the hunting-field I'm not in a fit state to listen to other people's death-rattle. And there's poor Jack Hilyard coming —coming here because he's not up to Monte Carlo yet—been awfully bad, he writes, and must pull round a bit in a quiet place like this, before getting into the swim again—how's he going to stand that fellow?"

"You're a hard-hearted ruffian," said Loftus, laughing. He had taken rather a fancy to the agreeable looking females with whom the pensive Western had effected an acquaintance, and considered that virtue should have it's own reward in the present case. He had been more civil to the bore of the hotel than the rest of the men had troubled themselves to be; he had really pitied the pesterer and allowed him to dribble out his tale of woe. Once he had gone so far as to recount for his benefit a remarkable instance of the cure of a nervous disorder, and apparently this last had evoked gratitude. It had, to be sure, also cost him some small annoyance, So surely as he was chatting peaceably with any new arrival, up would come the poor *misérable* with his, "That case you were mentioning, Mr. Loftus"—as an excuse for making a third of the group.

The same evening, however, Loftus turned the tables on his troublesome acquaintance. Western was seated in the central hall, having coffee with his lady friends.

"I hope you are feeling a little better to-night," said Loftus, resolutely planting himself in front of the invalid who was being pampered with delicate feminine attentions and looking happier than he had yet done in consequence. [N.B.—The artful youth murmured his inquiry in accents to correspond.]

Rather to his surprise, for he knew the look of a London dowager, and was prepared for severe scrutiny, if not repellent frigidity, Mr. Western's elder companion supplemented his reply with a smiling nothing—which nothing, however, was addressed to Loftus, and conveyed that the speaker imagined some bond of friendship or relationship to exist between him and Western. In another minute he was one of the party.

He was not talking to Miss Lilias Treherne, it is true, but he was doing better; he knew a trick worth two of that; he would let Western bore her, bore her consummately—while he squared the mother.

He squared the mother throughout the evening, and arranged with her for a donkey ride up to the mountains the following day. It was quite the thing to do, he told Mrs. Treherne.

"And I hope you will come too?" said that lady, turning to poor Western, who was wistfully standing by. "I am told the air of the mountains is particularly good for the nerves——"

"Mine, I fear, are beyond that, madam," he shook his head mournfully.

"Nonsense," said Loftus. "Come along, and you will sleep like a top after it. How can any one expect to sleep who never takes exercise? He has hardly been outside the hotel garden since he came," to Mrs. Treherne.

"Is there anything really the matter with him?" inquired she, aside.

"Nothing whatever. That's to say, it's all fancy—but of course I suppose that makes the complaint," replied he lucidly.

"And he is called Mr. Western?" She shot a glance.

"Called?" echoed Loftus, surprised.

"Yes! 'called'; " emphatically. "Pray do not suppose me capable of saying anything to others, but to you, as his friend, it may not be indiscreet to mention that I have my suspicions."

"Indeed!"

He had none, and instantly felt he ought to have had. The poor Bore! Was it possible that he was going to turn out to be a personage, some one who had a right to nerves and auditors and courtiers; who naturally could not understand—rapidly Loftus recounted to himself all that he had ever seen or heard of Mr. Gregory Western. He was allowed to be a gentleman, and a quiet, unassuming creature who invariably apologised for his monomania, and kicked himself as it were before any other foot had time to get a kick at him.

Yet with all his humility he was pertinacious; he *would* talk to people; there was not a soul at the hotel with whom he was not on speaking terms, certainly the only solution of the problem was Mrs. Treherne's. Western was a great man, conscious of playing a poor fiddle—and while ashamed of the fiddle, was unable to play with any touch but that of a master.

"He's quite a dear," said Lilias Treherne, "and when you can get him off his illness and force him to talk of other things, he can be wonderfully pleasant. He seems to have been everywhere and to know everything and everybody. Have you found that out, Mr. Loftus?"

Again Loftus felt ashamed; he had found nothing out.

"Oh, but I understand. Poor Mr. Western is one of those men who need a great, great deal of sympathy before they can be drawn out," said she, with a little air of complacency. "Mother said so first, but I should have found it out for myself even if she had not. He just withers up if he's spoken to crossly; but if you listen till he has quite come to an end of all he has to say for the time, he forgets to be ill, and grows so amusing."

"Amusing!" Loftus doubted the evidence of his senses.

"I know what you are thinking of. He's called 'The Bore,' isn't he? That Russian woman told us so when we first came; and we notice that you all slip and slide out of his way. That's because you haven't patience."

("Would you have patience," thought he, "if you and your mother didn't scent a swell in disguise? Oh, you women!") For he thought himself a frightful cynic, though in reality as guileless as a babe.

"What do you think," said he to Hardcastle, "they call 'The Bore' amusing—even the girl does. There's nothing women won't put up with if they fancy it a condescension. It flatters them to be condescended to. The old one gave me the tip without knowing it."

"What tip?"

"Why she either imagines or wishes the rest of us to imagine that Western is here *incog*. That he is some one too big to get about easily without a tail; and being ill, hates fuss, so drops it."

"What makes her think this?"

"Goodness knows—if she does think it," with an afterthought. "It may only be that she wants to account for their being thick with him when they hold aloof from every one else," continued Loftus. "She was civil to me, but this child was not deceived. It was simply because Western had let them think I was a friend. At any rate he had 'passed' me, and I am jolly glad he did. I shall have some one to speak to now besides yourself, and a little of you goes a long way, Bobby."

"Are you safe to sit outside so late, Mr. Hardcastle?" said a gentle voice, which made both young men turn their heads with a movement of impatience. "It is four o'clock, you know," continued Mr. Western in warning accents, "and four o'clock is the coldest part of the day on the Riviera——"

"All right, thanks. We are only waiting till the omnibus comes up from the station. Expecting a friend," said Hardcastle, shortly.

"From—ah—London?" For absolutely the first time on record, it seemed as though a faint suggestion of interest and curiosity were audible in the speaker's tone.

"London train comes in at mid-day. What have you been thinking of not to know that, sir?" Hardcastle frowned as he spoke. His arm was aching slightly that afternoon, and he was by nature irritable; also, as we know, he "barred" his interlocutor.

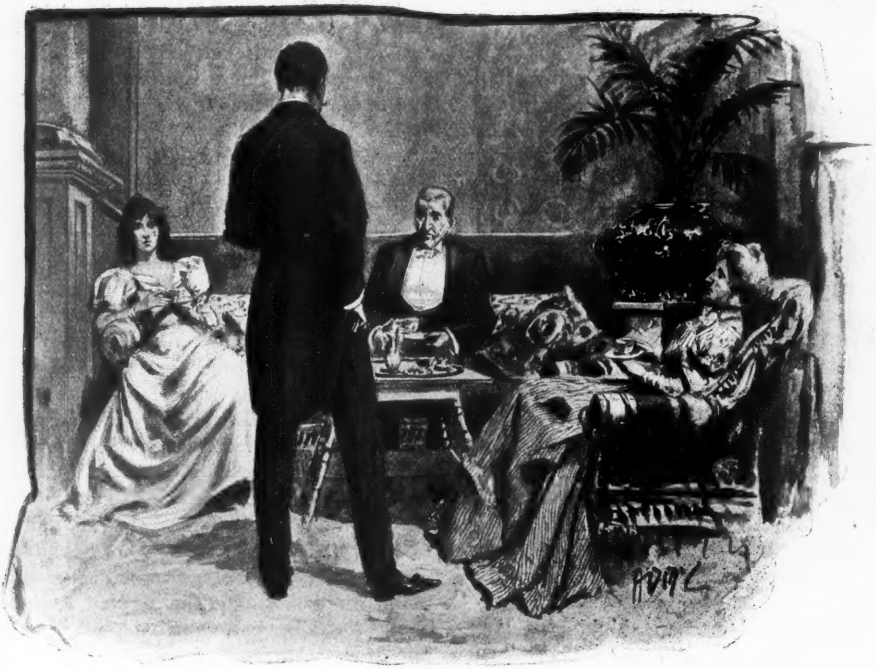
Apparently unconscious of this or any adverse feeling, however, Mr. Western stood his ground.

"A station is such a draughty place, and the noise of the trains sets my nerves on edge," he explained, "so that really I never know anything about what goes on there. I take pains not to know. But where then, if I may ask, is your friend coming from—Paris?"

"It's the Paris train, but he boards it somewhere else; don't know where." Hardcastle puffed his cigar. He could not conceive, as he longed to tell Dick Loftus, what the deuce it could possibly matter to that blear-eyed scarecrow where Jack Hilyard was coming from? His bothering to know was rank impertinence, and he only wished Jack had been there to answer the impertinence for himself.

"You are not with your friends, the Trehernes, to-day, Mr. Western," said Loftus, changing the subject.

As the luckless "Bore" declined to move on, and seemed only to cling the closer the less he was welcomed and encouraged, there was nothing for it but to interpose between him and Bobby Hardcastle. When Bobby's temper got the better of him he was not



"'I hope you are feeling a little better to-night,' said Loftus"

pleasant, and it was a shame to be unpleasant to such a poor creature as Western.

"I had a stroll with them on the front," replied the latter, "but they came in half an hour ago, and are gone to their rooms. They——"

"There's the bus coming now!" exclaimed Loftus.

"Come along and meet Jack," said Hardcastle, rising at the same moment and throwing away his cigar end. "Good Heavens! he's coming too!" muttered he in his friend's ear.

"I say, you needn't be quite so—so——."

"So what?"

"So thundering rude," said Loftus, with a little apologetic laugh. "Perhaps if you or I were in Western's shoes we should——"

"Know when to walk away in them, which he doesn't. Look at him now creeping after us—*after?* he's *before* us! he's—Great Scott! What's the matter with Jack?"

For Mr. Jack Hilyard who had stepped briskly down from the omnibus and turned to greet his friend, suddenly gave a kind of bound into the air, and emitted a sound which was very little short of a shriek. At the same moment Gregory Western's hand gripped his arm like a vice.

"There's no need to make a fool of yourself," said a low, stern voice in his ear. "Give me your word that you won't try to escape, and I'll not expose you before these gentlemen. But the game's up, mind: you've no choice. They're looking at us now."

Turning his sick, white face towards the speaker, the young man nodded, and was released.

"I say," said Hardcastle, strolling up, and looking from one to the other, his look conveying, "What is the meaning of this?"

He thought a good deal of Jack Hilyard who was the richest and fastest man of his set, and if any one had told him that he should live to see the swagger guardsman shaking, trembling, and casting his eyes hither and thither with the air of a hunted animal run to earth at last, he would have jeered at the idea. He was now dumb from sheer extremity of bewilderment.

Dick Loftus, almost equally scared, stood by, completing the circle of petrefaction.

But that circle did not include Mr. Gregory Western, who no longer timid and apologetic, no longer an intruder, no longer an invalid, held himself upright as a dart, and swept round upon all three a glance of supreme and good-humoured contempt.

"Mr. Hardcastle, I am your obliged servant. I have learnt a great deal from you, more than you have the very least idea of. In particular, I must acknowledge that you were the first to give me any certainty as to my son's whereabouts"—(smiling at the simultaneous start)—"it was important to me to know where Jack was—as important as it was to keep from him where *I* was—for the time. Mr. Loftus, you have been pleased to rally me on my predilection for the society of certain ladies in this hotel; I shall be glad to re-introduce you to them as my sister and my niece. This young man has forced us all to play a little game of mystification which you will be so good as to look upon as a freak on his part. It is a mere bagatelle——"

("Hanged if it is!" muttered Dick Loftus.)

("A bagatelle I'm jolly glad *I* have nothing to do with." Hardcastle's eyebrows drew meaningly together.)

"I must now ask you to excuse my son and me," continued Sir John Hilyard, blandly. "There is a little family business to be got through upstairs. We shall rejoin you presently." He put his hand again within the young man's arm, and felt it wince. "Come along, my dear boy," said he, and the dear boy went like a lamb.

The two left behind watched them in silence out of sight. Then their eyes met. Neither said what he thought.

"Father!"

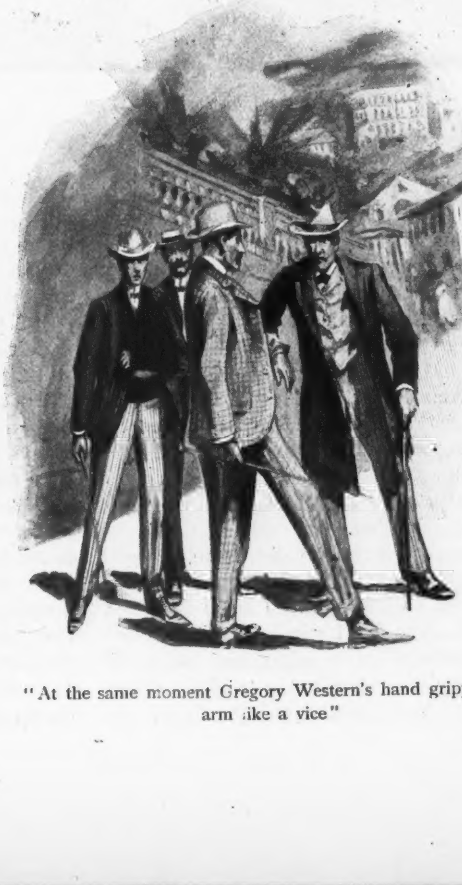
Mr. Jack Hilyard was strangely agitated, but the sweat of fear no longer stood upon his brow: the wild gleam in his blue orbs had died out, but the eyelids flickered and twitched: he steadied his trembling limbs by holding on to the back of a chair.

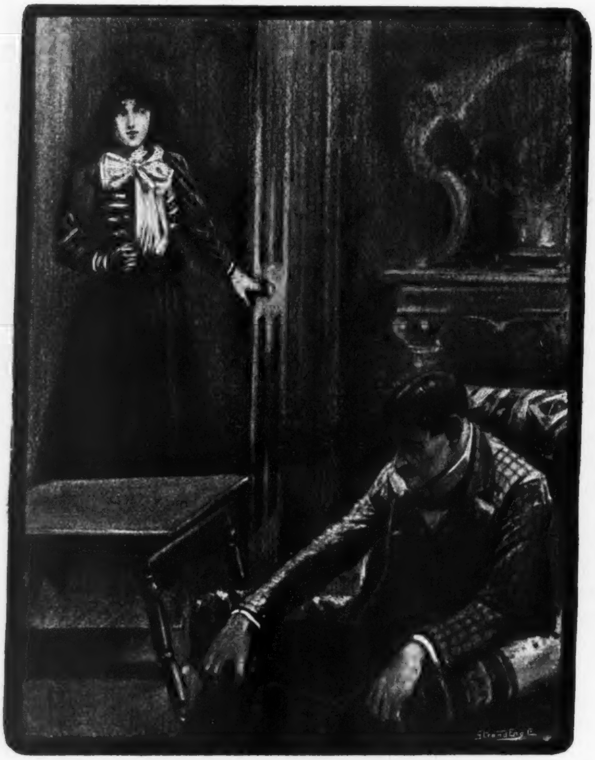
"Don't stand, Jack," said Sir John kindly. Sir John's aspect had also undergone a change—we may say a new change. The forced smile and air of sarcastic politeness had disappeared, there was sincerity in his voice and look. Moreover, he gazed at his son with something of emotion.

"I—I don't understand," muttered the latter.

"Don't you?" The older man passed his hand across his furrowed brow; there was a world of patient sadness in the sigh which accompanied the words.

"What you said when you trapped me," suddenly burst forth the criminal, "I could understand well enough. You told me the game was up, and *that* I could see for myself. I know when I'm beaten. You had refused me money, and I took my own way of getting it, that's all. Enough, I suppose. You would call it by a blacker name, I daresay. You very religious people are the


"At the same moment Gregory Western's hand gripped his arm like a vice"



"It was a lighter, quicker tread"

hardest——" Sir John's eyes, inexpressibly mournful and tender, rested upon his son, who bit his lip and stopped. "Oh, well, I meant no harm," he murmured, irresolutely; "it was a blackguard thing to do, and I *am* a blackguard if it comes to that; but if you are going to overlook it" —— again he stopped and shot a glance.

"I have said so, Jack."

"For the sake of the family, I suppose?" The young man's lip curled.

Sir John shook his head.

"I am past that, am I?"

Sir John nodded.

"I have disgraced the old name, dragged it through the mud, and it can never be clean in my hands again. I am a thief and a coward—why don't you leave me alone?" suddenly the plaintive notes rose to shrillness, "why did you take the trouble to hunt me out? You say the thing's done, and you know you can't get back the money. Let me go, I say, and in the devil's name I will never trouble you again."

"Jack, I did not come here to let you go."

"But you said—you said——" He panted breathlessly. Could he have misunderstood? Was there some dark design underlying this apparent forbearance?

"Jack, my poor boy! My dear son!"

Jack trembled anew, but speak he must. "Your son? Yes, I am your son. A pretty son, too. Don't suppose *I* disown the relationship," proceeded the speaker after a momentary pause. "It helped me in this last strait of mine. It——"

"It shall save you now, Jack."

"Save me? I don't think so. That kind of saving is out of fashion."

"*Some* things," said Sir John, rising and drawing nearer, "are never out of fashion. Some deeds are never so done that they cannot be undone. Some relationships," his lip faltered, "are binding through life, in death, for eternity. God do so to me and more also if I from my heart do not forgive you, my son, even as I hope to be forgiven by Him, my Father."

"A parent," continued the old man, his hand now fast locked in another hand, "is still a parent, be his children what they may. They are his: he cannot deny them, nor disown them. I do not pretend that I have always thought and felt so. That you have tried me sorely, and that I have been hard and harsh with you in return is—is perhaps equally known to both of us. But I have learned to see this matter in a new light. I have come to see myself also a sinner; deeply guilty, constantly in need of forgiveness; and who am I that I should judge another, and that other my own son? When I found out what had happened, Jack," continued Sir John, gently, "believe me, my feeling almost from the first—I will not say quite from the first, for there was a natural resentment to be overcome—but almost immediately it was succeeded by a resolution to win you back through this very act, in this very extremity, to the paths of truth and honour. I set about at once to discover where you were likely to be found, and by good hap lit upon two of your associates here, who easily permitted all they knew to be drawn from them. I played my part fairly well," continued Sir John, a gleam of amusement lighting up his eye at the recollection. "I bored them, hung about them, and seldom let them out of my sight; but they endured me out of a certain compassion for the wretched hypochondriac they took me to be. Once, when I was afraid I had carried matters too far, I introduced Loftus to some ladies with whom I perceived he wished to be on speaking terms. Jack, who do you suppose those ladies were?"

"Sir? Father? Not——"

"Guess," said Sir John, smiling.

"I see you have guessed," continued he, for a deep flush had overspread the young man's cheek. "And now, my boy, think what that means to you. You won the affections of Lilias Treherne, and she pledged you her troth while you were an innocent man, and this brave, noble girl holds to it now—knowing all, mind you—that she can no more sever the tie between you two, than I that between you and me. She says such a tie once formed is indissoluble. Aye, you may well look at me, but those were her very words. Lilias forgives you, as I do. No one knows, nor need know anything of this wretched business outside us three; the pathway is clear for you to return to home, friends, and happiness. And now, Jack, now?"

There was no answer, only the dry sound of a low sob, and the father, after a momentary hesitation, stole softly from the room. It was not his step which was next heard, it was a lighter, quicker tread. Jack Hilyard, who had never hoped to hear it again, started to his feet—but it is only fair to shut the door upon him and Lilias Treherne.

All that remains to be said is that this hour was the turning-point in the young man's life. Weakness, rather than viciousness, lay at the root of his character; and being possessed by the idea that he had gone too far ever to reform, also that no one cared whether he reformed or not, he had recklessly started on a headlong course to ruin.

Sir John's magnanimity, Lilias Treherne's constancy, and the sense of relief and peace which the two united brought to his breast, produced an impression never to be effaced. And thus an old man's somewhat whimsical method of bringing about this joyful consummation may be excused at the hands of all who have cared to peruse our little story.

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT

By Sir C. DALRYMPLE, Bart., M.P.

THE close of one Parliament and the beginning of another, with the inevitable disappearance from Parliamentary life of representatives of the people more or less known to the public, suggest some reminiscences of former days in and out of Parliament. I suppose that a record of those who have been longest in Parliament could easily be made, but sometimes it happens that the men who first entered the House of Commons at the remotest period may not have held their seats continuously, while in the reckoning of the House itself it is a continuous tenure of a seat for the longest time that confers the title of the "Father of the House." Thus Sir James Fergusson, at present M.P. for North-East Manchester, wrote his first election address from the trenches before Sebastopol in November 1854, and was returned to Parliament for Ayrshire while still serving in the Crimea, in December of that year. But Sir James was out of Parliament from 1868–85. On the other hand, Mr. W. B. Beach, M.P. for the Andover division of Hants, has sat for Hants continuously since 1857, and is "the Father of the House." The number of members now in Parliament who date from the sixties is very small, and consequently those who had experience of the hustings and the pre-ballot days are a rapidly diminishing body. There must be many who know nothing of the open nomination of candidates and the declaration of the poll publicly made, occasions of great excitement, and often of great disturbance.

The nomination of candidates for Ayrshire in 1852, when Mr. Cardwell (afterwards the Right Honourable Edward Cardwell) was put forward at the last moment against Colonel Hunter Blair, was a scene of extraordinary uproar and disturbance. Mr. Bouverie, who sat for the Kilmarnock burghs and was a well-known figure in the House of Commons, referring in later years to such occasions said that he remembered many exciting hustings scenes, but he thought that the Ayrshire Nomination of 1852 was the greatest scene of tumult that he had ever witnessed. At Kidderminster in 1857, such was the violence of the crowd at the declaration of the poll, that Mr. Lowe narrowly escaped death from stoning, and only found safety by the circumstance that the master of the grammar school, whose house was close by, unlocked a garden door, which the newly-elected member hastily entered, his head streaming with blood.

There will be those who can recall the altercation time after time between Lord Palmerston and a butcher, on the hustings at Tiverton, when the aged statesman, ever ready with reply, effectually discomfited his opponent. At the nomination at Rothesay in 1868 the mill girls were, according to custom, set free from work, and maintained a continuous uproar, which prevented speakers from being heard. A piece of iron was flung at the hustings, and must have killed any one whom it had chanced to strike. At the declaration of the poll on a later day a well-known inhabitant jerked the arm of a reporter all the time that the newly-elected member was speaking, so that not one word could be taken down, and at the close of the ceremony the member and the reporter retired to a hotel, where the speech was re-delivered in peace. At a nomination at Haddington, when Lord Elcho (now Lord Wemyss) and Mr. George Hope of Fentonbarns contested the county, a great disturbance prevented Lord Elcho from being heard on the hustings. He jocularly declared that he was in no hurry, as he was not going to London till night, and that he would meanwhile smoke a cigar. Having lit up, he threw the contents of his cigar case among the crowd, and a shower of stones was the response to his ill-timed generosity.

In former days it required some courage for those who were not on the popular side to go to the poll. Missiles of different kinds were hurled at the voters, and certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort" were engaged to spit upon the "free and independent" electors as they arrived to discharge their duty as citizens. The prevalence of rotten eggs was proverbial. The writer remembers how a very loyal supporter came to his temporary residence to report upon the prospects of the poll, and had to be asked to remain outside the house, as his bespattered condition made his presence indoors unbearable. A public-spirited vendor advertised different kinds of eggs in a downward scale, "buttered eggs," "inferior eggs," and "eggs for election purposes."

It is difficult now to realise how religious prejudice ran high, especially in certain districts. In a particular district in the west of Scotland, where in former days the Free Church was strong, baptism was refused to the infant of an unfortunate elector if he voted for a well-known gentleman, beloved and liberal-minded in no ordinary degree, but who happened to be a High Church Episcopalian. It was widely given out in regard to him both as candidate and member for his county that he was in constant communication with the Pope! An excellent woman, the wife of a schoolmaster, who claimed to be free from all such prejudices, was one day detained by heavy rain in the shop of her butcher. She asked the lad in the shop what church he attended, and after much hesitation he admitted that he attended the Free Church. She asked why he had not at once said so. He replied that he was afraid she would withdraw her custom. "To think of that" said she, as she afterwards related the conversation. "For my part, if the meat was sweet, and of proper weight, I wouldn't have cared if he had been a Mahometan."

A question, now entirely forgotten, which caused much excitement in the sixties, was that of the inspection of nunneries. It was made a test question, and the advocates of inspection contrived to raise a storm over the subject. An influential supporter of a West County candidate, whose help it was very desirable to obtain, complicated matters very much by saying that his support would only be given if a refusal to vote for the inspection of nunneries was promised. He coupled with this condition a pledge in favour of the abolition of patronage in the Church of Scotland—a subject then becoming ripe for treatment—and probably these two somewhat different topics were ultimately permitted to pair off together. The two ultra-Protestant Members of Parliament of thirty years ago, Mr. Newdigate and Mr. Whalley, overdid their parts, and had much to do with causing a reaction in favour of a wider toleration.

In these days when electioneering work is so arduous, and a candidate pays court to a constituency by countless meetings in all directions, it is difficult to realise how little in old times was expected of a member. An occasional speech at an agricultural dinner was almost the only duty expected of a county member, and an annual address on political subjects, "giving an account of his stewardship," as the scriptural phrase came to be used, is a custom only of the last quarter of a century. So also the attendance of Members in the House of Commons in older days was much less constant than it is now. Twenty-five or thirty years ago when members of the same party met at their club the question used to be put "Must we go down to-day?" and quite as often as not the question was decided in the negative.

Now the attendance is general and constant, younger men being as regular as any, and content to forego the pleasures and gaieties of London in summer. The harder the task of securing a seat in Parliament, the more regular in the attendance of the member, and the more obedient in his response to the appeal of the party Whips. The duties of a Speaker or Chairman of Committees are far more exacting than formerly. Speaker Denison, in the Parliament elected in 1868, often took a short nap in the Chair, which had no bad results at a time when business was going at a leisurely pace. It may be remembered by a few men still in Parliament that the Speaker was much gratified if a member brought him a fine cabbage rose or other sweet-smelling rose, with which he solaced himself during the hours after dinner.

A most interesting volume, privately printed at first, but now published, is the "Diary of the Right Hon. John Evelyn Denison, M.P., afterwards Viscount Ossington," Speaker of the House of Commons from 1857-72. The diary records many interesting points of order, and decisions given from the Chair; but Speaker Denison had a very easy time compared with his successors. Some old restrictions remain in force, and some have disappeared. No member is allowed to read a newspaper in the House, nor may a quotation be read from a newspaper. An occasional appearance of a newspaper in the gallery in the hands of some presumptuous visitor is promptly suppressed or removed. Speaker Denison, if he saw a member wear any unwonted headgear, other than the regulation tall hat, would send for him and point out the irregularity. In these days a billy-cock hat has frequently been seen in one particular quarter of the House, and the innovation is tolerated. What Speaker Denison would have said or thought if he had seen a few straw hats in the extremely hot weather of last session the writer cannot venture even to conjecture. A reference to hats recalls the curious custom which prevails that when a member wishes to interpose with a point of order after the question has been put from the Chair, he must speak "covered." On one occasion Mr. Gladstone wished to speak in this way, and, as he never brought a hat into the House, he was obliged hastily to borrow a hat. It happened that the hat which he borrowed belonged to his then Solicitor-General, Sir F. Herschell (afterwards the Lord Chancellor), and it proved to be far too small for Mr. Gladstone's head. He was unable for some time to address the House owing to the shouts of laughter which his appearance called forth.

It may be permitted to recall a few names of distinguished members who were still to be seen in Parliament thirty years ago or thereabouts.

There are but few who can now recall three well-known figures, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Horsman, and Mr. Henley. Mr. Roebuck was a notable figure, seated below the gangway, in the place often occupied in these days (what a contrast!) by Mr. Labouchere. He was a severe critic of government, and under the title of "Tear 'em" had shaken ministries. Feeble health rendered him less formidable in later years. Mr. Horsman was an orator of an old school, who made set speeches on great occasions, and occupied a somewhat independent position. He was hunted from his seat at Liskeard by Mr. Courteney, who showed his older opponent no mercy, and seems likely in these days to receive, after many years, a somewhat similar fate. The Right Hon. Joseph Warner Henley, who sat for Oxfordshire, was an old county member of the high Tory school. He, together with Mr. Walpole, held office under Lord Derby, and resigned office rather than support a Reform Bill. In his later years in Parliament Mr. Henley, in his capacity of a Nestor of his party, interposed in debate with excellent effect, and in a few pointed sentences, characterised by a homely humour, often assisted the House with his wisdom and experience. He often raised a hearty laugh, as when, on one occasion, speaking of ecclesiastical fees, he suddenly amused the House by saying that "Hunting up ecclesiastical fees is the greatest fun, nearly as great fun as hunting rats in a barn, and we know how great fun that is."

A quaint humour was Mr Scourfield's, who spoke very briefly from below the gangway and never failed to amuse the House. When the Collier scandal (as it was called) was under discussion—Sir Robert Collier, having been made a Judge of the Queen's Bench for a day, the holding of that position being a requisite of being made a paid member of the Judicial committee of the Privy Council, Mr. Scourfield said that it reminded him of what occurred at a country house where he had been staying. He was disturbed in the morning by a noise in the courtyard below his window, and on looking out he saw, to his astonishment, a horse being led about, and a maid-servant seated upon it. When a servant came to call him he asked what it meant, and he was told that the horse was to be sold on that day, and that his master wished to be able to say that it had carried a lady!

On another occasion, twitting Mr. Gladstone with having threatened resignation in order to bring some recalcitrant followers to their bearings, Mr. Scourfield said that he was reminded of the lady's maid who suffered much from sea-sickness and who said afterwards that, next to saying her prayers, what gave her most comfort was giving her mistress warning, which she did after every attack of sickness!

By far the most amusing speaker of the somewhat remote time to which reference has been made, was Mr. Bernal Osborne. He could always be relied on to convulse the House with his fun. His method sometimes was to go for some member of unobstrusive demeanour, not associated with humour, and bring him into the description in the most amusing fashion. No one in fact was safe from his brilliant and entertaining shafts. His own imperturbable gravity heightened the effect of his sallies and made the House roar again. There is nothing to be compared to it nowadays.

Occasionally his quickness in reply was amazing. There had been a faction fight in Ireland at a place called "Dolly's brae," at which great execution had been done with shillelaghs, and it had been the talk of every one. About that very time a young cadet of a noble family, who may very safely be described as Lord Adolphus, was addressing the House not very successfully. Bernal Osborne could not stand it, and was walking out, when a friend said to him, "Are you going?" to which he replied instantly "Yes, I have had enough of Dolly's bray."

On one occasion two peers were made, one a member of a noble house and the other a man connected with trade. Bernal Osborne, referring to them, said that the titles they should take were Pennywise and Poundfoolish.

A very able and eloquent speaker was the second Sir Robert Peel, eldest brother of the late speaker, now Lord Peel. His voice was beautiful, and he knew thoroughly well how to manage it. He spoke but rarely, but when he interposed in debate and made a scathing attack on the front benches it was a great Parliamentary treat. He was a very unsuccessful Chief Secretary for Ireland under Lord Palmerston, and party ties sat very lightly upon him in later years; but he was, at least as a Parliamentarian, a very notable personage, and he possessed high oratorical gifts.

A very admirable speaker in debate was the late Lord Moncrieff, who was Lord Advocate of Scotland several times. He was invited to speak in big debates, and never failed to impress the House with his grace of style and effective delivery. Sir David Dundas, a well known figure in the House, at one time Solicitor-General, gave the Lord Advocate Moncrieff the name of "the Scottish Follett."

Among great Irish lawyers in Parliament Mr. Whiteside was a conspicuous orator; but there were not wanting those who even more admired Mr. Isaac Butt, who had a fervid eloquence which made a great impression on the House. Another eloquent Irishman was Mr. Patrick Smyth, member for Westmeath, whose speeches may still be remembered by a few. It is to be feared that in these days of high pressure of business, when time is wasted by deliberate obstruction or by vexatious prolixity, the opportunity for the delivery of able speeches such as men refer to afterwards, and compare with speeches of other days, is becoming increasingly rare. The enormous amount of speech-making in the country, and at other times than when Parliament is sitting, has, it has been thought, superseded to a great extent Parliamentary speaking. If this result is unavoidable, at least it is to be regretted, for it cannot be doubted that men speak in the House of Commons with a greater sense of responsibility than upon the platform of a provincial meeting; and if the purpose of a speech is, as it ought to be, to inform an audience as well as to influence opinion, it cannot be made with too great a sense of responsibility. It is to be hoped that there never may come a time when there shall be a definite falling off in the quality of Parliamentary speaking, or when the necessity of addressing public meetings shall render it difficult for members of Parliament to give of their best, after careful study and with due deliberation, towards the creation and the assistance of public opinion by speeches on the floor of Parliament within the walls of the House of Commons.

UPWARD

FAR off the mountain-tops glimmer, the gloom of the storm-cloud gathers—
  Slowly we rise from the lower, hardly the higher attain;
Were it not better to linger here on the hills of our fathers?
  On the green slopes, won by our fathers, were it not well to remain?

Nay, 'tis the counsel of laggards, sighing for ease without ending,
  Slothful of soul and ignoble, less kin to the peak than the plain,—
Shall it be told that we halted, fain to be done with ascending,
  Inglorious sons of our fathers, content to inherit their gain?

Let us, with stout hearts daunted by the arduous heights no longer,
  Climb towards the distant summit nor faint on the upward way;
Thro' the toils we are now enduring our children will spring the stronger,
  They will win triumphs to-morrow, if staunch we have striven to-day.

A. C. MARTIN.

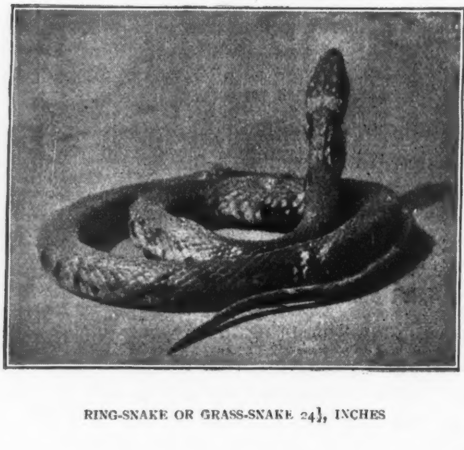
DR. LEIGHTON AND HIS PETS

ON THE TRAIL OF THE ADDER

By F. G. AFLALO

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

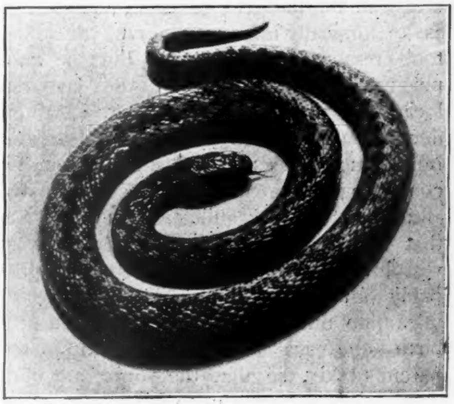
EVEN as the thrifty housewife lovingly inspects her season's home-made jams, so does my friend Dr. Gerald Leighton, the day's work done, the surgery bell silent, the old horse, that has carried him over twenty miles of appalling hills to alleviate the sufferings of outlying patients, made comfortable in the stable, gloat over his gruesome jars of defunct snake. A few blindworms he has, and here and there a grass-snake lies coiled in the clear spirit, innocuous creatures slain only for purposes of comparison. But potted adder is his speciality. I never before saw so many adders in one room. Another peculiarity about this unique collection is the prevalence of females. For every male, Dr. Leighton's museum shows a dozen females, and for this gallant preference reason will be shown later. I propose to show in the article a few photographs of the more interesting specimens on the shelves. Many of these were photographed in position as soon as killed; a few even from the life. In the jars, the reptiles do not assume a characteristic position, but, as will be seen from the accompanying portrait, they rise to the occasion somewhat after the fashion of old illustrations of the sea-serpent, or of Laocoon's nightmare from Tenedos. This specimen, by the way, was killed by Leighton on the beautiful Kentchurch estate, through which, not a thousand yards from his windows, runs the Monnow river, boundary between Monmouth and Hereford. Its



RING-SNAKE OR GRASS-SNAKE 24½, INCHES

length, 26¾ inches, is above the average of the British adder, which, Professor Boulenger writes me from South Kensington, may be placed at about 20 to 25 in., one of 26 being rare. As a matter of fact, Leighton has killed one of 28½ inches, and that may be regarded as a very large British adder indeed, probably an exceptional development, thanks to the sparse population, and the abundance of food, cover and sunshine on the Graig and Garway hills that flank the Monnow valley.

Even this fine specimen, here shown in a very usual basking position, is above the average, and its markings are as handsome as any in the collection.

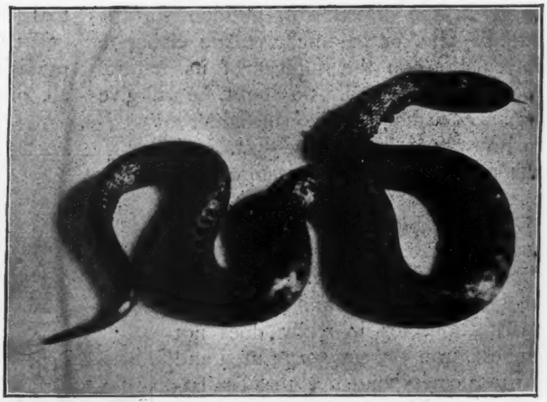


ADDER OF 25½ INCHES

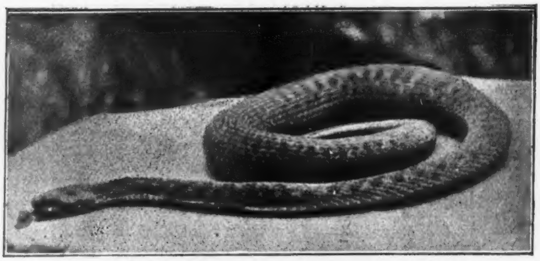
Dr. Leighton's methods of hunting the adders in that snaky country are various. He has, of course, his pet spots, patches of gorse, disused quarries, sloping hedges exposed to a maximum of sunshine; and he maps the country out in regular beats, which he manages systematically to dovetail in with his professional rounds. The paraphernalia of such revels cannot be regarded as complicated, consisting merely of a useful instrument designed, I believe, for cropping daisies from the lawn and combining the functions of a trowel, for turning up stones, and a steel fork, between the teeth of which the luckless reptiles

FEMALE ADDER OF 26¾ INCHES

are impaled before they have time to squirm under cover. He has just designed, I understand, an improved adder-catcher, which takes the form of forceps with a four-foot handle. Gaiters are worn to protect the collector's legs against sudden reprisal, and he then merely glides from spot to spot with scarcely more noise than is made by his quarry, sometimes with less, for an escaping snake invariably makes the dry undergrowth crackle, which the doctor is very careful not



YOUNG MALE ADDER 19¾ INCHES

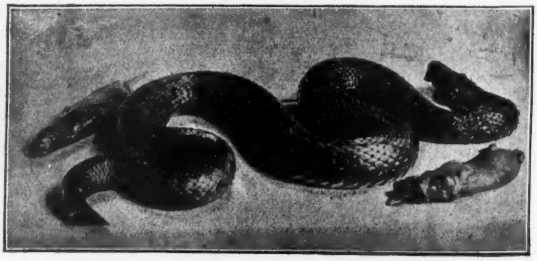


FEMALE ADDER, SHOWING DISTENDED OVIDUCTS

to do. Once killed, the adder is slipped in a tin box, suspended by a cord from its captor's neck, and it accompanies him home to reside henceforth in spirit, or, as circumstances may suggest, to come under the dissecting knife.

Here are two other familiar positions of basking adders, the one a small, but well-marked, specimen of 19¾ inches, the other a larger individual. Both are females, but the second, in which is noticeable the sudden bulging of full oviducts, brings me to the special object of Dr. Leighton's hobby. It is a delicate subject, and one which I quote with some misgiving. Yet, in spite of all the bitter differences of opinion that it has aroused, in spite of its having to my own knowledge caused a coolness to spring up between lifelong friends without another difference, this old question "Does the adder swallow her young?" must always exercise a peculiar fascination for many minds. Dr. Leighton might, it may be urged, more profitably exercise his medical knowledge in the direction of antidote for the adder's bite, or he might collate elaborate information on the subject of its natural food—and eventually, no doubt, he will give us a needed monograph on the adder's anatomy and life-history—yet, with the characteristic enthusiasm of the man of science for something without practical gain or material advantage, he is bent on solving, if possible, this old problem. Solving it, that is, to his own and his friends' satisfaction, for it really does not appear, from the mass of printed and written correspondence that has latterly passed through my hands, as if even the most reputable witnesses suffice to convince those to whom only seeing is believing. I have personally had letters from a score of men, sportsmen, farmers and gamekeepers, who give every detail of the occurrence as witnessed by themselves, while Dr. Leighton has budgets to the same effect.

Briefly, the position is this. It is stated, on positive ocular evidence and by the analogy of a similar habit noticed in foreign snakes, that when a female adder is alarmed with her young around her, she calls them together with a peculiar hissing noise and they crawl down her throat, there remaining till the danger is past. It used at one time to be specifically stated that they took refuge in the mother's stomach, and to this, as anatomically impossible, Frank Buckland took reasonable exception. But the æsophagus, or gullet, is now the favoured locality of their retreat, and Dr. Leighton demonstrated to me by a very clear and interesting dissection of an old female containing seven well-developed embryos, and by dilating her gullet with a blowpipe, that there would be ample room in that vessel for at any rate the seven, and probably for many more. The average or maximum number of young produced at a birth—the eggs are hatched out within the parent's body, so that the young are born alive—does not appear to have been satisfactorily determined. One authority gave the maximum at forty, and this, if established, would almost effectually set the vital question at rest, for it cannot be imagined that there would be room in the creature's gullet for forty partly grown young, and the provision would embrace the protection of all or none. Taking into consideration,



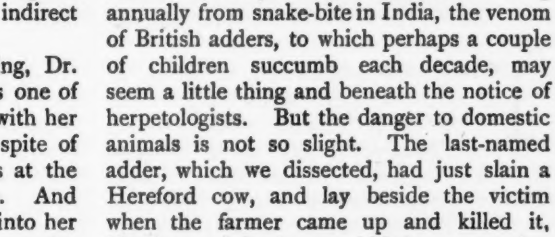
LARGE MALE ADDER TWO WATER-VOLES FROM THE STOMACH

ADDER KILLED IN ACT OF SWALLOWING A BLIND-WORM

however, the fact that, over a number of dissections of females taken from a district in which adders evidently come to something more than the normal development elsewhere recorded, Dr. Leighton has never yet found more than eighteen young, it is evidently necessary to await further confirmation of that enormous estimate of forty before regarding it in the light of acceptable indirect evidence.

One of these days, by persevering, Dr. Leighton will assuredly come across one of two things. He will find an adder with her young, a sight that has not yet, in spite of hundreds of visits to their quarters at the right season, been vouchsafed him. And they will, when alarmed, either skip into her mouth, or they will make tracks under cover. If they once do the latter, he joins the band of sceptics, but not before. These things must be watched for patiently in the natural locality of their happening. Artificial conditions seriously discount the value of observation. It is interesting, for instance, to know that Tyrrell, the very intelligent keeper of the Reptile House at the Zoological Gardens, has repeatedly had snakes and their young in his charge, and tried in vain to frighten them into an exhibition of this faculty, but no more. They might very conceivably behave under glass quite differently from the way in which they would behave in the open. And negative evidence must not be strained beyond its true value. So long as the feat has been proved anatomically possible, a thousand men, scientific or otherwise, saying that they have never seen it, and do not believe it, prove simply nothing, beyond perhaps their own narrow-mindedness. I hold no brief for the adder and her young. I would give a good deal to see her swallow them, but my belief lies neither one way nor the other. My only qualified objection to such a provision of Nature is that the young adders would be far safer scattered in open order in the grass than collected in their mother's gullet. And Nature is not prone to such miscalculation. I tried hard for the best part of a week, following the enthusiast over mighty hills and searching in all the hottest quarries, but without success, and as my time and opportunities are strictly limited I must be content to wait the solution at other hands.

The two other interesting facts in snake-life are the venom and the food. When we know of twenty thousand deaths occurring annually from snake-bite in India, the venom of British adders, to which perhaps a couple of children succumb each decade, may seem a little thing and beneath the notice of herpetologists. But the danger to domestic animals is not so slight. The last-named adder, which we dissected, had just slain a Hereford cow, and lay beside the victim when the farmer came up and killed it, Numbers of lambs are killed every spring close to Dr. Leighton's house, and a man was telling me only a week or two ago of a favourite spaniel of his that fell foul of an adder, and was cured by a surfeit of new milk. The experiments of Calmette and others, in rendering rats, guinea-pigs, rabbits and even asses immune with increasing doses of venom, went some way towards the solution of the antidote problem, but much remains to be done in that direction.



ADDER IN MOTION

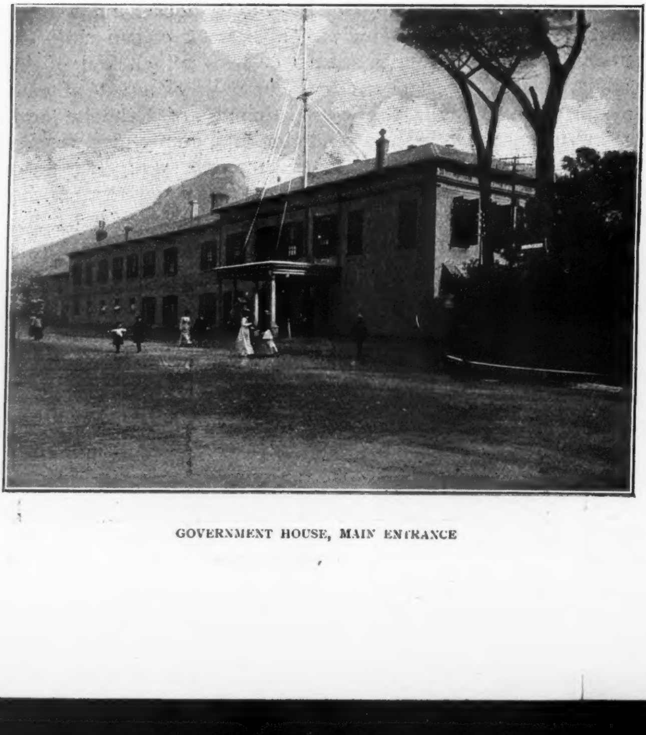
The food of any pest is always interesting, and from time to time, as shown in his collection, Dr. Leighton comes upon adders either in the act, or else gorged with their prey. Here, for instance, is an adder that he slew on the banks of the Monnow, and in its distended stomach were two water-voles, one of them so little mauled as to suggest some form of storage for future hunger. The next picture suggests an adder with an abnormal development of tongue—that harmless forked organ, which the rustic mind cannot dissociate from the act of "stinging"—but the protruding article is the body of a slowworm, fast in the teeth, on which it was feeding when vengeance came that way gaitered and alert. The slow—or blind—worm is a harmless reptile, a lizard, for all its serpentine appearance, and perfectly innocuous, though given to bite furiously the hand that grasps it unwarily. It is *not* blind.

And so, with some regret, I take leave of this most remarkable private collection of snakes—all obtained, too, within sight of the surgery window—that it has ever been my privilege to handle. The doctor has marked down one or two promising female adders and will visit them, as faithfully as if they were his patients, until their individual interest is a thing of the past. And some day, soon I hope, those at any rate who know him will have the problem solved to their satisfaction. The rest of the world must doubt or believe as it lists.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN

By GEORGE RALLING

THE important institution known as "Government House" appears to be much the same in all the British Colonies. I have made a study of the Australian Government Houses through the medium of several Australian novels and of the Australian comic papers; and I find that, allowing for small local differences, Government House is very much the same in one Colony as in another. It is a little Court; but it is more than a Windsor in miniature. The Colonies are practical places, and the Governor has a vast amount of administrative work to do, which necessitates the converting of no inconsiderable portion of each Government House into what are practically public offices, with more or less hard-worked administrators at their desks for a good part of the day, with an *entourage* whose composition is a curious mixture of clerk and gentleman at large. For a generation or two the Colonial Governors were men of whom the late Lord Rosmead, better known as Sir Hercules Robinson, may be taken


GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MAIN ENTRANCE

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDEN FRONT

as a typical example. They began their official life probably in the comparatively humble capacity of private secretary to some Governor or Administrator, and rose, during a long term of years, through some clerkship or other to a petty Colonial Governorship; and then, by well defined rungs of promotion on the official ladder, to the greatest Governorships in the gift of the Crown.

In this behalf an amusing litttle story is told of a gardener at Fernwood, near Cape Town, who had been gardening at Government House, Sydney, when the late Sir Hercules Robinson was Governor there. Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, at present Governor of Natal, was paying his first visit to Cape Town, and, as a Governor of the neighbouring Colony, was naturally made much of by the inhabitants. The old gardener was unmoved. "Bless ye," he said, "'Ely 'Utchinson, why he were our Private Secretary at Sydney." Readers will remember the late Mr. Trollope's amusing references to the Governors of this type. He found that their salaries were not the only remuneration which they enjoyed. There was always, said Mr. Trollope, the allowance for coal and candles; and indeed "coal and candles" are no small consideration to the Governor, at any rate to the married Governor with a family. There is a garden, too, to keep up. There are many odd little services which no decent Public Works Department can refuse to a polite aide-de-camp; and, in short, there are—compensations. Be it said, without irreverence, that under this system, now passing away, His Excellency, and particularly His Excellency's worthy helpmeet, would be less than human if they did not become old soldiers at the business. The Governor was not likely to pass through three or four separate experiences, in making himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit in strange countries, without finding his way about. And small blame to him if he did.

Sir Alfred Milner is the first Governor of the Cape Colony who has not belonged, either to the above class or to the military. If the execution of great tasks calls for special men, at least let it be conceded to

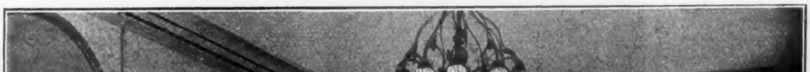
A CORNER OF THE GARDEN

the Governors of the routine Downing Street mould that they built up a system of constitutional practice, under which British precedence has been excellently adapted to colonial requirements. Their successors enter into their labours. All the niceties of the party game — resignation, dismissal, appeal to the country, and so forth, are provided for. (This paper is not political, but I am tempted to the observation that the present situation at the Cape has, nevertheless, no precedent.)

The Cape Governorship is, in respect of age and traditions, a much more venerable thing than the modern office, which has been created since it became necessary to provide British administrators in the other Colonies. The mind goes back to the stately but circumscribed old Dutch Commissioners of the settlement, and readers of Theal and other authorities, now plentifully informing the public in consequence of the prominence of South African affairs, will be familiar with all that may be said about these predecessors of the present rulers of Africa. There is, however, some material trace of their rule in such old mansions as Stellenberg, in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, which, as its name denotes, was the country residence of Governor Van der Stell. There is, again, the pavilion at Groot Schuur, familiar to many English visitors, to which it is said the old Dutch Governors used to resort for a pleasant afternoon's tea-drinking, or, more probably, coffee-drinking. Mr. Rhodes, by the way, has had the pavilion restored with quaint little Dutch bricks, and furniture which would suit the portly persons of Rip van Winkle or Mynheer van Dunck and his convivial companions. Then there is a quaint little thatched place, which visitors may have noticed on the road from Sea Point to the famous Victoria Road drive, and which was used for the same purpose. Coming to English times, the large edifice now known as the Drostdy, at Worcester, a shooting-box of Lord Charles Somerset's, who reigned early in the century, and who knew how to make himself comfortable in exile; anticipated, in fact, the coal and candle policy. This same Lord Charles Somerset had also a very curious round shooting-box overlooking Camp's Bay, near Cape Town, a place now utilised as a hotel, and a very charming place it still is. It is properly named the Round House.

The early English Governors at the Cape were in a different position from their modern successors in that the British community in the early days was necessarily very small. Society at the Cape in these early days appears to have been a very cosy affair. Of course every one knew every one else, and there was not the pressure of great business which in modern days has completely modified the office of Governor. There is a sturdy old gentleman still living in Cape Town who will tell you that he went on most evenings to play cards with Sir Philip Wodehouse in the sixties. Sir Alfred Milner, emphatically, has something else to do.

It is of course impossible to give a complete personal history of the occupants of Government House within living memory. The relatives of each of the deceased Governors who have occupied the place are still alive, and the time has not yet come when many interesting reminiscences may be told, if, indeed, it will ever be proper to publish them. Some reference, however, may be made to those obvious things which may be told without offence. I take up my story at Sir Bartle Frere, as, roughly speaking, his advent in the Colony was the beginning of Government House doings as we know of them to-day. Sir Bartle Frere, as readers of South African books will readily recognise, was different from any other Governor who had preceded him, in that he was sent out, as Sir Garnet Wolseley was during his administration, with a set political object. He had, in fact, a mission. In one sense it is no blame to him that, having this mission to accomplish, he should bend to it every social influence that lay within his grasp. He was enthusiastically supported by Lady Frere and his daughters; but it was inevitable that obvious efforts to attain through social functions a well-known object should expose the Governor's family to some criticism. There was, of course, a comic side, no less than a pathetic one, to the strenuous efforts made by the Governor's family to ingratiate themselves with the leaders of Dutch society, whose support it was all important to conciliate. The Freres thought—and it must be admitted that in some instances they were successful—that the fortress could be carried by tea and cake and evening crushes, and by delicate little attentions to the ponderous legislators, who, even in those days, were accounted for something in parliamentary circles. Plain, rough colonists very soon saw through what was being done, and one is really sorry to think that good people, with all their accomplishments, should utterly fail in understanding what would in the long run conciliate the people whose good opinions had to be won. One young lady of the household went to the pains, as she thought, of learning Dutch; if by that means she might win some. Now Dutch at the Cape is a most perilous study. Miss Frere chose for her tutor the most learned man at the Cape, a venerable Hollander, and he, of course, taught her the grammatical Dutch of Holland, which I have no doubt she could speak correctly. At a Government House ball Miss Frere essayed her correct Dutch upon an elderly sheep farmer, who was, of course, only used to the local Dutch, if Dutch it can be called, which is known as the "taal." He listened with the greatest courtesy for some time, and then said, "Miss



THE DRAWING-ROOM

(*Duffus Bros., photographers, Cape Town*)

MRS. HANBURY WILLIAMS

Frere, I can speak English, and I can speak Dutch; but I am sorry to say that I cannot understand you." Behold, then, the difficulties which beset an enthusiastic Governor and his devoted family in smoothing the rough coat of Dutch politicians. Despite all this, there lingers, among many old colonists, a very grateful memory of the Frere *régime*, since, according to his lights, Sir Bartle Frere did undoubtedly lay himself out to encourage every possible movement and institution in the country; always, however, with an eye to the mission on which he had been sent. He scandalised, however, conventional colonial opinion by fearlessly returning the salute of every black man who did him reverence; but he was idolised by the British colonists, who saw in him the protagonist of that policy which has only in twenty years found its fulfilment.

Government House was in possession of the Robinsons for a long, long time. Sir Hercules was one of the purest and most high-minded officials who has ever worked in the service of the British Crown; but on the social side of his office, for various reasons, his reign at the Cape was in marked contrast with that at Sydney, where he was intensely popular in social matters. Sporting and military people, it is true, were very much at home at Government House, but the Governor's attitude, in consequence of absorption in most disheartening political affairs, was one of aloofness from the general public. He, himself, speaking at Port Elizabeth, on one public occasion, recognised this, and excused himself by saying that the captain's place in the time of stress was on the bridge, and not at dinner in the saloon below with the passengers. I give the justification for what it is worth, since at the Cape of Storms there were periods of fair weather. But it is matter for grave reflection that this long period of social aloofness on the part of the representative of the British Crown must have done something to weaken the Imperial idea amongst the people generally.

It is no small part of the Governor's duty to travel amongst the people, and to give the inhabitants of distant portions of the Colony

(*A. Bassano, photographer, 25 Old Bond Street, W.*)

COLONEL HANBURY WILLIAMS

the opportunity of coming into contact with Government House, if it be only Government House on wheels, so to say. But Sir Hercules always pleaded pressure of public duty as an excuse for his inability to do very much in this way, and here again, the natural political results were of an unhappy character.

The reign of the Lochs was, from the social point of view, a very pleasing phase of colonial life. Sir Henry Loch made it his business, as Sir Alfred Milner has done, to travel to almost every portion of the Colony, save what we here jocularly call the neglected South-Western districts, which are amongst those visited by Sir Alfred Milner, the last amongst the Colonial Governors of recent times. Sir Henry Loch's family was bright and cheery, and it did one good, amidst the courtesies of Government House, to hear their honest, ringing laughter as they made the day pass pleasantly away. Lady Loch spared herself no toil in order to cheer the lot of others, and not only gave her countenance and support to the greater local institutions, particularly to those institutions which had the elevation of the fine arts as their object; but she would be present at even the smallest bazaar if thereby she could do a service to a good cause. The Governor himself, not, perhaps, a strong man politically, made up for it amply by the personal influence which he exercised over all classes of colonists, and is, with his family, very affectionately remembered in many circles in the Colony.

Coming to the immediate present it may, perhaps, be said that the social administration at Government House combines the best features of the three with which I have already dealt. Sir Alfred Milner himself combines the statesman with the most genial of hosts. His utterances, both public and private, are marked by a frankness that is not a little startling to colonists who have been accustomed for many years to highly "diplomatic" pronouncements from a Governor's lips. A case in point was his response to the truculent Bondsmen at Graaff Reinet who assured him of their loyalty—"Of course you are loyal." When Sir Alfred Milner was visiting the Knysna district—as famous at the Cape for its oysters as Colchester or Whitstable is in England—His Excellency was invited to an oyster lunch. Having no taste for what most people call the "delicious bivalve," the Governor declined to adopt the amiable subterfuge of getting out of a difficulty through the good offices of an aide-de-camp. He frankly told his hosts that he did not like oysters, and proceeded to make an excellent lunch on the other good things provided. Similarly, in a neighbouring district, where everybody is expected to profess high admiration for what are known as the Cango Caves, Sir Alfred Milner made it clear to his conductors that, whilst he admired the caves, he had the strongest objection to crawling on his stomach in order to see them. He

(*Duffus Bros., photographers, Johannesburg*)

SIR ALFRED MILNER

(*Syd Taylor, photographer*)

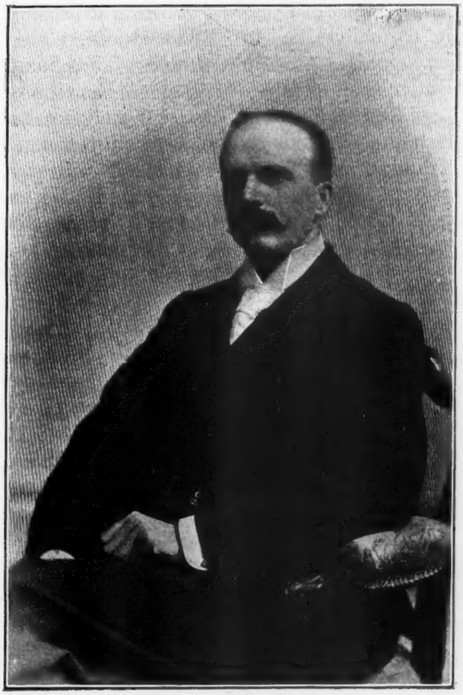
GOVERNMENT HOUSE GROUP.

Capt. Davenport, A.D.C.	Duke of Westminster Lady C. Bentinck	Lady Edward Cecil	Sir A. Milner	Capt. Chester Masters A.D.C.	Lt.-Col. Hanbury Williams Mrs. Williams	O. Walrond, Esq.

evidently remembered Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son, by all means to visit a coal mine but by no means to go down it. Sir Alfred adopts the same frankness in his conversations with callers on business connected with the Colony, but they leave his presence with the distinct impression that the Governor does not carry everything upon his sleeve. Sir Alfred Milner's capacity for work is very great. He is an early riser all through the year, breaking his fast lightly at about seven, then putting in an hour or two of work in his study, and making his regular breakfast at about ten o'clock. These early hours do not, however, prevent His Excellency from working late at night. The lights in his study are not infrequently burning at midnight; and, if important business is in progress, into the small hours of the morning. Seldom, I should imagine, is a Colonial Governor so habitually prompt in his business relationships as Sir Alfred Milner. This all means that there is hard work for the staff, as well as for their chief, yet I venture to assert that no Governor ever had a more affectionately loyal body of men around him. The Governor has not much time, if he had the inclination, for amusement. His staple exercise is riding; and, without being a devotee either of hunting or of the turf, Sir Alfred thoroughly enjoys an occasional spin with the hounds and is a patron of one or two clubs devoted to horse-racing. One member of his staff, Lieut. Chester-Masters, is an M.F.H., and another—the Duke of Westminster—appears as an owner on the sporting "cards." Yet a third, Colonel Hanbury Williams, has hunting traditions of several generations. Of the minor sports, Sir Alfred affects most the ancient game of bowls and the modern game of tennis. He is fond of a good cigar, and dearly loves his pipe.

Rumours to the contrary notwithstanding, the Governor not infrequently relaxes his bachelor austerity in favour of half an hour's chat with the ladies of his household and their visitors at tea time, whilst his gentleness to all women is proverbial.

With regard to Mrs. Hanbury Williams, who acts as the hostess of Government House, I can say of her as Napoleon said of Josephine, that she wins "all hearts," not only by her gracious bearing towards all with whom she is brought into contact, but by her untiring and effective labours in every cause that has for its object the amelioration of pain and distress, whether amongst men and women and children or in the dumb creation. At the Queen's Diamond Jubilee celebration many thousands of children of all colours assembled in the garden at Government House and sang the National Anthem and other songs. In the course of the programme, two little girls—a white one and a black—stepped forward to present Mrs. Hanbury Williams with bouquets of flowers. The white child was given precedence and received a rich reward in the shape of an affectionate kiss upon the cheek. The black child then stepped tremblingly forward, and the first lady in British South Africa received the bouquet with tender grace and imprinted a kiss upon the dusky cheek of the little one. Like Sir Bartle Frere, Mrs. Hanbury Williams may have shocked Society at the Cape, but she won the hearts of thousands who know not Society and who will never forget this little act of loving courtesy.



(Duffus Bros., photographers, Cape Town)

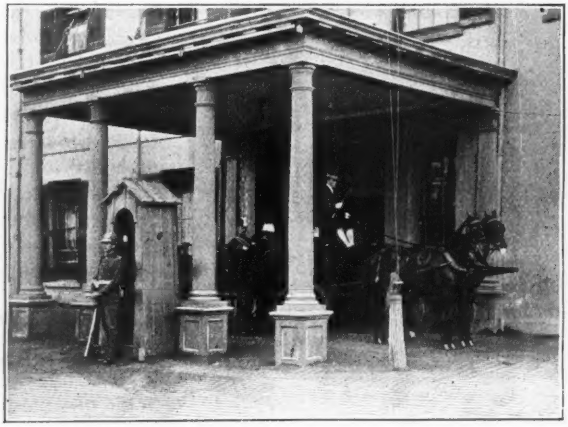
MR. G. VANDELEUR FIDDES, IMPERIAL SECRETARY

Coming to the Governor's personal staff, I may say that the chief, Colonel Hanbury Williams, combines with his arduous duties of Military Secretary those of major-domo, and holds himself responsible for the due working of the household, with the exception of the formal functions such as dinner parties, the reception of guests, and the arrangements of balls and other larger entertainments which fall to the lot of the aides-de-camp.

The Imperial Secretary, Mr. G. Vandeleur Fiddes—that quiet, capable man, whose labours have been immensely arduous, though hidden from the public eye—stands upon a different footing from the remainder of the staff. He is the immediate representative, after His Excellency, of the Imperial Government, and draws his modest emoluments entirely from it; in this respect differing from the Governor and High Commissioner, who is at present paid mostly from the Colonial Exchequer. The Governor's Private Secretary is Mr. Osmond Walrond, who hides under a merry and humorous exterior a working capacity surpassed only by that of his chief. It is one of the understood things that Mr. Walrond's heart is on the sunny Nile, and that nothing would please him better than to learn that Sir Alfred Milner was to be the Khedive of Egypt, with Mr. Walrond as Grand Vizier.

The social uses of Government House are some faint reflection of those of a European Court, but, of course, enormously modified by the different conditions of colonial society. Excluding the fleeting elements of naval, military and other visitors, colonial society, for the most part, may be said to be truncated; that is to say, no class exactly corresponding to the county aristocracy of England exists. Nevertheless, it has large numbers of families of considerable descent, and also there are numbers of people who have made their way in the world. The usage in social matters in the Colony may not be very familiar to English readers who have not visited any of the colonies. The custom is for all people who think they are of fair standing socially, to pay set visits to Government House, either at the Levée, which is held on the Queen's Birthday, or at certain At Homes on days set apart for the purpose, when their names are inscribed in the Visitors' book, and cards left in due course. It is pleasing to think that although there are some instances of people, who have no reasonable claim to be considered, attempting by this simple means to push themselves into notice, a custom which is obviously capable of being converted into an intolerable nuisance to the authorities at Government House is on the whole not much abused. The people who call are people who will be quite naturally asked to such entertainments as are going. Certain people holding official positions and members of both Houses of the Legislature are invited to certain specified entertainments, such as the Queen's Birthday dinner, and other similar functions, to which the general run of callers do not expect to be invited. Generally, lists are prepared of persons to be invited to one or other of the two great balls which are given during the course of the winter; and at these it is customary to meet practically the whole of Cape society. It should, however, be noted that at the Cape there is an enormous number of people quite as respectable as those who are generally found at Government House entertainments, and who, not at all out of any want of respect to the Queen's representative, have never set foot in Government House, simply having no taste for social diversions. The Cape, indeed, on the whole is a serious community. All these things are of course independent of the private entertaining which is one of the duties of the Governor. Distinguished visitors at all times make a sort of private hotel of Government House: and it may be said, at any rate during the present genial administration, that there is no one amongst the visitors whose position or necessities of business entitle him to the slightest consideration, who at some time or another has not had an opportunity of meeting Sir Alfred Milner and his aides on a private footing.

From a structural point of view, Government House, Cape Town, cannot by any stretch of imagination be called beautiful, though it has some beautiful surroundings, and, on what is called the garden side, it has a long broad stoep, which is beautiful to South African eyes. The principal front, which is at the mountain end of Grave Street, is inexpressibly ugly. Its one redeeming feature was a grand old oak, planted probably by Van der Stell, who, whilst making the old Castle his residence, used the nucleus of the present Government House as a pleasaunce. This tree fell a victim to a blockhead official during Sir Henry Loch's *régime*, who condemned the old tree as in a dangerous state of decay, only to find, when too late, that it had twenty more good years of service in it. Its destruction left the area facing the house as bare and ugly as the front of the house itself. It is said that when Lord Charles Somerset was driven up from the landing place to Government House, he asked what



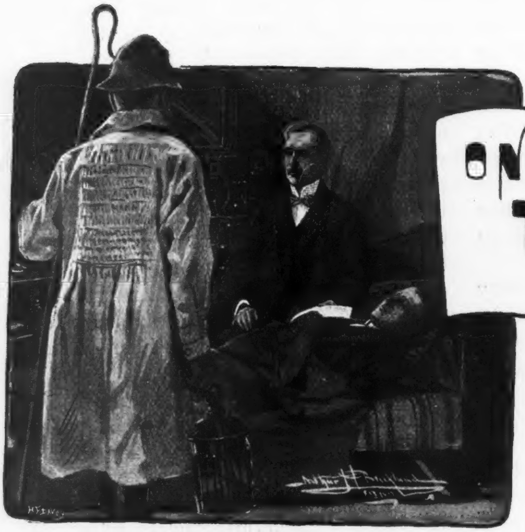
SIR A. MILNER GOING TO OPEN PARLIAMENT

place it was, and received the reply, "This is Government House, sir." "Government House," cried His Excellency, "I took it for a dog kennel." Sir Hercules Robinson, on the other hand, compared the house to his stables at Sydney. For years the place has been condemned, but threatened houses live long, and I do not anticipate a Government House worthy of the Colony and the premier city in South Africa for a decade to come.

Within the walls, Government House may be, perhaps, best described as comfortable. Some of the rooms are spacious and lofty, and all have a home-like air. This remark does not apply to the offices occupied by the staff, which are cramped and inconvenient. The embellishment of the house varies with the wealth and the taste of the immediate occupants. It was never so well found as at present, thanks, in the highest degree, to the self-denial of the Governor's Military Secretary and Mrs. Hanbury Williams, who have, at all risks, brought from their Welsh home many beautiful and valuable pictures and other refinements of life. The Governor himself, too, has made during his stay in the country a fine collection of horns and other trophies of the chase. His Excellency's study is a roomy apartment opening out upon the stoep and the garden; and it is here that Sir Alfred Milner receives occasional callers, of whom there are many in the course of every day. The meetings of the Executive Council and similar functionaries take place in what is known as the Council Chamber. There is an apartment, plain even to bareness, called the Ball Room. It is here that the annual balls take place, whilst for many years it has been utilised for the "swearing-in" of every new Governor or Administrator, and it is designated for the nonce the "Throne Room." Until the exigencies of the existing situation compelled the annexation of the ball room in order to provide extra office accommodation, it was used for the reception of the larger class of deputations. Under present circumstances, the handsome drawing-room has to be requisitioned for the purpose, to the no small discomposure, I imagine, of the lady of the house. Unlike most of the old Cape residences, Government House has a second storey, in which are His Excellency's suite of private apartments, and also those of Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury Williams. There is a very narrow margin of sleeping rooms for distinguished visitors, even if one or two of the bachelor members of the staff are temporarily displaced. Whatever adverse impression may be left upon the mind of the visitor by the external appearance of Government House, it is quickly neutralised by the warm and genial courtesy within doors, from His Excellency downwards.

We are thrown into times much more of anticipation than of retrospect. It was lately said that the war has made all things new; and amongst the things which have certainly been made new we must count the venerable institutions sketched in these pages. Government House, as we have known it, is to suffer some eclipse. There will inevitably be, in the course of a few years, a greater Government House at the Federal capital, wherever that is to be. Its occupant, in all human probability, will be Sir Alfred Milner, who will have graduated in the older institution in Cape Town. It is not probable that in South Africa we shall see any attempt at much greater state than has been observed in the old place; but the new Government House will have the greater dignity of representing the social centre of a country as large as several of the States of Europe put together. It is to colonists a fascinating subject of anticipation where this new Government House is to be, and what it is to be like when it comes; but it is certain that somewhere in this country of discord and conflict there will be a fine Viceregal residence, which we may confidently hope will be a symbol of a united people, cemented together by attachment to that Crown, which we may trust, in the new Government House of South Africa, will be not unworthily represented.

Our views of Government House are reproduced from photographs taken by Mr. F. E. Pollard, of Cape Town.



ONE OF THE SHEPHERD'S FRIENDS

By W. SCOTT KING

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND

I KNOW a window, not in "Thrums," but in an out-of-the-world Welsh valley with a long unpronounceable name, out of which there has been looking for many years now, a human face of haunting wistfulness. It is, or rather was when I caught my first glimpse of it, the face of a young man, but to-day of youthfulness there are left not many traces. Ten years ago the cheeks were whiter and the eyes, those deep-blue appealing eyes, flashed with rebellion and defiant discontent, and the gaunt peaks of the wild Welsh hills which stand around, as if sworn to keep perpetual guard, were looked upon as the inexorable walls of a prison. Happily those days are gone, and there is now just a little colour in those blanched cheeks, and the mutinous look has almost entirely faded from out the deep-blue eyes, while the bodyguard of enclosing hills has become the boundary of a sanctuary.

Ten years ago I was the head master of a London Board school. The summer term had just closed and I was debating where to spend my month's vacation. Gazing idly out upon the deserted asphalt play-ground that evening in July there broke into my mind a troop of old college memories. It was one of these which led me to decide upon a walking tour in South Wales. I recalled the scene exactly—the studyful of enthusiastic, beardless debaters, each excitedly defending his own favourite theory, which in this case meant his own favourite country or county. Scotland was being pitted against Wales, and Surrey indignantly hurled at Westmoreland. We were discussing the relative merits of our birth-places and the power of natural scenery to elevate or depress the mind. And most distinctly of all I could see the flashing deep-blue eyes, and hear the rhythmic modulations of the Celtic voice of Evan Athay, the impassioned advocate of the vales and hills of South Wales. By the way, what had become of Athay, I wondered. What a brilliant student he had been, topping all the exam. lists with more ease than poor laborious I struggled into a middle place. He was a veritable prince of gaiety too, and exuberant spirits. His last letter to me had been a short one acknowledging my congratulations upon his gaining his London B.A. No doubt he was a head master in Cardiff or Newport by this time, and in full sail for an inspectorship.

Yes, I would spend my month in verifying Evan Athay's eulogies of "The Land of my Fathers."

One evening, ten days later, I came upon the little village of Llan—a village which, had it been baptised in harmony with its aspect on that serene summer evening long ago, should have been called the Home of Peace. Surely if villages as well as little children have their guardian angels, as once it was the sweet superstition of men to imagine, the guardian angels of Llan were the spirits of rest and contentment. And all seemed as remote from the scramble and push, the care and heart-ache we call modern life, as if London had yet to be built. "Athay, you are right," I said to myself, "and I should vote for Wales if we were back at college."

The landlady I secured was a typical little Welshwoman with mobile mouth, expressive eyes, and a rhythmic rise-and-fall cadence in her voice. She held out to me mouth-watering promises of hot Welsh tea-cakes to be ready in half an hour. It was during that half hour when strolling up the tiny street, now glorious with the gold of the dying sun, that I encountered that face at the window. So this haven of peace had its tragedies after all, I thought. The next instant the face was withdrawn from its framework of overhanging jessamine, but not before its wistful blue eyes had smitten me with the agony of recollection. A few minutes later my landlady told me the story. It was the old, old theme of early hopes nipped by unkindly winds, brave ambitions drowned in the rough seas of endeavour, the angel of affliction with flaming sword relentlessly barring the gate which leads to success and fame. At one point in her story I pushed the tea-tray from me. No, I wanted nothing more. How could I eat and drink, I who had known him in his beautiful strength and promise, who had felt the contagion of his noble purposes, who could still hear in the distance of the past the rise and fall of his deep, rich voice, when just outside in the darkening village, wrecked in mind and broken in body, lay the dearest of my college chums—Evan Athay?

"I know him," I said at length, overwhelmed alike by the coincidence and the tragedy, "I was with him at college."

"Then it's glad they'll be to see you," replied my hostess, "for they can't do nothing with him whatever, and that's the truth. He won't let nobody even speak a mite o' comfort to him; he says God's thrown him away, and it's no use talking." And the motherly face went behind the apron.

And then I nerved myself for the interview. When I entered his diminutive parlour later in the evening his greeting more than fulfilled all my forebodings.

"Go away! go away!" he cried, with a look of forbidding despair. "Why did you find me out? You only want to mock me, to pity me, to talk of submission to me. But I won't hear it."

"Dear old boy," I cried, as jovially as I could, feeling no joviality, "fancy finding you of all people in this lovely little corner of the earth."

"Corner!" he echoed bitterly, "grave you mean."

Gradually, however, this black mood lifted, and I lured him on to tell me what had happened since I heard from him last.

"Then I took my B.A. you know—you wrote to congratulate me I remember—and then I got a headship at Cardiff." Here he paused, and I knew we were on the threshold.

"And a tip-top head you made, I'll be bound. How did your pet theories work, by the way? I'm always asking our fellows when I meet them whether college-bred ideals stand the test of schoolroom practice. You were always preaching Dr. Arnold to us, you remember, and saying you believed education meant a vast deal more than a knowledge of the relation of subject to predicate."

At this he almost smiled, and I hoped I was making progress.

"My ideals! I put them to work, and they had begun to answer. Oh, they had really begun to answer. And my staff of under-teachers caught the enthusiasm, and the whole world seemed opening out fair and glorious; and then—O God!"

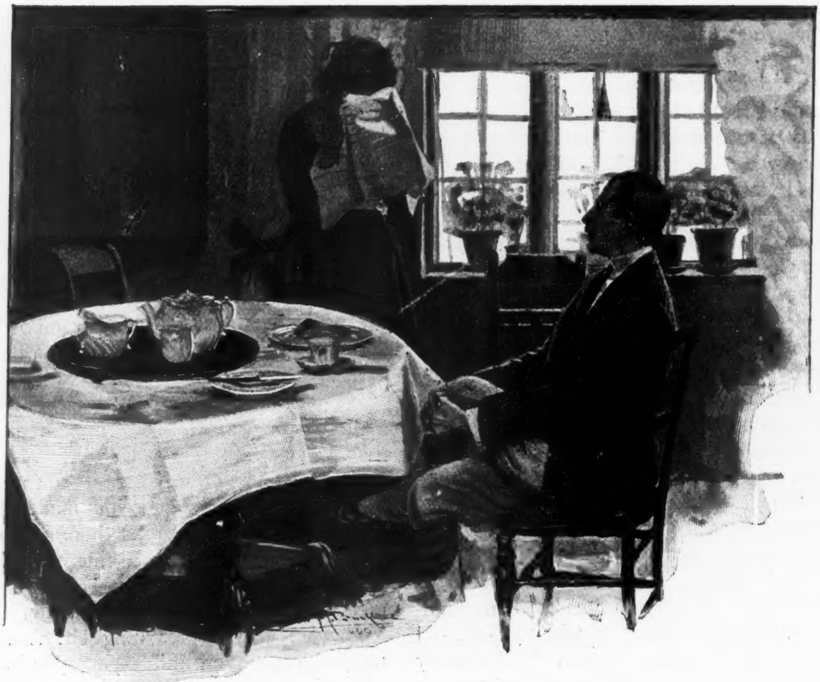
There was a long silence, which I did not know how to break, for I knew that he was thinking of his swift and irrevocable breakdown, and the slow but sure-footed on-coming of the spinal paralysis which had flung him upon his bed by the window maimed for life, maimed, I fear, in soul no less than body.

"King, are you a Christian?"

His question came almost fiercely.

"I hope so, I try to be," I answered.

"Ah! but you can stand upright and face the world like a man; that explains it. But solve me this problem—we solved many a mathematical one in our 'dens' at college long ago. Solve this one if you can for your worn-out old chum. Why did the Christian God make me the boy I was, and fill me



"'He won't let nobody even speak a mite o' comfort to him'"

with those ideals and ambitions we have been talking of, only to fling me away on this bed, this 'mattress grave' as poor Heine called it—for the rest of my days? I see no wisdom, no reason, no—no economy in it, much less goodness."

I am ashamed to say it, but I staggered under the burden. Now for the genius of a Milton to "justify the ways of God to men." And what a poor defence I made; I felt it was unworthy and inadequate as I looked into his yearning eyes, and, worst of all, I knew he could see my want of conviction. But to tell the truth, I was young myself in those days, and the world's universal law of "perfect through suffering" was as great a mystery to me as to him, though, as he said, I could stand upright and face the world like a man. I did my best and stumblingly offered my explanation, but that I had failed was written in the cutting irony of his reply.

"Exactly! there is no explanation. This world was made for the strong. To the weak it says, 'Go to the wall! out of the way.'"

Ashamed and humiliated I tried to turn the current.

Had he heard any college news lately? Where was Richards? Did he know Kelson was an inspector in Glasgow? But I had struck the worst note of all. It was precisely this thought of what his late comrades were doing in the world, I found, which was killing him day by day as he lay inactive by the window.

"Stop!" he cried. "I cannot bear it. Don't tell me, for mercy's sake, what they are doing. They are where I want to be and should have been. I hear the bells ringing at nine every morning, I see them stand at the desk and call the register, I see them place the board and take the chalk; and then away they pass, on to the goals I love and shall never, never reach!" And his voice broke off with a sob.

Then I left, but only to return day after day, in fact to devote the remainder of my holiday to him. But console him I absolutely could not. And every night when I left him I seemed farther from reconciling him to his destiny than when I went in the morning. But more and more I became absorbed in him. And not only were my affections concerned, but he became an intellectual problem to me. I knew, however, just where my weakness lay in dealing with him. He was young, and though physically useless, his mind and spirit were full of energy and resource. But I could give them nothing to do. I could not accept his own pessimistic idea that life was over for him, but in what direction or sphere it was to be renewed I could not discover. "Be patient! be still! the end will soon come! a life of activity is after all not the only ideal of existence!"—that was no gospel for him.

And now a trivial occurrence threw light on my path.

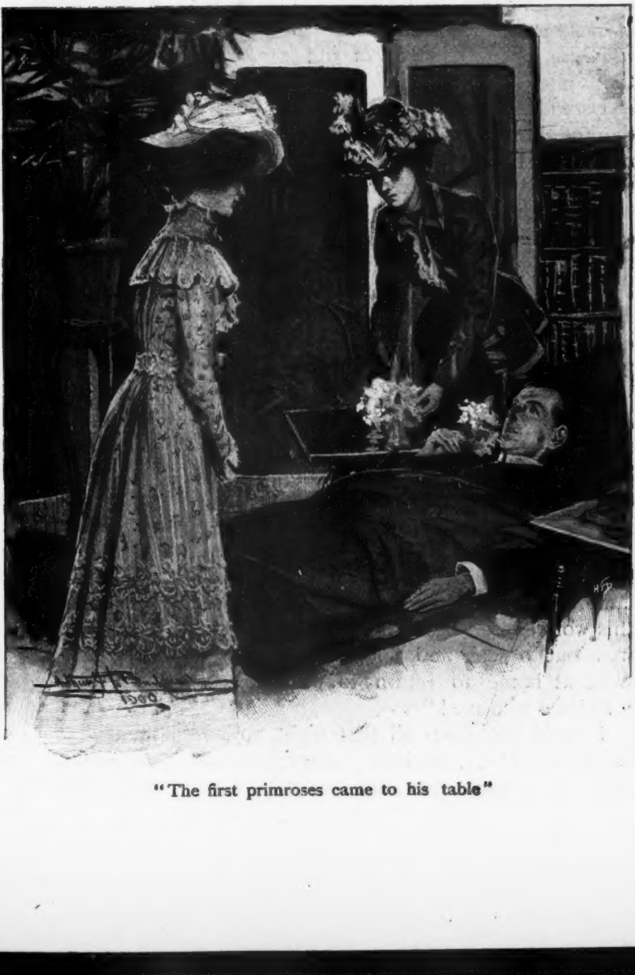
I soon found that Athay had become quite the central interest and concern of the village. Just as he had been the pride and hope of that sheltered valley, he who was to go out and win laurels to deck its simple brow, so now that the world had rejected him and sent him back uncrowned, he became the object of the valley's tenderest affections. If the world outside did not appreciate him and want him, they did. And with loyal and almost revengeful affection they took him back to their heart. His face at the window was the tragic landmark of the village. Every child, every strong man and gentle woman tried to bring hope and consolation to that little parlour. The first primroses came to his table, so did the first teacupful of wimberries. And when the mare foaled and the cow calved, Athay was the first to hear the news.

My vacation was drawing to a close, and I was feeling miserable and humiliated at the thought of going back to London and leaving him uncomforted, but merely beguiled of a few hours of loneliness. We were sitting in his room one dark night. I was reading to him, when a friendly farmer came in with the news—all news was reported there—that one of his best ewes was missing—a common occurrence on the hills—and that he was just starting up the "Cwm" to find it.

"I was thinking as you'd just like to know, whatever, Master Evan." (The Welshman, I found, garnished every sentence with a profusion of these irrelevant "whatevers.")

"Thank you, Drew, for looking in. I hope you'll soon find her, but it's a darkish night for the Cwm, isn't it?"

That night I stayed late. I was reading a favourite book with both of us years ago, "Lamb's Essays," and hoping that some of the gentle Elia's tonic cheerfulness in face of



"The first primroses came to his table"

his life's bitter lot, might prove healthful to the broken youth upon the bed.

About midnight there came a sudden tapping at the window, and I broke off in the midst of a sentence in "Imperfect Sympathies." I went to the window and drew up the blind, and at once there shone in a stream of light from a big stable lantern.

"I've found her, whatever, Master Athay," cried the jubilant voice outside, "it was caught in a big wimberry bush as she was. I thought as you'd be liking to know. Good-night."

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost," rang in my ears as I felt my way down the dark street to my lodgings. And then for the first time in my life I saw that there was an important element in that story which I had always overlooked. There was the shepherd, of course, and I knew him well. There were the ninety and nine—familiar too. And of course the truant sheep. But there were others I now saw—the shepherd's nameless friends, those whom he calls in to share with him, not the dangers of the search, but the joys of the finding.

I stood still outside my cottage, and felt the joy of discovery. No, the shepherd had not asked them to go out with him to find the sheep, but he relied on their being glad when he succeeded.

Though they had not shared the search, they shared in the triumph.

"Evan Athay," I ejaculated aloud, and my heart beat. Had I found what for many days I had been looking for, a gospel for that stricken man? The farmer, Drew, had not called upon poor strengthless Evan Athay to go up the perilous Cwm with him to hunt the wandering ewe; that was not his work. His work—and was it not as great and noble, not to say greater and nobler—was to sympathise with the exultant shepherd when his quest was crowned with success? The idea burnt within me like a lamp. What a poor and cheerless place this world would be, I thought, if everybody went out to seek and find, and there were none at home to return to with the cry "Rejoice with me!"

I could not sleep all that night, so possessed was I with the idea. After breakfast next morning—it was the last day of my holiday—I hurried up to the house at the bend of the street.

"Why did that fellow, farmer Drew, disturb us last night, just to tell us he had found his sheep, old boy?" I asked as soon as I was seated by him.

Athay looked up surprised.

"Because he knew I should be glad," he said.

"Yes, but there might have been some sense in his calling on his way up the Cwm when he wanted help, and, forgive me, you could not give that." His eyes flashed with something like the old college fire.

"You are right. I could not give that. But Drew knows that had I been strong as I used to be I would have gone with him gladly. I did many times years ago."

I saw my chance and took it.

"That is to say," I replied, as emphatically and meaningly as I ever spoke in my life, for I felt my time had come, "that is to say, the power and willingness to sympathise unselfishly with work which others do which you cannot do, though you have the will to, proves that under other and more favourable circumstances—which are not yours to control—you would do as much as they—eh?"

I put my very soul into these words, and though they may have been crude and ill-expressed, I felt I had got hold of a big truth, one that might, if followed out, re-light in that despairing soul the torch of hope.

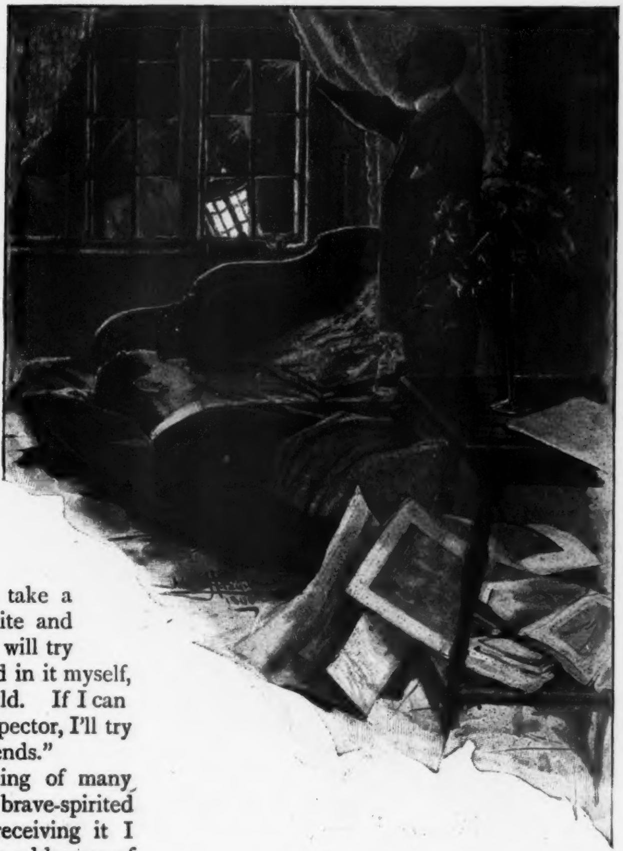
He looked very hard at me for a moment, then slowly repeated my words, then turned towards the window. That evening I said good-bye, and took the mail at Cardiff for London.

A fortnight later came a letter, written in that valley of peace. I have just taken it from my desk to copy two or three of its fading sentences.

"I have been thinking ever since you left. . . . I have missed you dreadfully . . . of what you said that last morning about my being glad that the ewe was found, though I lay here and didn't lend a hand in the finding. The one thing, old boy, I have not been able to bear has been not so much my own inability to succeed in life, but the thought of hearing of you other fellows succeeding. Now I wonder whether your philosophy will hold water. If it will, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I am going to try and identify myself with all you and the other fellows do, by just sympathising and being glad with you all when you accomplish what I wanted to do myself, but cannot. I wonder whether God has room in the world for sympathisers and rejoicers as well as doers. If so, I'll be one, for I cannot be a doer. Don't keep your successes from me, feeling they would only tantalise me — they did once, but they won't again — but write me about them, and get Kelson and Locke and some of the others to do the same. Whenever any of you take a degree or get a good 'pass' write and say 'Rejoice with me' and I will try and feel that I have had a hand in it myself, for God knows I would if I could. If I can not be a head master or an inspector, I'll try to be one of the shepherd's friends."

That letter was the beginning of many things, and not only for the brave-spirited sufferer who wrote it. On receiving it I wrote to our old college for the addresses of the men who had been of Athay's year—a pretty complete record was usually kept. Then I sent each of them a letter telling in brief the bitter story of our once brilliant chum's position, and of the way in which we might all help him by keeping him posted up in our successes.

The response was all I could desire. And it soon came about that far away in the lovely heart of the Welsh hills we established a sort of sympathy bureau, with the owner of that tragic white face at the window—now not so white and tragic—at its head.



"'I've found her, whatever, Master Athay,' cried the jubilant voice outside"

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Evan Athay will never stand at the blackboard or the master's desk again, it is true. But in many a school, both in England and Wales, the men who do stand by the blackboards and in the master's desks are energised and inspired for their tasks by the knowledge that, when they battle and succeed, there will be joy in that far-away little homestead among the hills, in the heart of one whose high and noble calling is to be one of the shepherd's friends.

HIGHER THAN THE BIRDS

By G. W. WOOD

BALLOONING, according to the experts, is as safe as yachting, and a good deal safer than cycling; while in point of interest and exhilaration there is no sport, game, or diversion under the sun to be compared with it. And, indeed, as one watches the golden planet of the aeronaut floating, high over down and pine-ridge, through the azure of a summer afternoon, it does seem as though human skill and daring had contrived a means of locomotion at once reasonably secure and ideally romantic. It is only when the clouds gather and the wind freshens that one thinks of awkward landings, or entertains the apprehension of the American traveller who was not alarmed at the actual speed of the racing express, but felt rather anxious lest the train should run off the island before the driver had time to pull up.

It is not as a successful pleasure-seeker, however, but as an investigator of physical mysteries that Mr. Bacon has given us in his book, "By Land and Sky,"* a record of his experiences and researches in the little known regions of our atmosphere. Incidentally there is abundant evidence that, in spite of very real dangers on more than one occasion, he has found in his aerial flights a delight in the novelty and beauty of his surroundings which it is extremely difficult to express in words; and these casual glimpses of cloudland, and of the earth seen from the unfamiliar heights of the heavens, give his narrative a special charm. To the uninitiated reader every detail in a balloon ascent brings a fresh surprise. One of the last things he would anticipate, is the sense of absolute security and immobility the moment after the straining air-ship has been freed from its moorings. It is not the aeronaut who ascends,

READY FOR THE ASCENT
Mr. Bacon Mr. Spencer

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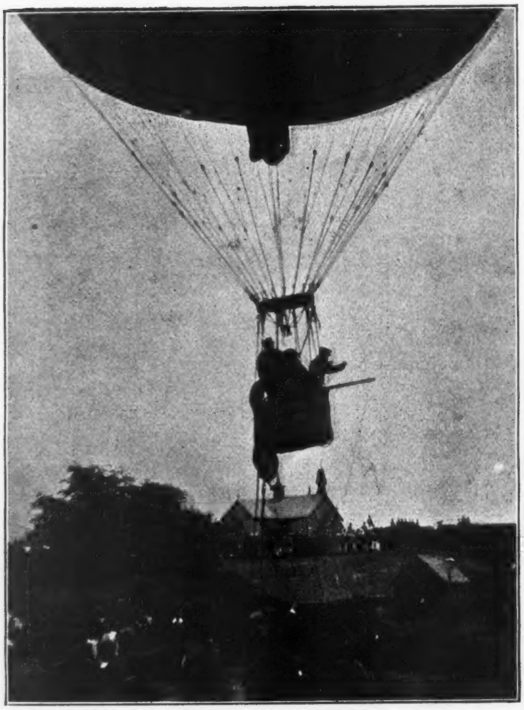
* "By Land and Sky." By the Rev. John M. Bacon, M.A., F.R.A.S. With four illustrations. Isbister & Co., Ltd.

"LET GO!"

but "the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself" which fall back into an ever-deepening abyss. And as the vast city disappears, one notes for the first time the wonderful extent of the green spaces of gardens and parks and squares which have hitherto been lost in the wilderness of bricks and mortar. One feels the intoxication of the clear "mountain air" without the labour and delay of climbing. Sound seems to be governed by new and strange laws; the dull roar and rumble of a thousand streets become a harsh, unearthly rattle; the thunder of the big guns booming on the marshes resembles the spasmodic yelp of a huge dog. The turbid river is a ribbon of silver crossed by spider-thread bridges; and now, as the distance increases one perceives that a shining haze has been drawn over the landscape far below. The high sun is shining on the myriad particles floating in the low levels of the air, and the light is reflected upwards in a misty shimmer; to the observer on the earth underneath they are unillumined and invisible, and the balloon is seen distinctly in a crystalline blue. Or the aeronaut may pass into an opaque cloud which shuts out the vision of terrestrial objects, and yet to those watching below, the cloud may be no more than a gossamer film through which the balloon may be easily followed. Most unexpected fact of all perhaps, the colossal bulk of silk overhead hides the upper sky from the occupants of the car: they have an unlimited range of view all round the horizon and into the depths from which they have risen, but the blue illimitable distance of the zenith—the bright mysterious altitude which from the beginning of time has taught men to look upward — is completely excluded. That eclipse of the heavens must surely be one of the least welcome of the experiences of the sky-traveller. Inexpressibly weird and eerie in those regions, where the most impressive phenomenon is the breathless, unimaginable silence, must it be to hear the rain drumming in torrents on the distended silk of the huge globe.

In keeping with the intense stillness of the upper air is the sense of loneliness, the total absence of all living things. The realm of winged creatures, it would appear, extends in close neighbourhood to the homely earth. So far as I can learn, no aeronaut has discovered the places where the swifts are supposed to frolic, or to sleep on the wing in the short summer night; none has ever been startled by the winnowing rush of migrants fleeting north or south in spring or in autumn. Once indeed, in mid-November, of all months in the year, and at an altitude of nearly two miles, Mr. Bacon saw a big bluebottle fly buzzing and fussing about the car, and though it may have possibly been taken up by chance in the balloon, it may also have been a strayed reveller tardily following the track of the departed summer.



"GOOD-BYE!"

Mr. Bacon mentions that Mr. F. T. Wethered, of the Alpine Club, has seen a butterfly scudding along the summit of the Grandes Jurasses, at a height of 13,799 feet; and it may be added that Mr. Whymper observed butterflies fluttering in the thin air 16,000 feet up the Andes; but these instances hardly furnish sufficient reason in themselves for accepting the conjecture that this particular bluebottle was actually on the wing. For to measure the altitude of these butterfly wanderers from the sea-level is surely misleading; to them the distance from the earth was no more than their distance from the nearest point of the summit or mountain ridge beneath them. Indeed, to compare the flight of the bluebottle with the flight of these butterflies is much the same as though one were to compare a 4½-mile balloon ascent of Glaisher and Coxwell with the achievement—notable enough, no doubt—of Mr. Graham and his companions, who reached a point on Mount Kabru, in the Himalayas, 24,015 feet above the sea.

If the high heavens are silent and lonely, however, they are often filled with prospects of singular beauty which shape themselves and disappear again with a magical suddenness. As you float along over the sunny earth in the blue crystalline air, behold! with a spirit-like abruptness, a silver cloudlet appears on a level with the car, drifts as you drift, and then vanishes as abruptly into the invisible world from which it came. Or it may be, you are ascending through a stratum of chilly cloud, and as you pass on to the upper limit you see the sun shining white through the thinning veil above, while beneath you a second sun is reflected as in a pool of water. Or, yet again, you may perceive on the coast-line a vast expanse of leaden vapour, and above it an expanse of pale green, like the surface of the sea, and in the midst of the green a black spot about the size of a walnut-shell. Look carefully, and you will perceive that the walnut-shell is the inverted image of a ship sailing far down and invisible beneath the layer of leaden cloud. Perchance between you and the planet you have left there is a tossing sea of sun-lit foam. The huge billows surge up in flying crests threatening to engulf you, but the cataracts of spray do not fall back again; they break and pass into the unseen. It is impossible to conceive a more startling illustration of the evanescence of material things, of the illusiveness and glamour of what we term reality. The balloon seems to sail through a dream-sphere in which mutability alone is immutable, and one finds in nature an analogy of the mystic stanza:

> If the red slayer thinks he slays,
> And if the slain thinks he is slain,
> They know not well the subtle ways
> I keep, and pass, and turn again.

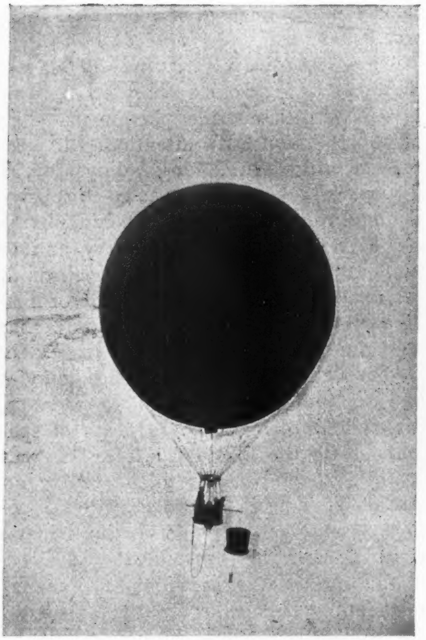
Before glancing at some of Mr. Bacon's investigations it may be of interest to notice a few facts as to the economy and energy of a balloon. Apart from the incalculable factors of temperature and wind-power, the duration of a balloon voyage depends on the supply and management of ballast; and, paradoxical as it may seem, while the discharge of the first sand-bag may produce merely a rise of a few hundred feet, the discharge of the last may result in an ascent of some thousands, and a subsequent flight of several miles down the wind. Mr. Bacon explains the principle so clearly that his statement is worth quoting. Taking the case of a balloon quite full of gas, carrying its maximum weight, and exactly poised close to the surface of the earth, he supposes that one bag of ballast is thrown out to allow it to rise, and that the aeronaut has performed his first duty, that of untying the neck to prevent the imprisoned gas from bursting the globe as it reaches rarer regions of the atmosphere. The result will be that the balloon will rise to its true balanced level—a low level at this time—and by virtue of its gathered impetus will be carried somewhat beyond, before it begins to sink again. In performing this excursion, he writes,

> It will necessarily have lost gas, so that when in the inevitable course of things, it has settled down near earth again, it will be in a different condition from when it started; for (1) it will be lighter, and (2) the silk globe will have lost a certain amount of gas, and will be no longer completely distended, but a little collapsed. At this point suppose a second bag of sand is thrown out. Now that the balloon is lighter, this represents a relatively larger expenditure of ballast than did the first bag, so that the balloon will this time reach a higher level than before, while at the same time here will be less loss of gas, since there is spare room in the collapsed globe to allow of its expansion. Thus the second leap into space will be higher and longer than the first, and so on; and thus it comes about that a bag of ballast cast out towards the end of a voyage will often entail a seven-league stride over half a county or possibly an unlooked-for flight out to sea.

In practical ballooning, however, the element of temperature cannot be eliminated. A burst of sunshine, warming and expanding the gas in the collapsing silk, may prolong suspension for hours, or a current of cold air may as unexpectedly produce a swift descent. A memorable voyage of Mr. Bacon's affords an engrossing illustration of these facts.

The extraordinary variations of temperature and the capricious character of wind-currents are among the phenomena which engross the aeronaut's attention. In 1863 Glaisher and Coxwell, descending from an altitude of four miles, passed through a shower of rain and, beneath the rain, plunged into a snow-storm—a topsy-turvy and uncomfortable experience for a day towards the end of June. But the record of ordinary observations, if less sensational, is perhaps even more interesting—for instance, that after sunset temperature has been found to increase with elevation (up to a certain height), and that the cold breath of space pours down the hillsides, just as the warm air in a room ascends to the ceiling and streams down again in contact with the cold walls, producing "draughts" that seem to come through the very bricks. Equally attractive are the investigations into the laws of sound. The subject is one of extreme difficulty, but the danger to shipping on a foggy coast makes it one of supreme importance. What is the truth regarding these

A BALLOONIST VIEW OF NEWBURY



UP IN THE AIR—DRUM SUSPENDED FROM CAR

mysterious "zones of silence" in which the clang of bells, and the roar of the siren, are reported to become suddenly inaudible? Mr. Bacon contributes many observations which must prove of value to those who are practically interested in the safety of our seafaring population; but probably much time will have yet to be devoted to experiment and research before anything can be formulated with certainty. There appears to be no reason to doubt that the atmosphere in unsettled weather is "mottled" with volumes of air of various densities and degrees of humidity, and during their invisible passage not only are sound-signals affected, but a mast seen through a seaman's glass will "flash in and out of sight in a corresponding fitful manner." Mr. Bacon's experience gives a direct negative to the "almost poetical conception of Professor Tyndall, that echoes may at times be heard out of the empty air"; he has tried sounds of every description but has never succeeded in evoking an echo from air or cloud. Strange noises and voices have occasionally been heard, but these have been recognised as earth-echoes which have travelled through cloud-layers, or have been traced to the great cavern of the balloon overhead, "in which a shout will sometimes echo on interminably, but, owing probably in part to the nature of the gas within, apparently as if from a great distance."

Mr. Bacon's ascent in quest of the Leonids in 1899 sufficiently proves—if proof were needed—that, however safe ballooning may be, there are occasions on which the aeronaut finds himself in very critical and exciting situations. It forms a unique chapter in the record of sky-travelling, as thrilling in its way as the terrible experience of Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell, when, at a height of about seven miles, one of the adventurers lost consciousness and the other, having lost the use of his hands, barely succeeded in pulling the valve-cord with his teeth. The ascent was made by Mr. Spencer, Mr. Bacon and his daughter, from Newbury gas-works in a 56,000 c.f. balloon, about four o'clock on the morning of November 17. There was a light eastern breeze, and the air was moderately cool for the season. In a few minutes they entered into a tract of warm steaming cloud, where all was darkness save for the feeble glimmer of a Davy lamp; and there they hung inert. They speedily discovered the cause of their lack of buoyancy. The balloon had been filled and held in readiness many hours before. Exposure had chilled it to the temperature of the cold night and its vast surface was heavily weighted with dew. It was only by an extravagant expenditure of ballast that they were enabled to rise through the cloud into the clear air above. There they had a full view of all the blue tract between Leo and Orion, but not a Leonid was to be seen. More than once the cold of this higher region sent them down again into the cloud, and another bag of sand and yet another was discharged. At last they were able to maintain themselves at an altitude of 4000 feet, and look down on a sea of cloud, where the waves seemed running mountains high and scattering in spindrift. It was bitterly cold, and the blue flashes of Sirius made the eyes ache to watch them, but only a few meteors were observed. After casting a gigantic Brocken shadow of the balloon on a bank of cloud, the moon set in a smur of deep red copper; the balloon mysteriously ascended, and once more the moon was up in the sky, and then quickly set for good and all. By various sounds of hoofs, wheels, bells, and hooters the travellers guessed the course they were taking in the dark, and then about six o'clock the dawn broke, a pale green, with a copper-coloured flush on the horizon; and from beneath the cheerless 1500 feet of cloud came the prolonged crowing of cocks.

At this point the aeronauts became aware of an alarming change in their circumstances. The balloon began to ascend, and it continued ascending into a heaven growing every moment warmer and more brilliant in light and colour. They had parted with a weight of ballast which would otherwise have kept them at a lower level. Had it been evening instead of morning they might have counted on the growing chill of the air to bring them down; but now the dead weight of moisture on the surface of the silk was evaporating, and the rays of the sun were warming the gas, and thus accelerating their upward flight. The obvious method of relief at once occurs to the reader: why not open the valve and let out some of the gas? As fortune would have it, to prevent leakage during the long hours of waiting, the balloon had been equipped with a "solid valve"—a breadth of material varnished like the silk and bound hard and fast over the whole opening. This valve could only be used once, and at a height of 5000 feet it would have been sheer madness to tear a gaping chasm two or three feet across in the top of the balloon. Clearly there was no alternative but to wait and hope for the best. And meanwhile the balloon was rising and drifting—rising to an altitude of 10,000 feet in the burning sky, and drifting westward over an unseen country, westward towards a sea that could not be more than sixty miles away.

In these unnerving circumstances the travellers seem to have preserved their coolness and resourcefulness with admirable self-control. They lunched and chatted gaily, and put as good a face as they might on a trying situation. One brief glimpse may be given of their experience:

> In the earlier part of the morning our balloon had been apparently haunted by a ghostly visitor; we were then some hundred feet above the cloud-floor, which, however (there being no guide to distance), seemed almost at our feet, with a surface which looked as compact and hard as an ice-field. Our limbs were getting cramped with sitting in confined quarters, and the idea rose in our minds that we might step out and have a run round for exercise. And just then, as if to lure us to such an act of folly, we heard repeatedly the sound of some one walking softly outside. The explanation of these mysterious sounds was presently traced to the moist shrunken netting giving out under the hot sun, and yielding now and again with gentle release to the expanding gas.

It would be unfair, however, both to author and reader, to describe all the details of that long anxious voyage; suffice it to say that at last they heard through the snowy waste of cloud spread beneath them the plashing of waves on a pebbly beach, and then the wail of a steamer's siren; and that just as their straits seemed des-

A CALM DESCENT IN ESSEX

perate, a cold strong wind from the west struck them, diverted their course, and caused the balloon to descend in spite of the midday heat of the sun. When at last they came crashing to earth in a fierce gust, which hurled them through barbed wire fencing, hedge, and oak-tree, they had had a run of ten hours, the incidents of which, one fancies, will furnish them—and especially the lady, who broke her arm in the "landing"—with sufficient material for nightmares to last them a life-time.

THE EARLIEST SCOTTISH NEWSPAPER

STANDING to-day in front of any crowded bookstall, one cannot fail to be struck with the remarkable variety of literature set forth to tempt the public palate, and may well wonder where contributors find ideas sufficiently new to keep such a pile of periodicals in life. It might reasonably be supposed that every sensation experienced or witticism expressed by man had already appeared in print, but evidently this is not the case, for hardly a week passes that we do not see some new picture paper or monthly magazine added to those already on the list. No doubt striking situations and picturesque contrasts lose force as succeeding generations ring the changes upon them, but mercifully nature is so exceedingly various that when the news of the day is exhausted, and current literature has been criticised, there still remains an unlimited field to be worked upon, by the old means, in the same material, although it is ever changing in colour and pattern as time turns the kaleidoscope of human life.

In Scotland two hundred and fifty years ago, at a period of the intensest religious and political excitement, there were no papers at all, but news travelled across the border in small pamphlets generally called diurnals, and bearing such names as "Mercurius Populus; or, News declaring Plain Truths to the People"; "Mercurius Acheroniticus; or, News from Hell brought fresh to Town," &c. &c. Among these queer old prints appeared on Monday, December, 1660, the "Mercurius Caledonius," a small eight-page booklet, the first newspaper printed in Scotland, and the source from which springs this great roaring torrent from the press that floods us to-day. The paper, with all its freshness of expression and keenness of interest, is given in the following pages just as it appeared on the morning of publication. A few notes, chiefly from contemporary authorities, have been added in places where it was thought an addition might throw light on the matter. The full title of the edition deserves to be accurately copied:

Mercurius Caledonius
comprising
the affairs now in agitation in
Scotland
with
A survey of Forraign Intelligence.
Conamur Tenues Grandia.
From *Monday* Decemb. 31, to *Tuesday, Jan. 8th*, 1661.

The opening paragraph is headed "Edinburgh," and begins—

"Our clouds are dissipate, the rays of Royalty, darts from the breasts of *Scot's-men*, not being in the power of the most skillful Artificers of Treason, to stave off our allegiance, which was bravely manifested in the reception of His Majesties High Commissioner the Earl of *Middleton;* (who according to the grander of his State) was welcomed seven miles from the city, by numerous Troops of Nobility, Gentry and Citizens, all in such equipage, as became both Court and Camp."

This man, plain John Middleton before being raised to the peerage, would have been described in the language of his own day as "ane honest man of the new mode," that is a man destitute of principle, for which serviceable though negative quality he was deemed a fit instrument to further Charles's plans in the north. In certain circles he appears to have been in some request as a man to speedily decide on the merits of a case, for often too drunk to debate he was thus happy in passing the most complicated measures as soon as they were proposed, gaining at the same time for his councils the descriptive title of the Drinking Parliament. Kirkton, in his History, says, "Our three commissioners, Middleton, Rothes, and Lauderdale, gave every one of them the parliament they governed a denomination (in the observation of the vulgar) from their own behaviour; and this parliament was called the drinking parliament. You may believe cursing, swearing and blasphemy were as common as prayer and worship was rare. Debauching was loyalty, gravity smelled of rebellion. . . . It was a time of sad defection. The Lord was upon the way of deserting the land." Middleton horrified even the most reckless rioters of that day by appearing in the middle of the night before the town cross to drink the devil's health, and their superstitious fears were aroused by the report that he had conversed with a ghost.* This man, then, capable of toasting the devil and trysting a spirit was thought of the right material to "cow" Scotland and break that dangerous tendency towards freedom so distressing to his late sacred Majesty.

The newspaper continues (page 2):

"The next day, *January* the first, the Earl *Marshall*, accompanied with four hundreth Gentlemen of his own relations march't on foot from his own lodging to his Majesties Pallace, the present residence of the Lord Commissioner, with the Honours of the Kingdom, (viz) He himself, carrying the crown, the second brother, Col. *George Keith*, the scepter: and the younger Sir *John Keith*, the sword: These three noble brothers hath been eminent both in their Services and Sufferings for the Royal interest: And when the two elder were prisoners in *England*, by the particular care and industry of the younger: the same Sacred Honors * (so much hunted after by enemies) were miraculously preserved: for which his Majesty hath deservedly conferred on him the honour of Knight Marshall of *Scotland*.

"After the Honors were solemnly laid before the commissioner in the presence, upon the table, under the cloth of state, then conform to the ancient custom of our nation, and the formallities of ranging the Nobilityes by the king at arms being performed; they proceeded to the riding of parliament in manner as followeth:

"The commissioners for the severall Burghs, in comely and rich apparrell, after them the barons, sumptuously, but civilly cloathed, with their lacquies in livery, every one two. Next the lords in their robes, each with the three lacquies, with their respective badges of honour on back and breast as all noblemen at such times and solemnities use to have; then the viscounts with their lacquies; then the earls, each having four lacquies in rich attire. Then six trumpets uncovered; twelve heralds with their coats of arms; two sergeants with maces; then Sir *Alexander Durham*, Lord Lyon, King at arms in his coat, which was most glorious; then the Earl of *Mar* carrying the sword of honor, with a Mace on each hand: then the Earl of *Sutherland* the Royall Crown in like manner.

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* The late Lord Middleton in the yeir 1650, being in cumpany with the Laird of Barbigno, in Stirling, before the fight at Dunbar, in a drunken rant covenanted one with the other, that which of them dyes first should come to the surviving person and give him news from the dead. This Barbigno dyeing first, the devill in his lykness comes to Middleton when he was prisoner in London, and putts him in mynd of his covenant, and now that he had come to fulfill it.—Memorialls of remarkable things in his Time, from 1638 to 1684. By the Rev. Robert Law. MS.

Sir William Dugdale did inform me that Major General Middleton (since lord) went into the highlands of Scotland to endeavour to make a party for King Charles. An old Gentleman (that was second sighted) came and told him that his endeavour was good, but that he would be unsuccessful, and moreover, that they would put the king to death. . . . This Lord Middleton had a great friendship with the laird of Bocconi, and they had made an agreement that the first of them that died should appear to the other in extremity. Lord Middleton was taken prisoner at Worcester fight, and was prisoner in the Tower of London under three locks. Lying in his bed pensive, Boccini appeared to him; my Lord Middleton asked if he were dead or alive? he said dead, and that he was a ghost; and told him that within three days he should escape, and he did so in his wife's cloaths. When he had done his message he gave a frisk and said,

Givanni, Givanni, 'tis very strange
In the world to see so sudden a change,

and then gathered up and vanished. This account Sir William Dugdale had from the Bishop of Edinburgh.—See Aubrey's Miscellanies, page 113.

* It will be remembered that "the honours" had then but recently passed through most romantic adventures in Dunnotter Castle, where they and their protector George Ogilvy had been besieged by the English. Their preservation was due to the courage of Mrs. Granger, wife of the minister of Kineff, who brought them through the English lines, the crown, beneath her skirt, and the sceptre and sword concealed in a hank of flax.

"The Lord *Ramsay*, Son to the Earl of *Dalhousie*, carried His Majesties Commission in a velvet bagg, a little advanc't on the Lord Commissioner his left hand, who rode in state all others being bare, save Duke *Hamilton* and the Marquesse of *Montrose* who immediately followed him with their hats on.

"The streets all along was guarded by eighteen companies of citizens well armed and in gorgeous apparrell.

"At their arrival at the parliament yard, they were received by the Lord High Constable of *Scotland:* the Earl of *Arrol* with a hundreth Gentlemen of his name, armed with Swords, Pistols, and guilded Pole-axes.

"The Lord Commissioner being by him conducted to the door of the House, he was received by the Earl *Marshall* and his guard, consisting in like manner of gentlemen of his name and relations, commanded under himself, by *Alexander Keith* of *Ludwharne.*

"The Parliament being set, the officers of state, and all the other members in their peculiar stations: sermon being ended, His Majesties Commission read, the Lord Commissioner shortly, though fully delivered His Majesties careful inclinations toward this his ancient kingdom, and how graciously he was ready to restore the fundamental laws, which had been so shrewdly shaken by the iniquity of the times; but the present occasion will not admit of all that was spoken by his Grace, which I refer to another conveniency. It was then moved that the Lord Chancellor, according to the right of the kingdom should proceed; Next, that the oath of allegiance should be taken by all the members, both which votes passed without contradiction, the one to the extirpation of all unjust oaths, the other to lop off the former sort of Presedentship, or chire-man, never known but in the days of darknesse. This was the issue of that dayes proceeding.

"Only the members of parliament in the same order, conducting the Lord Commissioner to His Majesties Pallace of *Holyroodhouse*, where his Grace in the presence chamber Supped[*] in State, and the Nobility at two long tables on each side of the room.

"The Earl of *Atholl* officiate as cup bearer, the Earl of *Aboyne* (son of the late martyr'd Marquesse of *Huntley*) presented the water, the Earl of Dundee holding the towel, Master *Murray*, brother to the Earl of *Atholl*, as carver; the dishes being served up by gentlemen, and which was most remarkable, considering the past dissentions during the late troubles; there was such an unexpressable harmony in that solemnity; as their cheerfulness discovered them so many loving children who had found a lost father.[†]

"*Friday* following being the fourth, the parliament sate again, where having first setled some small debates touching commissions: They resolved an honourable reparation for that horrid and monstrous barbarity fixed on royal authority, in the person of the great *James* Marquesse of *Montrose*, his Majesties captain General, and Lord High Commissioner (*viz*) that his body, together, with that of the baron of *Dalgetyes*, murdered on the same account, and buried in the same place: Head, and other his divided and scattered members, may be gathered together and interr'd with all honour imaginable.

"*Saturday, Jan.* fifth.

"The English Garison in the Castle of *Edinburgh* were removed, and Captain *Robert Straiton* appointed deputy Governour by the Lord Commissioner, possessed the place with 150 *Scots* Souldiers, all of them approved persons, both for courage and fidelity.

"*Sunday Jan.* sixth.

"The Lord Commissioners Grace with the members of parliament, performed the dayes worship in the house: * Mr. *James Sharp* carried on the work, and with so great piety and learning, as was sufficient to recover the most perverse heretic or dissatisfied brother, either in law or gospel to their civil and Christian obedience: but lest I prejudge the Author I forbear to speak more till the world be made happy in the communication of both his sermons.

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[*] Middleton was allowed nine hundred merks a day for his table.—Wodrow.

[†] The almost universal rejoicings of that day are graphically described by many eye-witnesses. Banquets were given, bonfires blazed, a table was spread at the cross to feed those that had escaped being hunted to death, now "vapouring in scarlet and ermine." Barrels of wine were set a flowing and three hundred dozen glasses were smashed in drinking to the health of the restored king by the enthusiastic people, all ignorant then that it was the perverse fate of the Stuarts to make loyalty and liberty compatible.

"From *London*, the 31. *Dec.*

"The bottome and extent of the late Plot is discovered dayly by taking new prisoners, *viz Unton Crook*, Col. *Farley*, Major *Audley*, Capt. *Edward Jones*, Capt. *John Smith*, Quarter Master *Trevour*. They are all secured in the gatehouse: A declaration found among them against kingly government and in several suspected houses were found a great number of muskets, Pistolls, and in Capt. *Blackwells* diverse blunderbushes, with sufficient quantity of powder and ball, and many ensign staves new shod, and all to ruin their own country, after so signal mercies from Heaven in its restitution.

"There is nothing twixt his Majesty and his Parliament, but the height of mutual love, His Majesty satisfying their legal desires, and they in gratitude making provision for the entertainment of such guards as is most becoming the preservation of his sacred Person in this time both of publik and privat dangers: But in all this sweet concord I must acquaint you with sad news. I will not change the ingenuous expressions of the parliaments own Intelligencer. Viz. It hath pleased Almighty God to take into the kingdom of Heaven, that most excellent Princesse Royal *Mary*, Princess of *Orange*,* sister to our Soveraign Lord the King, a Princess of such high and admirable virtues (whether we consider her as daughter, a sister, a mother, a Princess) that she hath left many a sorrowful heart, as well for the losse of so excellent a personage as for that influence it may have on the sad thoughts of the most virtuous prince of the whole world our most precious and dread Soveraign himself for whose health and happy long Raign,† let all that are not enemies to themselves and great Britain, send up their prayers to the God of Heaven.

"Because as yet we have not established our Forraign correspondence, take a little view of the most material things in the English Intelligencer.

"*Paris Decemb.* 24.

"The Cardinal ‡ is upon the way of recovery, the Treaty twixt the Arch-Duke of *Inspruch* is concluded, the agreement with the Duke of *Lorrayn* goeth backward through some new proposals made to him. The English Merchants complains much at this court for losses sustained by the subjects of France.

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* This preacher, the lamentably well known James Sharp, minister of Crail, afterwards archbishop of St. Andrews, had just come from London where he was acting as envoy to the resolutionist party, which he had already unscrupulously betrayed. Having gained the entire confidence of those for whom he acted, he further proved his ability by the dexterous way in which he won the favour of Charles and secured for himself the promise (fulfilled in 1661) of being appointed Primate of Scotland. At the time however of his sermon to the High Commissioner so famous for its piety he was not actually archbishop but had only sold for wealth and office the church that trusted him. Burnet, in his History of his own Times, dwells much on the deplorable disorders of Middleton and how he was intoxicated night after night. He also mentions, though neither as an excuse nor reason for this conduct, that the Commissioner and his councillors had often to listen to six sermons a day.

* Dec. 21st, 1660. To my Lady's and dined with her: she told me how dangerously ill the Princess Royal is: and that this morning she was said to be dead. But she hears that she hath married herself to young Jermyn (Henry Jermyn Master of the horse to the Duke of York), which is worse than the Duke of York's marrying the Chancellors daughter, which is now publicly owned.—Pepys' Diary.

About this time died the Duke of Gloucester, and of the small pox . . . ; and lastly, the Princess of Orange, of whom as yet the world has not seen the secret history.—Kirkton.

The Princess of Orange, after having long supported an unblemished reputation for chastity and prudence, was finally supposed to have shown too much partiality towards Henry Jermyn, afterwards Lord Dover.—*Vide* King Charles's Letter to his sister on the subject of Jermyn, Thurlow State Papers, vol. I.

† The monarchical sense of the nation had been by the beheading of Charles I. so injudiciously depressed that the rebound of the people at the Restoration reached a state of absolutely hysterical loyalty. The most moderate constitutional opposition was condemned, and in their horror of resistance the people were ready even to vote money before it was asked.

‡ Cardinal Mazarin succumbed to the illness of gout from which he was then suffering, at Vincennes on the 9th March, 1661. It is said that a small stone was found in his heart.

"*Naples Novemb.* 20.

"By reason of the late storms there hath been extraordinary losse of ships, and the rains were so great, that they ran down the mountains like rivers, a multitude of vineyards utterly spoiled, especially about *Sarno*, the damages valued to 300,000 crowns.

"*Rome Decemb.* 3.

"The two kings of *France*[*] and *Spain*[†] are like to concern themselves to have the *Pope*[‡] restore *Castro* to the Duke of *Parma*, that of *Comacho* to *Modena*, and *Montefelto* to the Duke of *Florence*. But it is thought that *Camera Apostolico* will hazard a war, rather than part with such considerable morsels.

"*Hamburgh Decemb.* 14.

"The *Pollanders* victorious against the *Muscoviters*, and Queen *Christina* of *Sweden*[§] dispairing to recover her Soveraignity, is ready to part from that kingdom, the *Swedes* resolved to prosecute the war against *Muscovia.*

"*Edinburgh* Monday 7th 1661.

"This day, in obedience to the order of parliament, this city was allarmed with drums, and nine trumpets to go in their best equipage and arms for transporting the dismembered Bodies of his Excellency the Lord Marquesse of *Montrose*, and that renowned gentlemen Sir *William Hay* of *Dalgetty*, murthered both for their prowes and transcending Loyalty to king and country, whose bodies to their glory and their enemies shame, had been ignominiously thrust in the earth, under the public Gibbet half a mile from the town. That of the lord Marquesse was indeed intended for ignominy to his high name, but that of the other ambitiously covet by himself as the greatest honour he could have, when being incapable to serve his majesty longer to engrave nigh his great patron, which doubtless proceeded from a faith typical of a more glorious one. The ceremony was thus performed: The Lord Marquesse of *Montrose*, with his friends of the name of *Graham*, the whole nobility and gentry, with provost Baillies and council, together with four companies of the trained bands of the city, went to the place, where having chanced directly (however possibly persons might have been present able to demonstrate). On the same trunk, as evedently appeared by the coffin, which had been formerly broke a purpose by some of his friends in that place nigh his chest, whence they stole his heart, embalmed it in the costliest manner and so reserves it: as also by the trunk it self found without the skull, and limbs distracted in the four chief towns of the nation. But these through the industry of friends carried to the Martyre, are soon to welcome the rest. The other of Sir *William Hay* of *Delgety* was as surely plucked forth lying next to that of his Excellency. The Noble Lord Marquesse and his friends took care that these ruins were decently wrapt in the finest linen; so did likewise the friends of the other, and so incoffine suitable to their respectful dignities.

"The trunck of his Excellency thus coffined, was covered with a large and rich black velvet cloath, taken up and from thence carried by the noble Earls of *Marre*, *Athol*, *Linlithgow*, *Seaforth*, *Hartfield* and others of these Honourable Famlies. The Lord Marquesse himself, his brother Lord *Robert* and Sir *John Calquhoun* Nephew to the deceased Lord Marquesse, supporting the head of the coffin, and all under a very large Pale (or canopy) supported by the noble Viscount of *Stormond*, the Lords *Stranaver*, *Fleeming*, *Drumlanerick*, *Ramsay*, *Matherty* and *Rollock.* Being accompanied by a body of Horse of Nobility and Gentry, to the number of 200, rallied in decent order by the Viscount of Kenmure, they came to the place where the Head stood, under which they set the coffin of the trunck on a scafold made for the purpose, till the Lord *Naper* the barons of *Morphy Inchbrakie*, *Urchell* and *Gorthy*, and several other Noble Gentlemen placed on a scafold next to the Head (and that on the top of the towns Tolbooth six story hogh) with sound of trumpet, discharge of many canon from the castle, and the honest peoples loud and joyful acclamation, all was joined and crowned with the crown of a Marquesse, conveyed with all Honour befitting such an action to the Abbay Church of *Holy-rood-house*, a place of Buriall frequent to our Kings, there to continue in state, until the Noble Lord his Son be ready for the more magnificent Solemnization of his funerals.

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[*] Louis 14th.

[†] Philip IV.

[‡] Alexander VII.

[§] Christina, only daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, succeeded to the throne when she was five years old. She abdicated, naming her successor, June 24th, 1654, but by no means resigned political interference with her regal authority, for she was the originator of numerous negotiations, one of which was an attempt to secure the crown of Poland.

"All our Solemnities, both that of the High Commissioners reception, that of riding the Parliament, and this great honour done to the memory of the grand exampler of Loyalty his Excellency the Marquesse of *Montrose* was accompanied with infinite acclamations of the people; great volleys of shot by the city companies, and thundering of canon from the castle. Its many years since those sparks of Loyalty has been smothered by the ashes of tyranny. Its true, though a considerable part of our nation were the first that transgressed upon their duty, yet they never reached the length of boundless disobedience, for they no sooner discovered the depths of the Treason wherein their rebellious confederates in *England* would have ensnared them, but they presently faced about to their allegiance, and it is well known to the world, that since the year 1648, there was never a people enterprised such honourable and probable ways to redeem former escapes as we did; and though it was the pleasure of Providence to disappoint our designs yet we never grudged neither at our imprisonments, the losse of the dearest of our blood, nor devastation of our fortunes: And which is our grand comfort, we have attained so much knowledge as never again to be juggled out of our reason, under the notion of specious pretences: for the drowsiest clown of our most northern Islands can with content smile at the cheats of liberty, and the Good old Cause. And therefore the blasphemers, *Rumpers*, and other antimonarchical vermin in *England* must cast about somewhere else then for companions in *Scotland*."

So ends the earliest Scottish newspaper—this week of events cut from two hundred and forty years ago and vividly put before us by its enterprising editor Mr. Thomas Sydserff, son of the then Bishop of Orkney.

It is an interesting document viewed with a knowledge of the intervening period, which enables the reader to note wherein public feeling was led astray, or what contributed to turn men towards measures for their real interest, and to protect from delusions that would plunge them into ruin. The history of Scotland's deathly struggle from the date of the first "Mercurius Caledonius" places the reader in a school of experience, making this old newspaper, what records of the past must ever be, our best instructors for the future.

ON THE WAY HOME

East and West, Hame's best
SCOTTISH PROVERB.

THE sun's rim dips, the West shows gray
The red kine take their evening way
Slowly along a darkening wold,
Whose skirts have all but lost their gold.
Afar, the shepherd gathers in
His scattered flock, and homeward win
God's feathered songsters to their nest.
O East and West—Hame's best!

My life's sun sinks, night falls, and I
With faltering feet and slow pass by,
Earth's traveller, soon no more to roam.
Home of my God, my Father's Home,
Let me direct my steps towards thee.
Where ALL is throned, there all should be.
Not here, my heart, not here thy rest;
O East and West—Hame's best!

C. M STEEDMAN.

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

By the Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

SURSUM CORDA

"Being justified by faith . . . let us rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but let us also rejoice in our tribulations: knowing that tribulation worketh patience: and patience, probation: and probation, hope; and hope putteth not to shame."—Rom. v. 1–5

"BEING justified by faith . . . let us rejoice in hope." The Christian life begins in the strength and gladness of a new and wonderful hope. Faith, "more than all other gifts" to man, "brings with it hope and forward-looking thoughts." St. Paul sees Hope standing to greet us on the threshold of our new life, and to whisper to us of the things which, both here and hereafter, God hath prepared for them that love Him. But behind her fair form he sees also grim and threatening shapes, even the manifold "tribulations" whereunto we are appointed. Yet he would have no man to be moved by these things; nay, rather, he cries, "Let us rejoice in our tribulations: knowing that tribulation worketh patience: and patience, probation; and probation, hope." Is not that wonderful? Tribulation, patience, probation, hope—these are all links in a golden chain, and at last "tribulation worketh . . . hope." The new hope which faith brings life gives back again to us strengthened and perfected. We fight our way through the encompassing hosts of tribulations to find Hope still there to greet us as at the first, and to bid us be of good cheer.

What better word could we desire for this first Sunday of the New-Year? The old year, perchance, has dealt very hardly with some of us. It has left wounds that time will never heal.

I used to sit and look at my life
As it rippled and ran till, right before,
A great stone stopped it.

We know what that means; and it may be that to the end of our days we shall remember the year that is past as rescued sailors remember some awful night at sea, when hope was gone, and they saw the face of death. And now, dark as are the days behind, still darker seem the days before, until, like Elijah, we are ready to lie down and cry, "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life." Is it so? Then to us is this great word of the Apostle sent: "*Sursum corda!* Lift up your eyes, lift up your hearts to the hope set before us in the Gospel."

Even our retrospect, dark as it is, may teach us to hope, if we use it aright. For, after all, it is not wholly dark. "Few and evil," said Jacob to Pharaoh, "have been the days of the years of my life, and they have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." But the same man, as, with outstretched hands, he blessed his sons in dying, prayed: "The God before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk, the God who hath fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel who hath redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." And we, too, though we may have had tribulations manifold, have not been left comfortless.

Forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

This is not the language for any man—however "drear" his past—who has learned to trust in Christ. Our days may have been desolate but if we can still say with the Psalmist, "Thou hast been my helper," then, like him, we may turn memory into prayer: "Cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation." Our faith may have been shaken, but if we can still say with the Apostle, "I know Him whom I have believed," we have a sure foundation on which to build our confidence for the future: "I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Perhaps the most striking general result of the introduction of Christianity, it has been said, is the renewal of hope among men. But do not let us forget that the Christian hope is more than hopefulness. "Tribulation worketh patience: and patience, probation: and probation, hope"; but the chain is not left there, hanging upon nothing. The "hope" spoken of is that which has been already named, the "hope of the glory of God," the glory in which God dwells, and which one day we shall share. The steady sunshine of that heavenly kingdom must fall upon us if the winter of our desolation is to change to glorious summer. If the cry of "*Sursum corda!* Lift up your hearts" is to be to us more than the empty words of a mocker, we must be able to make answer, "Unto Thee, O Lord, do we lift them up."

And this hope, Paul says, "putteth not to shame": it will not fail us, it will not disappoint us.

Hopes have precarious life;
They are oft blighted, withered, snapt sheer off.

But this hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. "Our fathers trusted in Thee: they trusted, and Thou didst deliver them. They cried unto Thee, and were delivered: they trusted in Thee and were not ashamed." And Christ will not disappoint us.

O blessed hope! with this elate,
Let not our heads be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until He come!

SECOND SUNDAY

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE

"Remembering, without ceasing, your . . . patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Thess. i. 3

"PATIENCE," the Apostle tells us, in the passage we studied together last week, "worketh . . . hope." In this verse it is the converse truth which comes into view: hope inspires patience. Such is ever the way of the New Testament. It is the most severely "practical" book in the world. Of lofty emotions which exist for their own sake, and end in themselves, it knows nothing. After the vision comes the task; and the vision is always in order to the task. "We know that, if He shall be manifested, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him even as He is." There is the vision; and here, following close upon it, is the task, which in its strength we are to perform: "And every one that hath this hope set on Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

We sometimes speak of faith, hope and love as the Christian Graces. But we ought to keep in mind the contrast, which Dr. Denney has very aptly pointed out, between these and the three Graces of the Greeks. The latter are beautiful, but their beauty is æsthetic, not spiritual. They are lovely as a group of statuary is lovely, but their nature is utterly unlike that of the three powers of the Christian character. "The Greek Graces are essentially beauties; they confer on men all that wins admiration—personal comeliness, victory in the games, a happy mood; but the Christian graces are essentially powers; they are new virtues and forces which God has implanted in the soul that it may be able to do His work in the world." Therefore is it that Paul speaks of the work of faith, the labour (or toil) of love, and the patience of hope."

Unfortunately, however, our English word "patience" is a very inadequate translation of the great word used by the Apostle. Our word is only passive; his is both active and passive. It denotes not only, "patience" but "perseverance" as well. It describes the temper of the man "that endureth to the end," the constancy of blind Milton, which both "bears up" and "steers right onward," the spirit of the traveller "who struggles forward, though the wind in his face dashes the sleet in his eyes, and he has to wade through deep snow." But perhaps the Apostle himself is his own best interpreter. In his second letter to the Thessalonians he prays, "And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patience of Christ" (not "the patient waiting for Christ" as in the Authorised Version). That is to say, ours is to be "patience" such as Christ Himself exhibited. We are to consider Him "who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God." And as He, though knowing all things that should befall Him there, nevertheless steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem, so we are not merely to sit with quiet, folded hands, meekly submissive to our lot; we are to push bravely on, till, like Him, we too have done and suffered all our Father's holy will. "Hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that you should follow his steps."

It is a high and difficult calling. That we faint not, let us take these three words for our encouragement:

(*a*) "Patience" may be inspired by hope —"hope in our Lord Jesus Christ." True, even with such a hope (if I may adapt a great writer's words) the way through the desert will not be annihilated: the path will still remain stony and sore to the feet; but it will be accompanied to the end by a sweet stream to which we can turn aside, and from which we can obtain refreshment and strength.

(*b*) And, further, it is unto "patience" that Christ has given one of His great and exceeding precious promises: "In your patience"—so now in the Revised Version we read—"ye shall win your souls." Endurance shall be crowned with victory.

(*c*) And, lastly, in that day when God will render to every man according to his works, "to them that by patience in well-doing seek for glory and heaven and incorruption," He will give "eternal life."

So then let us run with patience the race that is set before us, till the heat and strife of the course be exchanged for the calm and crown of the victor.

Almighty and everlasting God, who, of Thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon Him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of His great humility: Mercifully grant that we may both follow the example of His patience, and also be made partakers of His resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE ETHICS OF CONVERSATION

"Let no corrupt speech proceed out of your mouth, but such as is good for edifying as the need may be, that it may give grace to them that hear." —Ephes. iv. 29

"Now put ye away all these; anger, wrath, malice, railing, shameful speaking out of your mouth."—Col. iii. 8

"Not slanderers."—Tit. ii. 3

I HAVE taken a very big text for a very short sermon. "The Ethics of Conversation" is a subject which demands a treatise where I can only give it a page. Nevertheless, I let the somewhat pretentious title stand in the hope that it may set our minds thinking on a topic which can never have too much thought given to it.

A brilliant writer of our day—Mr. Benjamin Kidd—has imagined a visitor from another planet being set down in the midst of our modern Western civilisation, and noting on every hand, as its most conspicuous feature, the manifest signs of the presence amongst us of great and enduring religious beliefs. If we may carry the supposition a step further and imagine our visitor admitted, like some invisible Ariel, to the intimacies of our home life, and able to overhear the conversation that goes on from day to day, by the fireside, at the dinner-table, and wherever friends and acquaintances come together in the life of social intercourse, I think he would be not a little astonished at the regularity with which two facts would force themselves upon his attention: (1) The large liberty which we allow ourselves in the criticism and condemnation of the absent; and (2) The curious reserve and silence with which—undoubtedly religious, as a people, as we are—we fence round the whole subject of religion.

(1) So far as the first point is concerned, our visitor would, I think, be somewhat unreasonable if he were to complain that we made men and women the subject of our conversation at all; at any rate he would thereby show very conclusively how little he understood of human nature as we know it on this planet. Truths, principles, even books and events are good enough in their way, but as Robert Louis Stevenson would say, they are "a mighty bloodless substitute" for men and women. Our chief interests are, and must be, with our fellow men, and to bid us make our talk purely "impersonal" is to bid us do violence to some of the deepest instincts of our nature. But our peril is this, that we so readily pass from speech about others that is pleasant and innocent and just to envy and innuendo, to slander, and miserable, death-dealing detraction. The fountain that should send forth only pure and sweet water gushes out in bitter, brackish streams that poison all our life. Mr. Spurgeon used to say that if all men's sins were divided into two bundles,

half of them would be sins of the tongue. And if any one thinks that is a preacher's exaggeration let him read what the Book of Proverbs and the Psalmists have written on the matter, and he will find that the preacher has good authority for his strong words. The sins of the tongue, who can number them? The mischief of the tale-bearer, who can measure it? When St. Paul commands aged women that they be "not slanderers," the word he uses means, literally, "devils"; it is the word which has given us our adjective "diabolical"; and verily there is no temper that is so wholly un-Christian and anti-Christian, that so well deserves the ugly name of "devilish" as the temper of the slanderer and the back-biter. The Apostle James is, if possible, more emphatic still: "If any man thinketh himself to be religious," he says, "while he bridleth not his tongue but deceiveth his heart, this man's religion is vain." But, on the other hand, "If any stumbleth not in word, the same is a perfect man, able to bridle the whole body also."

It is said that St. Augustine had engraved upon his table these words: "There is no place at this table for any one who loves scandal." Shall not we make a like resolve, to speak no slander—no, nor listen to it? For, if for every *idle* word that men shall speak, they shall give account in the day of judgment, where shall the slanderer and the back-biter appear?

(2) What I wish to say on the second point named above cannot perhaps be better stated than in the words of an old writer of the eighteenth century: "Let us," he says, "endeavour to make religious conversation, which is in all respects desirable, in some degree fashionable." "I can hardly," he continues, "name a polite family where the conversation ever turns on the things of God. I hear much frothy chit-chat, but not a word of Christ. And I am determined not to visit those companies where there is not room for my Master as well as for myself."

I do not forget the reserve so characteristic of us as a nation in all things that belong to the life of the spirit; I do not forget that the very strength of our emotions may sometimes choke their utterance, and that to some the attempt to translate into fluent and facile speech the experiences of religion seems a coarsening and vulgarising of life's most holy things. And yet, when the fullest allowance has been made for all this, does it not remain true that we are silent and reserved about religion beyond what is right? Is it not our duty to cultivate the freer and fuller expression of the feelings that lie nearest to our hearts? And is it not to be feared that the simplest explanation of our silence is very often the truest—we speak of our religion so little because there is so little of which to speak? Surely if Christ were to us what He ought to be, if He held the place in our lives that is His by right, we should—far more often than we do—break through the crust of our reserve, and "what we have seen and felt" with confidence should tell to others. It is a subject upon which the writer of all men is least inclined to dogmatise, and he is turning the spear point against his own breast when he reminds his readers that a man may be silent not only because he has so much to say, but also because he has nothing to say. Let no man deceive himself.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE SIN OF THE UNTHANKFUL

"Be ye thankful."—Col. iii. 15

The virtues were invited once
To banquet with the Lord of All;
They came—the great ones rather grim
And not so pleasant as the small.

They talked and chatted o'er the meal,
They even laughed with temp'rate glee;
And each one knew the other well,
And all were good as good could be.

Benevolence and Gratitude
Alone of all seemed strangers yet;
They stared when they were introduced—
On earth they never once had met.

Academy, No. 575.
(From TURGENIEF.)

THERE is a very remarkable contrast, which every one who has considered the matter must have noticed, between the place which the duty of thankfulness holds in the New Testament, and the recognition that is given to it even by those who profess and call themselves Christians. In the New Testament the duty is scarcely ever out of sight. "Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks"—these, it has been well said, are the standing orders of the

Gospel. Prayer and praise are the twin flames which are continually to ascend from the altar of sacrifice: "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." Thankfulness, like a subtle fragrance, is to diffuse itself through the common scentless air of daily life: "Whatsoever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father, through Him." And, perhaps, there can be no better comment on the Apostle's oft-recurring exhortation to thankfulness than just his own wonderful letters. Again and again, even in the midst of long and difficult arguments, his praise bursts forth like a jet of sweet water through the hard rock: "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift"; "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ"; "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! . . . to Him be the glory for ever."

And now, when beside glowing words like these we lay our own cold and thankless lives, what a contrast do they show! "Perhaps nothing," it has been said, "is so characteristic of man as his lack of gratitude." I do not forget Wordsworth's oft-quoted lines:

> I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
> With coldness still returning,
> Alas! the gratitude of men
> Hath oftener left me mourning.

But whatever Wordsworth's experience may have been, it is to be feared that Luke's story of the lepers—the cleansed ten and the thankless nine—is truer to the facts of life as most of us know it. I should be sorry to insist on the proportion of nine to one, and yet what miserable ingrates most of us are; thankless alike for the goodness of man and the goodness of God!

It may be urged, perhaps, that our ingratitude is rather apparent than real—that our fault is not so much that we do not feel as that we do not speak our thanks. Be it so; still it is a fault, and a fault that we we ought to seek to remedy. It is very easy for us to smile at the frank unreserve, the "sentiment," the "gush"—as we sometimes call it—of our French and Italian neighbours of the Continent; yet there can be little doubt that with us the life of the affections is often injured by the reserve which is so characteristic of our nation, and that we have much to gain through the cultivation of a freer expression of the feelings. The heart that does not utter itself may become narrow and contracted; the unused channel is easily choked up, and when the affections are denied the full, free flow which it is their nature to seek, they may soon dwindle to a little shivering thread.

Think of the pain of which our unthankfulness, or our voiceless gratitude (if so it must be called), is the cause. That cry of hurt and wounded love which we hear in the words of Christ: "Were not the ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"—as if all His benefits were falling into a deep and silent grave—can we not hear it echoed and re-echoed on every side?

> Blow, blow thou winter wind!
> Thou art not so unkind
> As man's ingratitude.

And again, let us remember, we sin against our dearest not merely because we do not love but because we do not speak our love. One of the wisest words that has been written concerning the troubles of the Carlyles' household, with which the whole world has been made so needlessly familiar, is that of Dr. Garnett's: "He [Carlyle] had not fully learned the importance to the sum of happiness in life of frequent and frank expression, in varied mode, of the sentiment lying at the heart." Is not that the secret of the daily tragedy of many a home? Is not that why so long ago the sweet olden music died away into silence?

And if man's ingratitude to man shows so black, what shall we say of man's ingratitude to God? He is our greatest benefactor, and the measure of our indebtedness to Him is the measure of the sin of our unthankfulness. And yet in what strange forgetfulness of God do we often live! We take His gifts and ask for more, but Himself—He is not in all our thoughts.

"I beseech you, brethren, *by the mercies of God*, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service."

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

ON their appearance four years ago, three volumes of Mr. Hare's monumental autobiography were noticed in these pages; three more, covering the interval from 1870 to 1900, bring the story to a close.* These last are as closely packed with readable and entertaining matter, and are as profusely illustrated, as their predecessors, yet I must confess that to me they lack the freshness, the interest, the personal appeal which I found in the record of the earlier years. This, I presume, is natural enough, and probably in this instance inevitable. With Mr. Hare's boyhood one could not but feel a warm and almost indignant sympathy, and much of that feeling was kept alive by the incidents and events which followed; but during these last thirty years the lines are fallen unto him in pleasant places, and though he has had his troubles and losses and annoyances, they have been few and easily borne compared with what befalls most men and women. On the whole, he has been supremely fortunate, and has had, so far as one can judge, an exceptionally happy life; but it is not the happy life which is the most engrossing to a stranger.

Apart from this view of the matter, the last portion of the autobiography is as lively and amusing as one could wish. As I turn the pages I cannot help thinking what a splendid discovery it would be if some lucky Dryasdust were to unearth six similar volumes describing the great houses, the personal appearance, the character, the sayings and doings of famous or high-born men and women of, for example, the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Indeed, it is possible to go even farther, and to surmise what a "find" these identical books may be to the historian or the novelist a century or two from this. From that point of view no critic would be likely to complain of the author's voluminousness; and, indeed, from any point of view it must be admitted that, though the autobiography is immoderately long, the very qualities which give it its value are, broadly speaking, inseparable from its prolixity. Unfortunately the reader cannot feel an absolute confidence in Mr. Hare's accuracy. In one or two instances in which I have been able to check some of his statements by other reports, I find that his version is as different as it can well be from the original account. Of course, in the case of stories, a skilful *raconteur*, as Mr. Hare unquestionably is, may consider himself at liberty to shape and modify details so as to produce the most telling effect, but discrepancies of this kind, and errors as to facts, tend to discredit other statements which in all probability are thoroughly trustworthy. It would hardly be just, however, to allow uncertainty of this description to vitiate one's estimate of the record as a whole. Mr. Hare's estimate of character must be true according to his lights, and in the main his picture of life in "the stately homes of England" must be in accord with his observation. And in some respects what a curious picture it is!

Is it not strange that in the last year of the century a visitor who spent so much of his time in the best English houses should have so many stories to tell of the "supernatural," of the uncanny, of the ghostly? As a rule, Mr. Hare relates them admirably, and many of them are striking enough in their details, but one is tempted to speculate as to the conclusions one might justly draw from their prevalence in English society. A little book recently published, "Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland,"* gives an eerie and quite amazing account of the "invisible contemporaries" who influence for good or evil every action of the Irish-speaking peasants of Connemara and Donegal, and, indeed, of most other districts of Gaelic Ireland; but, judging from "The Story of my Life," one need not travel to the wilds of the western isle to find the temper of uneasy incredulity, or even of credulous uneasiness, which thrives on tales of the mystic and inexplicable. Mr. Hare narrates the following in vol. v.: "Mrs. F. Walker told me how she went out one evening at Freshwater to meet her brother-in-law and niece as they were returning from an excursion along the cliffs. On her way she saw a lady in deep mourning, with a little boy, emerge apparently from a side path to the one on which she was, and walk before her. She noticed the lady's peculiarly light step. Mother and son stopped at a little railed-in enclosure at the top of the hill and gazed over the railings; then they went on again in front of her. At length, beyond them, Mrs. Walker saw Mr. Palmes and his daughter coming to meet her. Between her and them she saw the lady and boy suddenly disappear—apparently go down some side path leading to the sands; but, when she came to the place, there was *no* path, the cliff was perfectly precipitous! Miss Palmes equally saw the lady and boy coming towards her, and was greatly agitated by their sudden disappearance. Afterwards they found that the same sight was constantly seen there. It was the little boy's grave into which the two had gazed. He had fallen over the cliff just there and been killed, and was buried by his mother's wish under that little circular railing." More interesting, on account of the names mentioned, is the following: "Catherine Vaughan has told me how, after Augusta Stanley's death, she said to Mrs. Drummond (of Megginch), who was living at the Deanery, 'Augusta's presence so seems to fill this place that I quite wonder she never appears here,' and was startled by the way in which Mrs. Drummond said, '*She does.*' Augusta used on her death-bed to say to Arthur, 'I shall always be near you when you give the Benediction.' One day in the Abbey, between the arches, but quite near Arthur, Mrs. Drummond most distinctly saw Augusta—a vaporous figure, wrapped in folds of vaporous white drapery, but with every feature as distinctly visible as in life. This was just before the Benediction, and as its last tones died away the appearance vanished."

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* "The Story of my Life." By Augustus J. C. Hare, author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life," "The Story of Two Noble Lives," &c. &c. Vols. IV. V. and VI. Illustrated with 12 portraits in photogravure and 247 woodcuts. George Allen. 31*s.* 6*d.*

* "Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland," collected by Daniel Deeney. David Nutt. 1*s.* net.

A particularly effective story of a lady who constantly dreamed of an old house is told in vol. vi. On going into the country to look at a very desirable residence, which, however, had the reputation of being haunted, she discovered the house of her dreams, and —to the amazement of the caretakers—she herself proved to be the apparition. Her "astral body" had travelled in her sleep and made itself visible in this unknown spot. The dreamer lived in Ireland, and the haunted house was in Hampshire. Unluckily the same story appears in Sir John Millais' "Life," but in his version the house was an old manor "in the North, standing in an old Scotch garden," and the dreamer was the wife of a London lawyer. As one version is quite as authentic as the other, it is easy to believe neither; but they are both capital creepy stories. Quite as interesting in its way is the experience of Sir Thomas Watson on a journey from Euston to Oxenholme in Cumberland. In the compartment was a young lady who was travelling to Oxenholme to be married next day. At Oxford, Stafford and Crewe the lady saw her betrothed on the platform beckoning to her to leave the train. Dr. Watson decided that his companion was suffering from some mental or physical trouble, and persuaded her to break her journey at Crewe, where he promised to visit her on his return next day. He went back to the train and found that another lady had taken his companion's place. Three stations farther on a frightful collision occurred, this second lady was killed, and many were injured. When the doctor reached Oxenholme, he saw on the platform his companion's betrothed, whom he recognised by the description the young lady had given of the apparition, and was able to assure him of his *fiancée's* providential escape. But Mr. Hare's marvels are innumerable. I must refer, however, to one more, in which the chief actor was Count Fersen, the deft Glass-coachman of Carlyle's breathless chapter in the "French Revolution." Carlyle leaves him, a deft, active man, driving undiscovered through the ambrosial night into unknown space. It is piquant to have another glimpse of him, in Mr. Hare's fourth volume, in a weird, desolate, ghastly Italian inn, where he dreams of murder to some purpose; and sad enough to learn that in the long-run he was "beaten to death with umbrellas" during the public procession at Stockholm, in which he took part at the funeral of Charles Augustus (1810). One wishes Carlyle had known of these episodes when he wrote his account of the flight of the royalty of France.

Thanks to Mr. Hare's excellent memory and ready note-books, these volumes are crowded with amusing personal recollections and anecdotes. One could wish, indeed, that some few of them had been suppressed, out of good nature if for no other reason. There are scores of others, however, all delightfully fresh and characteristic, to which no exception can well be taken. "Gilbertson told me," writes Mr. Hare, "how Mr. Spooner of Oxford, celebrated for his absence of mind, was one evening found wandering disconsolately about the streets of Greenwich. 'I've been here hours,' he said. 'I had an important appointment to meet some one at "The Dull Man, Greenwich," and I can't find it anywhere; and the odd thing is no one seems to have heard of it.' Late at night he went back to Oxford. 'You idiot!' exclaimed his wife; 'why, it was "The Green Man, Dulwich," you had to go to.'" And here is a humorous picture of the Grotes: "After dinner, Mrs. Grote would leave 'the historian,' as she called him, in his study, and come up to the drawing-room, where she would talk to her guests and be most entertaining. At nine o'clock tea would be brought up. . . Then she would say to the servant, 'Bring up the historian'—and the historian was 'brought up.' He was vastly civil, of the old school, and wore a great deal of frill. He would take his place opposite the table, and immediately taking a large clean pocket-handkerchief from his pocket, spread it very deliberately over his knees, after which a dog jumped up and sat upon it. Then he would say, as to a perfect stranger, 'And now, Mrs. Grote, will you kindly favour us with a sonata?' and Mrs. Grote, who was an admirable musician, would play a very long sonata indeed, after which he would say, 'Thank you, Mrs. Grote. I am sure Lady Lyveden joins me in being very much obliged to you for your beautiful sonata."

Mr. Hare tells, with somewhat wicked satisfaction, how the Dean of Wells, who had no great love for Mr. Freeman the historian, rose to propose his health at an archæological dinner, in the following terms: "I rise with great pleasure to propose the health of our eminent neighbour Mr. Freeman the historian, a man who—in his own personal characteristics—has so often depicted for us the savage character of our first forefathers." Among the stories of the authenticity of which one would like to be quite certain is the following, related of a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots which belonged to Louis Philippe, and which hung in a room where Sir Henry Bulwer was waiting for an audience of the King. There was also a stranger in the room who looked at the picture, "walked backwards and forwards to it, and examined it again and again. At last he walked up to Sir Henry Bulwer, and said, 'Can you tell me, sir, whom that portrait represents?' 'Yes, I can,' said Sir Henry; 'but will you tell me why you ask?' 'Because it is the lowest type of criminal face which is known to us.' The stranger was Fouché, the famous detective."

Obviously "The Story of my Life," whatever its shortcomings, is a pleasant book with which to while away the long winter evenings.

I have already drawn attention to Mr. Nutt's "Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folk-lore." They form a most admirable series of cheap handbooks on a wide range of related subjects, the importance of which in the investigation of the social, religious, and literary life of our ancestors is becoming day by day more clearly appreciated, and concerning which it is not easy to find elsewhere any account that is at once brief, authoritative, "up-to-date," and accessible. The latest additions to the series deal with the Cuchullin Saga and the Rigveda.* With regard to the former, it is interesting to note that, whatever the actual age of these legends may be, the redaction of the chief of them, substantially in the form in which we now find them, must be assigned to a date between the seventh and ninth centuries. In other words, the Cuchullin stories were cast into permanent literary form at about the same time as Beowulf, "at least 200 years before the oldest Charlemagne romances, and probably 300 years before the earliest draft of the Nibelungenlied." Old as this story cycle is, it is still alive with a romance and heroism which might repay a modern poet's selection of portions for special treatment. Where could one find a more stirring and splendid theme than Cuchullin's mighty four days combat with his old comrade Ferdia at the ford? All day they fight with spears from their war-chariots, and as evening closes they cease, and each throws his arms about the other's neck and gives him three kisses. At night their horses rest in the same paddock, and their charioteers lie by the same fire; and of whatever healing plant is applied to Cuchullin's wounds he sends a share to Ferdia, and of whatever meat and drink is provided by the men of Erin for Ferdia, he in turn sends half over the ford to Cuchullin. And when, on the fourth day, when Cuchullin smote his comrade through wrought iron and stone, Ferdia groaned, "It did not behoove thee that I should fall by thy hand"; but Cuchullin ran to him and lifted him in his arms, and carried him across the ford, and fell in a trance beside him. Then he raised a chant of lamentation, recalling the days of their youth:

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* "Cuchulainn, the Irish Achilles." By Alfred Nutt, author of "The Legend of the Holy Grail." "The Rigveda." By E. Vernon Arnold, Professor of Latin in the University College of North Wales, Bangor. David Nutt. 6*d.* net each.

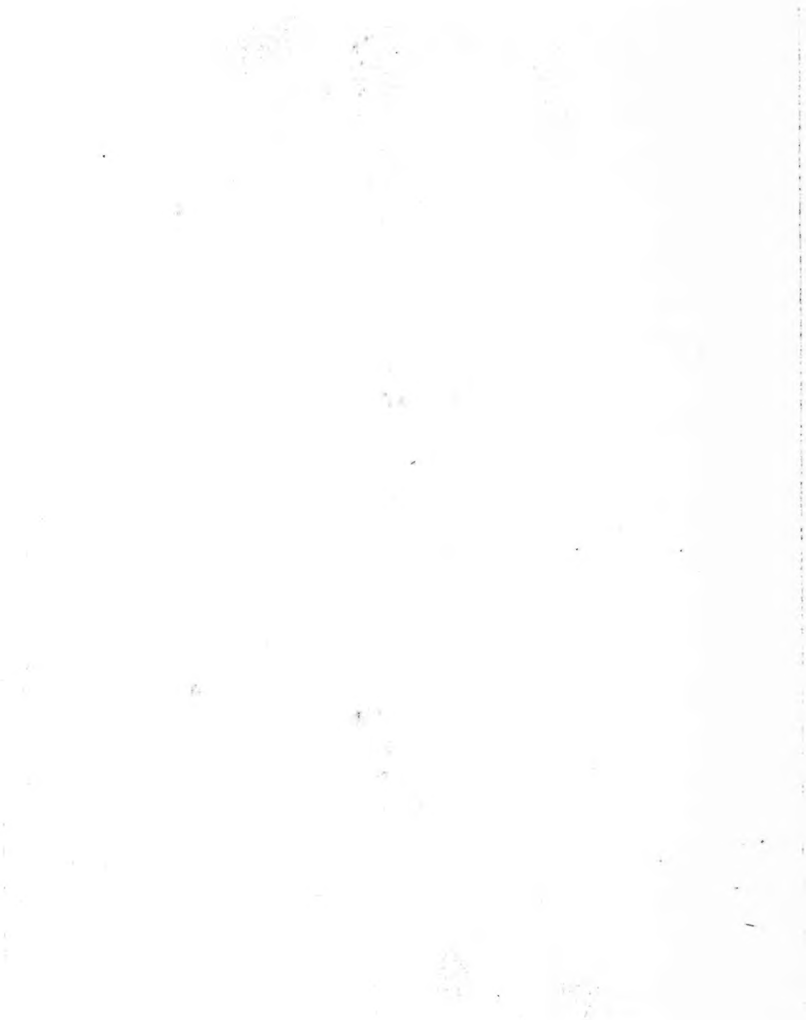
> Dear to me was thy beautiful ruddiness,
> Dear to me thy perfect form,
> Dear to me thy clear, grey-blue eye,
> Dear to me thy wisdom and thine eloquence.
> Unhappy was thy fate—
> Thou to die, I to remain—
> Grievous for ever is our lasting separation.

And equally grandiose is the death of the hero himself, as, mortally wounded, he drags himself to the shore of the loch and drinks, and seeing, as he rises, an ancient menhir hard by, he puts his girdle about it that he may die standing on his feet. "Then came the men around him, but they durst not go to him, for they thought he was alive." And his fierce grey steed came to his rescue, and slew fifty with his teeth and thirty with each of his hoofs. But at last the "hero's light" died out in his forehead, and the birds settled on his shoulder; and now that plainly he was dead Lugaid struck off his head, but the sword in Cuchullin's hand fell and shore away Lugaid's right hand, and in revenge they cut off the hero's right hand for this.

I do not propose to follow Mr. Nutt in his subtle and scholarly examination of this old legendary cycle, in which, whatever historical reality may underlie the stories, there may be seen, as in a mirror, "the manners and customs, the mood and thought of the men who sacked Rome and harassed Delphi, who founded a state in Asia Minor, and withstood for long years the greatest of the Romans"; it will suffice to indicate his conclusion that "in these stories we have the oldest Gaelic form of a widespread Aryan hero-myth; in certain respects this Gaelic form is more archaic than can be found elsewhere, is nearer the mythic prototype, is less influenced by the human conditions to which it has been adapted." But if the saga is of priceless value to the student of myths it is even more precious to the historian. "Thanks to the isolation of the Irish Gael, to their escape from the far-reaching influence of Rome, they have preserved for us a polity, a social organisation, a mode of life more archaic than those recorded of any other Aryan people."

Of the booklet on the Rigveda the chief value is that it condenses in a lucid and attractive fashion the latest results of scholarship, and enables readers who have already devoted some attention—at second hand—to the subject to correct and modify the views they have been taught to take, and to bring them into accord with the most authoritative conclusions.

Any dilatory person who has not yet secured Christmas-boxes or New Year gifts for the young people cannot do better than order any or all of the following delightful books: "The Tale of the Little Twin Dragons," by S. Rosamond Praeger (Macmillan & Co. Ltd. 6*s*.). This is most drolly illustrated in colours and in black and white, and is vouched for "as just scrumptious" by a young critic who has already devoured it twice. "Old English Singing Games," collected by Alice B. Gomme, illustrated by E. Harwood (George Allen. 5*s*.). Here, too, the illustrations, which are in colours, are quaint and charming, and of the collection it is enough to say that, while it contains several games which are little known, it is a most enjoyable addition to the collections which Miss Gomme published a few years ago. "Barbara's Song Book," by Cécile Hartog, pictured by John Hassall, words by Ellis Walton (George Allen. 5*s*.)—clever pictures, simple rhymes, and sweet and catching airs which haunt the memory.



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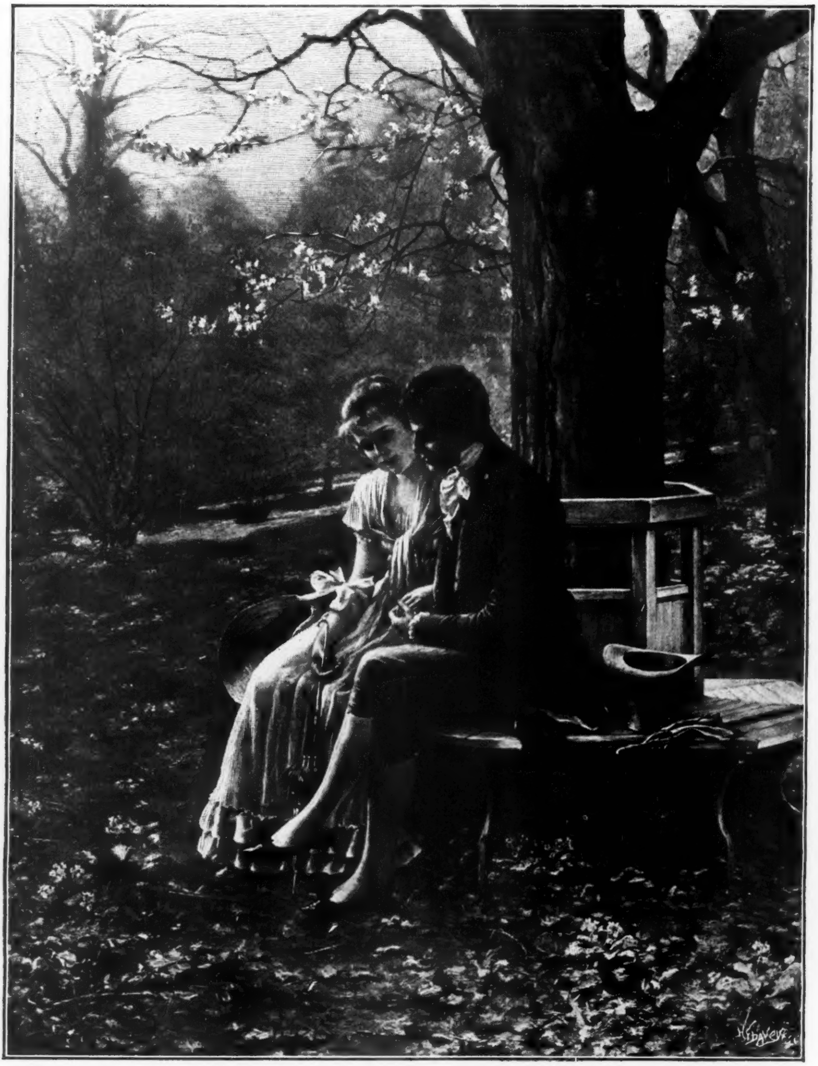

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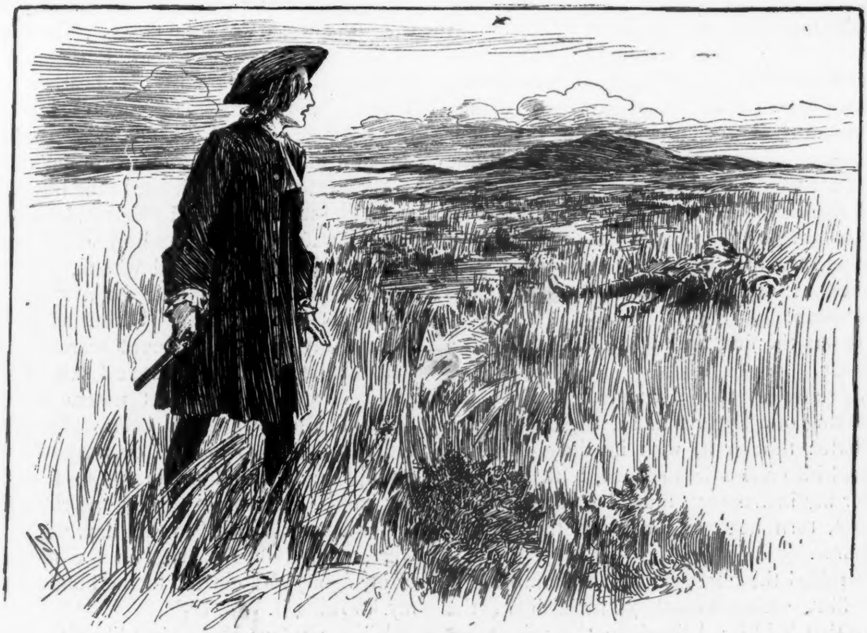
THE TRYST

By H. Koch



"In all the dreary land there was nothing living but the laverock and me"

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE

By NEIL MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER VI

MISERERE MEI! MY DEED ON THE MOOR OF MEARNS

Next day I shot David Borland of the Drieppps.

It was the seventh of March, the first day I heard the laverock that season, and it sang like to burst its heart above the spot where the lad fell with a cry among the rushes. It rose from somewhere in our neighbourhood, aspiring to the heavens, but chained to earth by its own song; and even yet I can recall the eerie influence of that strange conjunction of sin and song as I stood knee-deep in the tangle of the moor with the pistol smoking in my hand.

To go up to the victim of my jealousy as he lay ungainly on the ground, his writhing over, was an ordeal I could not face.

"Davie, Davie!" I cried to him over the thirty paces; but I got no reply from yon among the rushes. I tried to wet my cracking lips with a tongue like a cork, and "Davie, oh, Davie, are ye badly hurt?" I cried, in a voice I must have borrowed from ancient time when my forefathers fought with the forest terrors.

I listened and I better listened, but Borland still lay there at last, a thing insensate like a gangrel's pack, and in all the dreary land there was nothing living but the laverock and me.

The bird was high—a spot upon the blue; his song, I am sure, was the song of his kind, that has charmed lovers in summer fields from old time—a melody rapturous, a message like the message of the evening star that God no more fondly loves than that small warbler in desert places—and yet there and then it deaved me like a cry from hell. No heavenly message had the lark for me: he flew aloft there into the invisible, to tell of this deed of mine among the rushes. Not God alone would hear him tell his story: they might hear it, I knew, in shepherds' cots; they might hear it in an old house bowered dark among trees; that solitary witness of my crime might spread the hue and cry about the shire; already the law might be on the road for young Paul Greig.

I seemed to listen a thousand years to that tell-tale in the air; for a thousand years I scanned the blue for him in vain, yet when I looked at my pistol again the barrel was still warm.

It was the first time I had handled such a weapon.

A senseless tool it seemed, and yet the crooking of a finger made it the confederate of hate; though it, with its duty done, relapsed into a heedless silence, I, that owned it for my instrument, must be wailing in my breast, torn head to foot with thunders of remorse.

I raised the hammer, ran a thumb along the flint, seeing something fiendish in the jaws that held it; I lifted up the prime-cap, and it seemed some miracle of Satan that the dust I had put there in the peace of my room that morning in Hazel Den should have disappeared. "Truefitt" on the lock; a silver shield and an initial graven on it; a butt with a dragon's grin that had seemed ridiculous before, and now seemed to cry "Cain!" Lord! that an instrument like this in an unpractised hand should cut off all young Borland's earthly task, end his toil with plough and harrow, his laugh and story.

I looked again at the shapeless thing at thirty paces. "It cannot be," I told myself; and I cried again, in the Scots that must make him cease his joke, "I ken ye're only lettin' on, Davie. Get up oot o' that and we'll cry quits."

But there was no movement; there was no sound; the tell-tale had the heavens to himself.

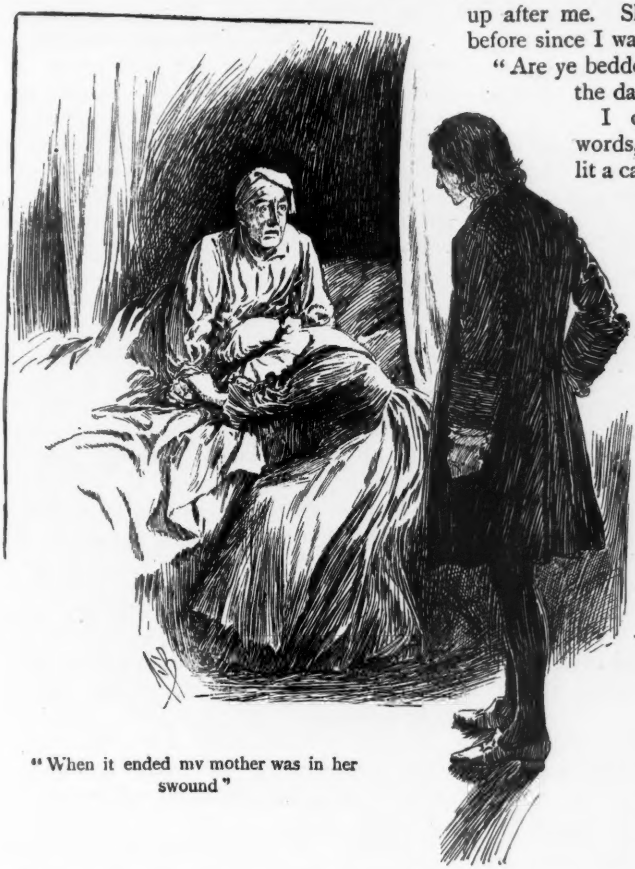
All the poltroon in me came a-top and dragged my better man round about, let fall the pistol from my nerveless fingers and drove me away from that place. It was not the gallows I thought of (though that too was sometimes in my mind), but of the frightful responsibility I had made my burden, to send a human man before his Maker without a preparation and my bullet hole upon his brow or breast, to tell for ever through the roaring ring of all eternity that this was the work of Paul Greig. The rushes of the moor hissed me as I ran blindly through them; the tufts of heather over Whiggit Knowe caught at me to stop me; the laverock seemed to follow overhead, a sergeant of provost determined on his victim.

My feet took me, not home to the home that was mine no more, but to Earn-side, where I felt the water crying in its linn would drown the sound of the noisy laverock, and the familiar scene would blot for a space the ugly sight from my eyes. I leant at the side to lave my brow, and could scarce believe that this haggard countenance I saw look up at me from the innocent waters was the Spoiled Horn who had been reflected in Isobel's eyes. Over and over again I wet my lips and bathed my temples; I washed my hands, and there was on the right forefinger a mark I bear to this day, where the trigger guard of the pistol in the moments of my agony had cut me to the bone without my knowing it.

When my face looked less like clay and my plans were clear, I rose and went home.

My father and mother were just sitting to supper, and I joined them. They talked of a cousin to be married in Drymen at Michaelmas, of an income in the leg of our mare, of Sabbath's sermon, of things that were as far from me as I from heaven, and I heard them as one in a dream, far-off. What I was hearing most of the time was the laverock setting the hue and cry of Paul Greig's crime around the world and up to the Throne itself, and what I was seeing was the vacant moor, now in the dusk, and a lad's remains waiting their discovery. The victuals choked me as I pretended to eat; my father noticed nothing, my mother gave a glance, and a fright was in her face.

I went up to my room and searched a desk for some verses that had been gathering there in my twelve months' banishment, and particularly for one no more than a day old with Isobel Fortune for its theme. It was all bye with that! I was bound to be glancing at some of the lines as I furiously tore them up and threw them out of the window into the bleaching-green; and oh! but the black sorrows and glooms that were there recorded seemed a mockery in the light of this my terrible experience. They went by the window, every scrap: then I felt cut off from



"When it ended my mother was in her swound"

every innocent day of my youth, the past clean gone from me for ever.

The evening worship came.

"*If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost ends of the sea.*"

My father, peering close at the Book through his spectacles, gave out the words as if he stood upon a pulpit, deliberate—too deliberate for Cain his son, that sat with his back to the window shading his face from a mother's eyes. They were always on me, her eyes, throughout that last service; they searched me like a torch in a pit, and wae wae was her face!

When we came to pray and knelt upon the floor, I felt as through my shut eyes that hers were on me even then, exceeding sad and troubled. They followed me like that when I went up, as they were to think, to my bed, and I was sitting at my window in the dark half an hour later when she came up after me. She had never done the like before since I was a child.

"Are ye bedded, Paul?" she whispered in the dark.

I could not answer her in words, but I stood to my feet and lit a candle, and she saw that I was dressed.

"What ails ye to-night?" she asked, trembling.

"I'm going away, mother," I answered.

"There's something wrong?" she queried in great distress.

"There's all that!" I confessed. "It'll be time for you to ken about that in the morning, but I must be off this night."

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" she cried, "I did not like to see you going out in these shoes this afternoon, and I ken't that something ailed ye."

"The road to hell suits one shoe as well's another," said I bitterly; "where the sorrow lies is that ye never saw me go out with a different heart. Mother, mother, the worst ye can guess is no' so bad as the worst ye've yet to hear of your son."

I was in a storm of roaring emotions, yet her next words startled me.

"It's Isobel Fortune of the Kirkillstane," she said, trying hard to smile with a wan face in the candle light.

"It *was*—poor dear! Am I not in torment when I think that she must know it?"

"I thought it was that that ailed ye, Paul," said she, as if she were relieved. "Look; I got this a little ago on the bleaching-green—this scrap of paper in your write and her name upon it. Maybe I should not have read it." And she handed me part of that ardent ballad I had torn less than an hour ago.

I held it in the flame of her candle till it was gone, our hands all trembling, and "That's the end appointed for Paul Greig," said I.

"Oh, Paul, Paul, it cannot be so unco'!"

she cried in terror, and clutched me at the arm.

"It is—it is the worst."

"And yet—and yet—you're my son, Paul. Tell me."

She looked so like a reed in the winter wind, so frail and little and shivering in my room, that I dared not tell her there and then. I said it was better that both father and she should hear my tale together, and we went into the room where already he was bedded but not asleep. He sat up staring at our entry, a night-cowl tassel dangling on his brow.

"There's a man dead——" I began, when he stopped me with a shout.

"Stop, stop!" he cried, and put my mother in a chair. "I have heard the tale before with my brother Andy, and the end was not for women's ears."

"I must know, Quinten," said his wife, blanched to the lip but determined, and then he put his arm about her waist. It seemed like a second murder to wrench those tender hearts that loved me, but the thing was bound to do.

I poured out my tale at one breath and in one sentence, and when it ended my mother was in her swound.

"Oh, Paul!" cried the poor man, his face like a clout; "black was the day she gave you birth!"

CHAPTER VII

QUINTEN GREIG LOSES A SON, AND I SET OUT WITH A HORSE FOR ALL MY FORTUNE

He pushed me from the chamber as I had been a stranger intruding, and I went to the trance door and looked out at the stretching moorlands lit by an enormous moon that rose over Cathkin Braes, and an immensity of stars. For the first time in all my life I realised the heedlessness of nature in human affairs the most momentous. For the moon swung up serene beyond expression; the stars winked merrily: a late bird glid among the bushes and perched momentarily on a bough of ash to pipe briefly almost with the passion of the spring. But not the heedlessness of nature influenced me so much as the barren prospect of the world that the moon and stars revealed. There was no one out there in those deep spaces of darkness I could claim as friend or familiar. Where was I to go? What was I to do? Only the beginnings of schemes came to me—schemes of concealment and disguise, of surrender even—but the last to be dismissed as soon as it occurred to me, for how could I leave this house the bitter bequest of a memory of the gallows-tree? Only the beginnings, I say, for every scheme ran tilt against the obvious truth that I was not only without affection or regard out there, but without as much as a crown of money to purchase the semblance of either.

I could not have stood very long there when my father came out, his face like clay, and aged miraculously, and beckoned me to the parlour.

"Your mother—my wife," said he, "is very ill, and I am sending for the doctor. The horse is yoking. There is another woman in Driepps who—God help her!—will be no better this night, but I wish in truth her case was ours, and that it was you who lay among the heather."

He began pacing up and down the floor, his eyes bent, his hands continually wringing, his heart bursting, as it were, with sighs and the dry sobs of the utmost wretchedness. As for me, I must have been clean gyte (as the saying goes), for my attention was mostly taken up with the tassel of his nightcap that bobbed grotesquely on his brow. I had not seen it since, as a child, I used to share his room.

"What! what!" he cried at last piteously, "have ye never a word to say? Are ye dumb?" He ran at me and caught me by the collar of the coat and tried to shake me in an anger, but I felt it no more than I had been a stone.

"What did ye do it for? What in heaven's name did ye quarrel on?"

"It was—it was about a girl," I said, reddening even at that momentous hour to speak of such a thing to him.

"A girl!" he repeated, tossing up his hands. "Keep us! Hoo lang are ye oot o' daidlies? Well! well!" he went on, subduing himself and prepared to listen. I wished the tassel had been any other colour than crimson, and hung fairer on the middle of his forehead; it seemed to fascinate me. And he, belike, forgot that I was there, for he thought, I knew, continually of his wife, and he would stop his feverish pacing on the floor, and hearken for a sound from the room where she was quartered with the maid. I made no answer.

"Well, well!" he cried again fiercely, turning upon me. "Out with it; out with the whole hellish transaction, man."

And then I told him in detail what before my mother I had told in a brief abstract.

How that I had met young Borland coming down the breast of the brae at Kirkillstane last night and——

"Last night!" he cried. "Are ye havering? I saw ye go to your bed at ten, and your boots were in the kitchen."

It was so, I confessed. I had gone to my room but not to bed, and had slipped out by the window when the house was still, with Uncle Andrew's shoes.

"Oh, lad!" he cried, "it's Andy's shoes you stand in sure enough, for I have seen him twenty years syne in the plight that you are in this night. Merciful heaven! what dark blotch is in the history of this family of ours that it must ever be embroiled in crimes of passion and come continually to broken ends of fortune? I have lived stark honest and humble, fearing the Lord; the covenants have I kept, and still and on it seems I must beget a child of the Evil One!"

And how, going out thus under cover of night, I had meant to indulge a boyish fancy by seeing the light of Isobel Fortune's window. And how, coming to the Kirkillstane, I met David Borland leaving the house whistling cheerfully.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" cried my father, "I mind of you an infant on her knees that's ben there, and it might have been but yesterday your greeting in the night wakened me to mourn and ponder on your fate."

And how Borland, divining my object there, and himself new out triumphant from that cheerful house of many daughters, made his contempt for the Spoiled Horn too apparent.

"You walked to the trough-stane when you were a twelvemonth old," said my father with the irrelevance of great grief, as if he recalled a dead son's infancy.

And how, maddened by some irony of mine, he had struck a blow upon my chest, and so brought my challenge to something more serious and gentlemanly than a squalid brawl with fists upon the highway.

I stopped my story; it seemed useless to be telling it to one so much preoccupied with the thought of the woman he loved.

But "Well! Well!" he cried again eagerly, and I resumed.

Of how I had come home, and crept into my guilty chamber and lay the long night through, torn by grief and anger, jealousy and distress. And how, evading the others of the household as best I could that day, I had in the afternoon at the hour appointed gone out with Uncle Andrew's pistol.

My father moaned—a waefu' sound!

And found young Borland up on the moor before me with such another weapon, his face red by-ordinary, his hands and voice trembling with passion.

"Poor lad, poor lad!" my father cried, blurting the sentiment as he had been a bairn.

How we tossed a coin to decide which should be the first to fire, and Borland had won the toss, and gone to the other end of our twenty paces with vulgar menaces and "Spoiled Horn" the sweetest of his epithets.

"Poor lad! he but tried to bluster down the inward voice that told him the folly o't," said father.

And how Borland had fired first. The air was damp. The sound was like a slamming door.

"The door of hope shut up for him, poor dear," cried father.

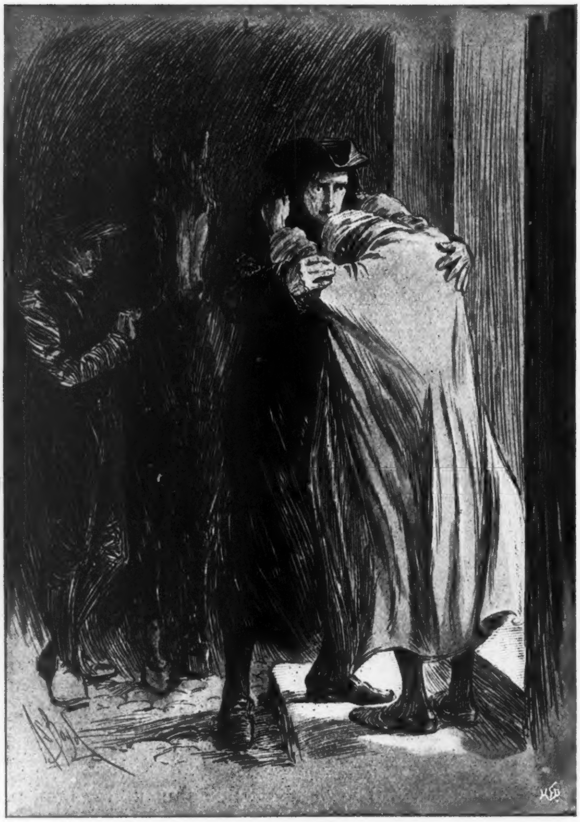
And how he missed me in his trepidation that made his hand that held the pistol so tremble that I saw the muzzle quiver even at twenty paces.

"And then you shot him deliberately!" cried my father.

"No, no," I cried at that, indignant. "I aimed without a glance along the barrel: the flint flashed; the prime missed fire, and I was not sorry, but Borland cried 'Spoiled Horn!' braggingly, and I cocked again as fast as I could, and blindly jerked the trigger. I never thought of striking him. He fell with one loud cry among the rushes."

"Murder, by God!" cried my father, and he relapsed into a chair, his body all convulsed with horror.

I had told him all this as if I had been in a dwaam, or as if it were a tale out of a book, and it was only when I saw him writhing in his chair and the tassel shaking over



"And then he burst in tears with his arms about my neck"

his eyes, I minded that the murderer was me. I made for the door; up rose my father quickly and asked me what I meant to do.

I confessed I neither knew nor cared.

"You must thole your assize," said he, and just as he said it the clatter of the mare's hoofs sounded on the causey of the yard, and he must have minded suddenly for what object she was saddled there.

"No, no," said he, "you must flee the country. What right have you to make it any worse for her?"

"I have not a crown in my pocket," said I.

"And I have less," he answered quickly. "Where are you going? No, no, don't tell me that; I'm not to know. There's the mare saddled; I meant Sandy to send the doctor from the Mearns, but you can do that. Bid him come here as fast as he can."

"And must I come back with the mare?" I asked, reckless what he might say to that, though my life depended on it.

"For the sake of your mother," he answered, "I would rather never set eyes on you or the beast again; she's the last transaction between us, Paul Greig." And then he burst in tears, with his arms about my neck.

Ten minutes later I was on the mare, and galloping, for all her ailing leg, from Hazel Den as if it were my own loweing conscience. I roused Dr. Clews at the Mearns, and gave him my father's message. "Man," said he, holding his chamber light up to my face, "man, ye're as gash as a ghaist yersel'." "I may well be that," said I, and off I set, with some of Uncle Andy's old experience in my mind, upon a ride across broad Scotland.

CHAPTER VIII

I RIDE BY NIGHT ACROSS BROAD SCOTLAND, AND MEET A MARINER WITH A GLEED EYE

THAT night was like the day, with a full moon shining. The next afternoon I rode into Borrowstounness, my horse done out and myself sore from head to heel; and never in all my life have I seen a place with a more unwelcome aspect, for the streets were over the hoof in mud; the natives directed me in an accent like a tinker's whine; the Firth of Forth was wrapped in a haar or fog that too closely put me in mind of my prospects. But I had no right to be dirty particular, and in the course of an hour I had sold the mare for five pounds to a man of much Christian profession, who would not give a farthing more on the plea that she was likely stolen.

The five pounds and the clothes I stood in were my fortune: it did not seem very much, if it was to take me out of the reach of the long arm of the doomster; and thinking of the doomster, I minded of the mole upon my brow, that was the most kenspeckle thing about me in the event of a description going about the country, so the first I bought with my fortune was a pair of scissors. Going into a pend close in one of the vennels beside the quay, I clipped off the hair upon the mole and felt a little safer. I was coming out of the close, pouching the scissors, when a man of sea-going aspect, with high boots and a tarpaulin hat, stumbled against me and damned my awkwardness.

"You filthy hog," said I, exasperated at such manners, for he was himself to blame for the encounter; "how dare you speak to me like that?"

He was a man of the middle height, sturdy on his bowed legs in spite of the drink obvious in his eye and speech, and he had a roving gleed black eye. I had never clapped gaze on him in all my life before.

"Is that the way ye speak to Dan Risk, ye swab?" said he, ludicrously affecting a dignity that ill suited with his hiccough. "What's the good of me being a skipper, if every linen-draper out of Fife can cut into my quarter on my own deck?"

"This is no' your quarter-deck, man, if ye were sober enough to ken it," said I; "and I'm no linen-draper from Fife or anywhere else."

And then the brute, with his hands thrust to the depths of his pockets, staggered me as if he had done it with a blow of his fist.

"No," said he, with a very cunning tone, "you're no linen-draper perhaps, but—ye're maybe no sae decent a man, young Greig."

It was impossible for me to conceal even from this tipsy rogue my astonishment and alarm at this. It seemed to me the devil himself must be leagued against me in the cause of justice. A cold sweat came on my face and the palms of my hands. I opened my mouth and meant to give him the lie, but I found I dare not do it in the presence of what seemed a miracle of heaven.

"How do you ken my name's Greig?" I asked at the last.

"Fine that," he made answer, with a grin; "and there's mony an odd thing else I ken."

"Well, it's no matter," said I, preparing to quit him, but in great fear of what the upshot might be; "I'm for off, anyway."

By this time it was obvious that he was not so drunk as I thought him at first, and that in temper and tact he was my match even with the glass in him.

"Do ye ken what I would be doing if I was you?" said he, seemingly determined not to let me depart like that, for he took a step or two after me.

I made no reply, but quickened my pace, and after me he came, lurching and catching at my arm; and I mind to this day the roll of him gave me the impression of a spider.

"If it's money ye want——" I said, at the end of my patience.

"Curse your money!" he cried, pretending to spit the insult from his mouth. "Curse your money; but if I was you, and a weel-kent skipper like Dan Risk—like Dan Risk of the *Seven Sisters*—made up to me out of a redeeculous good nature and nothing else, I would gladly go and splice the rope with him in the nearest ken."

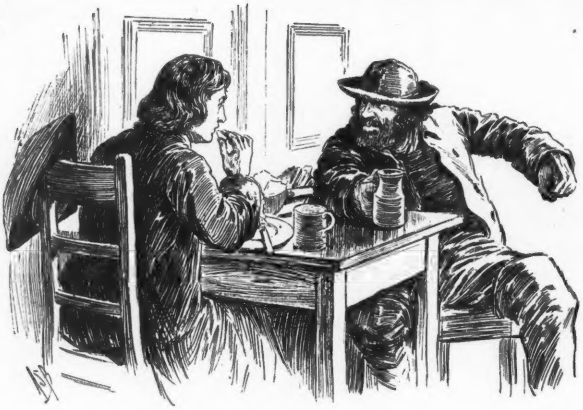
"Go and drink with yourself, man," I cried; "there's the money for a chappin of ale, and I'll forego my share of it."

I could have done nothing better calculated to infuriate him. As I held out the coin on the palm of my hand he struck it up with an oath and it rolled into the syver. His face flamed till the neck of him seemed a round of seasoned beef.

"By the Rock o' Bass!" he roared, "I would clap ye in jyle for less than your lousy groat."

Ah, then, it was in vain I had put the breadth of Scotland between me and that corpse among the rushes: my heart struggled a moment, and sank as if it had been drowned in bilge. I turned on the man what must have been a gallows face, and he laughed, and, gaining his drunken good-nature again, he hooked me by the arm, and before my senses were my own again he was leading me down the street and to the harbour. I had never a word to say.

The port, as I say, was swathed in the haar of the east, out of which tall masts rose dim like phantom spears, or the clumsy tarred bulwarks loomed like walls along the quay, and the neighbourhood was noisy with voices



"'Five pounds is little enough for it,' said he"

that seemed unnatural coming out of the haze. Mariners were hanging about the sheds, and a low tavern belched others out to keep them company. Risk made for the tavern, and at that I baulked.

"Oh, come on!" said he. "If I'm no' mistaken, Dan Risk's the very man you're in the need of. You're wanting out of Scotland, are ye no'?"

"More than that; I'm wanting out of myself," said I, but that seemed beyond him.

"Come in anyway, and we'll talk it over."

That he might help me out of the country seemed possible if he was not, as I feared at first, some agent of the law and merely playing with me, so I entered the tavern with him.

"Two gills to the coffin-room, Mrs. Clerihew," he cried to the woman in the kitchen. "And slippy aboot it, if ye please, for my mate here's been drinking buttermilk all his life, and ye can tell't in his face."

"I would rather have some meat," said I.

"Humph!" quo' he, looking at my breeches. "A lang ride!" He ordered the food at my mentioning, and made no fuss about drinking my share of the spirits as well as his own, while I ate with a hunger that was soon appeased, for my eye, as the saying goes, was iller to satisfy than my appetite.

He sat on the other side of the table in the little room that doubtless fairly deserved the name it got of coffin, for many a man, I'm thinking, was buried there in his evil habits; and I wondered what was to be next.

"To come to the bit," said he at last, looking hard into the bottom of his tankard in a way that was a plain invitation to buy more for him. "To come to the bit, you're wanting out of the country?"

"It's true," said I; "but how do you know? And how do you know my name, for I never saw you to my knowledge in all my life before?"

"So much the worse for you; I'm rale weel liked by them that kens me. What would ye give for a passage to Nova Scotia?"

"It's a long way," said I, beginning to see a little clearer.

"Ay," said he, "but I've seen a gey lang rope too, and a man danglin' at the end of it."

Again my face betrayed me. I made no answer.

"I ken all aboot it," he went on. "Your name's Greig; ye're from a place called the Hazel Den at the other side o' the country; ye've been sailing wi' a stiff breeze on the quarter all night, and the clime o' auld Scotland's one that doesna suit your health, eh? What's the amount?" said he, and he looked towards my pocket. "Could we no' mak' it halfers?"

"Five pounds," said I, and at that he looked strangely dashed.

"Five pounds," he repeated incredulously. "It seems to have been hardly worth the while." And then his face changed, as if a new thought had struck him. He leaned over the table and whispered with the infernal tone of a confederate, "Doused his glim, eh?" And then he winked with his hale eye, and I could not but shiver at him, as at the touch of slime.

"I don't understand," said I.

"Do ye no'?" said he, with a sneer; "for a Greig ye're mighty slow in the uptak'. The plain English o' that, then, is that ye've killed a man. A trifle like that ance happened to a Greig afore."

"What's your name?" I demanded.

"Am I no' tellin' ye?" said he shortly. "It's just Daniel Risk; and where could you get a better? Perhaps ye were thinkin' aboot swappin' names wi' me; and by the Bass, it's Dan's family name would suit very weel your present position," and the scoundrel laughed at his own humour.

"I asked because I was frightened it might be Mahoun," said I. "It seems gey hard to have ridden through mire for a night and a day, and land where ye started from at the beginning. And how do ye ken all that?"

"Oh!" he said, "kennin's my trade, if ye want to know. And whatever way I ken, ye needna think I'm the fellow to make much of a sang aboot it. Still and on, the thing's frowned doon on in this country, though in places I've been it would be coonted to your credit. I'll take anither gill; and if ye ask me, I would drench the butter-milk wi' something o' the same, for the look o' ye sittin' there's enough to gie me the waterbrash. Mrs. Clerihew—here!" He rapped loudly on the table, and the drink coming in, I was compelled again to see him soak himself at my expense. He reverted to my passage from the country, and "Five pounds is little enough for it," said he; "but ye might be ekeing it oot by partly working your passage."

"I didn't say I was going either to Nova Scotia or with you," said I, "and I think I could make a better bargain elsewhere."

"So could I, maybe," said he, fuming of spirits till I felt sick. "And it's time I was doin' something for the good of my country." With that he rose to his feet with a look of great moral resolution, and made as if for the door, but by this time I understood him better.

"Sit down, ye muckle hash!" said I, and I stood over him with a most threatening aspect.

"By the Lord!" said he, "that's a Greig anyway!"

"Ay!" said I, "ye seem to ken the breed. Can I get another vessel abroad besides yours?"

"You can not," said he, with a promptness I expected, "unless ye wait on the *Sea Pyat*. She leaves for Jamaica next Thursday; and there's no' a spark of the Christian in the skipper o' her, one Macallum from Greenock."

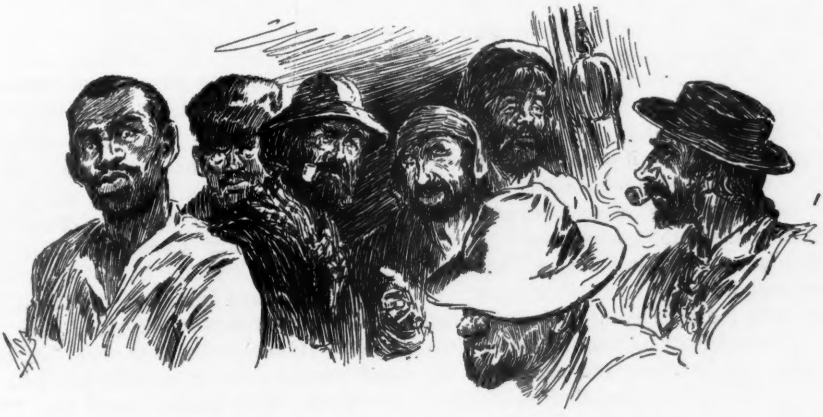
For the space of ten minutes I pondered over the situation. Undoubtedly I was in a hole. This brute had me in his power so long as my feet were on Scottish land, and he knew it. At sea he might have me in his power too, but against that there was one precaution I could take, and I made up my mind.

"I'll give you four pounds—half at leaving the quay and the other half when ye land me."

"My conscience wadna' aloo me," protested the rogue; but the greed was in his face, and at last he struck my thumb on the bargain, and when he did that I think I felt as much remorse at the transaction as at the crime from whose punishment I fled.

"Now," said I, "tell me how you knew me and heard about—about——"

"About what?" said he, with an affected surprise. "Let me tell you this, Mr. Greig,



"Could not have brought together a more unpleasant-looking crew" or whatever your name may be, that Dan Risk is too much of the gentleman to have any recollection of any unpleasantness you may mention, now that he has made the bargain with you. I ken naethin' aboot ye, if ye please: whether your name's Greig or Mackay or Habbie Henderson, it's new to me, only you're a likely lad for a purser's berth in the *Seven Sisters*." And refusing to say another word on the topic that so interested me, he took me down to the ship's side, where I found the *Seven Sisters* was a brigantine out of Hull, sadly in the want of tar upon her timbers and her main-mast so decayed and worm-eaten that it sounded boss when I struck it with my knuckles in the by-going.

Risk saw me doing it. He gave an ugly smile.

"What do ye think o' her?" said he, showing me down the companion.

"Mighty little," I told him straight. "I'm from the moors," said I, "but I've had my feet on a sloop of Ayr before now; and by the look of this craft I would say she has been beeking in the sun idle till she rotted down to the garboard strake."

He gave his gleed eye a turn and vented some appalling oaths, and wound up with the insult I might expect—namely, that drowning was not my portion.

"There was some brag a little ago of your being a gentleman," said I, convinced that this blackguard was to be treated to his own fare if he was to be got on with at all. "There's not much of the gentleman in the like of that."

At this he was taken aback. "Well," said he, "don't you cross my temper; if my temper's crossed it's gey hard to keep up gentility. The ship's sound enough, or she wouldn't be half-a-dizen times round the Horn and as weel kent in Halifax as one o' their ain dories. She's guid enough for your—for our business, if ye please, Mr. Greig; and here's my mate Murchison."

Another tarry-breeks of no more attractive aspect came down the companion.

"Here's a new hand for ye," said the skipper humorously.

The mate looked me up and down with some contempt from his own height of little more than five feet four, and peeled an oil-skin coat off him. I was clad myself in a good green coat and breeches with fine wool rig-and-fur hose, and the buckled red shoon and the cock of my hat I daresay gave me the look of some importance in tarry-breeks' eyes. At any rate, he did not take Risk's word for my identity, but at last touched his hat with awkward fingers after relinquishing his look of contempt.

"Mr. Jamieson?" said he questioningly, and the skipper by this time was searching in a locker for a bottle of rum he said he had there for the signing of agreements. "Mr. Jamieson," said the mate, "I'm glad to see ye. The money's no' enough for the job, and that's letting ye know. It's all right for Dan here wi' neither wife nor family, but——"

"What's that, ye idiot?" cried Risk, turning about in alarm. "Do ye tak' this callan for the owner? I tell't ye he was a new hand."

"A hand!" repeated Murchison, aback and dubious.

"Jist that; he's the purser."

Murchison laughed. "That's a new ornament on the auld randy; he'll be to keep his keekers on the manifest, like?" said he as one who cracks a good joke. But still and on he scanned me with a suspicious eye, and it was not till Risk had taken him aside later in the day and seemingly explained, that he was ready to meet me with equanimity. By that time I had paid the skipper his two guineas, for the last of his crew was on board, every man Jack of them as full as the Baltic, and staggering at the coamings of the hatches not yet down, until I thought half of them would finally land in the hold.

CHAPTER IX

WHEREIN THE "SEVEN SISTERS" ACTS STRANGELY, AND I SIT WAITING FOR THE MANACLES

An air of westerly wind had risen after meridian and the haar was gone, so that when I stood at the break of the poop as the brigantine crept into the channel and flung out billows of canvas while her drunken seamen quarrelled and bawled high on the spars, I saw, as I imagined, the last of Scotland in a pleasant evening glow. My heart sunk. It was not a departure like this I had many a time anticipated when I listened to Uncle Andy's tales; here was I with blood on my hands and a guinea to start my life in a foreign country; that was not the worst of it either, for far more distress was in my mind at the reflection that I travelled with a man who was in my secret. At first I was afraid to go near him once our ropes were off the pawls, and I, as it were, was altogether his, but to my surprise there could be no pleasanter man than Risk once he had the wash of water under his rotten barque. He was not only a better-mannered man to myself, but he became, in half-an-hour of the Firth breeze, as sober as a judge. But for the roving gleed eye, and what I had seen of him on shore, Captain Dan Risk might have passed for a model of all the virtues. He called me Mr. Greig and once or twice (but I stopped that) Young Hazel Den, with no irony in the appellation, and he was at pains to make his mate see that I was one to be treated with some respect, proffering me at our first meal together (for I was to eat in the cuddy) the first of everything on the table, and even making some excuses for the roughness of the viands. And I could see that whatever his qualities of heart might be, he was a good seaman, a quality to be told in ten minutes by a skipper's step on a deck and his grip of the rail, and his word of command. Those drunken barnacles of his seemed to be men with the stuff of manly deeds in them, when at his word they dashed aloft among the canvas canopy to fist the bulging sail and haul on clew or gasket, or when they clung on greasy ropes and at a gesture of his hand heaved cheerily with that "yo-ho" that is the chant of all the oceans where keels run.

Murchison was a saturnine, silent man, from whom little was to be got of edification. The crew numbered eight men, one of them a deaf mute black, with the name of Antonio Ferdinando, who cooked in a galley little larger than the Hazel Den kennel. It was apparent that no two of them had ever met before, such a career of flux and change is the seaman's, and except one of them, a fellow Horn, who was foremast man, a more villainous gang I never set eyes on before or since. If Risk had raked the ports of Scotland with a fine bone comb for vermin, he could not have brought together a more unpleasant-looking crew. No more than two of them brought a bag on board, and so ragged was their appearance that I felt ashamed to air my own good clothes on the same deck with them.

Fortunately it seemed I had nothing to do with them nor they with me; all that was ordered for the eking out of my passage, as Risk had said, was to copy the manifest, and I had no sooner set to that than I discerned it was a gowk's job just given me to keep me in employ in the cabin. Whatever his reason, the man did not want me about his deck. I saw that in an interlude in my writing, when I came up from his airless den to learn what progress old rottenbeams made under all her canvas.

It had declined to a mere handful of wind, and the vessel scarcely moved, seemed indeed steadfast among the sea-birds that swooped and wheeled and cried around her. I saw the sun just drop among blood-red clouds over Stirling, and on the shore of Fife its pleasant glow. The sea swung flat and oily, running to its ebb, and lapping discernably upon a recluse promontory of land with a stronghold on it.

"What do you call yon, Horn?" I said to the seaman I have before mentioned, who leaned upon the taffrail and watched the vessel's greasy wake, and I pointed to the gloomy building on the shore.

"Blackness Castle," said he, and he had time to tell no more, for the skipper bawled upon him for a shirking dog, and ordered the flemishing of some ropes loose upon the forward deck. Nor was I exempt from his zeal for the industry of other folks, for he came up to me with a suspicious look, as if he feared I had been hearing news from his foremast man, and "How goes the manifest, Mr. Greig?" says he.

"Oh, brawly, brawly!" said I, determined to begin with Captain Daniel Risk as I meant to end.

He grew purple, but restrained himself with an effort. "This is not an Ayr sloop, Mr. Greig," said he; "and when orders go on the *Seven Sisters* I like to see them implemented. You must understand that there's a pressing need for your clerking, or I would not be so soon putting you at it."

"At this rate of sailing," says I, "I'll have time to copy some hundred manifests between here and Nova Scotia."

"Perhaps you'll permit me to be the best judge of that," he replied in the English he ever assumed with his dignity, and seeing there was no more for it, I went back to my quill.

It was little wonder, in all the circumstances, that I fell asleep over my task with my head upon the cabin table whereon I wrote, and it was still early in the night when I crawled into the narrow bunk that the skipper had earlier indicated as mine. Weariness mastered my body, but my mind still roamed; the bunk became a coffin quicklimed, and the murderer of David Borland lying in it; the laverock cried across Earn Water and the moors of Renfrew with the voice of Daniel Risk. And yet the strange thing was that I knew I slept and dreamed, and more than once I made effort, and dragged myself into wakefulness from the horrors of my nightmare. At these times there was nothing to hear but the plop of little waves against the side of the ship, a tread on deck, and the call of the watch.

I had fallen into a sleep more profound than any that had yet blessed my hard couch, when I was suddenly wakened by a busy clatter on the deck, the shriek of ill-greased davits, the squeak of blocks, and the fall of a small-boat into the water. Another odd sound puzzled me: but for the probability that we were out over Bass I could have sworn it was the murmur of a stream running upon a gravelled shore. A stream—heavens! there could be no doubt about it now; we were somewhere close on shore, and the *Seven Sisters* was lying to. The brigantine stopped in her voyage where no stoppage should be; a small boat plying to land in the middle of night; come! here was something out of the ordinary, surely, on a vessel seaward bound. I had dreamt of the gallows and of Dan Risk as an informer. Was it a wonder that there should flash into my mind the conviction of my betrayal? What was more likely than that the skipper, secure of my brace of guineas, was selling me to the garrison of Blackness?

I clad myself hurriedly and crept cautiously up the companion ladder, and found myself in overwhelming darkness, only made the more appalling and strange because the vessel's lights were all extinguished. A silence large and brooding lay upon the *Seven Sisters* as she lay in that obscuring haar that had fallen again; she might be Charon's craft pausing mid-way on the cursed stream, and waiting for the ferry cry upon the shore of Time. We were still in the estuary or firth, to judge by the bickering burn and the odours off-shore, above all the odour of rotting brake; and we rode at anchor, for her bows were up-water to the wind and tide, and above me, in the darkness, I could hear the idle sails faintly flapping in the breeze and the reef-points all tap-tapping. I seemed to have the deck alone, but for one figure at the stern; I went back, and found that it was Horn.

"Where are we?" I asked, relieved to find there the only man I could trust on board the ship.

"A little below Blackness," said he shortly with a dissatisfied tone.

"I did not know we were to stop here," said I, wondering if he knew that I was doomed.

"Neither did I," said he, peering into the void of night. "And whit's mair, I wish I could guess the reason o' oor stopping. The skipper's been ashore mair nor yince with the long-boat forward there, and I'm sent back here to keep an eye on lord kens what except it be yersel'."

"Are ye indeed?" said I, exceedingly vexed. "Then I ken too well, Horn, the reason for the stoppage. You are to keep your eye on a man who's being bargained for with the hangman."

"I would rather ken naithin' about that,' said he, "and onyway I think ye're mista'en. Here they're comin' back again."

Two or three small boats were coming down on us out of the darkness; not that I could see them, but that I heard their oars in muffled rowlocks.

"If they want me," said I sorrowfully, "they can find me down below," and back I went and sat me in the cabin, prepared for the manacles.

THE MOST WONDERFUL OBSERVATORY IN THE WORLD

BY

GERTRUDE BACON

UNTIL such time at least as the much vaunted giant telescope of the Paris Exhibition has been completed and erected in a suitable position for the display of the powers it is stated to possess, America may still hold her proud boast of owning the finest astronomical instrument in the whole wide world. Nor, indeed, are there wanting those of the highest knowledge in matters scientific who maintain that the wonders of the great Yerkés Observatory are in no danger of being eclipsed even then. The Parisian leviathan is, when all is said and done, an experiment merely in a new and comparatively untried method of working which may or may not be found to answer when put to the test, while in the mighty instrument which is the chiefest possession of the University of Chicago we have the grandest and noblest development of the refracting telescope. For not only lens, but mounting, clockwork, accessories of dome and observing floor, are each the largest of their kind and triumphs of engineering skill, contained, moreover, in a building which for a purely astronomical edifice stands unrivalled, in an almost ideal situation, under the direct care of the greatest of living observers, and which has stood, moreover, the severest test of several years' continuous working to prove its capabilities to be all, and more than all, that was originally claimed for it.

It was in the year 1892 that Mr. Chas. T. Yerkés, the great Chicago multi-millionaire, first announced his intention of presenting to the university of his city a telescope and observatory that should transcend anything of the kind ever before dreamed of, and form the grandest contribution to science that wealth could offer. For this purpose he placed an order in the hands of Messrs. Alvan Clark for an object-glass of no less than 40 inches in diameter (thus surpassing by four inches the great glass of the Lick Observatory); he entrusted Messrs. Warner & Swasey, the famous mechanicians, with the construction of a fitting, mounting, and clockwork for the same; and he empowered a well-known architect to erect, upon plans prepared by Professor Hale, the present director of the observatory, a special building that should be worthy of the treasure it was to enshrine.

Eight years have now passed, and the Yerkés Observatory has been in working order since August 1897. How well optician, mechanician, architect, director, and observers have succeeded in their onerous tasks, every astronomer of every nation knows well, while those very few who, like the writer, have been graciously permitted to pay a personal and special visit to this wonderful institution can understand in even fuller degree the admirable work that is there accomplished.

The majestic form of this temple of science first breaks into view as the train from Chicago, after a three hours leisurely journey, approaches the little station of Williams Bay, a tiny townlet built on the shores of the sheet of water known as Lake Geneva, and a favourite summer residence for wealthy inhabitants of the great city seventy-five miles distant. Round the picturesque banks of the little lake, amid the trees and wild flowers which fringe it, nestle the luxuriantly appointed châlets and bungalows of Chicago millionaires, who in summer time repair thither in the brief intervals they snatch from the engrossing pursuit of piling up dollars, to breathe the pure air and to disport themselves in their sumptuous steam yachts upon the blue waters, which tradition says (as it always does, concerning lakes) are of unfathomable depth.

Whether this is really the case may well be doubted, but, bottomless or not, Lake Geneva can lay claim nevertheless to a genuine inscrutable mystery. Always well stocked with fish, its waters at one particular week in the year literally swarm with a certain species, justly esteemed by the lake dwellers for its delicacy, and known by them as the "Cisca." With such regularity does this fish make its annual appearance that its advent can be foretold almost to a day. For a week it may be caught by the shoal, and then it suddenly and completely vanishes, and for the next fifty-one weeks not a solitary Cisca is to be found far or near. The curious point is that Lake Geneva has neither outlet or inlet, What then becomes of the fish?

High above the level of the lake, 100 feet and more upon its banks, stands the observatory upon a hill-top, whence it can overlook not only the blue water but the vaster rolling expanse of "Big Foot Prairie," a glorious open plain stretching far beyond the horizon on all sides, and over which the breezes blow as pure and fresh as when the Red Indian alone held possession of its solitude; and where at night the stars glitter in the black vault with a brilliance that does an astronomer's heart good to see. It stands alone in its own extensive domain, fifty-three acres of ground that is now almost priceless, the generous gift of Mr. J. Johnston. Round it are ranged, at a respectful distance, the trim and picturesque wooden houses where the observers live. Professor Hale's dwelling to the east, and Professor Barnard's to westward, set in a garden that came to his hand ready made, for he has but to step out of his verandah into a beautiful wood carpeted with wild flowers that in England adorn our conservatories alone.

"Most eminent of astronomers and most genial of men." Such is the universal verdict on Professor Barnard, the illustrious discoverer of the fifth satellite of Jupiter, and in company with him and his charming English wife time slips quickly by till, all imperceptibly, the sun has set, the swift twilight deepened into night, and the stars come peering out one by one in the darkening sky. Then the Professor, with a swift and satisfied glance round, excuses himself for leaving us, and hurries off to be ready at the first available moment to commence his night's labours.

And, by a rare concession—almost unheard of in the Yerkės annals—we, as specially privileged guests, are promised a glimpse through the mighty instrument; and when the darkness has completely fallen we guide our steps along the narrow path that leads to the great building standing isolated and grand under the starlight.

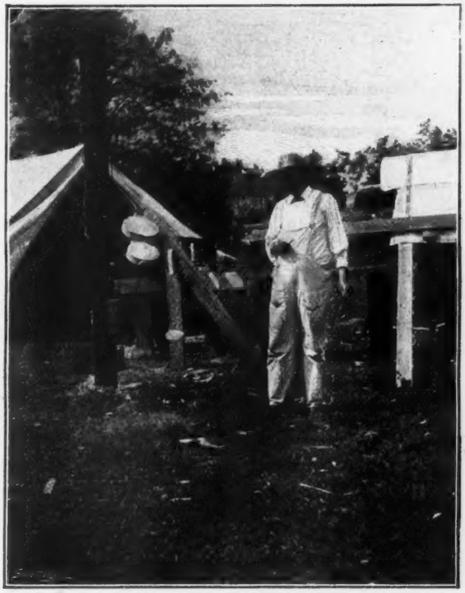
The director himself, Professor Hale, most delightful of cicerones, is our leader, and, arrived at the front entrance, whose quaint and elaborate carvings it is almost too dark to properly appreciate, he opens the doors and ushers us into an entrance-hall, handsomely decorated with carved marble pillars and elaborate tiled floor.

To Professor Hale himself the greater part of the designing and arrangement of this, the world's finest astronomical build-

(From a photograph by Gertrude Bacon)

PROFESSOR AND MRS. BARNARD AT HOME

ing, is directly due. Based on the plan of a famous model in Sicilian Sanreale, it takes the form of a Latin cross, faced externally with terra-cotta and ornamented with handsome and appropriate carving. From the marble corridor that runs the length of the ground floor opens a spacious and well-equipped library, and the private rooms of the chiefs of the staff, filled to overflowing with priceless astronomical treasures in the way of negatives, volumes of laborious records, and the like. Here may be seen the photograph of the largest prominence ever beheld on the sun's face—a flickering flame 280,000 miles high—40,000 miles farther than from us to the moon—seen and photographed at the Yerkes Observatory three years ago. Here are the negatives of Professor Barnard's wonderful series of comets, concerning which every astronomer throughout the world speaks with enthusiastic admiration as the finest ever secured. Here are the original calculations that led to the discovery of Jupiter's fifth moon; here are piles of priceless spectroscopic results, and sheaves upon sheaves of observational records that represent the life's work of unwearied seekers after the hidden laws that rule the universe.



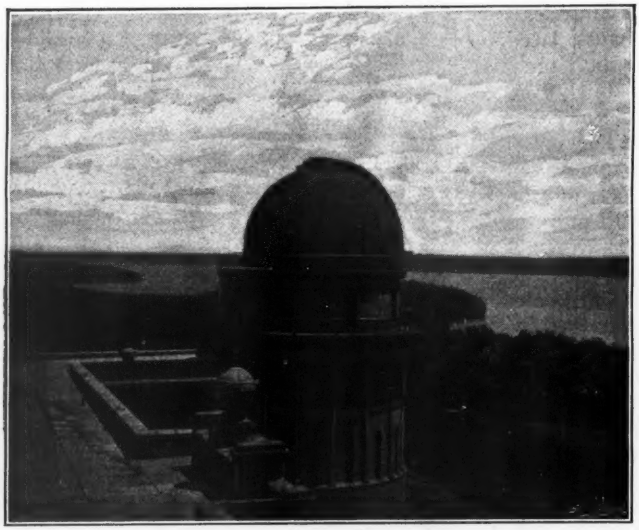
(From a photograph by Gertrude Bacon)

PROFESSOR BARNARD AT THE LAST ECLIPSE

Long rows of laboratories occupy the rest of this portion of the building. Below in the basement are the ranges of dark rooms and offices fitted up with every photographic requisite. Here too are the workshops fully equipped with power lathes and machine tools; for the observatory is meant to be self-supporting, and can not only repair but actually manufacture its own scientific instruments. Several pieces of apparatus, some of the most extreme delicacy, are here in process of making, while in the adjoining optical laboratory, under the direct care of that celebrated optician Professor Ritchey, lenses and mirrors of every description are ground and figured, including a reflector of no less than five feet in diameter.

This, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the department, when it has reached completion, to which it is fast appproaching, will be the second largest mirror in the world, falling short only by an inch or two of the great glass that has chiefly made the reputation of Dr. Common of Ealing. Other large mirrors in different stages of manufacture are also lying about, one of twenty-four-inch aperture to be erected in one of the two smaller domes that occupy the eastern end of the building. It is at this end that the transit instrument has its home, that indispensable adjunct of every observatory by which alone exact astronomical time is to be obtained. In rooms above are heliostats and other apparatus, all fine of their kind and deserving of longer notice, were it not that the great masterpiece itself is still undescribed.

At the west end of the corridor a flight of steps leads to a door, once within which we stand in the lower part of the circular building that is crowned with the large dome which forms such a striking feature of the building seen from far or near. We stand in a gallery looking down thirty feet or more upon the basement, and above us is the under side of the floor of the observing room. This floor is one of the most wonderful things about the whole wonderful observatory, for it is in effect a gigantic lift, the largest lift in the world, measuring ninety feet across, and stretching from wall



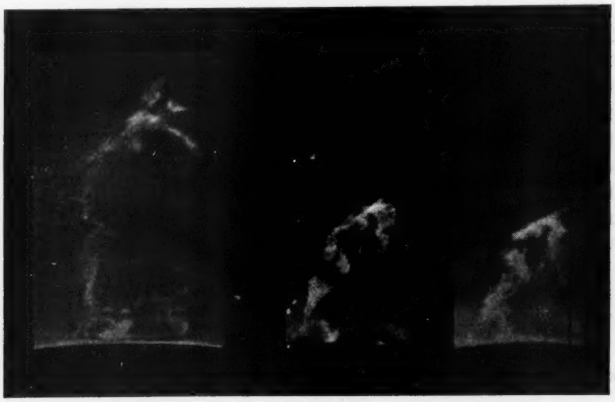
(From a photograph by Gertrude Bacon)

VIEW FROM THE ROOF

to wall. It is raised and lowered by electromotive power, and part of its mechanism can here be seen; but the chief object that attracts the eye is a gigantic pier, of extraordinary massiveness, solid brickwork below and iron above, that rises out of the ground beneath and disappears through the observing floor overhead.

This is the pillar that carries the giant telescope, and upon its absolute solidity and immobility the entire usefulness of the instrument depends. There must be no shift or settlement by so much as the smallest fraction of an inch about this pier, whose foundations go down many feet into the solid rock. At present it looks as if an earthquake itself would be powerless to disturb it, and indeed it has already safely withstood one very severe test unexpectedly placed upon it, as the members of the staff will relate with awed voices, for it was a shock to their nerves that they are not likely soon to forget.

One summer night three years ago, only some ten days after the telescope had been finally placed in working order, and was beginning to show how finely it was coming up to all expectations regarding it, Professor Barnard, whose turn it was for observing, having finished his evening's work and seen all well, left the observatory, put the key in his pocket, and went home to bed. This was in the small hours of the morning, but some four hours later another member of the staff, paying an early visit to the great dome, discovered a scene of wreck and desolation before which he and his brother-astronomers stood aghast. The steel supports of the observing floor had been improperly fastened



280,800 miles high 161,500 miles high 135,200 miles high

(Photographed at the Yerkes Observatory)

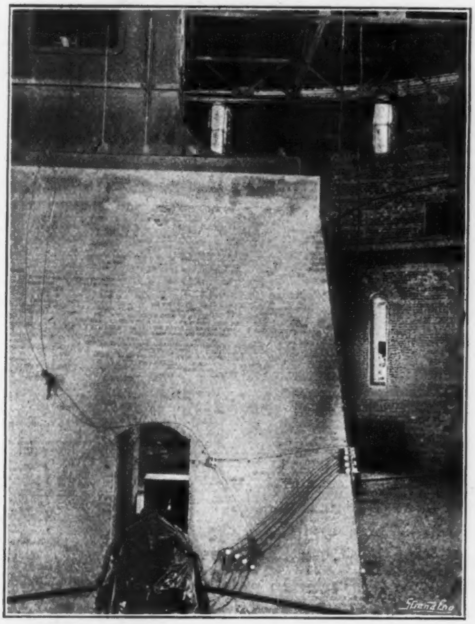
GREATEST SOLAR PROMINENCE EVER SEEN

by the workmen intrusted with the business, and had evidently for months past been gradually drawing from their places. And now they had gone altogether, and the entire floor had crashed down many feet into the basement below, carrying with it all that stood thereon, as well as a spiral iron staircase and part of the clock mechanism belonging to the telescope, which now rose up gaunt among the ruins.

That the staff of the observatory had had a very narrow escape of their lives was only too apparent, for Professor Barnard had been upon and Professor Ellerman beneath the floor only a few minutes probably before it fell. But it was not for themselves that the Yerkés' astronomers hearts beat nervously and their cheeks paled, but for the fate of their priceless instrument, now hanging inaccessibly above their heads, and not to be approached till a new floor should be erected. Inspection from the roof indeed seemed to show that as far as could be seen the object-glass was still intact, but how far the inevitable jar might have affected it, and how much it might be thrown out of adjustment they were perforce obliged to wait another four months in terrible anxiety before they could determine.

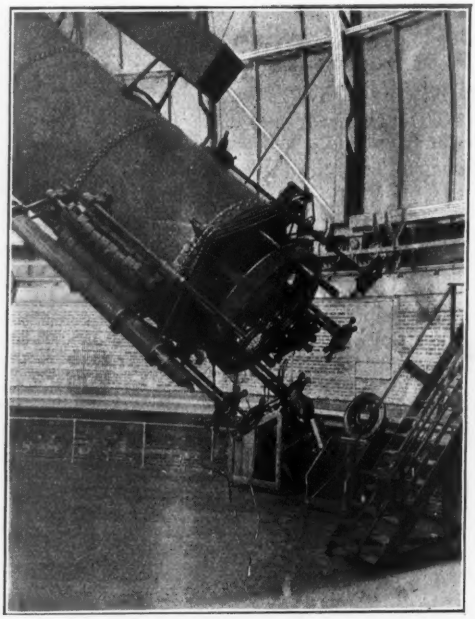
At the end of that time a new floor had been affixed, but before describing what was then discovered it were well that we complete our inspection of the telescope itself. Ascending the iron staircase beside us, we stand at last, wondering and awe-striken, in the dim religious light of the very Holy of Holies of this Western temple. Above us stretches the vault of the great dome, ninety feet from wall to wall, image of the infinite vault beyond, a wedge-shaped slice of which, spangled with stars, we can see through the wide slit stretching from horizon to zenith. The broad expanse of floor is bare of all furniture, save a massive pair of observing steps, but through the centre of it rises the upper end of the pier we have seen below; and supported on this the mighty telescope itself, its great black tube reaching right across the building, its stand a mass of cogged wheels and graduated circles, its further extremity, bearing the object-glass, lost in darkness, and its eye-end a complicated mass of tubes and handles and rods, beside which the figure of the astronomer peering into it looks a very insignificant thing indeed.

Professor Barnard welcomes us to this, his happy hunting-ground (he maintains, by the way, that comet-hunting is his favourite sport), and bids us see what he has just been engaged upon, a tiny nebula in Libra only to be distinguished in very large telescopes. We peer into the eye-piece, steadying ourselves by holding one of the handles beside it, and there in the velvet field before us lies a shining cluster of tiny points of light, of the size and brilliancy apparently of the Pleiades, only infinitely more densely scattered and therefore infinitely more lovely and impressive. "Now see what you are looking at!" says the Professor, while yet we are exclaiming on its beauty, and looking along the tube of the telescope we just manage to get a glimpse with the naked eye of a tiny star that even the fair-sized telescope fastened beside the big one to act as finder, only shows as very small indeed.



(From a photograph by Gertrude Bacon)

BASE OF THE TELESCOPE PIER



(From a photograph by Gertrude Bacon)

EYE-END OF THE GREAT TELESCOPE

The next object we are shown is in the Lyre, but for this neither the telescope nor dome are in proper position. No matter; in an instant our guide has stepped to a lever handy to his grasp, and immediately, without shock or jar, but only a subdued murmur of machinery, the great dome is turning slowly round on its well-oiled wheels and new areas of sky sweep across the open slit. For this new star, too, the floor will be too low for comfortable observation, so another lever is depressed and in a moment the great lift we stand on is slowly rising to the accompaniment of another dull whir of mechanism. Then the Professor takes the huge telescope by the handles and with but a touch swings it into position, though the big glass itself, not counting the tube, weighs no less than a ton. For a moment we stand as it were dazed, the centre of some terrible convulsion of nature, for the heaven is turning over our heads, the ground rising beneath our feet, the tube swinging beside us and there seems no stationary object on which to rest our bewildered eyes. Then the motion ceases as silently as it began and there is a new object in the field of view for us to gaze upon. Later on we ourselves are intrusted with the task of moving the dome and floor and telescope, in order to see how easily they are managed. In all three cases the motive power is electricity, generated in a power-house some few hundred yards from the observatory, where a fine engine and dynamo are worked both night and day.

Standing here, beneath the mammoth instrument, Professor Hale tells us with what anxiety and trepidation he and the rest of the staff recommenced their obser-

(From a photograph by Professor Barnard)

A PORTION OF THE MILKY WAY

vations after the terrible accident just referred to. At first it seemed as if no harm whatever had been done to the telescope, and wonderful to relate, the delicate adjustment had been in no wise shaken by the fall of the floor. But continued observation revealed the unpleasant existence of a number of curious streaks of light running horizontally, whose appearance had certainly never been noticed before and gave rise to redoubled uneasiness. And yet everything seemed right with the glass, viewed externally, and the most searching investigation could discover no cause. At last, in desperation, the eye-piece end was unscrewed, and Professor Ellerman, as slimmest of the party, was bidden to crawl, as he well could do, along in the tube itself and see if he could discover aught amiss. He crept along well enough, so wide is the tube, till he got beyond the centre, when the telescope began to turn over with his weight, and he would have slid down on the top of the glass had not the other end been promptly seized and held fast. Then he continued his journey, and in another moment had discovered the unsuspected author of the mischief, an over-industrious spider and her equally hard-working progeny, who had succeeded in filling up the entire end of the tube with a mass of cobwebs, in the hope of catching what must have been wholly imaginary flies. The webs and their spinners were carefully removed, and from that day to this the behaviour of the Yerkés forty-inch glass has been all that heart could desire.

(From a photograph by Professor Barnard)

PHOTOGRAPH OF A COMET

Now for an hour or more, so much are we favoured, we are permitted to feast our eyes and minds upon the wonders of the heavens revealed as no other means on earth can reveal them, and our awe grows with our admiration. At one time the great glass is turned, not upon a small star but Vega, the second brightest in the heavens. Through the eye-piece it is as if we gazed upon the sun itself, and instinctively we draw back lest we are blinded by the brilliance of that speck, which no amount of magnifying power can reveal as other than a point of flame. We are shown ε Lyræ, the double double, all four components of which here appear so widely apart that it seems impossible to conceive they really represent that small solitary star that only the very keenest unaided eyesight can ever behold as two.

Weird and mysterious to a wonderful degree is the Ring Nebula in the same constellation, a pin-prick of light that the telescope interprets as a thick glistening circle, a magic jewel in a setting of blackest night. Last of all we are granted a glimpse of the grandest object that the skies contain, the matchless cluster in the constellation Hercules. Seen but through a small instrument, I would defy any one possessing but the tiniest spark of imagination in their composition to behold that glittering mass of myriad suns, each maybe with its solar system of encircling worlds around it, set in the vast silence of untold space, through which their feeble twinkling has taken hundred of years to reach our eyes, speaking so eloquently with their silent voices of infinite distance, infinite possibilities, infinite time, and infinite might, without feelings of awe, humility, and reverence. How much more then when that splash of light thrown on the background of space is resolvable every scrap of it into its component tens of thousands of stars, stretching through the heavens for billions upon billions of miles, grouped, festooned, and flung in fairest confusion, scattered in lavish prodigality as a handful of sand from the fingers of the Creator.

This is our last glimpse and our grandest, and with its exquisite beauty and awfulness stamped indelibly upon our memories we steal back to our beds, leaving our host yet through long hours to watch the heavens and approach, by means of the noble instrument he is privileged to employ, farthest of all into their hidden abyss.

AN UNKNOWN PEOPLE AT OUR DOORS

By J. MACLEAY

It is curious to reflect that even in these days there is no need to go beyond the British Isles to find an unknown people. Every week almost light is cast upon local habits and customs that have remained hidden from the general gaze. The truth is that in those places which do not maintain their ancient ways for purposes of show or to attract the visitor, the people are shy about divulging any old beliefs or practices they may still retain. This is especially so with regard to the Gael, who cherishes what the past has handed down to him in the deepest secrecy. His mind is wonderfully set upon what his fathers did, but he makes no display. Ask him about a superstition or belief, and the answer is a patent evasion.

With respect to the Irish Gael, Mr. W. B. Yeats and other writers have given numerous proofs that popular ideas of his character are far astray, and Miss Fiona Macleod has done a similar service for the Gael of the Western Highlands. Both writers have, indeed, strongly tinctured their writings with their own individualities, and their vision is restricted; but despite this they are, after a manner, realistic in a remarkable degree. Some of Miss Macleod's most intimate writing is contained in a semi-autobiographical chapter entitled "Iona" in "The Divine Adventure." Throughout most of that revelation of early influences we are in touch with the actual, but an actual which is known to few, for the island Gael—sometimes even the Gael of the quiet mainland places—is a mystery to us as great as the mysteries on which he ever broods.

The outstanding fact in all that we know of the Gael of the West is that he is a man of glowing spirituality. His poetic mind, filled with strange and wondrous fancies—his high ecstasy—is one of the most curious phenomena of modern life. For what has been the history of the Gael and what are his present circumstances? Defeat has been his portion. From the fruitful East he has been slowly forced to a home among the grim outposts that look over the western seas; in many cases he has been driven still farther west into a new land, from which his heart goes back to the old dim cheerless cottages and bright sheilings. In the mainland glens, the lot of the Gael is often bitter; on the islands, it is miserable. Till within a few years ago—even now in some cases—the condition of the island communities was deplorable in the extreme. The people lived in hovels, sometimes the cattle lived with them in the same room. Better houses and the supervision of sanitary inspectors have not yet worked a cure: disease is seldom absent, intermarriage has weakened the people, consumption is increasing. But for all this—and the picture cannot be painted too darkly—the

Gael has retained many of those fine, uplifting qualities of mind which have attracted poetic students to Celtic things.

With the many attributes of the Gaelic mind I have no intention of dealing here. Let us confine ourselves to one—its exalted spirituality. In these days, as the result of defective education and the teaching of a ministry which is and has been unfortunately narrow and restricting, the island Gael has earned a reputation for bigotry and prejudice. The Protestant population has cast off with the past and prides itself on the fact, though old fancies continually reveal themselves. It is the Roman Catholics who have longest retained the customs of the old days; but even they are leaving behind the things that once delighted and consoled. For all the wonderful length of Gaelic memories, very many, perhaps most, of the old customs have passed beyond all record. Recent researches have unveiled some, and fragments that should be brought to light still remain. But of all that has of late been done by the collector, nothing equals the great work of Mr. Alexander Carmichael, "Carmina Gadelica"—two volumes of ancient hymns and incantations which have been gathered mostly among the Outer Hebrides and in the Roman Catholic communities there—South Uist, Benbecula, and Barra — during the past forty years.

The value of this great book, to which I am indebted for the matter of this article, is in the searching light it casts upon the spiritual element in the Gaelic mind. Moreover, it reveals to us a people holding firmly by their Christianity and yet retaining with a pathetic persistence beliefs and customs born of pagan times. In the beautiful prologue to "The Washer of the Ford" Miss Macleod has described the essence of what Mr. Carmichael has rescued from oblivion. "The characteristic of the purely Celtic mind in the Highlands and Islands is," says Miss Macleod, "a strange complexity of paganism and Christianity, or rather an apparent complexity arising from the grafting of Christianity upon paganism. Columba, St. Patrick, St. Ronan, Kentigern, all these militant Christian saints were merely transformed pagans. . . . Nor is it the pagan atmosphere only that survives: often we breathe the air of that early day when the mind of man was attuned to a beautiful piety that was wrought into nature itself." This is profoundly true. Everything, every item in the day's doings had its religious observance, sometimes simple, lovely and pathetic, sometimes crudely pagan.

The evidences of the pagan origin of many of the beliefs and superstitions of the Gael are wonderfully numerous. Remnants of sun, moon, and fire worship are to be met with on all hands. For luck, everything and every person must, to begin with, turn sun-wise. There is a phrase which says, "sun-wise turn for everything," and the custom is still persistent. The writer has found it even among the Scandinavian communities of the East Coast; the boatmen there after launching their boats always turn them sun-wise. The moon, too, was held in high regard, and, on the appearance of the new moon, the Gael made obeisance to it, the woman curtsying and the men bowing low in a peculiar fashion and raising their bonnets. Mr. Carmichael gives the following chaunt which was repeated by the Barra people on these occasions. (Here I should say that I quote in all cases Mr. Carmichael's unrhymed translations. In "Carmina Gadelica" the Gaelic is of course given and it is rich in assonance and alliteration):

In name of the Holy Spirit of grace,
In name of the Father of the City of Peace,
In name of Jesus who took death for us,
Oh! in name of the Three who shield us in every need,
If well thou found us to-night,
Seven times better mayest thou leave us without harm
  Thou bright white moon of the seasons,
  Bright white moon of the seasons.

It was believed that beasts should be killed during the waxing of the moon; at other times the flesh would shrink. The influence of the moon extended to the trees. Curiously enough, astrology is practically unknown in the Highlands. Most suggestive of pagan times, with their barbaric rites, is the ceremony which was performed on Beltane Day (May 1). On that day household fires were extinguished and what is called the need fire lit upon a knoll. The need fire was divided into two, and people and cattle rushed through it. Thus were they purified and protected from mishap. From the need fire, kindling for the house fires was obtained. The mingling of paganism and Christianity is very curiously revealed in the proceedings of the fifteenth day of August, the feast day of Mary the Great. Then, after eating a specially prepared bannock, the family of the islander sung the Pæan of Mary Mother, walking sun-wise round a fire the while—the father leading, the mother next, and the children following according to age. This over, the man put the embers of the fire, with some bits of old iron, into a pot which he carried sun-wise round the outside of his house, sometimes indeed round his steading, fields, and cattle, followed as before by his family singing the praises of Mary.

The islander prayed in hymns or chaunts, and between these hymns and the innumerable incantations he used there is sometimes little difference. For every disease, for every movement he had an incantation, and the prayers were as plentiful and as comprehensive. The scope of the petitions may be gathered from the following fragments:

God with me lying down,
God with me rising up,
God with me in each ray of light,
Nor I a ray of joy without Him,
    Nor one ray without Him.
        O God,
    In my deeds,
    In my words,
    In my wishes,
    In my reason,
And in the fulfilling of my desires,
    In my sleep,
    In my dreams,
    In my repose,
    In my thoughts,
    In my heart and soul always
May the blessed Virgin Mary,
And the promised Branch of Glory dwell.

From every brownie and banshee,
From every evil wish and sorrow,
From every nymph and water-wraith,
From every fairy-mouse and grass-mouse,
From every troll among the hills,
From every siren hard pressing me,
From every ghoul within the glens,
Oh! save me till the end of my day.

The day of the islanders was one long prayer. It began with the kindling of the fire, which the housewife regarded with a certain degree of reverence. As the operation was performed the following among other words were repeated:

I will kindle my fire this morning
In presence of the holy angels of heaven,
In presence of Ariel of the loveliest form,
In presence of Uriel of the myriad charms.

. . . . .

God, kindle Thou in my heart within
A flame of love to my neighbour,
To my foe, to my friend, to my kindred all,
To the brave, to the knave, to the thrall.

A good and kindly beginning for the day's work! Milking, herding, reaping, sheep-marking, clipping, fishing, travelling, bathing, had each its hymn or prayer and a ritual of distinctive significance. The bathing hymn is especially curious:

A palmful for thine age,
A palmful for thy growth,
A palmful for thy throat,
A flood for thy appetite.

And then after numerous requests—as is the manner of these prayers:

The three palmfuls
Of the Secret Three,
To preserve thee
From every envy,
Evil eye and death,
The palmful of the God of Life,
The palmful of the Christ of Love,
The palmful of the Spirit of Peace.
Triune
Of grace.

The milking chaunts were naturally numerous and of unusual charm. The milkmaids crooned them as they milked, and the cows got to like the music so that without it they would not give up their milk. All the saints were invoked to please the cow:

Come, Brendan, from the ocean,
Come, Ternan, most potent of men,
Come, Michael, valiant, down,
And propitiate to me the cow of my joy.

Come, beloved Colum of the fold,
Come, great Bride of the flocks,
Come, fair Mary from the cloud
And propitiate to me the cow of my joy.

Till recently the islander prepared his own meal, and to accompany the grinding of the quern he had many chaunts, also for the old custom of parching. This last process is the term applied to the hurried preparation of meal for an emergency. The ears of corn were placed in a net above a slow fire, roasted, and then ground. The chaunt connected with the operation is curious:

Thou flame, grey, slender, curved,
Coming from the top pore of the peat,
Thou flame of leaps, breadth, heat,
Come not nigh me with thy quips.

A burning, steady, gentle, generous,
Coming round about my quicken roots,
A fire, fragrant, fair, and peaceful,
Nor causes dust, nor grief, nor havoc.

Heat, parch thou my fat seed,
For food for my little child,
In name of Christ, King of the elements,
Who gave us corn, and bread, and blessing withal.

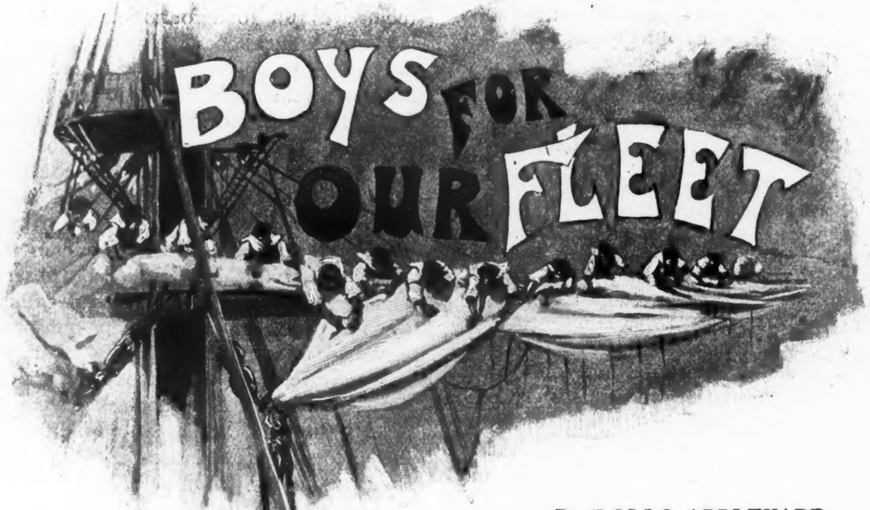
What I have mentioned is but a fragment of the day's ritual of the old Gael. It would be impossible to describe here all the rites and ceremonies with which his every action was marked, from the fire kindling to the fire smooring. It was all very beautiful and reverent, but perhaps nothing was more touching than the rites accompanying the retirement to rest. The smooring of the peats was a symbolic ceremony. The embers were spread evenly in a circle, which was divided into three equal parts, a small boss being left in the centre. On each section a peat was laid touching the boss, the first in the name of the God of Life, the second in the name of the God of Peace, and the third in the name of the God of Grace. The circle was then covered with ashes in the name of the Three of Light, the heap being called the Hearth of the Three. When this was completed the woman shut her eyes, stretched her hand, and in a low voice intoned one of the chaunts suited to the occasion. Then the day was closed with the night prayer, of which there were many under such names as the Soul Shrine, the Bolster Blessing, the Couch Shrining, the Bench Blessing. The following is a sample of one of these:

I am now going into sleep,
Be it that I in health shall waken;
If death be to me in the death-sleep,
Be it that on Thine own arm,
O God of Grace, I in peace shall waken.
While the body is dwelling in the sleep,
The soul is soaring in the steeps of heaven,
Be the red-white Michael in charge of the soul
Early and late, night and day.
May it be so.

Such was the day of the Gael, full enough in very truth, but empty beside the occasions of the great festivals when the people gave themselves up to a round of curious and beautiful observances. In his book Mr. Carmichael gives some exquisite descriptions of those events, chief among which are La Feill Bhride (St. Bride's Day), February 1, and St. Michael's Day, September 29. There is no space here in which even to hint at what such occasions meant for the Gael. Now the past has got them in its arms, and we can only hear of them from those who, like Mr. Carmichael, observed them, and who, if they saw only part, gathered the rest from among the very old people who had full knowledge. Mr. Carmichael, in a note, refers to an Easter belief in connection with which he quotes a saying that reveals the Gaelic mind as daylight reveals the colours of a landscape. On Easter Sunday the sun is believed to dance with joy for a risen Saviour. To see it thus dance one must ascend the top of the highest hill before sunrise and believe that the God who makes the small blades of grass to grow is the same God who makes the massive sun to move. An old woman, Barbara Macphie, of Dreimdale, had this faith and was favoured, and what she saw she thus describes: "The glorious, gold bright sun was after rising on the crest of the great hills, and it was changing colour—green, purple, blood red, white, intense white, and gold white, like the glory of the God of the elements to the children of men. It was dancing up and down in exultation at the joyous resurrection of the beloved Saviour of victory."

This article may fittingly close with a death blessing, of which there were many, under such names as the Soul Leading and the Soul Peace. They were intoned over the dying, and the man or woman who uttered it was called the Soul Friend.

Be this soul on Thine own arm, O Christ,
Thou King of the city of Heaven,
And since Thine it was, O Christ, to buy the soul,
At the time of the balancing of the beam,
At the time of the bringing in the judgment,
Be it now on Thine own right hand,
And be the holy Michael, King of Angels,
Coming to meet the soul,
And leading it home
To the heaven of the Son of God.



BOYS FOR OUR FLEET

By ROLLO APPLEYARD

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

OF boys in general, there are many thousands who have no one to assist them in the choice or attainment of a place in life. The factory has no special claim upon them, and they have no inclination either towards ploughing, mining, or road-sweeping. To these lads, of all others, the Royal Navy "offers exceptional advantages." No doubt it needs a little courage to edge up to the recruiting officer and to seek his idea on a foregone conclusion. But it is safe to say that within three months of the day that a boy's name is enrolled on one of her Majesty's training ships, he would not willingly change his lot for that of any working lad in Great Britain.

Life begins anew with him. His young body feels the glow of health, the sense of strength, and, consciously or unconsciously, he has the knowledge that each day adds materially to muscle and sinew. Later on, he may attain to a certain degree of the sentiment of patriotism and pride in his uniform and calling; but depend upon it, the primary cause of his contentment is a physical one—the knowledge that there is more flesh on his bones, more alertness in his limbs, more deftness in his movements.

Who has not watched with interest the little group of youngsters gathered in front of the placard of the Royal Navy? That coloured picture of seamen, shipwrights, and stokers, surrounded by others of cutlass drill, gun drill, and the old *St. Vincent*, has been responsible for many a boy's choice of the sea. If he does not decide there and then to enter the Royal Navy, he at any rate goes home and borrows a tape-measure from somewhere, to find out whether he is as yet 60½ inches in height and 30½ inches around the chest. It is at least something for him to know that he is eligible, and that the boy next door is not.

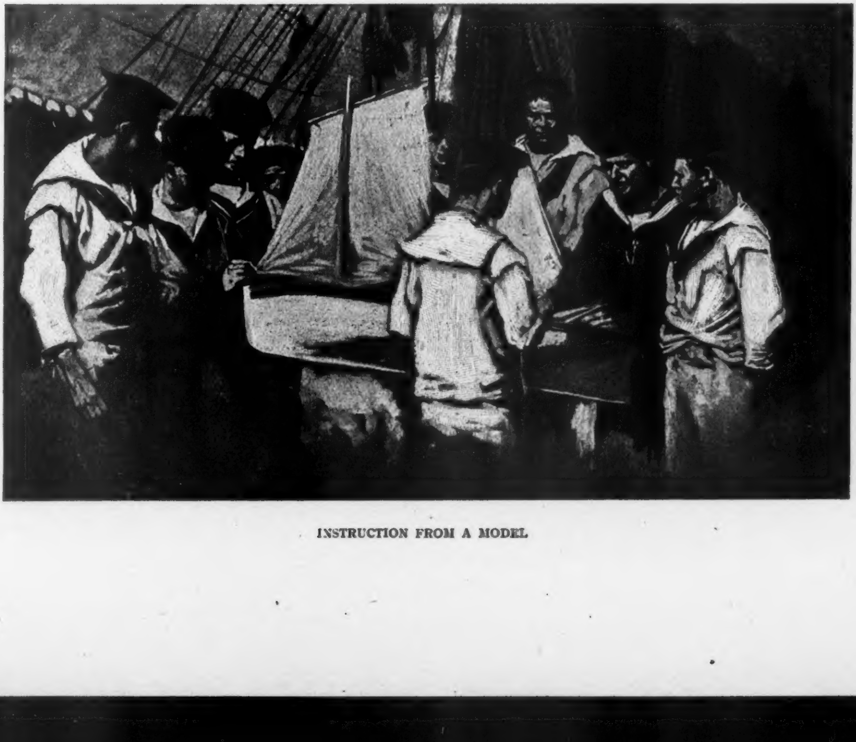
There is a good deal of interest too in the recruiting station itself. It is probably a small building at the gates of one of the dockyards, or in a crowded thoroughfare of one of our garrison towns. Outside are the posters inquiring for "smart active boys," "able-bodied young men," all "of good character" and "able to read and write," to take part in the tremendous affairs of H.M. fleet. Here are set forth the various grades of boys, seamen, shipwrights, carpenters, armourers, stewards, stokers, gunners, coopers, artificers—in all, about a hundred and fifty classes, or "ratings" as they are called, of petty officers and men. Inside, you will probably find the recruiting officer at his table, making up his lists and entries, and examining all comers. He entered the Navy as a "smart active boy" himself, and the chances are that he is now a retired gunner having the honorary rank of lieutenant.

The ordeal through which recruits have to pass is not very severe. It may begin with a salutary bath. The happy victim is weighed and measured, and examined for knock-knees, bow-legs, and similar evidences of nature's inconformities. His eyes are tested for sight and colour-blindness; and if all is well so far, he is sent along to the medical officer, and finally to an officer who decides as to his particular fitness for work. It is at this period that a lad is told off to join a training-ship.

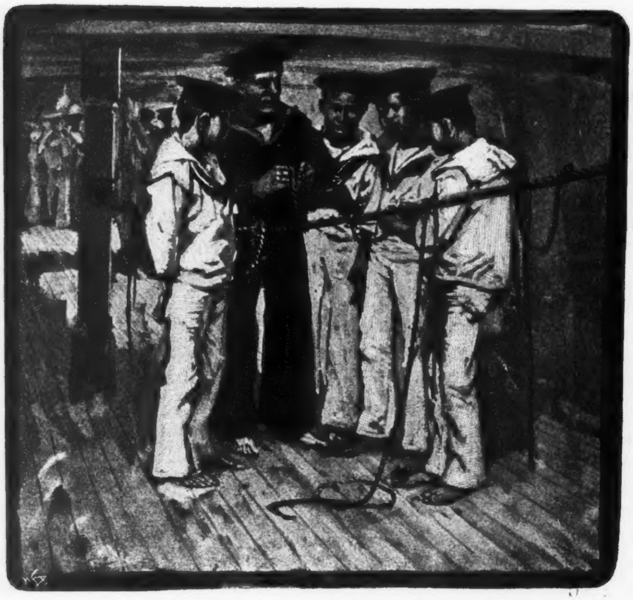
So much has lately been written as regards the harsh treatment that lads receive on the training-ships of H.M. fleet, that it is the duty of those who have doubts on the question to visit them personally. Nothing is easier, and nothing is more convincing of their excellence.

The boy who is fortunate enough to have his name entered on the roll-call of one of these vessels, is taught the elements of good seamanship; he acquires the habit of obedience, and develops a sturdy body and a cheerful mind. During the sixteen months or so of his service on board such a ship as the *St. Vincent*, he generally puts two inches on to his height, three additional inches round his chest, and about twenty pounds to his weight. He has constant exercise in climbing, rigging, sail-drill, cutlass drill, pumping, gun drill, boat pulling, signalling, sewing, singing, swimming, and eating; there is in fact not a neglected muscle or sinew in his whole constitution. Nor is his mental development forgotten: he is provided with instructors in all general knowledge that is best worth a sailor's time to learn, and a chaplain to remind him to what end all knowledge should be directed.

As the old *St. Vincent* rides at anchor there in Portsmouth Harbour, it is worth while to compare her for a moment with the still older *Victory*; for these two ships are associated, the one with Trafalgar and the other with Waterloo. Notice that the stern of the *Victory* is a flat slanting wall; this is the way our ships of war were built in the last century, and if you search the records you will find that she was launched in 1765. The *St. Vincent*, with her slightly rounded stern, belongs to the present century: she was built in 1815; but although she was launched in the troublous year of Waterloo, she has never been into a fight. Yet this ancient three-decker of 4672 tons has in a quiet way done splendid service for the Royal Navy: she has provided the fleet with



INSTRUCTION FROM A MODEL



LEARNING TO KNOT AND SPLICE

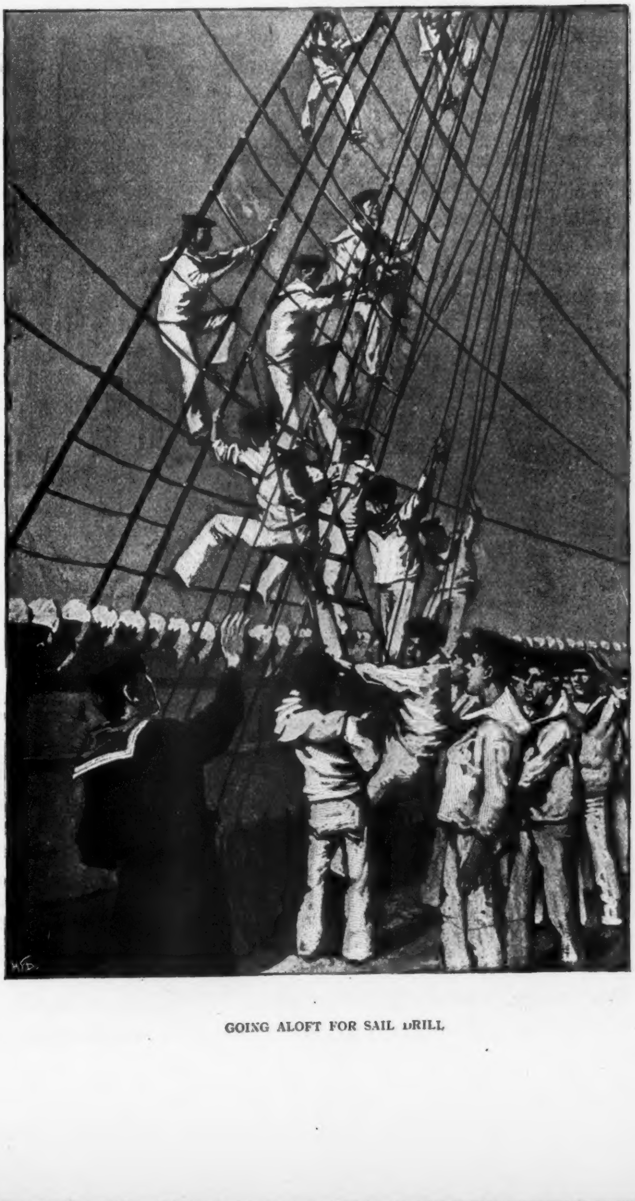
the finest sailors in the world, and her boys have won distinction on sea and land wherever they have followed our flag.

If you want to see all that is to be seen on the *St. Vincent*, you must be alongside at a very early hour. The boys turn out at a quarter to five, and in a few minutes they are lashing up hammocks, so as to make all decks clear for the duties of the day. At 5.20 A.M. there is "general assembly" on the upper deck, and at 6.10 A.M. all hands pipe to breakfast. The programme for the day depends of course upon circumstances. Sail-drill begins at 7.15 A.M., and on a bright morning all is activity aloft, where the lads are learning to handle the sails and to clamber among yards and rigging. At eight o'clock the band is mustered on deck and plays the National Anthem while all salute the hoisting of the ensign. There are more than seven hundred boys attached to the *St. Vincent*, and with officers and instructors the roll-call is more than a thousand. It is therefore necessary to arrange them in subdivisions, named after the corresponding parts of the ship: port or starboard watches, forecastle, fore-top, main-top, and quarterdeck boys, each according to the duties for which they are told off. Many of them are away on the sailing brigs. When the ensign has been duly honoured, one half of the boys that were mustered on deck are sent afloat for boat-pulling, and the other half remain for gymnastics on the upper deck. There is however, re-assembly for prayers at 9 A.M., after which there follows a separation into classes, some going to school, and some to seamanship or gunnery. First and foremost in this scheme of training is the physical development of the lads. Such schooling as they get only lasts for seven months, and appears to be almost superfluous. Throughout the day there are innumerable domestic duties to be performed, dinners to be cooked, clothes to be washed and mended, water to be pumped, hammocks to be stowed, hair to be cut, and everything to be made ship-shape. Meanwhile other boys are having instruction in gunnery, signalling, swimming, sail-making, bends and hitches, knotting, blocks and splices, lead and line, and steering by the compass. Models are provided of all kinds of vessels in the Service, and every boy is required to learn the names, and so far as he can, the functions of each part of these miniature ships. A fortunate few are told off at certain hours to go ashore for sports on Rat Island near Gosport, where there is a field for cricket, football, and similar games. The remainder of the boys, away in the sailing brigs, are learning the routine of practical life at sea.

The recognised time for supper is four o'clock, but this is found to be inconvenient for the boys at sports ashore; consequently the clock is put back a couple of hours, and supper begins at 6 P.M.: at this time the lads shift out of their white working rig into the more familiar blue suits. Now that evening has come on, all boats are hoisted on board, the memories of supper are packed away, hammocks are slung, decks are cleared, and all hands turn in.

Such is the outline of work on board the training-ships of our fleet. It is sufficient to show what a vast amount of organisation is necessary to make it efficient and to ensure discipline. Efficiency means not only that the boys are converted into competent sailors, but also that they are cultivated into healthy happy lads, with heart and eye and hand ready to do their country's service. Look at them, talk with them, examine their records, and you will find that we have reason to be proud of our young blue-jackets. It is no task to them to climb the rigging; they delight in it: they are as much at home perched high up there on the yards as a street-arab is behind a brewer's dray.

If they have one job they do not care about, it is the perpetual pumping of water for the service of the ship. The supply of food is plentiful and plain; and here no doubt there are many who would suggest improvements. There are cooks on board to superintend the preparation of food, but some of the cuisinerie is attempted by the boys themselves, often with unsavoury results, so that a good deal of sea-pie goes overboard. They are provided with cocoa without milk, tea with only sugar, bread with no butter. But the fact remains that they thrive and grow big and jolly. When you have once witnessed the smile of a *St. Vincent* boy you will recognise it anywhere. Whether they would grow bigger or jollier with less pumping and higher living is a problem that does not here concern us. Perhaps time will suggest a compromise. For those who have pence to spare there is a tuck-shop on board, and, in addition, boys are allowed to bring such delicacies as jam and butter from shore. These acquisitions they call "local," which term has no doubt an inward significance, appreciated by the individuals con-



GOING ALOFT FOR SAIL DRILL

cerned. There is also a band; but the musical instruction is somewhat arbitrary, and might with advantage be better organised.

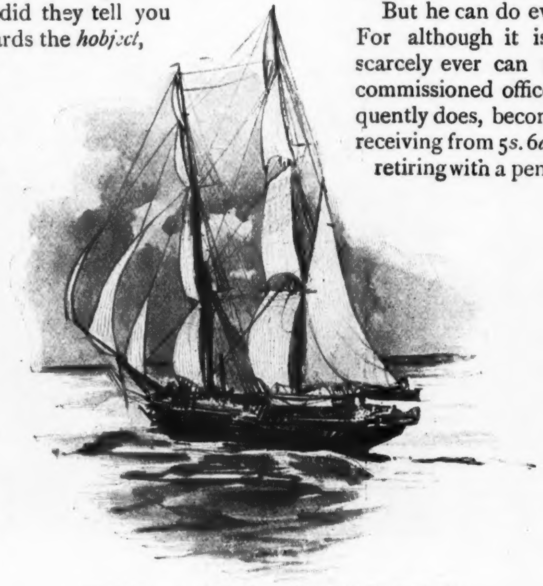
As regards pay, the boys on the training ship are well off. As soon as they are enrolled, the sum of £10 is placed to their credit, and in addition they receive *6d.* per day. Of this amount, they are allowed *6d.* per week for pocket money, the remainder being held over for them. All expenses for clothes and other kit are deducted from the £10, but there is usually a fairly good balance left for the lads. On the other hand, some in more fortunate circumstances receive money from parents or friends ashore, to the extent of 4*s.* or 5*s.* per week, wherewith to buy "local." Also, on Sundays, many whose parents or friends are sufficiently near may visit their homes, if a written request is made by the parents to the officer in command.

The training is so good that it is almost possible to pick out an old *St. Vincent* boy from a mixed company of salted blue-jackets. It is told of an old admiral, not celebrated for personal beauty, and somewhat of a martinet, that he discovered some slight fault in the way a passing blue-jacket saluted him. "Halt," said the Admiral; "where were you taught your drill?" On the *St. Vincent*, sir," replied the blue-jacket. "And which way did they tell you to face?" "Towards the *hobject*, sir," was the ready answer. When the blue-jacket turned into his hammock that night, he smiled the old *St. Vincent* smile.

In choosing a "profession," a lad naturally thinks more especially of the immediate advantages of this or that alternative calling. It is when he has been at work a few years, and the meaning of life reveals itself to him, that his thoughts dwell more seriously on prospects and provision for old age. The chances are that if he follows his father's plough, or enters the local factory, he will live from hand to mouth, finding his earnings only just sufficient for his purposes; because, if he did but know it, his expenses are uncontrolled, except to the extent of his earnings. Some boys there are, possessed of sufficient prudence to save up for the inevitable future, but the average working lad is improvident—a fact duly recognised and allowed for in the Royal Navy by a generous scheme of pensions.

Pensions and promotions in the Royal Navy are regulated by good conduct and efficiency, as well as by length of service. At the age of eighteen the *St. Vincent* boy may be transferred to a sea-going ship, and he may be rated as "ordinary seaman" at 1*s.* 3*d.* a day, rising to 1*s.* 7d. or even 2*s.* a day, according to his qualifications. His next promotion will find him rated as "leading seaman," which means 1*s.* 9*d.* a day. From that he may rise to "petty officer," receiving from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 5*d.* a day, and again to "chief petty officer," the pay for which is from 2*s.* 8*d.* to 3*s.* 2*d.* a day, with a possible 3*s.* 10*d.* if he qualifies as an "instructor." His retiring pension in such a case is a little more than £40 a year.

But he can do even better than that. For although it is true that a man scarcely ever can rise to the rank of commissioned officer, he can, and frequently does, become a warrant officer, receiving from 5*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.* a day, finally retiring with a pension of £150 a year, at the age of 55. There is, in fact, as the recruiting book has it, "no other public service which offers such advantages as the Royal Navy: promotion being exceptionally rapid in the case of well-conducted, intelligent men who are determined to get on."



LEARNING THE ROUTINE OF PRACTICAL LIFE AT SEA

TO THE TOP OF MOUNT RAINIER WITH THE MAZAMAS

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY

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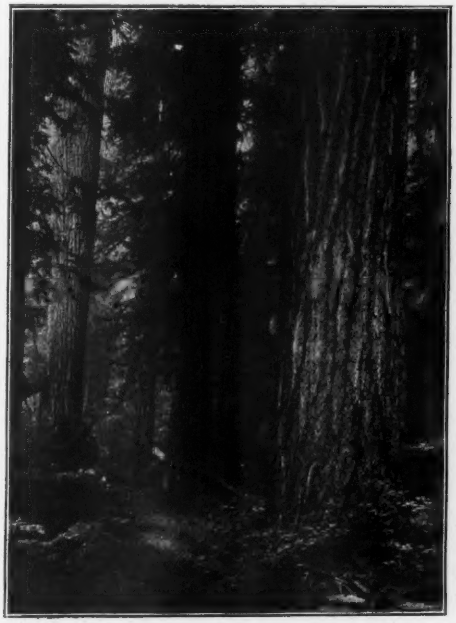
IN June 1897, I received an invitation from the Mazamas of Portland (Oregon) to join them in their attempt to climb to the summit of the highest mountain in the United States outside of Alaska. But who, and what, are the Mazamas? *La Mazama* is the Spanish name for the mountain-goat found in the Alpine regions of the Cascade and Rocky Mountains: the Mazamas are a society of mountain-climbers organised on the summit of Mount Hood on July 19, 1894. The secretary of the club, in his invitation to me to join the outing of 1897, wrote that I should probably find myself in the company of more real mountaineers than could be gathered together anywhere else in Western America. Thinking that this was a most favourable opportunity for attempting a sport new to me, but after which I had always had a hankering, I took train on July 17 at Oakland, a suburb of San Francisco, and, after two days travelling through Northern California and Oregon, reached Tacoma, on Puget Sound, in the State of Washington. Going at once to the Tacoma Hotel, I found its main hall filled with groups of men in knickerbockers and sweaters, and of ladies in short-skirted outing costumes. Early next day I made the acquaintance of Miss Fay Fuller, one of the vice-presidents of the Mazamas, and the first woman to climb to the summit of Mount Rainier; of the Rev. Earl M. Wilbur (the secretary) and others; and took my seat in one of the long waggons that were to convey us to the foot of the mountain. We rattled down Pacific Avenue, up a hill and on to the rolling prairie, halting at about noon on the banks of a stream for luncheon. Then into the forest, the road growing rougher and steeper, with here and there a settler's cottage or a small wooden schoolhouse; and so to Eatonville, a little settlement consisting of a hotel, a post-office, and a store or two. A few hundred yards beyond Eatonville we selected for a camp a spot in the forest above the Mashell River, a brawling mountain-stream in whose clear cold waters we performed our simple ablutions. Before dark I chose a place under the thick shade of a forest tree, cut some small boughs, and laid my sleeping-rug upon them. Near me were Mr. W Gorman, a botanist, and Professor Edgar McClure, of the Oregon State University.

Next day, after an early breakfast, we packed our kitchen outfit and journeyed on, coming at Elbe to a muddy mountain torrent rushing down among rocks and boulders—the Nisqually River, a stream formed by the Nisqually Glacier on Mount Rainier. Then through magnificent forest scenery, with great trees towering 150 to 200 feet above our heads, past an occasional cottage or deserted log-cabin, until we reached a clearing, and halted for lunch at Kernahan's ranch-house. It was decided to go no farther that day, as the road was steep, and we had scarcely time to reach the next



(Curtis, photographer, Seattle)

A FOREST ROAD

(Curtis, photographer, Seattle)

MOUNT RAINIER FROM PARADISE PARK

stopping-place — Longmire Springs. We spent the afternoon in rambling about and enjoying the splendid view of Mount Rainier, which from this point seems to have only one summit, a rounded one. In company with an enthusiastic high-school teacher (of the fair sex, of course) I wandered down to the banks of a muddy-white glacial stream, where we sat down to discuss political economy and schemes for bettering man's lot. At night all gathered round a great camp-fire, and sang familiar songs.

The following day we walked a good deal, the horses having enough to do to drag our baggage up the steep forest road. At Longmire Springs we found a small hotel and some bath-houses, the latter built over warm mineral springs. After luncheon several of the party continued the journey on foot or horseback, but most of us spent the night at Longmire's. Next morning, with alpenstocks and enough food for one meal, we started up the mountain-trail through a forest of Alpine hemlock, sub-Alpine fir, and yellow cedar, crossing the Nisqually River twice. Passing Carter Falls we came to the picturesque Narada Falls, a little above which we halted for a simple lunch. Near the falls we observed several varieties of erythronium, or dog's-tooth violet, the yellow and the white being the most prolific. Soon we reached snow-fields glistening in the sun, but, lovely though the day was, the summit of the mountain was completely hidden in mist.

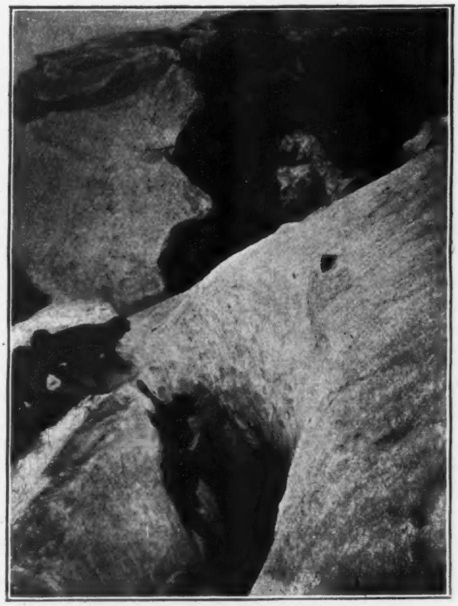
At night a thick fog settled down upon everything, and the camp began to feel anxious for the safety of Professor Brown, a teacher of drawing at a Western University, who, without companion, guide, blankets or food for more than one or two meals, had started early in the morning for the summit. Several people had tried to dissuade him from his foolhardy attempt, but he protested that he had had plenty of experience in mountain-climbing and felt no fear that he would fail in his attempt. When night came, and he had not returned, a rescue-party of eight, supplied with lines, lights, warm clothing and restoratives, started in quest of him, a second party being selected to go out if the first should not have returned at daylight. Two of the party stopped at timber-line and lighted beacon-fires to serve as guides if the fog should lift. The six continued the ascent, hallooing at intervals; at last a faint reply seemed to come from the direction of the Cowlitz Glacier, towards which the party hurried. The voice was found to be that of Brown, who was crouching in a hollow scooped in the snow, with some large stones piled together to serve as a wind-break. He permitted himself to be guided to camp, where the cry "The lost is found" was raised among the tents. Though Brown said very little about his experiences, and displayed no gratitude to his rescuers, there is good reason to believe that he would have perished had he not been found. Next day he quietly slipped away.

On Saturday, the wind having gone down, though clouds still veiled the mountain, two parties of about twenty each were formed, one of which climbed Pinnacle Peak, the highest point of the Tatoosh Range, a sharp rocky ridge to which the name of "The

Matterhorn of the Cascades" is given. At night we saw with pleasure that the storm had passed, and that Crater Peak, the highest point of Mount Rainier, was brilliantly outlined against the moonlit sky. Sunday broke clear and bright—a glorious day, without a trace of fog or haze. To the north in radiant majesty towered above us the loftiest mountain in the United States (if we except Alaska); to the west our eyes wandered over Paradise Valley, dotted with clumps of forest-trees, and for the most part covered with glistening snow, though here and there patches of grass stood out vividly green; to the south the jagged range of the Tatoosh; and to the east a countless sea of mountains.

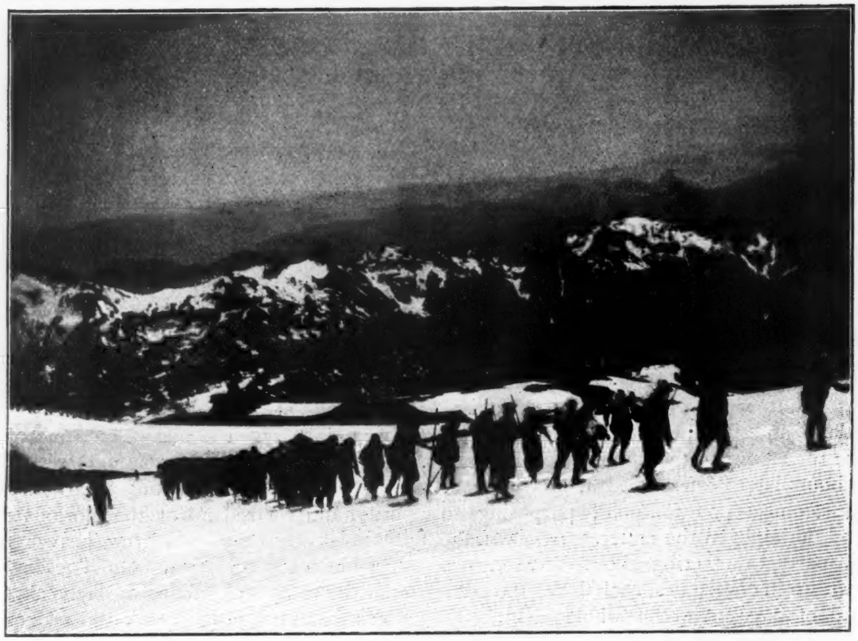
At about 2 A.M. July 26, Dr. Nunn, of Portland, and six others started, intending to make the ascent to the summit in one day: two hours later Professor Edgar McClure and three companions followed, purposing to spend the night in the crater. At 9 A.M. the main party, numbering about seventy, was drawn up in companies, each under the command of a captain, the whole body being under the direction of Mr. E. S. Curtis, of Seattle. The Rev. E. M. Wilbur, of Portland, led Company B, to which I was attached. Between Mr. Wilbur and myself was a young lady in a neat suit of brown cloth and leather leggings, but (alas!) her face smeared with a hideous compound of lamp-black and vaseline, as a protection against the scorching sun. Several of the ladies and some of the men were thus blackened, and, to heighten the contrast, wore strips of white sticking-plaster on the nose and lips. I contented myself with a green veil, which I discarded during the steeper part of the ascent. All were provided with blue or smoked goggles or spectacles to shield the eyes from the blinding whiteness of the snow. We carried two days provisions, consisting of ship's biscuits, or "hard tack," dried prunes and apricots, cheese and extract of beef; some had chocolate and spirit-lamps, and almost everybody carried a tin cup attached to the belt: all, of course, had alpenstocks and thick shoes studded with stout screws or with loggers' "calks."

Our way lay over snow-fields and occasional grassy ridges thinly covered with stunted trees; but soon grass and trees were left behind, and thenceforward boulders, snow and ice were the only components of the landscape. After a short halt near a stream of water, for lunch, we plodded on again, pausing frequently for a few moments to lean on our alpenstocks and recover breath. At four in the afternoon we reached Camp Muir—a pile of gravel and stones lying between the Cowlitz Glacier and the snow-fields we had traversed. Here each of us selected a flat spot, from which we cleared away the stones: then down went the rubber-sheet, piece of oil-cloth or waterproof canvas, and upon that the fur or Kenwood sleeping-bag: these had been brought up from Paradise Park by pack-animals. After a frugal supper and a little music from the band, most of us turned into our bags, mine being made of the thick fleece of the Chinese goat, and having a hood. The atmosphere at that elevation—ten thousand feet above the sea—had a marvellous clearness and purity, and I gazed up at the glorious star-dotted sky till my eyes grew heavy: then slept like a top till dawn. On Tuesday the 27th the camp was stirring at daybreak, and, after a breakfast of hard tack and prunes, we rolled up our sleeping-bags and left them behind. Then began our clamber up the



(Curtis, photographer, Seattle)

MISS FAY FULLER IN A CREVASSE ON THE NISQUALLY GLACIER



(Curtis, photographer, Seattle)

MAZAMAS ON SNOWFIELDS BELOW CAMP MUIR

boulders and sharp rocks of the Cleaver—a great knife-like ridge running down from Gibraltar to Camp Muir. At times we stepped on to the snow, going on, up and up, until we reached Gibraltar—a vast mass of rock with perpendicular sides, from which pieces are constantly crumbling. To avoid these it is necessary to hug the rock, and make one's way carefully over the loose sand and stones, which slide from under the foot, and more or less endanger those in the rear. The base of Gibraltar was reached in three hours after starting, and there several turned back. To get so large a party over a difficult place was tedious, but after four hours patient work, we stood at noon on the top of Gibraltar, having used the life-line for almost the whole distance.

Next we crossed a narrow snow-covered chine between the Cowlitz and Nisqually Glaciers, across which a bitter wind blew. This brought us to the foot of the dome, which has much the shape of a man's skull, and was covered with hard, icy snow, up which it was necessary to make steps, and proceed cautiously, holding on to the life-line made fast to the alpenstocks of the anchor-men. At four o'clock we reached Crater Peak, the highest point of the mountain, and quickly clambered over the rim into the great bowl about half a mile across and filled with ice. We had, unfortunately, scarcely any time to enjoy the magnificent prospect, but a brief meeting was held, and the successful climbers (fifty-nine in all, nine of them being ladies) wrote their names on cards to be left in a copper box. Miss Fay Fuller, with Miss Rose O'Neill, who was suffering from mountain-sickness, H. C. Ainslie, Walter Rogers and four others, decided to spend the night in the crater, that they might let off red-fire signals, fly kites and take some observations. The night turned out bitterly cold, but the fire was ignited at the appointed time, and was seen by large numbers of people throughout the State of Washington. The ladies were made as comfortable as circumstances permitted in one of the ice-caves hollowed out by the jets of steam which still issue from the mountain. At 5 P.M. the thermometer registered 16° above zero, and next day the highest temperature noted was 23°. The party reached Camp Muir in safety soon after dark on Wednesday.

To return to the main party. The descent of the dome to the summit of Gibraltar looked ticklish, but was safely accomplished. The clamber down the Cleaver before we reached Camp Muir was tiresome, as it was dusk and we were somewhat fatigued. On arriving at the Camp most of us, having our sleeping-bags, decided to stay there. But some determined to proceed—among them Professor McClure and two companions. The night was beautifully clear, and they made the descent safely until they were within a mile or so of the bright camp-fire at Paradise Park, when the Professor, who had gone forward to reconnoitre, and had just warned his companions to go back, slipped on a steep slope covered with a glare of frozen snow, fell head foremost down and down until he dashed against a pile of rocks with such force that his body bounded from thirty to forty feet before coming to rest. His companions heard no outcry, nor even the sound of his striking the rocks, but, becoming certain that some terrible accident had befallen him, went back a little, and spent the time— it was then between eleven and midnight—till dawn on a pile of rocks. Dr. E. W. Young and others, who had started from Camp Muir a little later than Professor McClure, came upon them, and not long afterwards Dr. Nunn and a search-party from Paradise Park found McClure's body on the further edge of the rock-pile, and concluded that death had been instantaneous.

Those of us who had slept at Camp Muir began the descent early, leaving our baggage to be brought down by pack-animals. On our way, ignorant as we were of McClure's fate, we enjoyed to the full the splendid view spread before our eyes—the jagged Tatoosh range, and countless other mountains, like the billows of a stormy sea: the snow-capped conical summit of Mount Hood, and the rounder peaks of Mount Adams, Mount Jefferson and the Sisters.

From Mazama Camp, Paradise Park, we

(Curtis, photographer, Seattle)

TATOOSH RANGE AND PARADISE RIVER

(Curtis, photographer, Seattle)

CROSSING THE NISQUALLY GLACIER

discerned the party of eight who had spent the night on the summit descending the ice-fields above Gibraltar, and hoped that they would decide to stay at Camp Muir. At about 11 P.M., seeing and hearing no one, we concluded that they had done so, and turned in to our tents. An hour later I was awakened by a call for a volunteer for a rescue-party of eight which was being equipped. H. C. Ainslie and Walter Rogers, of Portland, descending from Camp Muir had slid down the same snow slope as McClure until they were stopped by a crevasse, into which both fell. By good luck Ainslie, letting go his pack and cutting foot-holds with his knife, managed to scramble out. Then he crept along on hands and knees until he dared to walk, and cautiously, for he had lost his alpenstock, made his way to camp, and described to us as well as he could the situation of the crevasse. Passing above Sluiskin Falls we ascended towards a rock named the Sphinx: as we came near the fatal slope where McClure had met his death, we fancied we heard a low far-off response to our halloos, and found that it came from a crevasse. Lowering a lantern we saw our man tightly wedged in the ice about twenty feet below; a line with a loop at its end was passed down, and Rogers was soon hauled up and relieved of his tightly strapped pack. Having been imprisoned for more than three hours he was semi-delirious, but overjoyed at his rescue. Supported on each side he reached camp where a great fire and a well-warmed tent were ready. Next day he was able to continue his journey down the mountain.

After the fatigue and excitement of the last few days we contented ourselves on Friday with a walk to the crevasse and the Cowlitz Cleaver, whence from a great dividing ridge of rocks we looked down upon the Cowlitz Glacier far below. On the morrow there was a good deal of fog, but the day cleared up enough for us to make our way westward to Camp Alta Vista, and thence down a steep slope to the Nisqually Glacier

—the largest on Mount Rainier, being six or seven miles long and a mile or more in width. One of the photographs shows five of us on the glacier with a life-line fastened to the leader and held by the rest: the writer is the last of the five.

On the first of August we began the descent: but, before we left Camp Mazama, we joined in the camp yell; thus:

Rainier! Rainier! Rah! Rah! Rah:
Sluiskin! Sluiskin! Ma-za-ma!

Then by twos and threes we wound our way down, through Paradise Valley, over snow-fields and open patches blooming with white and purple heather, white and yellow dog's-tooth violets and other mountain flowers, to the lovely Narada Falls, overhung by a veil of mist; and, gradually leaving the snow behind us, entered the forest. After twice crossing the turbid waters of the Nisqually River, we reached Longmire Springs, where we heartily enjoyed a change of fare after the oatmeal, pork and beans, prunes, and milk of Camp Mazama. Next day we took to our waggons again. After a halt at Kernahan's for an early dinner, we passed through Elbe, and at Eatonville rested for the night, some in the hotel, others in the barn or the forest. From Eatonville we looked back upon "the mountain" (as we had long ago agreed to call it, that we might avoid giving offence to a Tacoma man by calling it "Rainier," or to an advocate of Rainier by calling it "Tacoma"), and could very plainly distinguish its three summits—Crater Peak, Liberty Cap and Peak Success.

Next afternoon we reached the City of Tacoma, where there was a general leave-taking; and thus ended for all of us a most agreeable, invigorating and successful trip, which, though saddened by one fatal mishap, had been full of interesting and exciting incidents.

THE WORK OF A SUNBEAM

OR, THE EFFECT OF RAYS OF LIGHT OF VARIOUS REFRACTIVE INDICES ON THE GROWTH OF PLANTS

By Rev. T. BIRD, B.A.

GENERALLY it is necessary to know what a thing *is* before we can tell what it will *do*. In the case of a sunbeam we have to work backwards. We can find out a great number of things that it will do, but have learnt very little of what it is. We shall therefore leave the theories respecting the nature of light and content ourselves with a few of the things that it will do. I say a few of the things it will do, because if we were to attempt to examine all the known things that sunlight will do we might fill a whole volume. We will therefore consider some of the effects produced by sunlight upon the growth of plants.

There is, however, just one thing about light we must note before we can even attempt this. We all know that when rays of light pass from one medium to another, as, for instance, from air into water, they are deflected or bent; or again, when they pass from a more rarefied atmosphere into a denser one, they are bent as in the case of a sunset, when we see the sun just upon the horizon and know that actually it is below the horizon; this deflection is called refraction, and the angle at which the rays are bent is said to be the angle of refraction. But this is not all. When white light, as sunlight is called, passes from one medium to another, we suddenly discover that what we had thought was a pure light is the most compound thing in the world. It then becomes decomposed into several kinds of light, and we find each kind of light which forms a beam of sunlight has a different angle of refraction. This is called dispersion. For instance, if a beam of sunlight is allowed to pass through a flint-glass prism it emerges not as a white light, but as an elongated band of various colours, and is called the solar spectrum, and it is this which is so well known to us in Nature in the rainbow. A rainbow—caused by the refraction and dispersion of the sun's rays in the drops of falling rain—is commonly said to have three distinct colours, which gradually blend the one into the other; but in the band of the spectrum several distinct colours become clearly visible. In reality the colours are infinite, and no doubt if we had more highly developed eyes we could distinguish many more than we do, just as in the case of sound if we had more highly developed ears we could hear many sounds which are now inaudible. But for practical purposes we are content to divide the spectrum into these seven colours, viz., violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. These always appear in the same order as enumerated, the violent rays being the most refrangible—*i.e.*, the most deflected—the angle of refraction gradually diminishing to the red, which are the rays of the least refrangibility visible to our eyes. There are rays, of course, which are not visible to us at both ends of the visible spectrum—ultra-violet rays and ultra-red rays—which require scientific instruments to reveal or photographic plates, as in the case of the Röntgen rays, which are said to be ultra-violet rays. These we must leave to the new photography, for nothing is as yet known of their action upon plant life—if any such there be.

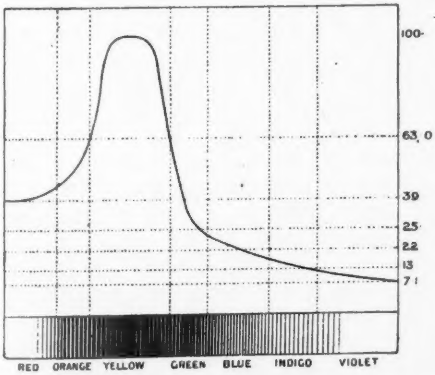
Now each of the rays of light which go to form the sunbeam has its own peculiar properties, differing in kind and in degree from all the others. There are luminous properties, the yellow rays being the most intense; there are calorific, or heating, properties, the greatest heat being produced just outside the red; there are chemical properties, as in the case of silver salts which turn black upon exposure, and upon which the art of photography depends; and there are other physical properties which affect plant life to which we shall allude in the sequel. But the most remarkable action of all these is the chemical effect produced by a beam of sunlight upon plant life, and we will therefore begin by considering that.

Everybody knows now that the most important and indispensable constituent of all organic substances is carbon. There is no organic substance from which carbon is absent. Starch, for instance, contains six parts of carbon to ten of hydrogen and five of oxygen. Its formula is $C_6H_{10}O_5$. A typical vegetable oil—and there are many vegetable oils, such as olive oil, castor oil, linseed oil, palm oil, colza oil—is thus compounded, $C_3H_5(C_{16}H_{31}O_2)_3$; and a sugar thus, $C_{12}H_{11}O_{11}$. Whence, then, comes this enormous quantity of carbon? It comes entirely from the carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere, and in no other way; and the chief essential agent in this work is sunlight. Plants breathe in the carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere, and by the action of light upon certain green particles, called chlorophyll corpuscles, they decompose it into its component parts, retaining the one part of carbon and giving back the two parts of oxygen to the air for the service of man. And without sunlight is no organic compound formed.

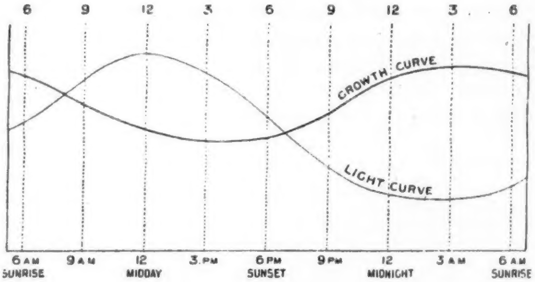
There is a very simple and very interesting little experiment, which can be performed by any one, to illustrate this fact. It is known that iodine stains starch deep blue. If a healthy leaf growing in the open sunshine is taken and first boiled for a few minutes to remove the air, and then soaked in alcohol to remove the green colouring matter, and afterwards treated with a solution of iodine, it will at once be turned almost black owing to the abundance of starch laid up in the growing leaf, subsequently to be consumed in the process of nutrition. If another leaf previous to this treatment be kept in total darkness for a day or two, and then tested with iodine, hardly any change of colour will be perceptible; it will remain a pale yellowish grey. All the stages from the deep blue showing abundance of starch to the very faintest trace may be obtained, according to the number of hours the plant is kept in darkness. Thus we see that a sunbeam is necessary to the production of starch. But we saw that a sunbeam is composed of a great number of various kinds of light, each with its own refractive index; we therefore ask a further question: which of these is it that is so essential for the production of starch? By a series of simple experiments we can find out this secret, too. Let us take the plant upon which we have been experimenting, and, instead of putting it in the dark, put it in a box out of doors, and cover the top with a deep-blue piece of glass, so that the only light which falls upon it is a blue light. After a few days, we test a leaf with iodine to see what starch it has produced, and we find none. We conclude, therefore, that the blue rays of light, or rays of a high refractive index, are of no use for this purpose. Let us now change the glass, and cover the box with a yellow glass for a day or two; upon treatment with iodine a leaf turns to a deep blue. The yellow rays have done what the blue could not, and we find that they are the chemically active ones. Thus, we discover that the yellow rays have the wonderful power of decomposing carbonic acid gas; they act as the reducing agent, and the chemical attraction, which held together the carbon and the oxygen in the form of carbon dioxide, has been overcome. The stages in this process are still unknown to us, and remain amongst the many secrets of Nature yet to be learnt. Professor Sach gives the following values for the decomposing power of different kinds of light in the different regions of the solar spectrum, yellow being placed at 100:

Red	25.4
Orange	63.0
Yellow	100.0
Green	37.2
Blue	22.1
Indigo	13.5
Violet	7.1

By this table it will be seen that the red end of the spectrum is the most active, the power very rapidly diminishing to the violet. The following diagram illustrates in another form the amount of assimilation produced by the light at various points of the solar spectrum.



For the perfect growth of green plants, it is not only necessary that the light should be of the right kind, it must also be of sufficient duration and sufficient intensity. When the light is feeble, as in a sitting-room, green chlorophyll is not produced, and the plants grow up pale and sickly and attenuated like the poor little children in London slums. Plants, like children, ought to have lots of sunshine. Even in the brightest room, plants are never of so rich a green as those grown out of doors. In a dark cellar no chlorophyll is produced at all. Every one has seen potatoes growing there, with their long attenuated stalks and little, white leaves, which exist but for a time, and when the reserve material in the tuber is used up, wither away, because they have no light. To produce chlorophyll, the light must be at least of sufficient intensity that this page may be easily read by it, and to act as a reducing agent it must be very considerably stronger. Every one has learned by sad experience how impossible it is to keep plants in their rooms for any length of time, and the reason is that the light is not bright enough, and what there is does not last long enough to produce the necessary quantity of food material to support life. There is another fatal thing to the growth of plants indoors, viz., the dryness of the air, and this can only be overcome by covering over the plant with a glass shade. As plants die from want of light, so, too, there are some which die from too much. Many of the mosses which cover damp shady walls and banks with their soft covering of green velvet, die from too great an exposure to sunlight. And this brings us to a most wonderful provision of Nature whereby many plants are able to a certain limited extent to regulate the amount of light which falls upon them, and that in two ways. They can turn the broad surfaces of their leaves towards the sunlight, so that they are at right angles to the incident ray, thus getting as much sunlight as possible, or they can turn them at an angle so that they only receive very little oblique light. But not only this, they have another means of regulating the amount of sunlight they require—they can change the position of the chlorophyll corpuscles in each individual cell. In a diffused light these corpuscles come, as it were, to the surface of the cell, and being little flat discs, they become arranged in planes perpendicular to the incident ray—in other words, they too, like the blade of the leaf, can turn their broad surfaces to the light. But when the light is too strong they retreat into the dark corners of their cells, and then arrange themselves in planes parallel to the rays of light. The immediate cause of this change of position is unknown to us: it may be either that the light acts upon the protoplasm of the cells, in such a manner as to cause it to arrange the corpuscles: or, on the other hand, it may be that the light affects the corpuscles themselves, and they give the necessary impulse to the surrounding protoplasm. But whatever the mediate cause may be, the immediate cause is the sunlight. Again we remember that sunlight has rays of many refractive indices which compose it, and we ask: Which of them has charge of this special duty? Again we put the same searching questions to Nature, and we try the effect of coloured lights, but this time we find that it is not the chemically active rays, the yellow rays, that do this work, but the rays at the blue end of the spectrum; these are the physically active rays.



There is just one more effect of light upon the growth of plants to which we will allude before we leave this subject. Every one has noticed how much more rapidly plants grow in the dark than in the light. Bright light, which is so necessary for the assimilation of food material, has a retarding influence upon growth, *i.e.*, upon cell division, and therefore plants grow much more rapidly at night than in the daytime. The alternation of night and day is accompanied by other changes than that of light which affect plant life. Such, for instance, as the change of temperature—the earth rapidly cooling on a clear night by radiation, or the change in the humidity of the air, and these have all to be considered in the correct measurement of growth by night and by day. On a warm, dull day, the growth may be considerably greater than on the previous cold, dark night; but when all these facts are kept fairly constant in the laboratory, and the temperature and humidity kept fairly uniform, it will be found as the light increases from sunrise to mid-day, so the rapidity of owth, *i.e.*, cell division, decreases, and as he sunlight fades away in the evening, so the growth increases. This time, however, of minimum growth, does not coincide exactly with the time of maximum light, but shortly after it; for it takes a little time for the plant to respond to this external influence; and *vice versâ*, the maximum growth is not midnight, but shortly before sunrise. When plants are kept in darkness, this habit which they have acquired does not immediately stop, but the change goes on for some time, only gradually getting less and less till, like other habits, it is lost for want of exercise. The accompanying diagram roughly illustrates this daily periodicity of growth. Plants grown for some time in darkness show no daily periodicity of growth, but only irregular variations due to other causes which space forbids our entering upon now. A common illustration of this retarding influence of light is seen in the way plants grown in a window with a strong light only on one side, bend towards the light; the cause of this is that the shady side grows faster than the exposed side. The electric light, now so common in our houses, has exactly the same effect as sunlight. I saw a remarkable instance of this fact last summer. Some plants were placed in the fireplace to hide an empty grate in a dark room, where the electric light in the centre of the room was constantly shining, and all the stalks and leaves were bent towards the light, looking as though they were straining their necks to see who could get the best view of the new lamp.

We have now seen something of the work of a sunbeam. We have seen how complex it is, past man's understanding; how every part, every ray, with its own special refractive index, works harmoniously together for good. We have seen seen how the blue rays—the rays of a high refrangibility—change the tension of the motive organs of leaves and bring them into position with regard to the sun's light; how they are responsible, too, for the correct position of each chlorophyll corpuscle in every leaf. And we have seen how all this subserves the great object of all—viz., the assimilation of food, by bringing the leaves into the best position for the yellow rays to form chlorophyll and act as a reducing agent—and how the yellow rays produce the organic substances starch, sugar, cellulose, and the whole host of vegetable oils, all so useful to men.

OLD MRS. JENKINS

By EDWARD KENNEDY MACKENZIE, Author of "Barbara's Sandwich Man," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS

ABOVE the shop was printed in large gold letters, "Jenkins Bros., Family Grocers and Provision Merchants," but "Bros." was a courtesy title, for Tom Jenkins ran the whole concern.

He bought and sold, tested samples, attended to customers, and kept the accounts; indeed, when trade was not very brisk, he swept the floor, dusted tins and bottles, and cleaned his own windows. It was true Tom Jenkins had a brother, but he was not attracted to the grocery line, so, meanwhile, until he decided upon his particular calling, he followed the easy and popular pursuit of a spendthrift.

However, this fact was not recognised in the family circle, which was a limited one.

Old Mrs. Jenkins adored her indolent son, and when he went out on his bicycle, wearing a knickerbocker suit of yellowish tweed, she would crane her head out of the parlour window and say, as he disappeared round the corner, he looked "a born aristocrat."

His baptismal name was Robert Algernon, but he was never called anything but Algy, which sounded at the same time familiar and distinguished. The appellation of Robert had been bestowed on him by his father, who died shortly after the child's christening, and probably no one but Tom and old Mrs. Jenkins knew that he bore it.

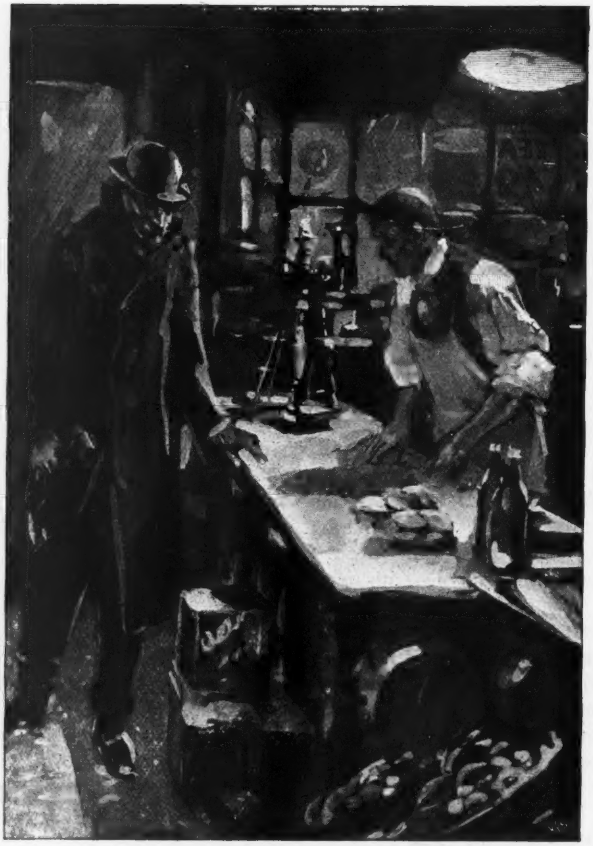
Now, in eating a pudding it is undeniable that the raisins command greater attention, and are generally more seductive, than the dough, yet the pudding can exist without the one, but would be impossible without the other. In the Jenkins family, Tom was essential and sustaining, Algy attractive but, perhaps, superfluous; yet, true to nature, old Mrs. Jenkins was absorbed with her raisins and somewhat overlooked that on which she really lived.

Tom might be ordinary and uninteresting, but he understood his business perfectly. His goods were sound, his yea meant yea, and his nay nay, so that men felt it was both safe and comfortable to have transactions with him. And he was well content with his world as it stood. It was surely a fine thing to possess a shop of one's own, to have "the old lady" so cheerful in the little parlour up above, and as for Algy, it was not to be expected that so witty and handsome a fellow could settle down at once like any ordinary man. One day he would find his niche, and then how brilliantly he would fill it! Meanwhile, it was a privilege to keep things going for them all.

With this unimaginative equable temper, it was a new and uncomfortable experience for Tom to find himself suddenly attacked and dogged with a despondent foreboding for which he could not account. For three days he steadily fought with it. He rattled down the canisters of tea and coffee, and weighed out cheese and butter with outwardly the most cheerful alacrity, but with an inward sinking of heart that was both worrying and perplexing.

Algy was often away for a considerable length of time; just then he had been absent for over a fortnight. If he would only return, Tom knew he would be able to throw off this nonsense.

It was late autumn, and nearly eight



"'Close the shop, and don't let mother or any one know I'm here'"

o'clock in the evening; a drizzling rain was falling, and no customer had been in the shop for some time.

Tom was just thinking of putting up the shutters, when the brother he was desiring to see came in with a swift step.

Then, after one look at his face, he knew some awful disaster had happened.

"Close the shop, and don't let mother or any one know I'm here. I'll go into the store-room," whispered Algy.

With his mind in a whirl of perplexity, Tom made all fast for the night. Algy's clothes were soaked, and heavy as a sponge with water. He brought him dry garments, and, after making him some strong tea, set down food before him.

"Has any one been here after me?" Algy asked.

"No; what is wrong?" said Tom; his mouth was so dry with undefined terror that his tongue made a clicking sound as he spoke.

"I'll tell you everything when she's asleep. For Heaven's sake, let no one suspect I am here." He sat down on a sack of potatoes and covered his face with his hands. Tom stood rooted to the spot, staring at him in horrid bewilderment.

"Go to her, or she'll suspect something," said Algy, raising a face distorted and blurred with misery, and Tom went.

Now old Mrs. Jenkins was as methodical in her habits as clockwork. She was very infirm, almost helpless indeed with rheumatism, and regularly every evening, when she had concluded her six-o'clock tea, she was helped into bed by a little maid-of-all-work, who, after assisting at this function, returned to her own home. When Algy was in residence he would sit reading in her room, which she found most interesting and satisfactory. After eight, Tom came upstairs, generally with accounts to do; then finally she would have some hot whisky and water with a biscuit, and Tom would conduct prayers, after which she would be left to go to sleep.

Tom therefore went to his mother, knowing exactly the routine to be gone through. but doubting exceedingly how he could manage to deceive her. She was a bright eyed, quick-witted old lady, and Tom was slow and literal.

"Aren't you going to do any accounts?" she asked him wonderingly, seeing him go to the window and stand idly looking out.

"You've been such a time since I heard you put up the shutters," she added.

"I was thinking, mother, if I give you

your supper now, you might manage to get to sleep a bit earlier. I've got something I must do to-night in the store-room."

He had composed this excuse while he had been getting Algy his tea in the kitchen below. It sounded perfectly natural, but he felt she was studying his face attentively.

"You look pale, Tom. Are you ill?" she asked him when he had attended to her few wants.

"I've maybe a bit of a headache; perhaps you might get along all right now if I left you," he answered, not meeting her eyes.

"Can't you leave the work in the store-room and get to bed yourself? You're doing too much lately, I'm feared."

"No, no, mother; you go to sleep and don't worry, I'm as strong as a horse. Good-night." He looked across at her, and finding he could not smile he went to her bedside and kissed her.

"You're as affectionate in your ways as Algy to-night; and, Tom, you mustn't think me a vain old woman, but I'm thinking I'll have a pink ribbon put into that best cap of mine. I'd like to please him the day he comes home. Do you remember the last time I had a pink ribbon he said, 'You're prettier, mother, than any of the girls I've seen'?"

Then Tom arranged her bed-clothes, put out her light, and shuffled away uneasily.

He went downstairs, entered the store room and stood confronting Algy. Neither of them spoke for a few minutes, then Tom whispered:

"If you take off your shoes, and do not speak for a bit till she's sleeping, you might come into the kitchen, there's a good fire burning."

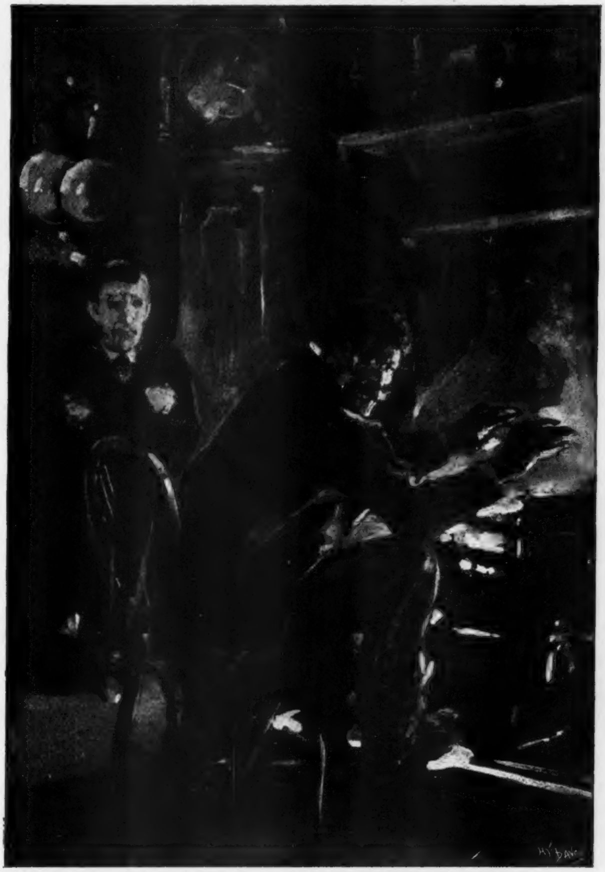
His first anxiety to learn what was amiss had completely passed from him; he intuitively knew it was something bad, something that could not be worse, and he dreaded having this conjectural knowledge made dead certainty.

Algy drew a chair opposite the grate and bent forward to spread out his palms to the heat. Tom also sat with his eyes riveted on the leaping flames; he could not look at his brother, that one glance in the store-room had sufficed. Algy, their pride, their beloved, to have altered like that!

Presently he crept softly upstairs, then returned.

"She's sleeping; tell me now," he said.

"You're sure there's been no one here watching about the shop?"



"Bent forward to spread out his palms to the heat"

"I have seen no one," answered Tom, still looking fixedly at the fire.

"It's three days," said Algy in low tones.

"Three days!" cried Tom with a start.

"Yes; what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. Go on."

"Tom, for three days I've been hiding for my life."

His brother made no reply; he felt, in a dull way, that he had known it all along; indeed, it seemed to him he had known it always. He moistened his dry lips.

"I had a row with a man. He had served me a shameful trick, and then he laughed at me for being fooled by him. I struck him, he didn't strike me back, but he threatened me, and jeered at me again. I was blind mad with rage. I struck him again with all my force—he was standing close to the edge of a cliff, and he reeled back and fell over. He wasn't insensible, for I saw him stretch out his arms as if to clutch at something. We were in a lonely spot. I got round to the foot of the cliff; it seemed ages before I could get down to him. His skull was smashed in; then I dragged him behind a boulder of rock and piled and piled seaweed upon him."

Tom rested an elbow on each knee and supported his chin on his two hands.

"Quiet; let me think," he said, knitting his brows.

"There's been nothing in the papers yet?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Algy.

"Then we must get you away, if possible, before there is any stir. You must wait until the morning for me to draw money; then, if there is no alarm, it can be managed all right. You must get out of this country at once and make for South America."

Algy stared in amazement at his brother. He had expected him to be overwhelmed; instead, except for the greyish pallor of his face, he showed no emotion whatever, and his brain seemed working more rapidly than when nothing was amiss.

"It never succeeds," said Algy slowly. "Besides, I have a better plan, but I wanted to-night first."

"What is your plan?"

"To give myself up."

"It would kill mother."

"No, it is the only way to save her. I have had three days to think it over, and I see no other plan which can spare her. If I were to get away for a time, and get taken afterwards, it would mean far greater notoriety. If I got away altogether it wouldn't be liberty. You don't know what it is, the hunted, sickening sense of fear that makes every other human being a terror to you. After enduring that, think of being dragged back, knowing that every paper was shrieking the news, until mother and you and even the dear little shop became an object of curiosity."

He again bent over the fire and warmed his hands. Then he went on:

"You know my first name Robert is unfamiliar to the neighbours. I shall only give that name and the address where I have so often stayed at in Brighton. You can anyhow keep the papers from mother, and if you think people about here have noticed the matter, keep them away from her. Every one will be sorry for you, old fellow, and there will be very little excitement if I give myself up before the body is discovered. It is a mystery that is always worked upon."

"What shall I say when you don't come home?" asked Tom, raising his haggard eyes.

"I've thought of that too. Say I've enlisted, and when she gets no letters, and finds I don't return home, she'll think I'm dead."

They sat in perfect silence for some time, the firelight glowed and flickered on the whitewashed walls, the clock ticked solemnly and slowly.

Then Algy spoke again in rapid, nervous tones:

"I tell you, Tom, you can manage to keep it from her if you only try. Don't you remember, when we were children, the life she lived? She nearly starved herself for us. All these days it has been coming back to me, the things she went without for us."

Tom drew his chair closer to him, and they crouched together over the blaze, as they had done when they were little children awaiting their mother's return at night from the warehouse where she worked.

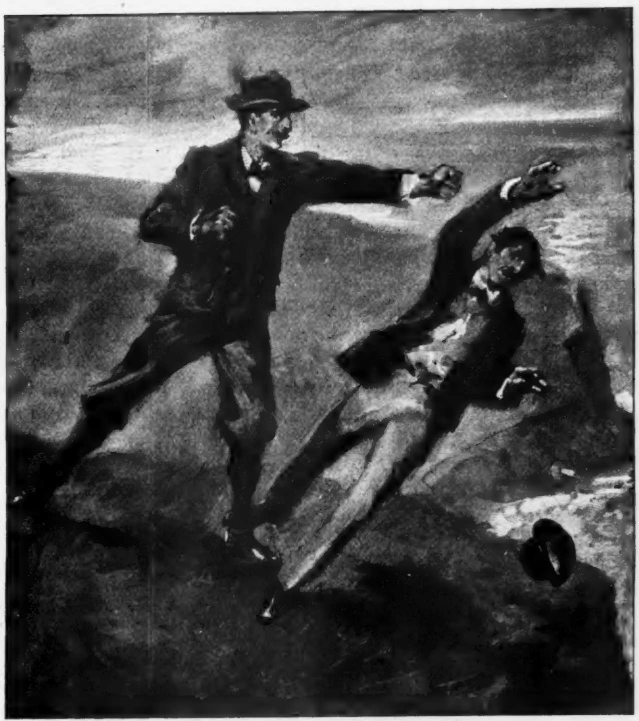
"She always loved you best," said Tom.

"Yes, and I've never deserved it. I've been a poor lot altogether, and you've worked for me and never reproached me once. You don't know, old man, how I've hungered for to-night, yet I did not dare to come; I didn't see the happiness of the common daily life till I had lost it. Since then, I've envied every man I've met his right to be free; I've thought how I would work beside you, be your drudge, fetch and carry for you, and rejoice in it all. I never even saw how beautiful this world is until I knew I was an outcast from it."

Tom's lips twitched. "Could you sleep, Algy, if you went to my bed? I would sit and watch."

"No; let us wait up to-night. Oh, it is awful to forget in sleep and to awake to remembrance!"

They sat beside each other with hardly a word after that, in the peculiar hush and patience that is born only of great sorrow, but as the morning drew on they went upstairs together and stood outside their mother's door. They did not dare to enter, lest she should waken out of the light sleep of old age, but Tom threw his arm around Algy's neck with the gesture of protection he had used in their early boyhood, and they wrung each other's hand.



"'He reeled back and fell over'"

It was when his brother made ready to go that Tom's endurance failed. He stretched out his arms and leaned his head on the kitchen-table, shaken with great tearing sobs. Then he felt a hand passed over his head and a heavy pressure on his shoulders; a minute after the door closed softly, and he knew his brother was gone.

And life had to be lived. All that day he must answer with politeness questions as to the respective merits of pickles, jams, and biscuits; he must make up neat parcels and count out correct change. Worse, he had to meet old Mrs. Jenkins cheerfully at meals, and listen to conversation which, from whatever point it started, ended always with Algy.

He passed through it successfully. The day was done at last. He sat down to read to his mother her nightly portion and found his place mechanically:

"I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing."

"I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me."

His usual monotonous utterance became deep with suppressed anguish, his voice grew hoarse, wavered and shook as if that bitter cry were his own.

"Tom, there's something wrong with you," his mother said in a disturbed tone. "No, you can't deceive me! Is it about some young woman?"

"No, mother."

"Then it's your business," she said slowly; "there's some account you can't meet."

"No, indeed; trade is very good just now."

"It can't be Algy?"

He did not answer.

"What has happened to him?" she cried, alarmed at his silence.

He knelt beside her bed and fondled the weak wrinkled hands.

"Mother, he's enlisted for the war," he said, with a gasp as of physical pain.

"Enlisted! What should he enlist for? Besides, how do you know? Has he been here, or has he written?" she asked with gathering excitement.

"He came last night, he stood outside your door, but he wouldn't wake you, for he said he had to go."

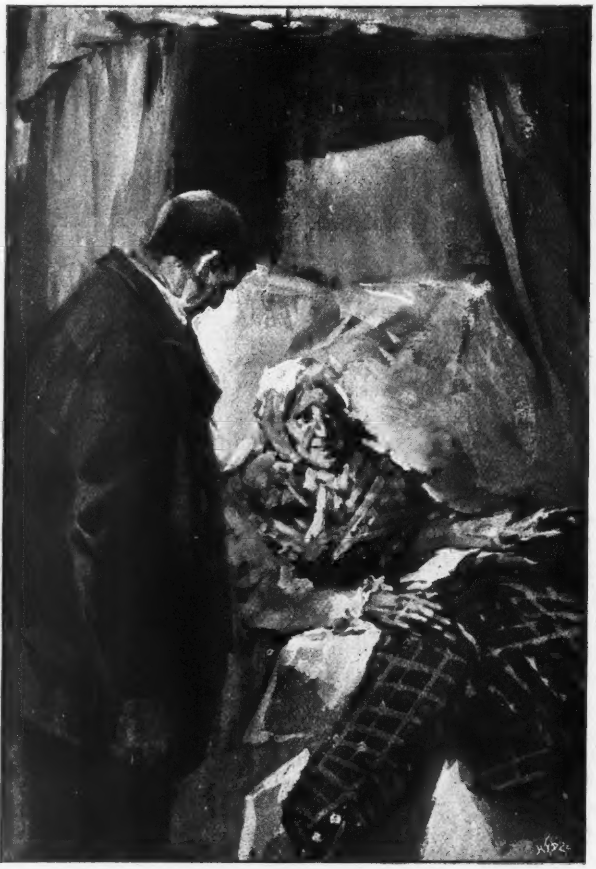
She began to tremble violently.

"You can't mean he's away without even saying good-bye to me!" she cried. "O Tom, it is cruel, cruel of you! You have been hard on him in some way, you are hiding something from me. You have driven him from his home, and I always thought you loved him."

He made no answer; what was there to say? But, after he had put out her light, she saw him sitting, a dark silent figure, by her window. She remembered with a quick pang of remorse how haggard his face had been all that day. Perhaps he was not wholly to blame.

"Tom, maybe I've been unjust," she said.

"No, never think of that, poor mother," he answered gently, and after she at length dozed he still sat there, his bloodshot eyes gazing despairingly at the sky, whose starry glory was that night, for the first time, shut out by prison walls from his younger brother.



"'Algy,' she whispered, and the flame went out"

From that time old Mrs. Jenkins gradually failed. She took no interest in her little world, the savour had gone out of it. She had Algy's yellow tweed Norfolk jacket spread over her bed.

"When I am dead, Tom," she said, "cover me with that in my coffin."

As for Tom, if he had not been a craft built for rough weather, he must have sunk beneath the stormy stress of that sad time.

He had bought and sold, lived and laboured for these two. Now, when their need was bitterest, he could do nothing for them. To one who loves, no pain can equal this.

A new year came and went; with advancing spring Tom's heart, which had been in prison for many weary months, found its liberty. One morning he put up his shutters, treading gently as if in the presence of a loved one who is wrapped in final sleep.

Then he went upstairs.

"I've had news of Algy, mother," he said.

She fixed her eyes on him, but did not speak.

"I've been thinking, dear, that you'll never now be childless," he went on; "while you're here you have me, and when you're called yonder—you'll have him to meet you."

"How did he die? In the battle?" she asked him later.

"No," he answered dreamily, "but he had fought a hard fight, and won."

After that, for a few weeks, her feeble life burned lower and yet lower.

One night Tom sat beside her. The tweed jacket lay on her bed, so that her trembling fingers rested on its collar. Tom thought she slept, but she was very weak and he would not leave her. Suddenly she awoke and looked intently past him straight before her; recognition gleamed in her eyes; a smile flickered over her tired old face; she made a slight movement as if to stretch out her arms.

"Algy!" she whispered, and the flame went out.

THE PURBECK MARBLERS

By T. W. WILKINSON

NO part of England has a more quaint, semi-mediæval character than that picturesque corner of Dorset known as the Isle of Purbeck. As a hunting-ground of our Norman rulers, and afterwards, on being disafforested in the reign of Henry II., as a warren of conies, it was of set purpose shut off from the rest of the world; and when there was no longer any reason for thus secluding it the iron road passed it by at Wareham. Hence it was for centuries beyond the influence of the changes and developments taking place outside its borders. This is not the case now, for the London and South-Western Railway has a branch line extending through Corfe to Swanage, and that delightful resort—the Knollsea of Mr. Hardy's novels—is to a modified extent a "rising watering-place." But Purbeck as a whole still retains many of its old-world features. It has changed little, and its people hardly at all, since it has been invaded by "kettles on wheels." Its one distinctive class in particular, its aborigines—the quarriers—have been practically unaffected by coming in closer touch with the heart of civilisation.

These men form a class without a parallel in this country. The nearest approach to them, perhaps, are the socialistic ropemakers who ply their calling in the Peak Cavern, Castleton, unquestionably the most magnificent workshop in the world and one that cannot be surpassed on the score of cheapness, since the Duke of Devonshire allows it to be used rent free. But the Dorset community differs greatly from that in the heart of Derbyshire. It is much larger, and has a history contrasted with which that of the ropemakers is insignificant. Purbeck supplied the stone for some of the gates of the city of London, for the cross at Charing Cross, for the abbeys of Bindon and Westminster, Salisbury and Winchester Cathedrals, and a number of other ecclesiastical buildings. The trade, therefore, is one of the oldest in the country.

Although the early history of the quarriers is obscure, the records of their company having been destroyed by a fire at Corfe Castle, there can be little doubt but that they are of Norman descent, for not only are certain names indicative of French origin—Norman, Phippard, and others—very common among them, but they speak a dialect different from that of Dorset folk in general. This peculiarity, however, they share with the whole of the natives of Swanage, though that is doubtless to be accounted for by the fact that these have all sprung from quarriers. The late Mr. George Burt, the "maker" of the modern town, was himself a "marbler" in his early days, and, so far from being ashamed of his origin, took pride in the autumn of his life in showing his guests a suit of clothes in which he worked in the quarries, as well as the livery he wore as Sheriff of London. At the present time, too, many professional and other gentlemen in Swanage and its neighbourhood are, by virtue of their ancestry, honorary members of the stoneworkers' guild. The history of the place, in fact, is bound up with the quarrying industry.

There is ample proof, too, that the colony has always been self-contained and self-governed, and has never suffered any interference either with its ancient trade union—the "Company of Marblers of the Isle of Purbeck"—or with the working places. No one but the son of a freeman can enter it, though a freeman's wife is made a freewoman on payment of a shilling—the "marriage shilling," as it is called—that she may be able to carry on business in the event of her husband dying before her. It is one of the articles of the guild that not even a day's work shall be given to an "outsider"; and this rule has been strictly observed, serious disturbances having taken place owing to attempts to introduce "foreign" labour into the quarries when stone has been in exceptional demand. Further to maintain their exclusiveness, the marblers used to be much addicted to intermarrying, a practice which, carried out as it was for centuries, ultimately had such a serious effect on the health of the community that three or four were taken away to the county lunatic asylum every year. This foolish policy, however, is now virtually a thing of the past, and to-day the only form of protection practised is the enforcement of the rule that a new-comer must be the son of a freeman.

The admission of apprentices is governed by a number of curious laws. A "free boy" is at liberty to enter the quarries and work without being bound. Till he attains his majority he is subject to his father, to whom his wages are supposed to belong of right. On the first Shrove Tuesday after he has reached the age of twenty-one he attends the annual court which the quarriers hold at Corfe. At this meeting a certain number of marblers attend on compulsion. Any who like can be present; but if a man who is warned to be there fails to answer the summons he is fined 3*s.* 4*d.* After the company's charter has been solemnly read, the "free boy," with a pot of beer in one hand and a penny loaf (made specially for the occasion) in the other, formally claims his freedom, whereupon 6*s.* 8*d.* is demanded of him, and his name is added to the roll.

Strictly, other formalities are necessary before an apprentice can become his own master. Boys who intend to take up their freedom should assemble on Candlemas Day, and, headed by a band and accompanied by the stewards of the quarries, parade the streets of Corfe and Swanage. This observance, indeed, used to be carried out with religious regularity and exactness. But nowadays the young marbler is let off lightly, being merely required to appear before the court on Shrove Tuesday and pay the apprentice dues in ancient form.

This custom has existed from time immemorial, and another was of long standing, so far back as the year 1551, for it is spoken of as a regular practice of the company in a set of articles bearing that date. After the quarriers' parliament has been prorogued, a football, provided by the last married man, who is a freeman, is tossed into a field at Corfe and kicked about by the boys till they are tired. Subsequently it is presented with a pound of pepper to the lord of the manor. This, it is claimed, preserves to the company the right of shipping stone at Owre, where in pre-railway days most of the product of the quarries was placed on board lighters and other craft. At one time, indeed, Owre appears to have been the principal port in the Isle of Purbeck.

Whether the privilege of using the quay could be legally enforced or not, nobody seems to dispute the marblers' contention, nor is any objection taken to the articles of the company respecting apprentices, self-government, etc. But the most important right that the men claim—the right to enter on any man's land and work stone—has not been conceded for many years. They assert that this concession was granted to them by royal charter, and state, further, that their ancestors opened up quarries without consulting anybody and without paying rent. Since the year 1788, however, the practice has not been so utterly at variance with the objects of the Liberty and Property Defence League. When a man wishes to open a new quarry, he goes to the landlord and asks permission to do so on certain terms, namely, payment of royalty by the ton, the foot run, or the square foot, according to the kind of stone obtained. Once such permission is given, and he has started working, his tenure is perpetual on two conditions: first, that he pays the stipulated dues to the landlord; and, second, that he does not omit to work the quarry for a year and a day. Default in this latter particular, however, does not give the landlord, it gives any other marbler, the right to step in. The quarry is considered to belong to the company, and one member forfeits his title to it to the benefit of another, not of the landlord, who can recover his property only when his royalty is not paid.

The system of working the quarries is as novel as are the conditions on which they are held, at all events to most of those who visit the Isle of Purbeck in quest of health. Owing to the marketable stone being so thin, and lying at a considerable depth from the surface, sometimes fifty or sixty feet, the earth above it is not removed in the usual way. It is reached by burrowing underground. Sinking a slanting shaft, the marbler makes roads from the bottom to the layers of stone, propping up the roof as he goes; so that eventually the quarry has many of the features, though, of course, on a small scale, of a coal mine, particularly one of the kind known in South Wales as "slants." Sometimes the "lanes" as the subterranean passages are technically termed, are only about four feet high, and the men have to crawl through them on their hands and knees; but the workings—those parts from which the stone is actually taken—are necessarily more roomy. Neither the tunnels nor the other portions are drained, and consequently they are always more or less damp, a thick layer of mud commonly covering the floor in winter.

When stone is reached the supply does not give out for generations. It is not uncommon for a quarry to extend underneath an acre and to be handed down from father to son for more than a century. There are several not far apart—and these are not the oldest—which were opened "before the time" of a certain veteran marbler of eighty who is still in the flesh. Nevertheless, many have been exhausted, particularly in the neighbourhood of Swanage. The bulk of the stone harvest is now gathered further inland. In several parts of the district, however, the least observant cannot help noticing many grassy mounds that indicate disused quarries, some of which yielded stone that is now embodied in our cathedrals.

On the surface there is little to mark the position of the oldest of the quarries that are still being worked. Heaps of "scar" or waste lie about the mouth, roughly showing by their height the age of the burrows beneath. Close by is a shed, in which the stone is dressed by the masons, who, although they are distinct from the quarriers, nevertheless belong to the guild. At the top of the shaft is situated a quaint, old-fashioned capstan, after the pattern of that seen on board ship. Round the drum is wound a chain, the end of which is attached to a small truck. This vehicle is run down the slide of smooth stones which forms a sort of roadway on the slant, stone is put on it and lashed firmly in position with ropes, and then it is drawn to the top. Sometimes the motive power is human, three or four men taking a turn at the capstan, and at others it is supplied by a horse or donkey. Of modern machinery there is none. All is primitive, all pretty much the same as it was in those far-off days when this quiet corner supplied the only kind of English marble in use in this country. There was a time indeed when the quarriers used to carry the stone from the places where it was worked to the quay, whereas for many years now carts have been employed for this purpose. But time has wrought remarkably few changes in the methods of working the Purbeck stone, nor will it, perhaps, as long as the industry lasts.

Not long ago its extinction appeared by no means remote. After existing for centuries it bid fair to die out. So rapidly and to such an extent did it decline that the young men engaged in it shook the dust of their native place off their feet and sought work elsewhere, and this exodus is still going on in such places as Langton, which was entirely, and still is in a measure, a quarriers' village. But of late trade has revived, though it is mostly the rougher kinds of stone, such as are used for kerbing, that are now raised. It is to be hoped that the improvement will continue and that Purbeck quarrying will long remain a link with the distant past.

CELEBRATED LADY TRAVELLERS

II.—MARY H. KINGSLEY

By L. TOULMIN SMITH

(H. E. Hull, photographer, 136 Holland Park Avenue, London, W.)

MISS KINGSLEY

THERE have been various women of Europe or of the New World, from Ida Pfeiffer to Sara Jeanette Duncan and Mrs. Isabella Bishop, who have distinguished themselves by their love of travel and adventure, recording the pleasures which enchanted them in narratives whose charms cannot be forgotten. Others, like Madame Dieulafoy and Mrs. Theodore Bent, have bravely partaken the labours and the glory of their husbands. Mary Kingsley, come of a notable family whose members loved the sea and brave movement, with traditions of past life in the West Indies, and of soldier and sailor experience, she, too, when the fulness of her time arrived, put forth her bark in the spirit of the adventurers of old with a joyful courage and a wise resourcefulness that led to great achievement. And, beyond this, her gifts of heart and character urged her to use her literary powers and her opportunities for the benefit of those among whom she had sojourned and laboured in far-off Africa, so that the sum of her short life was of exceptional attainment. "Whom the gods love die young" may be said of none more truly than of Mary Henrietta Kingsley.

Her father, George, was the third of the four sons of Charles Kingsley the elder, a strong and manly parson, who was rector successively of Barnack, in Northamptonshire, Clovelly, and St. Luke's, Chelsea; George being eight years younger than his famous brother Charles (Gerald, the second, died young as an officer in the Navy), and three years older than Henry. Gifted men all of them, but George was, as his daughter says, "the most typical Kingsley, at the best, of all three"; all loved Nature keenly, but George loved her "so utterly that life without her unspoiled companionship was intolerable to him." Like his brothers, he had pored over the old voyages and records of distant lands derived from their mother's family, of Barbados and Demerara, to be found in his father's library: his spirit was filled with the desire of seeing other lands, of roaming round the world to see its beauties and its creatures as they came from Nature's hand. His medical career, during both training and the exercise of his special branch of the profession, gave him many opportunities of gratifying this passion, while his love of sport and natural science, his literary culture, sense of humour, and conversational gifts, made him a welcome companion at home and abroad. A many-sided man of fine abilities, his passion for travel overpowered his concentration of purpose for the achievement of great success in science, literature, or professional rank. His daughter, who drank deeply of his spirit and possessed many of his best characteristics, in this last particular happily did not follow him.

George Kingsley married in 1860, and

Mary was born in Islington (near London) on October 13, 1862. The following year the family removed to Highgate, then still a pleasant country suburb, where they remained till 1879. Here, in a modest little house, whose windows overlooked a wide valley, with a pleasant garden full of fruit and flowers, Mary and her brother passed their childhood in the companionship of divers pets: manifold cats, a delicate King Charles spaniel, which generally reposed on Mrs. Kingsley's arm, besides one or two other dogs, and various cocks and hens, some precious bantams, and the fighting cocks Ki-ki and Attila, with which Mary had the troubles she so amusingly relates in her father's memoir. The cocks *would* crow; her father, on his return home, did not like the noise, but, in spite of all her efforts to put them at the end of the garden, Mary could not make the "run down there cock-tight." During her husband's absences abroad Mrs. Kingsley led a retired life, the children had their lessons at home, and Mary would often rise early to gain time for study and reading, before the household duties, to which her mother trained her, began. Several of the friends in Highgate were interested in science on one side or another, and the quiet shy girl, who was not sent to school or college, picked up all sorts of knowledge as she grew up. Books, however, were her chief delight, and the works of travel and natural history—especially on fishes — which abounded on her father's shelves, were eagerly conned, and many referred to on receipt of the traveller's letters; a love for science was thus fostered, which grew with her growth. Music and languages she did not take to kindly, except German, which she liked. Had not the father himself a love for the Teutons and their tongue! Then, when the traveller at long intervals returned, and regular lessons were put aside in the joy of home-welcoming, how respectfully the curiosities brought from outlandish countries were scanned, and how eagerly listened to was the story of each! The vivid touches of the narrator sank deep into the daughter's imagination; and his varied conversation on literature, men, and manners ever fed her thirst for true knowledge, which, though maybe in a desultory fashion, she silently imbibed on every side.

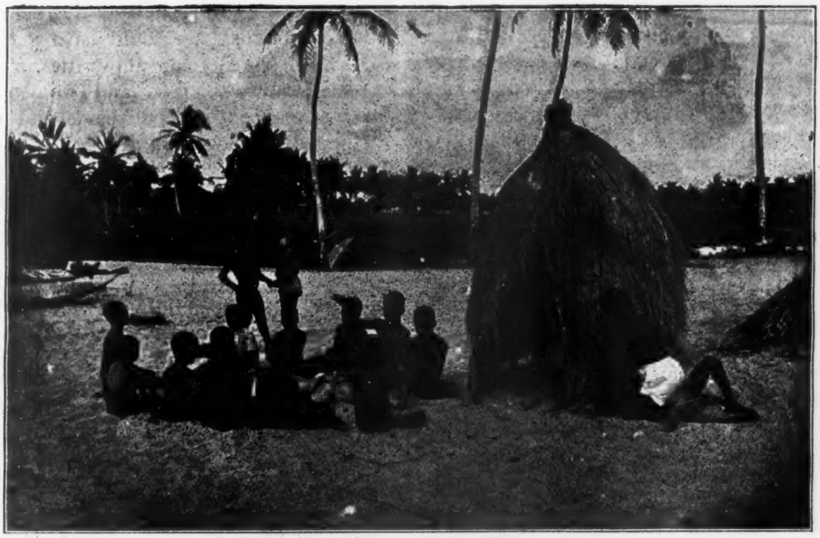
In 1879 the family moved to Bexley Heath (Kent), where they remained until the spring of 1886, when they took up their abode at Cambridge. At Bexley the friendship with Mr. C. F. Varley, the electric

JAMES FORT, ACCRA, GOLD COAST COLONY

engineer, stimulated Mary to take up electricity; she dived into chemistry and studied mathematics, domestic occupations were relieved by occasional outings in the pleasant country neighbourhood, and she was her mother's companion in charitable works. In these years it was that philosophy, religion and, to some degree, poetry began to exercise their fascination over her; followed by the great principles of evolution, and the history of the human race in the works, eagerly devoured, of Darwin, Huxley, Tylor, Lubbock, and others. Huxley, with his hatred of shams and his strenuous exaltation of true science, was especially her master. In Cambridge her health, latterly somewhat delicate, improved; she blossomed out after the quiet of her former "tortoise homes," as she later called them; the bright talk, sympathetic heart, and strong intelligence won her many friends, and here, with her father also enjoying the congenial society, two or three of her happiest years were passed. About this time a friend took her a week's visit to Paris, her first glimpse of foreign life, which greatly delighted her, gratifying a keen interest in works of art, especially painting, carving and metal-work, which always stayed by her.

But her mother, who had not been in good health for some time, fell seriously ill, and presently Dr. Kingsley had an attack of rheumatic fever away from home, leaving him with a weakened heart. Mary took more than the daughter's part, and herself nursed her mother assiduously for four anxious years, while she strove to make home cheerful for her father, taking all responsibilities on to her capable young shoulders. In her sealskin cap and thick gloves she was a familiar figure by the side of her mother's chair out of doors; visitors to the bedside would always find her ready in her large white apron, the room gay with flowers, bright and cheerful. Old friends who would come to enjoy an hour of ever-interesting talk with the doctor were made doubly welcome, Mary coming in now and then to hear a snatch of news or joining in with some recondite or humorous remark. When she was alone, to relieve the monotony and tension to the active eager mind, she would often occupy herself in the quiet hours of the night with some difficult subject as a distraction, sympathising friends would lend her books like Vigfusson and Powell's "Corpus Poeticum Boreale," a Syriac grammar, a piece of Arabic poetry. Patience, love, and strength of character grew through these years of trial, but no one yet suspected the latent powers which afterwards made Mary Kingsley famous.

In 1892 the break came: Dr. Kingsley passed away peacefully in his sleep on February 5, and his wife, unconscious of her loss, followed him after some weeks. Rejecting offers of companionship, to recruit her health Mary took a trip to the Canaries, where she regained her vigour, and with new-found energy explored peaks and passes untrodden by woman's foot, tasting the delight of daring feats and visits to the old haunts of the Guanches. This journey woke up in her the passionate desire to travel, and the information and experience now gained helped to shape her future course. She had intended to take up medicine as a profession, then the thought of leaving Western civilisation behind and going out among the native tribes of India had tempted her, yearning to see the life and spirit of man away from ordinary rule and conventionality. Both these projects were cast aside by the stories she heard about West Africa on her way to the Canaries; *that* seemed to be the land of her dreams! Returning home, she removed with her brother to London, settled the household treasures and prized family relics in a flat in Addison Road, and began to prepare for a voyage to tropical West Africa. Her friends, Dr. Guillemard, of Cambridge, and Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, encouraged her wish to collect beetles and freshwater fishes; she read Monteiro on "Angola and the River Congo," and she started alone, with a few introductions to Portuguese and others on the coast, full of a sense of freedom and independence in August 1893, sailing to St. Paul de Loanda. She travelled in parts never before trodden by Europeans, courageously overcame difficulties of swamp and bush in the pursuit of her collections, and visited Cabenda, Kacongo and the Congo River, everywhere meeting with kindness from the Portuguese friends and officials; and, returning by way of Old Calabar, reached England in January 1894. It was on this journey that she made herself acquainted with much of the customs and fetish of the Fjort tribes, who occupy the old extensive

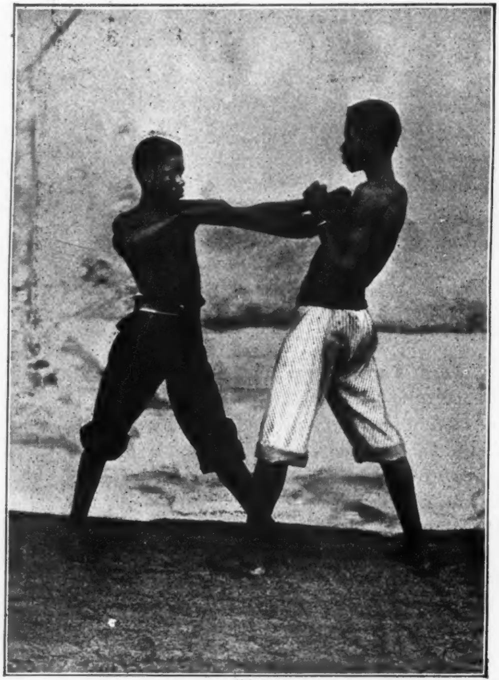


CHILDREN PLAYING ON THE SAND, ACCRA

kingdom of Congo. About a week after she landed she spent an evening with an early friend; the tale of her adventures was electric upon her hearers, who sat alternately entranced or convulsed with laughter by her clever and humorous descriptions. Full of health and hope, heartened by the success with her first collections, she resolved to go out again with more definite aims in view and fortified by a better knowledge of the means to attain them. Her gratitude to the West Coast traders, to whom she owed so much on both her expeditions, is warmly expressed at the beginning of her first book, "Travels in West Africa."

In London, besides home affairs, this year 1894 was fully occupied with work and preparation for a second voyage to the West Coast. She received a collector's equipment of cases, &c., on behalf of the British Museum, but her own chief object was to study native law and fetish, meaning by the latter "the religion of the natives of West Africa," as she explained to the Folk Lore Society in 1897. She enjoyed such society as came in her way, devoted herself to her brother, and was always ready—as indeed throughout her life—with her sympathetic aid to the sick or troubled. Six weeks before she sailed again she spent a day in packing with capable hands a cabinet full of specimens and curios for a hard-pressed friend who was moving house. At length her opportunity came, and she joined Lady Macdonald on the steamship *Batanga*, starting on December 23, 1894, for Old Calabar. Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, and Accra (Gold Coast) were all touched. At Accra they visited the Governor at Christiansborg Castle. In Calabar and the neighbourhood Miss Kingsley stayed several months, making observations, then went down to Gaboon and to Congo Français, through which flows the lovely Ogowé, largest of equatorial rivers. She spent some time gathering fish from this river, which she ascended in a canoe for several hundreds of miles through dangerous rapids, on which she was capsized more than once, explored other waters in the delta of the Ogowé, the Karkola River and Lake N'Covi (or Azingo), the two last little known, escaping canoe-wreck from the monster hippos in the water's edge, and steering safely past enormous crocodiles on sandbanks. Striking across country to the Rembwe River, she passed through a belt of gloomy forests and thick swamp, some of this the playground of elephants; the work of safely conveying her numerous cases of specimens presenting extraordinary difficulties, all successfully overcome except that one case of precious fishes (I believe from Lake N'Covi) was lost in a swamp. Perhaps the chief personal injury she received on her travels was a graze on her leg in wading through one of these swamps, the effects of which she felt for many months, but with characteristic pluck made light of. In this country she saw admiringly a family of gorillas, and had wonderful adventures in saving her porters from the cannibal Fans of a certain village where they had a feud. The full story of this escape, due to her remarkable resource and courage, she never disclosed until she most graphically told it at a lecture given at Somerville College, Oxford, in May 1899. On one of her hearers remarking upon it sne replied, "I promised those men I would not get their village into trouble if they let us go. I have only just heard that they have moved far away, so my telling it now will do them no harm." This recognition of justice and keeping faith with the natives deservedly gained Miss Kingsley great influence among them.

This expedition over, she went to gather more fish in the island of Corisco; arrived at Victoria towards the end of September; and, lastly, by the help of the German Governor, made the daring ascent of the Throne of Thunder or the Great Camaroon, a mountain 13,760 feet high, from the southeast face, being but the second ascent so made—an exploit so difficult that many were incredulous that she could have performed it. From the German authorities, from the French missions, men and women alike everywhere became her friends and willing helpers, her indomitable energy, her thoughtful treatment of her men and her tender kindness to the sick compelling admiration and respect. A woman who commanded her own schooner, who learnt to trade with the natives in order to pay her way, and knew all about rubber and oil, who could nurse the sick and yet could climb a mountain peak that few men dared attempt—the fame of these and many other deeds spread all down the coast, steamer-captains sent home the news, so that when Mary Kingsley arrived at Liverpool on the last day of November 1895 she was met by the inevitable interviewer and found herself unexpectedly famous.


WRESTLERS, GOLD COAST COLONY

She brought home a successful collection of insects, shells, and plants, eighteen species of reptiles, and sixty-five species of fishes, three or four being entirely new, as to which she modestly wrote to a friend, apropos of general talk, that she was "glad they turned out of great interest to real people like Günther." And she brought not merely these, but a fund of careful observations, daily noted and preserved, on various details of native life, occupations and trade, notable descriptions of scenery and scenes, with, above all, a discriminating knowledge of the different native tribes, their ideas as to law and property, and their beliefs as to the soul and religion. Her intimacy with matters of trade and produce has proved of the greatest service to the West African merchants of Liverpool and Manchester, gratefully acknowledged; and she has enthusiastically enlightened the English public on the conditions of life and government among both natives and British in our colonies in West Africa, insisting with authority that justice should be done to both.

She became involved at once in a mass of work, besides entering with enjoyment into the social opportunities thrown open to her. During 1896 she was writing her first book, "Travels in West Africa" (published early in 1897); in February and March she read papers before the Scottish and Liverpool Geographical Societies, published several magazine articles through the summer, and on November 19 gave her first lecture, "African Therapeutics from a Witch Doctor's Point of View," at the London School of Medicine for Women. This was the signal for numberless requests from lecture-caterers throughout the country, and during the next three years her time was chiefly taken up in lecturing and writing on West Africa to a public who were as keen to see and hear this remarkable woman-traveller as she—once having found her power — was anxious to inform and to wake them up to the duties of Englishmen towards these colonies, and to help "those unfortunate blacks, who have got no evening papers, and whose sufferings no one realises up here."* She gladly spoke to all kinds of audiences, associations of pupil-teachers, nurses, and working men, as well as to scientific societies, academic gatherings, and chambers of commerce, freely, too, giving her services for charitable purposes; and she must in this way have spoken at least sixty times. One of her last appearances in public was at the Imperial Institute, February 12, 1900, when she insisted on the necessity of trying to understand the native. Her pen was also active in various directions, and in February 1899 appeared her second work, "West African Studies," which embodied more matured views on several points, and some matter already published. In quick succession followed the "Story of West Africa" (1899, begun in 1897), a small volume in an historical series, and in January 1900 the delightful Memoir of her Father, prefixed to his "Notes on Sport and Travel." This was her last work, though she left articles on "Gardening in West Africa" and "Nursing" there, which appeared in *Climate*, April, and *Chambers's Journal*, June, 1900.

All this involved much hard work; she read much and had a large correspondence; her "commanding ability," her wide outlook on the public affairs in which she was interested, and her clear insight into principles of right and justice—all these joined with her delicious humour, her womanly tenderness, and brilliant conversation, made her much sought after. But the strain was telling upon her health, never too robust, and she longed to return to West Africa. The war turned her thoughts to the South. She sailed for Capetown, where she arrived on March 28, better for the voyage. She offered her services, which were allotted to the Simon's Town Hospital, recently filled with sick Boers, and there, while ably assisting to cleanse that Augean stable, amidst terrible scenes of sick and dying, her overwrought frame caught the enteric fever, and the great good heart, in calm resignation to God's will, ceased to beat on June 3, 1900. Her unselfish thoughtfulness for those at home showed itself to the last; for herself, the life-long desire of that noble spirit was fulfilled by her burial at sea, which was done with military and naval honours, a fitting end to such a life.

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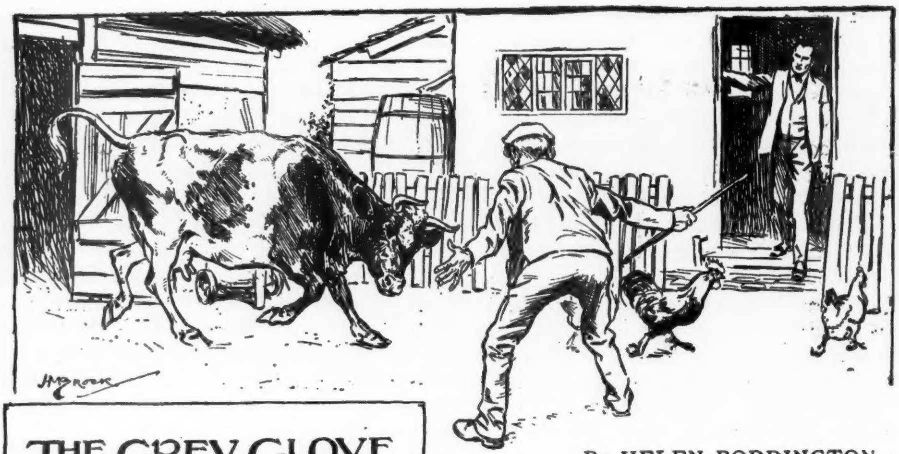
* This referred to the results of the Hut Tax.



THE GREY GLOVE

By HELEN BODDINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BROCK

CHAPTER I

"MASTER, master."

"Yes, Deborah."

"The coo's got out o' the shed."

"All right, I'll attend to her," said the man whom she called master, passing his hand wearily over his brow.

"I would no' a bothered yer," she continued, as he rose from his writing-table, "but o' course that Thamas ain't anywhere to be found 'cause he's wanted."

"Oh! these minor details of life, these trifles, how disturbing they are," muttered Caleb Denstone, as he passed out of the low old-fashioned house into a sort of farmyard, where by this time, "Thamas" was trying to get the refractory "coo" into the shed.

"'Er 'ave been a worry o' late, master, 'er is quite fierce-like at times," said "Thamas," when the said "coo" had been safely housed. "It were only last night as she kicked the pail over when I wer a-milking of 'er."

"Dear me! dear me!" said Caleb Denstone, his thoughts far away from "Thamas" and the "coo"; and slowly he turned and entered the house again. Seated once more at his writing-table he took up his pen, the worried look passed from his face, the frown disappeared, and "Thamas" and the "coo" were as though they had not been.

For an hour there was no sound in the room save the scratching of the pen on the paper and the occasional fall of a cinder from the grate. At the end of that time, with a sigh and a half smile, the writer raised his head and leant back in his chair.

"There! it is finished, and I think I am almost—almost satisfied with it." "It" was an article for a scientific paper.

"Yes, I think it will do, and I must not forget to send it off to-night." He rose, glanced at the clock, then stood before the fire looking thoughtfully into it.

Nobody would be likely to take Caleb Denstone for other than he was. His face, his head, his whole bearing proclaimed him to be a student—a man of letters. He could not have been more than thirty-eight at the most, yet the black hair had become grey, there were many lines in the clean-shaven rugged face and the tall figure and broad shoulders had the stoop peculiar to the literary man. In the world of science Caleb Denstone was an authority, though apart from that he was little known. He lived the life of a recluse; buried in his books, all his thoughts given to science and scientific researches, he grew daily more absorbed, more absent-minded.

Suddenly he lifted his eyes from the dying embers. "The meeting! I had quite forgotten the meeting," he muttered, and hurrying into the hall he began to put on his great coat.

"Be you a-going out, master?" said Deborah, issuing from the kitchen.

"Yes, yes; I am going to the meeting. I had almost forgotten it, Deborah."

"Dear! dear! and I might a' reminded ye on it, but to tell yer the truth it quite slippit me memory. But, master, it is going to be a storm afore long, don't yer think ye better bide a bit?"

But by this time the master was half way down the path and so out of hearing, and Deborah with a silent grumble at the contrariness of mankind, returned to her kitchen.

Presently, when it began to grow dusk she entered her master's study, made up the fire, and lighted the lamp.

"There's one thing, he'll be wet and cold when he do come in," she said, drawing the curtains across the window against which the wind was driving the rain in fierce gusts.

"Lors! who can that be?" she exclaimed, as a knock sounded at the front door; "it's too early for the master." Opening the door a few inches, Deborah popped her head out.

"Would you allow me to shelter until the storm is over?" said a girlish voice.

"Yes, sure, come in, it's a bad night to be out."

"Yes, it is," answered the new comer, stepping inside. "But it was so fine this afternoon I did not think it would rain, so went off for a long walk."

"Come into the master's study, there's a good fire and yer can warm yerself."

"But shall I not be intruding?" said the girl, glancing first at the writing-table, then at the book-lined walls.

"Oh! no; he won't be 'ome yet awile," said Deborah, drawing the master's easy-chair nearer to the fire and motioning the girl to be seated.

"How cosy it is!" holding a pair of small hands to the blaze. "I should like to stay here all night," with a laugh.

"'Ave you got far to go?"

"Oh no; not very far. As soon as the storm abates a little I shall have to rush. There's one lucky thing about the matter, and that is, nobody will miss me; at least, if they do, they will not trouble themselves to look for me."

"Ah, well! stay as long as yer like. There'll be no one to interfere with yer, for the master won't be here for long enough yet, and I shall have to go and get on with my work; so I'll leave yer to 'ave a good warm."

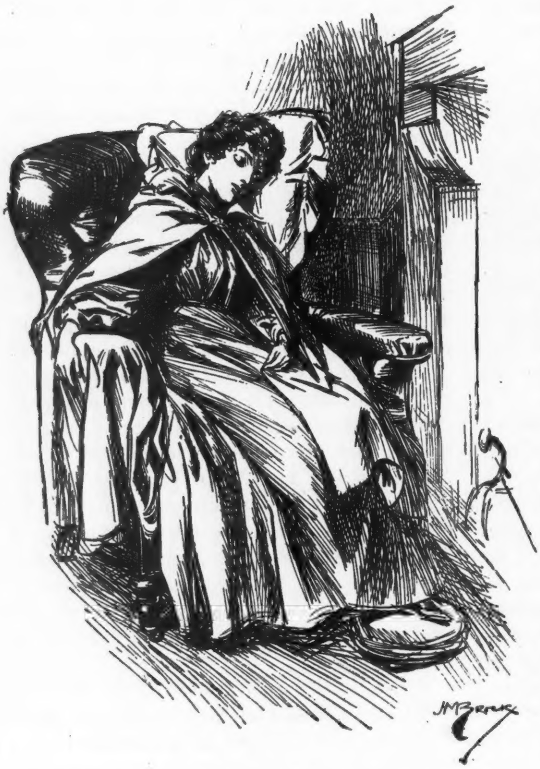
As Deborah quitted the room the girl glanced round with a smile.

"Yes, it looks cosy; but there is something wanting—something which is generally lacking in a man's room. What is 'the master' like, I wonder; old and grizzled, and at least seventy," with a glance at a pair of old carpet-slippers at the side of the hearth. "This chair is comfortable and the fire is delightfully warm; it is making me feel quite drowsy. How the flames dance up and down; and how"——the eyelids drooped, the head fell back, the girl was asleep. Deborah in her kitchen was humming a tuneless song, the stranger was still asleep in Caleb Denstone's chair, while the blazing wood fire still suffused the room with a ruddy glow, when he opened the front door and took off his great coat all unheard by his handmaid.

Then, in his usual slow way, with his head bent, he entered the study. Coming out of the dark into the light, for a moment he saw nothing except that there was a good fire, and being cold his first thought was to get to it. He reached the hearth before he saw anything unusual in the room; then, suddenly, his eyes fell on the figure reclining in his own chair. For a second or two his breath seemed to leave him; then, with a gesture of utter bewilderment, he exclaimed in a whisper, "Ye gods! what is the meaning of this?"

He could have found out the meaning of it from Deborah, but as yet he did not think of that. Dropping into a chair near his writing-table he fixed his eyes on the recumbent figure. Once or twice he passed his hand over them as if afraid that the organ of sight had suddenly become impaired, and that this was some visionary object before him.

When he had convinced himself that this was not so—that the occupant of his chair was a creature of flesh and blood—he began slowly and deliberately to scrutinise this mysterious being, who in his absence had taken possession of *his* room, even of *his* chair.



"His eyes fell on the figure reclining in his own chair"

The girl's attitude was one of negligent grace. She wore a red cloak, one side of which in sleep had been thrust open by the arm which hung loosely over the arm of the chair. The black head pillowed by a crimson cushion had fallen a little to one side, while the softened glow from the shaded lamp shone on her face, which was flushed with slumber. Tendrils of wavy hair clustered round the temples; the nose was small and finely shaped, and the parted lips had taken a pathetic curve which gave to the face an extremely childish look.

"What a picture!" mused the man. "How peacefully she sleeps! the breathing so regular, the attitude so easy; one would not like to disturb such rest as that. She is small—I thought her a child when I first saw her, but I think she must be at least eighteen or nineteen." A slight movement on the part of the sleeper, a tired sigh, then in a soft, drowsy voice, which was almost inaudible, "Nobody loves me, nobody loves me now."

"Poor child! poor little one! she is dreaming evidently, and the dream is not a pleasant one. Ah! that's well; again she is sleeping peacefully. The façe is flower-like; such delicate curves, such soft tender tints of colour. Now, if I were an artist——" Here the musing was interrupted, for the object of it opened her eyes, sat upright, and glanced in sleepy wonder at Caleb Denstone. Then, almost before he had time to note the awakening, her head fell back on the cushion, the eyelids drooped and once again the breathing became soft and regular. "Poor child," he said, "how tired she is!"

Now it had become a habit with Caleb Denstone to speak his thoughts out loud. Probably this habit had grown upon him unconsciously, and in the ordinary way it mattered little, as there was nobody to hear the ruminations of his mind. But now, unknown to him, the words he spoke were heard by the fair occupant of his chair. When her eyes had fallen on Caleb Denstone sitting there staring at her, a sort of timidity and shyness had overcome her at the thought of being found thus. Her first impulse was to escape, the next—perhaps because she still felt drowsy—to feign sleep.

"How strange it seems to see a woman sitting in this room once again," was the next softly spoken thought. "Poor Lucy, poor little sister, it is seven years since she died. Ah, yes; the place looks different; there is something lacking," with a glance round the room, "something that only a woman's hand gives. Now I come to think of it, sometimes I am just a little lonely; yes, it is good to see a woman here once more. Great heavens! I am becoming a sentimental fool. What do I want with women? I have grown accustomed to living alone; and besides I have my work—for me that is enough. Bother the girl! why doesn't she wake? how can I settle down to read or write while she is in the room." He stood up, moved a little nearer and looked intently at the fair face; then suddenly a thought seemed to strike him: "I'll go and ask Deborah about her; why didn't I think of that before?"

He had no sooner gone than the girl rose to her feet. "Poor man! he is lonely, but," with a half smile, "he wants to get rid of me."

Putting on her hat and drawing her cloak round her she crossed the room with swift, stealthy footsteps, softly opened the front door and passed out into the darkness.

"I do not like to wake her, she is sleeping so peacefully," said the master to Deborah, as they entered the study on tip-toe. Then, when he reached the chair, expecting still to see the little figure reclining against the cushions, he gave a gasp, for it was empty. She had vanished. He looked at the chair, he looked at Deborah, and then he looked round the room.

"Deborah, she's gone!" he said, as if only just awaking to that fact.

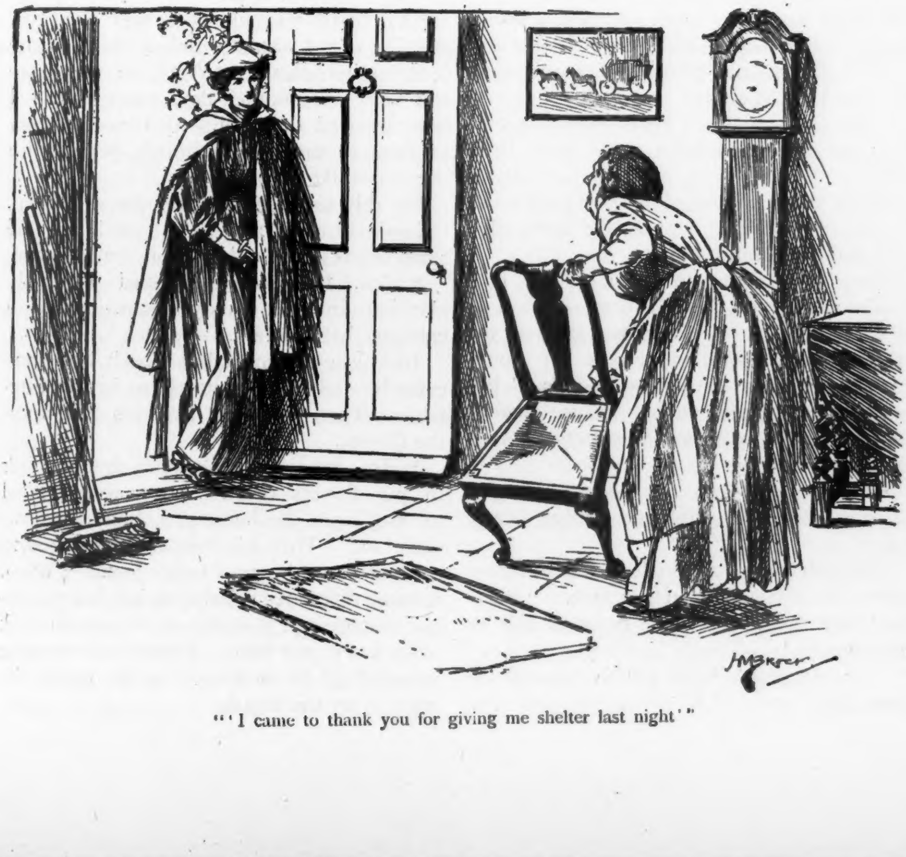
"Yes, master, she's gone," returned the handmaid. Then they both went to the door and looked out into the darkness.

"Poor mite," he said, "I am sorry she's gone; it is a bad night for one so young to be out alone." Then, "Ah! well, we can do nothing, Deborah; she evidently studied her own inclinations, and"—with a sigh of relief—"I can read in peace now."

Seating himself in his chair, against the cushions of which so short a time since the fair sleeper's head had been pillowed, with his beloved Carlyle in his hand, he began to read.

Once, twice, three times, he read one passage without taking in the sense of it, for between the page and his eyes unwritten words kept dancing up and down. "Nobody loves me, nobody loves me now."

With an impatient gesture he lifted his head, and dropped the book on to his knee, but only to be tormented by a fair flushed face and a little figure enveloped in a red cloak. For some minutes he sat thus, and his eyes which usually had a hard, keen look in them, had grown soft and tender. Then again he opened his book and again he could not read what was written therein,



"'I came to thank you for giving me shelter last night'" because of those imaginary words which seemed to rise out of the page—"Nobody loves me, nobody loves me now."

With an exclamation of annoyance, he threw the book down. "What an old fool I am," he muttered, "I can't think what is the matter with me." Then, "I'll go and have some supper and see what that will do."

CHAPTER II

THE following morning Deborah was busy dusting the hall, when suddenly, on looking up from her occupation, her eyes fell on her visitor of the previous evening standing in the open doorway.

"I came to thank you for giving me shelter last night," said the new-comer. "You see," she continued, "I fell asleep, and it had grown so late when I awoke that I just rushed home as quickly as possible. I would not even stop to tell you I was going, and I thought I could thank you this morning."

"You were quite welcome, but we did wonder what had become of yer. The master, he seemed quite put about: he said it were such a bad night for you to be out."

The girl tossed her head and gave a little laugh. "Is that the room where I went to sleep?" she asked, glancing towards the open door of the study.

"Yes, that's master's room, but he's out now; he allus goes for a walk about this time."

There was a pause while Deborah went on with her polishing, and the girl leant idly against the lintel of the door.

Then Deborah began again. "I'se got piles o' work to do this morning—in fact, I seems to be allus on, never 'as a moment to call my own. Now, as soon as I've done this I shall have to see to the master's study, and that takes long enough, 'cause there's allus such a lot o' books and papers littered about."

"Let me help you," exclaimed the girl eagerly. "I love dusting and putting things tidy."

Deborah looked at the slender little figure with a surprised grin on her face. "Bless yer! with them 'ands you'd never be able to do anything——"

"Shouldn't I! Well, you try me and I'll soon show you. Let me go in and put things to rights; I should love to have something to do; I'm tired of being idle. You see, there's never anything for me to do at home, nothing to take an interest in. I live at 'The Grange,' and there's nobody to speak to but Aunt Jane and the servants from morning till night, and if I interfered with anything in the house, I believe Aunt Jane would have a fit."

"Well, if yer really wants to do something, I'm sure I shall be glad of yer help; so go in by all means."

A little while later the study was transformed. The papers on the writing-table were in neat piles, and the books in their proper places on the shelves. A chair here and there had been removed from the straight line against the wall, the sofa was drawn forward nearer the fire, the master's slippers were warming on the hearth, and a little vase of flowers stood on the master's desk. There was not so much alteration, but the womanly touches had given to the room that which before was lacking.

"Well! lor!" exclaimed Deborah, standing in the doorway, "you 'ave made it look different. I couldn't a believed you could a made it look so nice."

"I'm glad you like it," said the girl, glancing round with a satisfied smile, as she fastened her cloak. "You'll let me come and help you another day, won't you? I have enjoyed doing it. You needn't say anything to the master though, because he might not like it."

By this time she was on the door-step. "Good-morning," she said, "you'll see me again before long," and with this she was gone.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said Deborah, glancing into the study again, "she's a caution, that's certain."

In little less than an hour Caleb Denstone came in and seated himself at his writing-table. Then suddenly, his eyes fell upon the flowers.

"How strange that Deborah should think to put flowers there. Lucy always used to, but since she left me, nobody has ever done so." Then his eyes wandered round the room, and he rose to his feet. "There is some difference: Deborah has been altering something: it looks as it used to look when Lucy was here. Deborah is growing thoughtful," he muttered, as he noted the slippers on the hearth.

A little later he said, "Deborah, I think you have made a great improvement in the study."

"Yes, master; I thought you'd like it," she answered, turning her face away from him and suddenly becoming extremely busy.

"I expect you thought I shouldn't notice these little things," the master continued, "but I did, and I assure you, Deborah, they pleased me very much."

Deborah looked overwhelmed at receiving such praise: in reality, she was conscience-stricken at receiving that which was not her due.

After that day, the flowers on Caleb Denstone's writing-table were renewed, the pages of new papers and magazines he found ready cut, and on returning from his morning walk his slippers were invariably warming before the fire. These, and endless other trifles, were done for him, which previously he had either had to do for himself, or leave undone. Thus some weeks passed. During that time Caleb Denstone had often thought of the girl, whom he had found that stormy night asleep in his chair. Often when reading or writing, when out walking or seated musing by his own fireside, the sweet girlish face, with that pathetic droop of the lips, would rise before him, while the voice full of pathos sounded in his ears, "Nobody loves me, nobody loves me now."

It was certainly against his will that he thought of her, and at such times he always called himself "An old fool."

One morning on returning from his walk he entered his study thinking how cosy and home-like it looked, when his eyes fell upon a small grey object on his writing-table. He picked it up and looked at it closely. It was a little grey glove. With the glove in his hand he made his way to the kitchen.

"Deborah, who has been into my study in my absence this morning, besides yourself?"

Deborah coloured, and glanced uneasily at her master.

"Why! now, sir; who would be likely to go in beside myself?"

"To whom does this belong then?" holding forth the glove. "Now, Deborah, no nonsense," continued Caleb Denstone sternly; "who has been in?"

"Well, master," began Deborah, brought to bay, "I didn't suppose as you'd mind, and the young lady she wer so anxious to do them little things."

"Young lady! what young lady?" asked he, with a bewildered look.

"Why, sir, you remember the young lady as came here to shelter that night?"

He nodded assent.

"Well, she came the next day, and when I told her I was busy she begged to help me. I was just a-going to put your study to rights, and she said she'd do it while I got on with my other work. Well, since then she's bin every mornin'; she arranges them flowers on yer desk, and does lots o' little odd jobs. She says she's glad to 'ave something to take an interest in. But she told me not to say anything to you about it, 'cause yer might object."

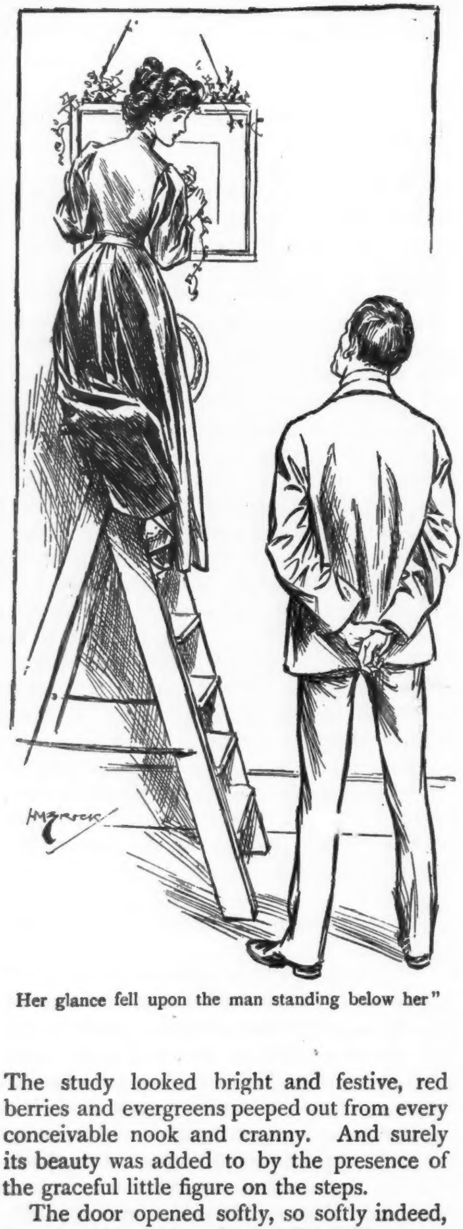
Astonishment was written on the man's face, but he only said, "Ah, well then, Deborah, do not mention to her that you have told me," and with that he returned to the study. Here he looked round with renewed interest. "So all this time her little hands have been doing these services for me; I might have known that Deborah could not do them." Then he sat down and spread the glove on his palm. "It is a tiny hand to fit inside so small a glove," gently, almost reverently passing his fingers over the soft kid; "but not a useless one withal."

After sitting thus for some minutes he sighed, opened a drawer in his desk and placed the glove carefully in it. "There! I will keep it until I can give it back to her myself."

In the days which followed he watched for her. He would not stay in because he was afraid that if he did she would not come, but he arranged his walks so that he could arrive home a little earlier than usual. However this was not of much avail, for he no sooner entered the front door than he saw a little red figure flitting out of the back. She, too, was evidently on the watch for him, and accordingly made her escape when she saw him coming up the garden path.

CHAPTER III

It was Christmas Eve. The "fairy," as Caleb Denstone had grown to call her in his own mind, stood on the top of a pair of tall steps arranging some holly over a picture.



Her glance fell upon the man standing below her"

The study looked bright and festive, red berries and evergreens peeped out from every conceivable nook and cranny. And surely its beauty was added to by the presence of the graceful little figure on the steps.

The door opened softly, so softly indeed, that she did not hear it, and Caleb Denstone stood with his eyes fixed on her.

"There! I think that will do," she said, critically surveying her handiwork; then she turned, and her glance fell upon the man standing below her. A little startled cry escaped her, and after that there was a second or two of silence while they stood looking at each other. Then she said, from her superior height, "You are home early to-day, master; much earlier than I expected."

"Ah! so I have caught you at last," and he stretched forth his hands to her.

Without the slightest hesitation she put hers into them and jumped lightly to the floor. "You are not angry with me, are you?" she said, pretending to look frightened, while he still held her hands and led her to the window.

"Why have you been doing so much for me?" he asked gravely.

The great brown eyes looked up into his face a little wonderingly. "Ah! don't be cross with me," she pleaded. "I have enjoyed coming here so much. I get so tired of sitting still at home; and there is never anything for me to do there."

"My dear child," he said softly, "why should I be angry with you?—you who have made my lonely life so much brighter."

The girl's head was bent and a blush suffused her cheeks. "That night when you thought I was asleep, some of the time I was half awake and heard you say," here she hesitated, "that—that—you were lonely and so I thought—I thought——"

"You thought you would make me less lonely by using these little hands in my service. My child, it was a generous, womanly thought and I thank you for it, and all you have done for me."

Then, while she put the finishing touches to the decorations, she chattered to him in her bright girlish way, and he leant against the mantelshelf and watched her every movement with a smile, which was half sad, on his usually grave face. He had forgotten that he had a quantity of writing to do, he had forgotten that he had planned to have a few hours' hard reading, for the fairy had bewitched him.

"What is your name?" he said, when it occurred to him that he knew not what to call her.

"Now, suppose I won't tell you," she said, her eyes brimful of merriment, "what should you call me?"

"I should call you Fairy, for I verily believe you are one."

"Very well, call me that, will you? It is much prettier than Bridget—Bridget Macdonald is my real name, but I am generally called Biddy." Then she went on to tell him about her home life. How two years before her mother had died and since then she had lived with her aunt at "The Grange." The eyes grew wistful and told their own tale as she said, "Yes, I am dreadfully lonely sometimes; there is nobody who cares for me."

The man's rugged face had grown tender. "I fancy we are both rather tired of our own company," he said.

Oh! fie! Caleb Denstone. You have your work, what more do you want! A few weeks ago it would have been all-sufficient!

"I wonder if you know to whom this belongs?" he queried with a smile, extracting the little grey glove from the drawer and holding it before her eyes.

"My glove!" she exclaimed. "You found it! Did I leave it on your desk?"

"Yes, and that was how I found out who my unknown benefactress was."

"What a tell-tale glove," she said, as she took it from him, "though I shouldn't have thought you would have noticed it."

"Why not?"

"Oh! because—well! because—you are so—so absorbed in your books; you have so many things to think of." Then suddenly, "I must go. I know," with a laugh, "that you are longing to get rid of me, as you were on that first night. Ah! you did not know I heard that," she said, and the poor man, looked as though he were guilty of a crime.

"No, no; indeed I do not want to get rid of you; it was farthest from my thoughts. Come when you like and stay as long as you will. I shall always be glad to see you. You have been my good fairy for so long, don't desert me now."

Oh, Caleb Denstone! what of your work?

"Ah! it is kind of you to say so, but you would soon get tired of me. There! I am going. Return to your books, my master; I will leave you in peace." Then she stood in the doorway and waved her hand. "Good-bye," she said.

"Good-bye, my fairy," said the man softly.

He did not return to his books, though, for some time, but stood looking into the fire, still with the half-smile upon his face.

CHAPTER IV

DREARY winter had given place to spring, clothed in her gorgeous mantle, and Caleb Denstone had grown accustomed to see a girlish figure flitting about his room. This morning he was seated at his desk writing, when suddenly, on raising his head, he saw his fairy standing before him.

"I've got a piece of news for you, master, a wonderful piece of news—at least, it is wonderful to me. I can hardly believe it yet, but I suppose it must be true, because Aunt Jane informed me of it herself this morning."

"What can the marvellous news be?" said Caleb Denstone with a smile, while he watched the varying expressions on the girl's face.

"Well! it is this—We are going to have a visitor at 'The Grange'; and the visitor is a young man. There! what do think of that?"

He started and passed his hands over his eyes before speaking. "Why! I think that when the young man does make his appearance, I shall not see much of my fairy."

She was arranging some flowers in a vase, and she lifted her head and looked at him wonderingly.

"How little you know me," she said, in an injured tone; then in a changed voice, "You wouldn't miss me much if I did not come again; I know I am a torment to you, only you will not tell me so."

"You are as you have ever been, my good fairy, my scrap of sunshine. If you never came to chase away the dark clouds, they would be always there."

"A hundred young men would not make me forget 'my master.'"

"Child, why do you persist in calling me that?"

"Because you are so great, so clever. I always feel like a little ignorant school-girl when I am with you."

"Come here," he said, and she went and stood beside him. "You say I am clever, but I have learned many things from you. One thing especially you have taught me, but it matters not now what it is. If later on you have other people, other occupations to take your attention, and if in consequence I never see you again, I should always look back with joy to the time when my fairy waved her magic wand and made fruitful that which was barren."

Days flew past, and in due course the visitor arrived at "The Grange," and still the fairy found time to pay occasional visits to her "master."

When he questioned her about the young man, she merely said she did not like him and should be glad when he had gone away again; but days lengthened into weeks, and still the visitor remained at "The Grange."

One evening Caleb Denstone sat near his study window watching the shadows deepen as gloomy night slowly cast a veil over radiant day. He held a book in his hand, but it had grown too dark to read, and so he sat thus while his thoughts wandered. It was all so silent that presently, when he heard light footsteps on the gravel path and saw his fairy coming through the dusk, he started.

"'Master,'" she said as she entered the room, and he noticed that her face was pale, "I want to tell you something. I want to ask your advice, and I couldn't wait till morning." Then she paused, and leant against a chair opposite him. "That man has asked me to be his wife."

Caleb Denstone suddenly rose to his feet. "Well," he said, drawing a deep breath.

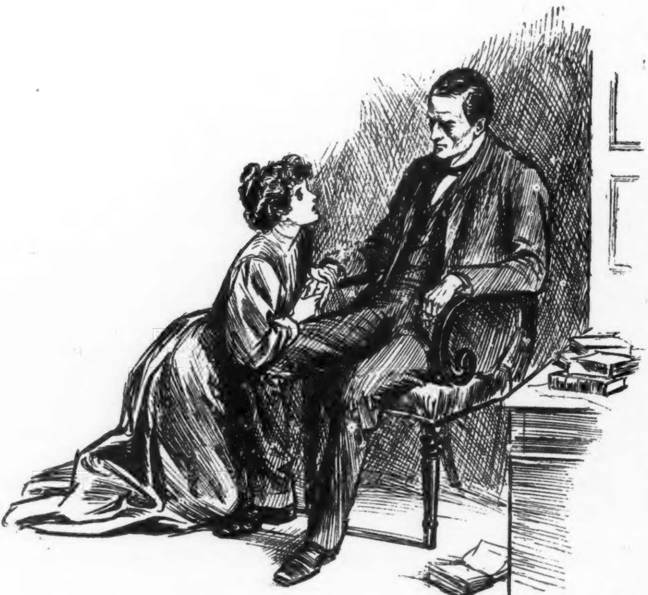
"I told you I disliked him; but that is a poor word, for I hate him. I loath the sight of him."

"And consequently you refused to marry him?"

"Yes, it was easy enough to do that; but you see he is Aunt Jane's nephew, and it is evidently she who has planned this. When she heard from him that I had refused to be his wife, she was very angry, and said if I did not agree to become engaged to him within the next twenty-four hours I should leave her house immediately. Now, as she is the only relation I have, and as I haven't a penny of my own, I don't quite like the idea of this," she said, with a bitter little laugh.

She had not changed her position, and Caleb Denstone, as he seated himself again opposite to her, thought of the first time he had seen her, when in her sleep she had said, "Nobody loves me, nobody loves me now," and he even muttered, "Poor child," as he had on that first night. His face had grown white, the lips were set firmly together and he looked as though he had something to say, yet didn't know quite how to say it. After a pause, he began:

"You certainly cannot go out alone into the world without money, so the only alternative is for you to marry this man; unless——" he hesitated, "unless as you hate him so much, you could make up your mind to be the wife of a man who is years older than yourself, whom you do not care for as a wife should care for her husband, whose thoughts and pursuits would be totally dis-



"Took one of his hands between her own"

similar to your own, but," leaning forward with an eager, passionate light in the eyes, "who loves you now and will love you until the end of all things."

The voice had grown soft and tender, and the girl glancing at him knew that she had never seen quite the same expression on his face before. "I would marry any man rather than him," she said, with a shudder, and she bent her head to hide the flush which suffused her cheeks, for she could not fail to see his meaning.

"Will you be my wife, then?" The voice was cold and monotonous now. "I know, of course, that you don't love me. I know that I am too old and too stern for one so bright and young, but I will try to make you happy, dear; and"—eagerly—"perhaps in time you might grow to care for me just a little."

The girl did not speak but she shook her head, and because her eyes were fixed on the ground he could not see that, though they were full of tears, there was a merry twinkle in them.

"No, of course you cannot love me. I should not have expected it. I am not the sort of man a young girl could care for, especially a girl like 'my fairy,'" and he smiled sadly.

She moved forward, she dropped on her knees beside him and the sweet face was upturned to his. Then she took one of his hands between her own, and he thought she did it to give him comfort.

"You said," she began, "that perhaps in time I might grow to care for you 'just a little.' No, I cannot do that, because ——"

"No, dear, don't trouble about it," he interrupted.

"Because," she continued softly, "because, now, my whole being is full of love for you, 'my master.'"

He looked into her eyes and read there that what she said was true, and then he folded her in his arms, and she heard him murmur, "My fairy, my own little fairy."

A RECOLLECTION OF LEWIS CARROLL

By EDITH ALICE MAITLAND

When I was a small girl I lived in Oxford with my father and mother: one of my greatest child friends was Mr. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll). I was very fond of him, and by his sympathy and loving kindness he smoothed away many a little cloud that crossed my childish path.

Mother had an idea that "*anything* was good enough for children to wear," and I, being a very plain, shy little soul, did not fare so daintily as my plump, pretty sister.

One day I had been very miserable in the nursery, as I had had to wear a dress that I positively hated; it was so ugly—a large check pattern of light blue and light drab. I had been crying, and I think Nurse Mary was glad to hear my father's voice calling to his woe-begone daughter to come and take a walk. I was quickly dressed in my little black spencer and hat with blue ribbons, and trotted off with father up "the High" to Christ Church and Mr. Dodgson.

My face still showed traces of tears, and every time I gazed at the horrid drab and blue squares I felt most unhappy.

After speaking to father, Mr. Dodgson turned to me:

"Why, Alice, you look as if you had been crying rivers!"

"I don't like my dress," I sobbed.

"Dear me! It seems a nice, comfortable, warm dress."

"It is warm," I admitted; and then, seeing the grief I was in, with his arm round me he drew me kindly to him and told me a lovely story of the sheep and the fleece; the washing of the wool; the carding and the spinning; the shuttle and the click, click of the looms; the thickening of the cloth, and then, how it was packed for the shops and sold.

The story was so interesting that my tears had quite disappeared by the time it was finished, and I patted the front of my despised frock with quite a new interest.

"I shall like it better now, and I won't be silly any more."

"There are lots of little girls, Alice, in the world, who would like a useful, warm dress like yours. And not only is it useful; it is very amusing; at least, you might make it so."

"How?" I cried. "Tell me, please."

"You shall see," Mr. Dodgson said, laughingly, as he brought out from a drawer a draught-board and men, also a square drawing-board which he told me to put under the skirt of my dress, and I sitting on one little stool, he on another, we played a most novel game of draughts on the large blue and drab squares of my dress.

It was a splendid game, and I won it, and father laughed and said "it was a grand idea to turn me into a real, walking draught-board." I forgot all my troubles and was quite merry, and often afterwards, Mr. Dodgson would say, "Put on the blue and grey frock, Alice, when you come for a game of draughts."

This was only one of the many little ways in which my dear old friend showed his love and sympathy for small people; his patience and good-nature were unfailing and a kinder man never lived.

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

By the Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE POWER NOT OURSELVES THAT MAKES FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

"Be strengthened [not "be strong" as in A.V.] in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."—2 Tim. ii. 1

THE verb is passive; it means, not "be strong," but "be strengthened"; not "make yourself strong," but "receive strength." And this, as some one has pointed out, is the usual voice of the verbs of the New Testament which describe moral and spiritual transformations: "Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God," "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." True, the Apostle writes in one place, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling"; but, immediately, he goes on to say, "For it is God that worketh in you both to will and to work for His good pleasure." Of peculiar interest in this connection is the familiar exhortation of Hebrews vi. 1: "Let us go on unto perfection." The Revisers render it, "Let us press on." But, as Bishop Westcott has pointed out, neither rendering exactly reproduces the thought of the sacred writer. Here, too, the verb is passive, and the meaning appears to be, "Let us be borne on unto perfection." Luke uses the same word when he speaks of the driving of a ship before the wind (Acts xxvii. 15, 17), and Peter, when he writes of holy men who were "moved by the Holy Spirit" (2 Peter i. 21). There seems, therefore, no sufficient reason why it should not in this case also be rendered by a passive verb. As Dr. Westcott says, "The thought is not primarily of personal effort, but of personal surrender to an active influence. The power is working: we have only to yield ourselves to it: 'Let us be borne on unto perfection.'"

Consider what this means. It means that the power which makes for man's salvation is without, not within, is of God, not of man. Man cannot create it; it is there, altogether apart from and independent of him; it is for him to make use of it. Indeed, it is in the spiritual world as it is in the natural world. Neither force nor matter can man either create or destroy; he can only turn them to account. "All the work of the world," it has been said, "is merely taking advantage of energies already there." Or, as Bacon puts it, "Man can himself do nothing else than move natural bodies to and from each other; nature working within does the rest." The engine-driver who sends his express train thundering along the track, sixty miles an hour, would be unable to move it a single inch, were it not for the hidden power of steam which he harnesses to the service of man. Nansen builds the good ship *Fram*, thrusts it into the pack ice, and then hauls up the rudder; Nature, with her great drift across the polar sea, does the rest. An astronomer photographs a star. Who is it takes the photograph? The astronomer? Well, yes; and yet without the action of the light on the sensitised surface there would be no picture. And so we may say, too, it is the star that takes the photograph. All our wonderful developments in arts and manufactures, which we owe to modern science, have come to us, not through any new creative agency, but from the completer utilisation of the forces of Nature which our increasing knowledge has made possible.

So is it, also, in religion. We do not create, we employ. The power that makes for righteousness, the power that saves, is already in the world and at work. It is for us to yield ourselves to it and we shall be "borne on unto perfection."

Then has man nothing to do? Is he merely helpless clay in the potter's hands to be moulded as the potter wills? We shall consider that question in our next reading; but before we seek to safeguard the truth, let us be quite sure that we understand it. It is this: that the one thing needful for salvation is that we should avail ourselves of—that we should put ourselves into the way of—that mighty divine transforming agency which is revealed to us in the Gospel.

It is a simple thing to say, but the whole history of the Church shows how very difficult it often is to receive. Man has never done trying to be good without God. The Judaism which Paul smote and slew, the Pelagianism of the early Church which received its death-wound at the hands of St. Augustine, the gross corruptions of Rome against which Luther and Calvin made their undying protest—all these were but varying forms of the one great error which bids man seek within himself the forces which are to issue in his salvation. I do not wonder that Paul and Augustine and Luther were strong even to vehemence in their protest; for when men speak as did their opponents, it is not merely a truth of the Gospel, it is the Gospel itself, that is imperilled. The endeavour to be good without God always ends, always must end, in failure and in heart-break. Man can no more redeem himself than he can lift himself up by his own waistband. And if there is no divine power at work without us, if we are thrown back wholly upon our own poor resources, if the only righteousness possible to us is the righteousness we can win by our own aspiration and effort and will, then, verily, there is no salvation and no Holy Spirit; Christ has died in vain; we are yet in our sins. Thank God, we have a different Gospel, which *is* a Gospel, a message which we can carry to every man, even to the worst and the weakest, that there is at work in the world a divine force which, if we will surrender ourselves to its influence, will accomplish for us and in us what man is powerless to effect for himself, which is able even to bear us on "unto perfection."

SECOND SUNDAY

WORKERS TOGETHER WITH GOD

"Be not fashioned according to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." Rom. xii. 2

"Be ye transformed": we do not transform ourselves; the power that fashions us is from without, not from within. Then is man merely passive? Is he "borne on unto perfection" as the flotsam of a river is borne on to the sea? Assuredly not. If he were a log he would not be a man. True, man can originate nothing; he cannot set in motion the forces that alone can save him. And yet to speak of him as wholly passive in the work of salvation is false and misleading. Man must co-operate with God; he must surrender himself to the divine influence. It is not a diminution, but a redirection of his effort that is needed.

Here again natural processes may illustrate spiritual. The river may run by the miller's door, but unless he put in his water-wheel it will never grind his corn. The winds may be blowing free and wild, but unless the seaman hoist his sail and set his rudder in position he will never cross the ocean. Nature furnishes the ice-drift through the polar sea, but the explorer must build his stout ship and thrust it into the ice, or there will be no story of "Farthest North." In one sense, as I pointed out in our last reading, it is the star that takes the photograph. But the astronomer has his work to do: he must fix the instrument and keep it in position. And this is not to be done without thought and care. In astronomical photography, *e.g.*, the plate often requires to be exposed to the action of the light for three or four hours, and it then becomes necessary to counteract the results of the earth's motion. To effect this the telescope has attached to it a clock-work train which keeps the images of the tiny points of light stationary on the plate.

Is not all this a parable for our life? It is God who must print the divine image on our hearts; it is for us to keep ourselves in position. We cannot "press on" unto perfection; we must be "borne on" by a power without us; but it is for us to put ourselves where the divine influences can play upon us. Just as man co-operates with nature, creating nothing, originating nothing, but utilising everything, so must man co-operate with God, availing himself of that which God provides.

Man's responsibility may be stated in another way. There is a power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness; but there is also a power, not ourselves, which makes for *un*righteousness. And we must decide to which of these opposing powers we will yield ourselves. The first law of motion declares that every body continues in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line, except in so far as it may be compelled by impressed forces to change that state. The law has its counterpart in the spiritual life of men; but here the "impressed forces" may be forces that bear on to perfection or to destruction; and once more we have to make our choice. There are currents that carry men away from God as well as towards Him: "We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them" (Heb. ii. 1, R.V.) Our peril lies, as the peril of the Hebrews lay, "in that stream of habit and circumstance which is ever tending to bear us along with it, if our watchfulness is relaxed." "Be not fashioned according to this world," says the Apostle; "but be transformed by the renewing of your mind." Both verbs are in the passive voice. We may yield ourselves to the world or we may yield ourselves to God; to whichever we yield ourselves we shall be conformed. We make the first great choice, and after that, I had almost said, the issue is out of our hands. The forces which determine our life are not of our creating, but they are of our choosing. Choose well; your choice is endless.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE GRACE OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." —2 Cor. viii. 9

"GRACE"—what is that? The word has many meanings; but its primary meaning, the meaning which it has here, is this: "Love in exercise to those who are below the lover, or who deserve something else, stooping love that condescends, and patient love that forgives." Grace is love; but it is more than love. Wonderful, passing wonderful, may be a mother's love for her child; but that is not "grace." For a mother's love, if not at first, afterwards comes to be, in part at least, love's answer to love, love going forth to meet love; and love always is the children's right. But "grace" loves the unloving and unlovable; it gives where there is no merit and can be no claim; its sweet waters gush forth unbidden as from some secret spring. "God commendeth His own love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," and herein we behold "the grace of God our Saviour."

"Grace" is one of the great words of the New Testament. The gospel is called "the gospel of the grace of God," *i.e.*, it is the gospel which makes known the grace of God. Not only is redemption itself an act of grace, but from that same grace, as from a fountain, flow all the blessings of the life of the redeemed. St. Paul almost exhausts the resources of language in emphasising this truth. Read, *e.g.*, Ephes. ii. 8–10. "The apostle," says Dr. Dale, "is not content with stating the great truth once for all. He states it affirmatively and then negatively, then affirmatively again, and closes with a final negation: 'By grace have ye been saved,' and to exclude the possibility of missing his meaning, he adds, 'not of yourselves.' This is not enough: 'it is the gift of God'; nor is this enough; to make it clear that the gift is absolutely free, he adds, 'not of works, that no man should glory.' Even now he is not satisfied; the good works which are possible to us cannot be the ground and condition of salvation; for they are its result: 'We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works which God afore prepared, that we should walk in them.'" Every step, from first to last, in the process of man's salvation is of grace. It is through grace the divine calls comes to us, through grace we are able to respond to it. At the beginning of his journey, and at the end of it, and all the way through it, the man who is taught of Christ will say, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

Read once more the familiar words of the apostolical benediction: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all." Is not the very order of the phrases significant? Why does "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ" come first? The natural, theological order would have been first, "the love of God," and then, afterwards, the grace of Christ, and the communion of the Holy Spirit; as, in the Baptismal formula, we say, "into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." But it was, I believe, a true spiritual instinct that guided the Apostle's pen. He has given us, not the order of theology, but the order of experience; for it is through "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ," and through it alone, that we all come into the knowledge of "the love of God and the communion of the Holy Spirit."

And as "grace" is one of the great words of the New Testament, so we may say, that there have been no great days in the Church's history when this word has not been magnified, and all that for which it stands set in the very forefront of its teaching. It was the keystone of the arch of the theology of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and of the Evangelical Revival of the eighteenth. Wesley's conversion took place in May 1738. The next month, in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford, he preached the sermon which stands first in the collected edition and which contains the germs of all his future teaching; his text was "By grace are ye saved through faith." And can the Church's revival ever come, save through the continual re-discovery in the hearts of men of this great truth? The most memorable thing to me in the biography of the late Dr. Dale was this sentence from a letter to a ministerial friend: "Forsyth said a good thing the other day—he thought that 'the time had come to get back the word *Grace* into our preaching'; word and thing have too much disappeared." And, let us remember, if we lose this, it is not merely an aspect of the Gospel that is being forgotten; it is the Gospel itself we are losing.

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." Ah, if we did, never more would "love wax cold or faith grow dim." Let our minds brood on the truth till grace, "so amazing, so divine," not only demands but receives our soul, our life, our all.

FOURTH SUNDAY

ST. PAUL AT THE INDIAN'S GRAVE

"If I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing."—1 Cor. xiii. 3

ASSUMING the accuracy of the text of the Revised Version—though, as the margin shows, there is considerable doubt on the matter—of what is St. Paul here thinking? To refer the words to the fiery death of Christian martyrs is an impossible explanation, for we know of none who had so suffered at the early period to which this letter belongs. Bishop Lightfoot, however, suggests—and the suggestion has commended itself to several scholars of repute—that the Apostle may have had in view an actual historical incident. A story is told of an embassy sent by an Indian king Porus to Augustus. Attached to the embassy was a Buddhist fanatic, who "immolated himself in the presence of an astonished crowd, and perhaps of the emperor himself, at Athens. He anointed himself and then leapt smiling on the pyre." The incident naturally created much interest, and the Indian's tomb, bearing this inscription, "Zarmanochegas, the Indian from Bargosa, who, after the fashion of his Indian forefathers, made himself immortal, lies here," was for long, we are told, one of the sights shown to strangers at Athens. Now Paul, we know, had recently visited Athens; he had observed an altar, "To an unknown God"; what more probable than that he should have seen this inscription also, and should have heard with wonder the strange story of the self-immolation of this poor Buddhist fanatic? And yet, he reflected, even sacrifice, the sacrifice not only of one's goods, but of one's life, may be without love, and therefore nothing worth: "If I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing." There is no substitute for love—that is the lesson Paul learned at the Indian's tomb in Athens; that is the lesson for us again to-day.

"If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal": eloquence cannot take the place of love. Eloquence is a wonderful gift, and it can work wondrous things. Who has not envied the great orator swaying the multitudes as the wind sways the standing corn? But, after all, eloquence is but a dialect; love is the universal speech. I may speak to my little child in the sounding periods of a Demosthenes, and I shall only frighten him; but if Love is the speaker, though the words be only the tiny speech of baby-language, he will understand. Henry Drummond has told us how in the heart of Africa, among the great lakes, he came across black men and women who remembered the only white man they ever saw before—David Livingstone; "and as you cross his footsteps in that dark continent, men's faces light up as they speak of the kind doctor who passed there years ago. They could not understand him: but they felt the love that beat in his heart."

"And if I have the gift of prophecy and know all mysteries, and all knowledge, but have not love, I am nothing": knowledge cannot take the place of love. Knowledge is great, and Paul, who had been brought up in a university city and had sat at the feet of the learned Gamaliel, was not the man to despise it; but knowledge as it is not the greatest thing in God, so neither is it the greatest thing in man.

Great is our Lord, and mighty in power;
His understanding is infinite.
He telleth the number of the stars:
He giveth them all their names.

Yet even to the Psalmist it was revealed that the glory that excelleth is not the glory of an infinite understanding, but rather the glory of an infinite love:

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem;
He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.
He healeth the broken in heart,
And bindeth up their wounds.

Therefore is it written that he that loveth not knoweth not God, but that he that abideth in love abideth in God.

"And if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing": faith cannot take the place of love. It may seem a hard saying to some, but it is the word of the Apostle of faith himself, and the sooner we find a place for it in our creed and in our life the better. We have gravely misunderstood Paul, if we think him less emphatic than any of his brother Apostles in declaring that without love it is impossible to please God.

"And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing": "Charity" and self-sacrifice cannot take the place of love. Nothing in life is more unlovely than its loveless charities. We give, not because we love, but as a relief to our feelings, as a sop to conscience, as an escape from greater responsibilities—in a word, because so often it is so much easier to give than to do anything else. When shall we learn that love has no substitute, that sacrifice is worthy only so far as it is the sacrifice of love?

One of the last, slowly-murmured sayings of Whittier, the poet, as he lay a-dying, was this: "Give — my love — to — the world." And this is the world's supreme need to-day; more than our eloquence, or our knowledge, or our wealth, or all else besides, it needs our love. True, even love may sometimes err; but the cure for love's mistakes is just more love. We never blunder because we love; we often blunder because we do not love enough. God help us all, that like Whittier, we may live and die, giving our love to the world!

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

IN "The Rulers of the South,"* we have another of the elaborate and picturesque historical studies with which Mr. Marion Crawford has recently taken to varying his work in fiction. Few writers, at least in our own language, can be better qualified by long residence and close intercourse with the people for the execution of such a task; and perhaps even fewer are endowed with the insight into human motives, the imaginative sympathy, the faculty to perceive essentials, and the literary gift, without which it is impossible to make history live. And in these two engrossing volumes, into which has been compressed the story of more than two thousand years, history does live; and one is carried along the swift current of the ages with unflagging interest, from the landing of the Greeks in the eighth century before Christ down to the union of the two Sicilies with the modern Kingdom of Italy in 1860. It is a marvellous record of fierce human energy and enterprise, of violence and cruelty, of splendour and luxury, of incessant change and destruction and revival. "There is not a valley in the whole island," writes Mr. Crawford, "where men have not lain in ambush to kill other men, nor a field that has not been dyed crimson, nor a lovely defile of the mountains whose rivulet has not run red. Within the narrow seagirt space, six hundred miles round, Greeks and Phœnicians, Carthaginians and Romans, Byzantines and Goths, Saracens, Normans, Frenchmen, Catalans, freemen and slaves, fought almost unceasingly for more than two thousand years; and in every brief interval of rest the rich soil brought forth its fruit a hundredfold, the blood-stained meadows blossomed again, and the battle-field of many nations was again the garden of the world."

The people who gave the island its name are proved to have been of the Pelasgian stock, but they had wandered from the Hæmus to the Apennines and had overrun the southern mainland of Italy when the great wave of Pelasgian migration swept down into the peninsula, and drove them oversea to the cornfields of Demeter and the fruitful land of Enna, where the violets grew so thick that even a goddess's hounds could no longer follow the scent, so sweet was the fragrance of the flowers. And there the Sicelians walled the ancient towns, of which remains may still be traced, and built swift ships for rapine and sea-faring. Twelve centuries before Christ some of them joined in a descent on Egypt, and two hundred and fifty were slain, and their hands were hewn off and taken as a trophy to Merenptah, who was, I suppose, no other than the Pharaoh of the hard heart. And indeed for centuries after the settlement of the Greeks in Sicily the Sicelians were still flourishing. But it has been the strange destiny of the island to be the spoil of the strong. "There is no part of Europe which has been dominated by a greater number of different races, and none where each"—with the exception of the Goths and the Vandals—"has left such deep traces of its domination." One might have anticipated that at some stage of its history the foundations would assuredly have been laid for a stable and powerful nation, or at the least for a small but inviolable kingdom; or again one might have expected that one or other of the races of conquerors might have changed the whole course of history. As Mr. Crawford mentions, the Greeks had their chance and missed it through petty rivalries and an inability to combine in a comprehensive project of patriotic ambition. "If after the battles of Himera and Salamis the whole Greek nation, from Asia Minor to Western Sicily, and from Italian Naples to the shores of Africa, had united to effect the conquest of the known world, Europe, Asia, and Africa would have been theirs, and the Hellenes would have filled the part afterwards played by Rome." But by some dispensation of providence, or through some fatality springing out of the character of leaders or peoples, the story of Sicily is one long saga of the sword; and one of the striking results is, that while Sicily survives through all shocks, history knows no great Sicilians. The names which seem to challenge this statement—Archimedes and Theocritus, Dionysius and Agathocles, King Roger and Frederick II.—really confirm it; "Greeks, Arabs, Normans, Spaniards, and Italians have all been Sicilians at one time or another." At the present day the population of the eastern and southern portions of the island, speaking broadly, still bears the stamp of a Greek origin, while in the central and western parts the evidence of Arab blood is unmistakable. On the southern mainland, too, the predominating type is Greek rather than Latin. More striking still, "both in Sicily and on the mainland there are still villages where only Greek is spoken and Italian is learned at school as a foreign language; and in the Maltese Islands, only sixty miles south of Sicily, the modern tongue is Arabic, so far as it can be said to be anything definite."

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* "The Rulers of the South: Sicily, Calabria, Malta." By Francis Marion Crawford, author of "In the Palace of the King," "Via Crucis," "Ave Roma Immortalis." With a hundred original drawings by Henry Brokman, and maps. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 21s. net.

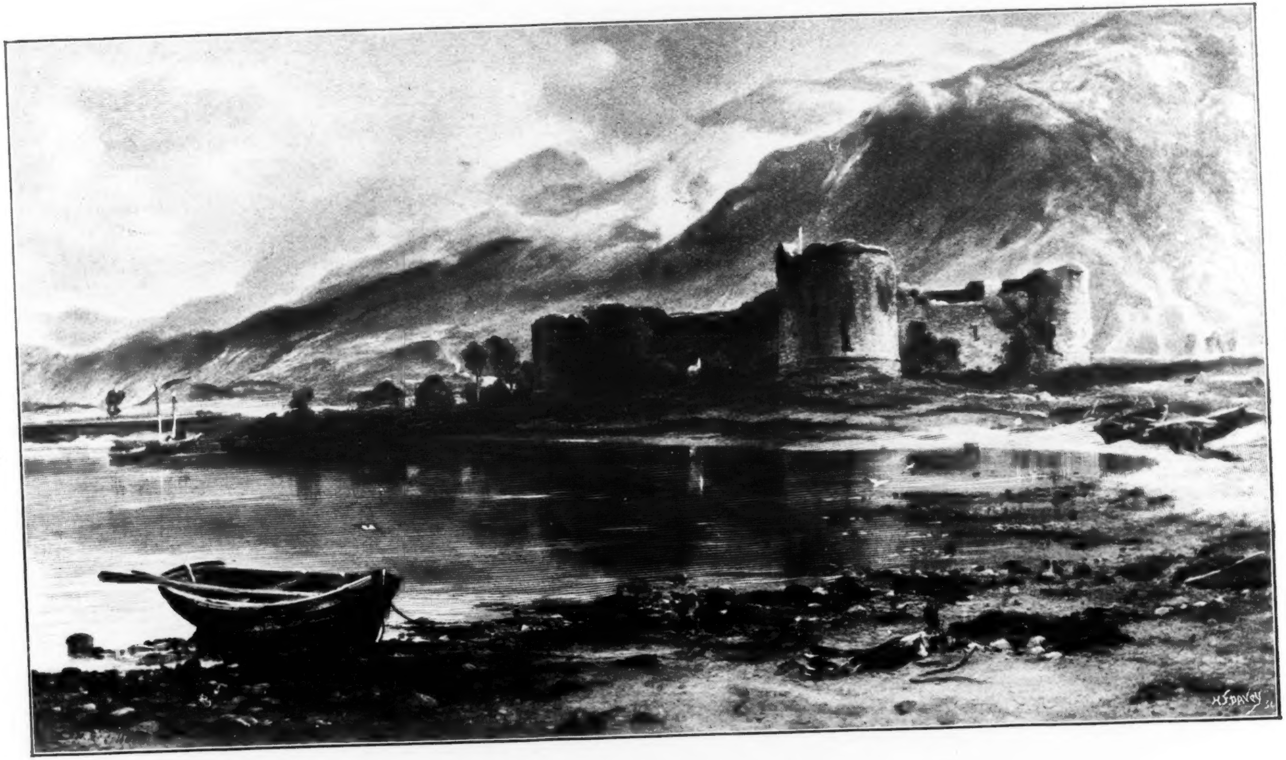
Of the beauty and richness of the island it is impossible for one who has not seen it to form a true conception. Thousands of feet up the mountains the farmer plies his primitive implements, and harvests his two crops in a year. Whatever is planted flourishes; wheat and barley, orange and date-palm, vine and banana, cotton and papyrus (extinct now in Egypt and everywhere else). Not far below the surface there is rock salt, and the sulphur mines are the most valuable in the world. Around the coast are the finest fisheries in the Mediterranean, and in the same waters the coral seeker drives a prosperous traffic. "There is probably not to be found anywhere," according to Mr. Crawford, "an equal area of land of the same value, not containing mines of diamonds, gold, or silver." Of the loveliness of the landscape and of the noble remains of art and opulence, the numerous drawings of Mr. Brokman afford ample evidence. Nothing could be more ideally beautiful than some of these scenes of mediæval cloisters or of old-world temples and theatres; and it is especially interesting to read that, in Mr. Crawford's opinion, "if there is a resurrection in store for Italian architecture and Italian art, it will begin in Palermo or some Sicilian city, and not in Florence, which has become a manufactory of pretty facsimiles, nor in Rome, where art is given over to foreigners and architecture to contractors; and if any such renewal of life is to come, I think it will proceed from Saracen or Norman beginnings, and not from anything left by Charles V. and the Spanish kings."

In following the fortunes of the Rulers of Southern Italy and Sicily, if there seems to be a certain epical greatness about such figures as Pythagoras, Dionysius, Theocritus, Timoleon and Archimedes, there is a rude and splendid picturesqueness in the story of the Norman adventurers which stirs one's blood with an enthusiasm that is not so easily felt for the older men of a foreign race. Not only are the details of the story fresher and, as it were, more modern in kind, but the adventurers may be described as in some degree of our own kin. The beautiful mystic presence of Pythagoras, in so many particulars suggestive of St. Francis of Assisi, is not to be dismissed lightly, and he is invested with an additional interest by Mr. Crawford's conjecture that "some of the extraordinary beliefs current among the Italians and Sicilians may have had their origin in the fables about the Pythagorean brothers," and that there is a possible connection between the organisation of the original brotherhood and the rules and ordinances of the secret societies which have prevailed in the south in later days. Indeed Mr. Crawford appears to perceive traces of association between that ancient confraternity of the Sage of Crotona on the one hand, and on the other the slaves who rose twice against the Romans in Sicily, the people who destroyed the Frenchmen of the Sicilian Vespers, the Camorra of Naples, and the Mafia of the Sicily of to-day. Whether this be the case or not, "the south has always been the natural home of widespread and secret unions of determined men for one end; and whereas in recent history political parties have made use of them and have risen to power by their help, no party and no government has ever been able to fight them to an issue nor to stamp them out."

At this point it will repay us to glance at Mr. Crawford's brief and lucid account of the Camorra and the Mafia, which in this country are pretty generally supposed to mean the same sort of thing, but which are radically different from each other. In the broad sense, the Camorra "means the vast organisation of thieves, high and low, by which daily life in Naples is controlled, by which the city is swayed in political matters, and with the existence of which the Italian Government is obliged to reckon. The social effects of the Camorra do not extend much beyond the city; politically the whole city is affected by it. . . . It might be described as a society for preserving a monopoly in stealing and illicit trades, were it not that many apparently respectable officials, men of business, and tradespeople protect it, or are under its protection. . . . The real end and object of the Camorra is, I think, always profit, gained by any means, good or bad. It constrains all pickpockets, thieves and burglars in the city to render an account of their robberies to their superiors, on pain of being at once handed over to justice; and there is no city in the world in which it is so easy to recover stolen goods, provided that application be made in the right quarter." On the other hand, the Mafia, which seems to owe its present development to the great corruption that existed under the Bourbons, is the outcome of a determination on the part of the Sicilians to settle their own differences and to dispense justice without an appeal to a tribunal; "and this is clearly the result of a condition of things in which such an appeal was either useless or too expensive for persons of ordinary means." It is regarded as just as much the act of a dastard to betray an offender to justice as to abstain from avenging an injury; and the code of honour requires that an innocent man should even suffer penal servitude for another rather than betray the culprit. The consequence is that "while the Mafia, as a whole, blocks the way for the law at every step, it makes itself indispensable to those who need redress and despair of getting it by legal means."

Though space does not admit of our touching here on the stirring chronicle of the Greeks and Romans and Carthaginians or of the Goths and Byzantines and Saracens, at least a reference must be made to the introduction of Christianity. How the first rumour of the Gospel travelled westward from Palestine is, in spite of all that has been written, one of the strangest and most difficult things in history to realise with anything like completeness. One passage in Mr. Crawford's work gives help in that respect, and at the same time presents a picture of the age. "For the most," he writes, "it came by slaves, who told each other tales of wonder, tugging in chains at the galley oar, in the foul air between decks, or working in irons in the southern fields; tales that sounded like fairy stories of a time that never was and never could be, in which all men were to be set free, but not by force, nor in violent insurrection, nor by blood-shedding; and with the stories came the greater truth, for which the poor longed vaguely without understanding it, the truth of immortality and of a larger freedom among the dead, but altogether beyond death." As is natural enough, fact and legend are so interwoven that it is impossible to say how much truth there is in the story that the first missionary to Sicily was St. Pancras, who was ordained by St. Peter in the year 40 A.D., and who made many converts at Taormina, and finally was martyred in the reign of Trajan about sixty years later. Then came St. Martian, who landed at Syracuse and gathered his flock in a great rock-hewn chamber over which now stands the church of San Giovanni, and he too was martyred, but it was by the Jews. St. Peter himself, on his way to Rome, is said to have paused here; and certainly the *Castor and Pollux* put into the bay of Syracuse, and St. Paul "tarried three days" in the splendid city whose catacombs, "nobler, more permanent, and, strange to say, of far greater extent" than those of Rome, afford at least one piece of evidence as to the spread of the faith. This metropolis of the dead is not cut out of a crumbling tufa like that of the Campagna, but hewn, as it were, in one piece out of solid stone, with graves in the rocky floor, and graves in tiers to the spring of the vault; "and one may go on and on, without end, mile after mile, through the unexplored silence; and many believe that the passages reach even to Catania, more than thirty miles away."

To many readers the most romantic and engrossing period in this long, eventful history will, as I have said, be that of the Normans. Almost, if not wholly, unique in its strangeness is the manner in which Normandy and Italy are first drawn into relationship by the dedication of two shrines to the Archangel Michael. In the old monastic chronicles Mons Garganus is frequently mentioned as a place of pilgrimage. It is a high hill on the eastern Italian shore, overlooking the Adriatic, and, in consequence of a marvellous vision, a rich man who owned the land crowned it with a basilica in honour of the Archangel, about the year 500. In the eighth century, as the result of a similar vision, Bishop Aubert built on Mont St. Michel, in Brittany, a sanctuary which in shape and size was a counterpart of that on Monte Gargano; and between these two lofty shrines, each overlooking the sea and more than a thousand miles apart, a singular interchange of news was maintained by the constant stream of pilgrims to the holy places in the East. These stalwart Christianised sons of the Norse sea-raiders wore coats of mail under their palmer's garb and carried their long swords at their belts in case of need. Amatus of Monte Cassino tells a gallant story of forty of them who reached Salerno on their way home from the Holy Sepulchre, and, finding the city besieged by the Saracens and about to surrender, flung themselves on the Paynim host, slew many and scattered the rest in disastrous rout. "Then the Salernitans gave the Normans" (who had refused all recompense) "lemons and almonds and preserves of nuts, and scarlet mantles and iron instruments adorned with gold, that they might induce their fellow countrymen to come and inhabit a land flowing with milk and honey and rich in good things. So the victorious pilgrims, when they returned to Normandy, bore witness as they had promised, and invited all Norman nobles to come into Italy, and some took courage to go thither on account of the riches that were there." Mighty warriors of the Viking strain were these adventurers, for we read how five-and-twenty of them rode into a trap among the hillsand found themselves hemmed in by two hundred and fifty men-at-arms. They sheathed their swords and threw up their hands, but the enemy would accept no surrender. Then they drew their trusty weapons and fought for dear life, one against ten, till sixty of the enemy were slain and the rest fled, and the Normans rode back to camp with a splendid trophy of arms,having lost but one man. In 1030 the Normans ceased to be mere soldiers of fortune and began to assume the dignity of rulers in their own right, and in this period we come across one of the most remarkable of family histories. In the days of Robert the Devil, there dwelt a few miles from Coutances a certain Tancred de Hauteville, a strong wise man of no great wealth, who was twice married and had twelve sons. These were early taught that they must look to their swords for their success in life. William the Iron Arm, Drogo, and Humphrey were the first to seek their fortunes in Italy; Robert, afterwards surnamed Guiscard, Geoffrey and a second William followed in turn; and the youngest of the household of the rough Norman keep within sight of the waters of the English Channel, became in the fulness of time Roger, the Great Count, and the father of King Roger of Sicily. Within fifty years Tancred's sons "had taken for themselves Sicily and all the south of Italy and the islands; they made and unmade Popes, bid defiance to the Emperor of Constantinople, and treated the Emperor of the West as best suited their own purposes." The greatness of the house of Tancred culminated in King Roger, of one side of whose character at least one gets a fairly good idea from the fact that he caused a great map of the world, with gulf and sea and coast and township, with highroads measured in miles, and distances from port to port, to be engraved on a disk of silver weighing between three and four hundred pounds, and had a great book—"the Book of Roger, the delight of him that journeys through the world"—composed by the famous Arab geographer Edrisi to epitomise the learning of the age. Perhaps some day Mr. Crawford will himself give us a brilliant mediæval novel, full of colour and character and derring-do, based on the story of the Sons of Tancred. For here the material of romance lies plentiful and already half shaped to the hand of the artist. And the sequel to these events is also strange. It is true that the Norman house did not give to Sicily a long and unbroken line of kings, yet with the exception of three brief episodes, "the succession of the kingdom really continued on the strength of the Norman blood down to 1860," and, in virtue of the old marriages, the Norman blood of Tancred flows to-day in the veins of almost every royal race in Europe.



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INVERLOCHY CASTLE

By H. McCulloch

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE

By NEIL MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER X

THE STRUGGLE IN THE CABIN, AND AN EERIE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER

THE place stank with bilge and the odour of an ill-trimmed lamp smoking from a beam; the fragments of the skipper's supper were on the table, with a broken quadrant; rats scurried and squealed in the bulkheads, and one stared at me from an open locker, where lay a rum-bottle, while beetles and slaters, noxious forms of crawling loathsomeness, travelled along the timbers. But these things compelled my attention less than the skylights that were masked internally by pieces of canvas nailed roughly on them. They were not so earlier in the evening; it must have been done after I had gone to sleep, and what could be the object? That puzzled me extremely, for it must have been the same that had extinguished all the deck and mast lights, and though black was my crime, darkness was unnecessary to my betrayal.

I waited with a heart like lead.

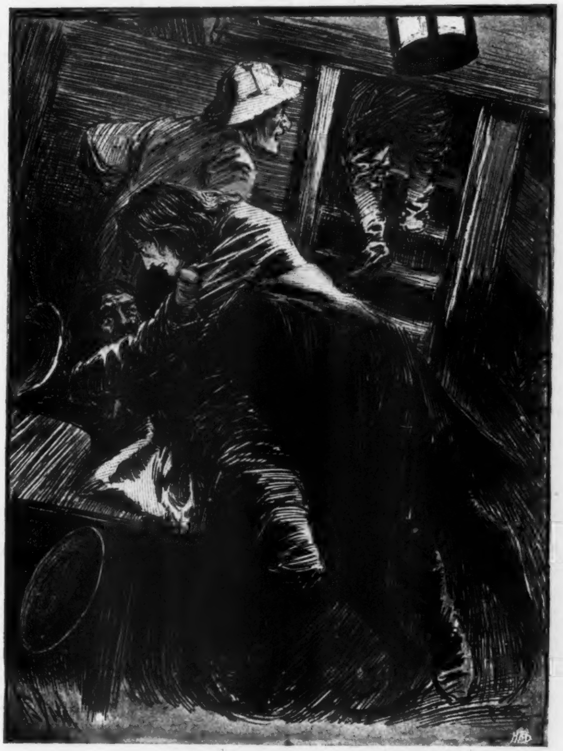
I heard the boats swung up on the davits, the squeak of the falls, the tread of the seamen, the voice of Risk in an unusually low tone. In the bows in a little I heard the windlass click and the chains rasp in the hawse-holes; we were lifting the anchor.

For a moment hope possessed me. If we were weighing anchor then my arrest was not imminent at least; but that consolation lasted briefly when I thought of the numerous alternatives to imprisonment in Blackness.

We were under weigh again; I knew it by the slight heel to port, the more rapid plop of the waters along the carvel planks. And then Risk and his mate came down.

I have seldom seen a man more dashed than the skipper when he saw me sitting waiting on him, clothed and silent. His face grew livid; round he turned to Murchison and hurried him with oaths to come and clap eyes on this sea-clerk. I looked for the officer behind them, but they were alone, and at that I thought more cheerfully I might have been mistaken about the night's curious proceedings.

"Anything wrang?" said Risk, affecting nonchalance, now that his spate of oaths was



"I closed and flung my arms about him with a wrestler's grip, and bent him back upon the table edge" by, and he pulled the rum out of the locker, and helped himself and his mate to a swinging caulker.

"Oh, nothing at all," said I, "at least nothing that I know of, Captain Risk. And are we—are we—at Halifax already?"

"What do you mean?" said he. And then he looked at me closely, put out the hand unoccupied by his glass and ran an insolent dirty finger over my new-clipped mole. "Greig, Greig," said he, "Greig to a hair! I would have the wee shears to that again, for its growin'."

"You're a very noticing man," said I, striking down his hand no way gently, and remembering that he had seen my scissors when I emerged from the Barrowstouness close after my own barbering.

"I'm all that," he replied, with a laugh, and all the time Murchison, the mate, sat mopping his greasy face with a rag, as one after hard work, and looked at us with wonder at what we meant. "I'm all that," he replied, "the hair aff the mole and the horse-hair on your creased breeches wad hae tauld ony ane that ye had ridden in a hurry and clipped in a fricht o' discovery."

"Oh, oh!" I cried, "and that's what goes to the makin' o' a Mahound!"

"Jist that," said he, throwing himself on a seat with an easy indifference meant to conceal his vanity. "Jist a guid pair o' eyes and a knack o' puttin' twa and twa thegether. Did ye think the skipper o' the *Seven Sisters* was fleein' ower Scotland at the tail o' your horse?"

"The Greig mole's weel kent, surely," said I, astounded and chagrined. "I suppose it's notorious through my Uncle Andy."

Risk laughed at that. "Oh, ay!" said he, "when Andy Greig girned at ye it was ill to miss scein' his mole. Man, ye might as well wear your name on the front o' your hat as gae aboot wi' a mole like that—and—and that pair o' shoes."

The blood ran to my face at this further revelation of his astuteness. It seemed, then, I carried my identity head and foot, and it was no wonder a half-eyed man like Risk should so easily discover me. I looked down at my feet, and sure enough, when I thought of it now, it would have been a stupid man who, having seen these kenspeckle shoes once, would ever forget them.

"My uncle seems to have given me good introductions," said I.

"They struck mysel' as rather dandy for a ship," broke in the mate, at last coming on something he could understand.

"And did *you* know Andy Greig too?" said I.

"Andy Greig," he replied. "Not me!"

"Then, by God, ye hinna sailed muckle aboot the warld!" said the skipper. "I hae seen thae shoes in the four quarters and aye in a good companionship."

"They appear yet to retain that virtue," said I, unable to resist the irony. "And, by the way, Captain Risk, now that we hae discussed the shoes and my mole, what have we been waiting for at Blackness?"

His face grew black with annoyance.

"What's that to you?" he cried.

"Oh, I don't know," I answered indifferently. "I thought that now ye had got the best part o' your passage money, ye might hae been thinking to do something for your country again. They tell me it's a jail in there, and it might suggest itself to you as providing a good opportunity o' getting rid of a very indifferent purser."

It is one thing I can remember to the man's credit that this innuendo of treachery seemed to make him frantic. He dashed the rum-glass at his feet and struck at me with a fist like a jigot of mutton, and I had barely time to step back and counter. He threw himself at me as he had been a cat: I closed and flung my arms about him with a wrestler's grip, and bent him back upon the table edge, where I might have broke his spine but for Murchison's interference. The mate called loudly for assistance; footsteps pounded on the cuddy-stair, and down came Horn. Between them they drew us apart, and while Murchison clung to his captain, and plied him into quietness with a fresh glass of grog, Horn thrust me not unkindly out into the night, and with no unwillingness on my part.

It was the hour of dawn, and the haar was gone.

There was something in that chill grey monotone of sky and sea that filled me with a very passion of melancholy. The wind had risen, and the billows ran frothing from the east; enormous clouds hung over the land behind us, so that it seemed to roll with smoke from the eternal fires. Out from that reeking pit of my remorse—that lost Scotland where now perhaps there still lay lying among the rushes, with the pee-weep's cry above it, the thing from which I flew, our ship went fast, blown upon the frothy billows, like a ponderous bird, leaving a wake of hissing bubbling brine, flying, as it seemed, to a world of less imminent danger, yet unalluring still. I looked aloft at the straining spars; they seemed to prick the clouds where they showed through the swelling sails; the ropes and shrouds stretched infinitely into a region very grey and chill. Oh, the pallor! oh, the cold and heartless spirit of the sea in that first dawning morn!

"It's like to be a good day," said Horn, breaking in upon my silence, and turning to him I saw his face exceeding hollow and wan. The watch lay forward, all but a lad who seemed half-dozing at the helm; Risk and his mate had lapsed to silence in the cuddy.

"You're no frien', seemingly, o' the pair below!" said Horn again, whispering, and with a glance across his shoulder at the helm.

"It did not look as if I were a minute or two ago," said I. "Yon's a scoundrel, and yet I did him an injustice when I thought he meant to sell me."

"I never sailed with a more cheat-the-widdy crew since I followed the sea," said Horn, "and whether it's the one way or the other, sold ye are."

"Eh?" said I, uncomprehending.

He looked again at the helm, and moved over to a water-breaker further forward, obviously meaning that I should follow. He drew a drink of water for himself, drank slowly, but seemed not to be much in the need for it from the little he took, but he had got out of ear-shot of the man steering.

"You and me's the gulls this time, Mr. Greig," said he, whispering. "This is a doomed ship."

"I thought as much from her rotten spars," I answered. "So long as she takes me to Nova Scotia I care little what happens to her."

"It's a long way to Halifax," said he. "I wish I could be sure we were likely even to have Land's End on our starboard before waur happens. Will ye step this way, Mr. Greig?" and he cautiously led the way forward. There was a look-out humming a stave of song somewhere in the bows, and two men stretched among the chains, otherwise that part of the ship was all our own. We went down the fo'c'sle scuttle quietly, and I found myself among the carpenter's stores, in darkness, divided by a bulkhead door from the quarters of the sleeping men. Rats were scurrying among the timbers and squealing till Horn stamped lightly with his feet and secured stillness.

"Listen!" said he.

I could hear nothing but the stertorous breathing of a seaman within, and the wash of water against the ship's sides.

"Well?" I queried, wondering.

"Put your lug here," said he, indicating a beam that was dimly revealed by the light from the lamp swinging in the fo'c'sle. I did so, and heard water running as from a pipe somewhere in the bowels of the vessel.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That's all," said he and led me aft again.

The dawn by now had spread over half the heavens; behind us the mouth of the Firth gulped enormous clouds, and the fringe of Fife was as flat as a bannock; before us the sea spread chill, leaden, all unlovely. "My sorrow!" says I, "if this is travelling, give me the high-roads and the hot noon."

Horn's face seemed more hollow and dark than ever in the wan morning. I waited his explanation.

"I think ye said Halifax, Mr. Greig," said he. "I signed on myself for the same port, but you and me's perhaps the only ones on this ship that ever hoped to get there. God give me grace to get foot on shore, and Dan Risk will swing for this!"

Somebody sneezed behind us as Horn thus rashly expressed him; we both turned suddenly on the rail we had been leaning against, expecting that this was the skipper, and though it was not Risk, it was one whose black visage and gleaming teeth and rolling eyes gave me momentarily something of a turn.

It was the cook Fernando. He had come up behind on his bare feet, and out upon the sea he gazed with that odd eerie look of the deaf and dumb, heedless of us, it seemed, as we had been dead portions of the ship's fabric, seeing but the salt wave, the rim of rising sun, blood-red upon the horizon, communing with an old familiar.

"A cauld mornin', cook," said Horn, like one who tests a humbug pretending to be dumb, but Fernando heard him not.

"It might have been a man wi' all his faculties," said the seaman, whispering, "and it's time we werena seen thegether. I'll tell ye later on."

With that we separated, he to some trivial duty of his office, I, with a mind all disturbed, back to my berth to lie awake, tossing and speculating on the meaning of Horn's mystery.

CHAPTER XI

THE SCUTTLED SHIP

When I went on deck next morning there was something great ado. We were out of sight of land, sailing large, as the old phrase went, on a brisk quarter breeze with top-sails atrip, and the sky a vast, fine, open blue. The crew were gathered at the poop, the pump was clanking in the midst of them, and I saw they were taking spells at the cruellest labour a seaman knows.

At first I was noway troubled with the spectacle; a leak was to be expected in old rotten-beams, and I went forward with the heart of me not a pulse faster.

Risk was leaning over the poop-rail, humped up and his beard on his hands; Murchison a little apart swept the horizon with a prospect glass, and the pump sent a great spate of bilge-water upon the deck. But for a man at the tiller who kept the ship from yawing in the swell that swung below her counter the *Seven Sisters* sailed at her sweet will; all the interests of her company was in this stream of stinking water that she retched into the scuppers. And yet I could not but be struck at the half-hearted manner in which the seamen wrought; they were visibly shirking; I saw it in the slack muscle, in the heedless eyes.

Risk rose and looked sourly at me as I went up. "Are ye for a job?" said he. "It's more in your line perhaps than clerkin'."

"What, at the pumps? Is the old randy geyzing already?"

"Like a washing-boyne," said he. "Bear a hand like a good lad! we maun keep her afloat at least till some other vessel heaves in sight."

In the tone and look of the man there was something extraordinary. His words were meant to suggest imminent peril, and yet his voice was shallow as that of a burgh bellman crying an auction sale, and his eyes, evading mine or giving me a defiant glance, had more interest in the horizon that his mate still searched with the prospect-glass than in the spate of bilge that gulped upon the deck.

Bilge did I say? Heavens! it was bilge no more, but the pure sea-green that answered to the clanking pump. It was no time for idle wonder at the complacence of the skipper; I flew to the break and threw my strength into the seaman's task. "Clank-click, clank-click" the instrument worked reluctantly as if the sucker moved in slime and in a little the sweat poured from me.

"How is she now, Campbell?" asked Risk as the carpenter came on deck.

"Three feet in the hold," said Campbell airily, like one that had an easy conscience.

"Good lord, a foot already!" cried Risk, and then in a tone of sarcasm, "Hearty, lads, hearty there! A little more Renfrewshire beef into it, Mr. Greig, if you please."

At that I ceased my exertion, stood back straight and looked at the faces about me. There was only one man in the company that did not seem to be amused at me, and that was Horn, who stood with folded arms moodily eyeing the open sea.

"You seem mighty joco about it," I said to Risk, and I wonder to this day at my blindness that never read the whole tale in these hurried events.

"I can afford to be," he said quickly; "if I gang I gang wi' clean hands," and he spat into the sea-water streaming from the pump where the port-watch now were working with as much listlessness as the men they superseded.

To the taunt I made no reply, but moved after Horn who had gone forward with his hands in his pockets.

"What does this mean, Horn?" I asked him. "Is the vessel in great danger?"

"I suppose she is," said he bitterly, "but I have had nae experience o' scuttled ships afore."

"Scuttled!" cried I, astounded, only half grasping his meaning.

"Just that," said he. "The job's begun. It began last night in the run of the vessel as I showed you when you put your ear to the beam. After I left you, I foun' half a dizzen cords fastened to the pump stanchels; ane of them pulled and found a plug at the end of it; the ithers hae been comin' oot since as it suited Dan Risk best, and the *Seven Sisters* is doomed to die o' a dropsy this day. Wasn't I the cursed idiot that ever lipped drink in Clerihew's coffin room!"

"If it was that," said I, "why did you not cut the cords and spoil the plot?"

"Cut the cords! Ye mean cut my ain throat; that's what wad happen if the skipper guessed my knowledge o' his deevilry. And do you think a gallows job o' this kind depends a'thegither on twa or three bits o' twine? Na, na, this is a very business-like transaction, Mr. Greig, and I'll warrant there has been naethin' left to chance. I wondered at them bein' sae pernicketty aboot the sma' boats afore we sailed when the timbers o' the ship hersel' were fair ganting. That big new boat and sails frae Kirkcaldy was a gey odd thing in itsel' if I had been sober enough to think o't. I suppose ye paid your passage, Mr. Greig; I can fancy a purser on the *Seven Sisters* upon nae ither footin' and that made me dubious o' ye when I first learned o' this hell's caper for Jamieson of the Grange. If ye hadna fought wi' the skipper I would hae coonted ye in wi' the rest."

"He has two pounds of my money," I answered; "at least I've saved the other two if we fail to reach Halifax."

At that he laughed softly again.

"It might be as well wi' Risk as wi' the conger," said he, meaningly. "I'm no' sae sure that you and me's meant to come oot o' this; that's what I might tak' oot o' their leaving only the twa o' us aft when they were puttin' the cargo aff there back at Blackness."

"The cargo!" I repeated.

"Of course," said Horn. "Ye fancied they were goin' to get rid o' ye there, did ye? I'll alloo I thought that but a pretence on your pairt and no' very neatly done at that. Well, the smallest pairt but the maist valuable o' the cargo shipped at Barrowstouness is still in Scotland; and the underwriters 'll be to pay through the nose for what has never run sea risks."

At that a great light came to me. This was the reason for the masked cuddy skylights, the utter darkness of the *Seven Sisters* while her boats were plying to the shore; for this was I so closely kept at her ridiculous manifest; the lists of lace and plate I had been fatuously copying were lists of stuff no longer on the ship at all, but back in the possession of the owner of the brigantine.

"You are an experienced seaman——?"

"I have had a vessel of my own," broke in Horn, some vanity as well as shame upon his countenance.

"Well, you are the more likely to know the best way out of this trap we are in," I went on. "For a certain reason I am not at all keen on it to go back to Scotland, but I would sooner risk that than run in leash with a scoundrel like this who's sinking his command, not to speak of hazarding my unworthy life with such a villainous gang. Is there any way out of it, Horn?"

The seaman pondered, a dark frown upon his tanned forehead, where the veins stood out in knots, betraying his perturbation. The wind whistled faintly in the tops, the *Seven Sisters* plainly went by the head; she had a slow response to her helm, and moved sluggishly. Still the pump was clanking and we could hear the water streaming through the scupper-holes. Risk had joined his mate and was casting anxious eyes over the waters.

"If we play the safty here, Mr. Greig," said Horn, "there's a chance o' a thwart for us when the *Seven Sisters* comes to her labour. That's oor only prospect. At least they daurna murder us."

"And what about the crew?" I asked. "Do you tell me there was not enough honesty among them all to prevent a blackguardly scheme like this?"

"We're the only two on this ship this morning wi' oor necks ootside tow, for they're all men o' the free trade, and broken men at that," said Horn resolutely, and even in the midst of this looming disaster my private horror rose within me.

"Ah!" said I, helpless to check the revelation, "speak for yourself, Mr. Horn; its the hangman I'm here fleeing from."

He looked at me with quite a new countenance, clearly losing relish for his company.

"Anything by-ordinar dirty?" he asked, and in my humility I did not have the spunk to resent what that tone and query implied.

"Dirty enough," said I, "the man's dead," and Horn's face cleared.

"Oh, faith! is that all?" quo' he, "I was thinkin' it might be coinin'—beggin' your pardon, Mr. Greig, or somethin' in the fancy way. But a gentleman's quarrel ower the cartes, or a wench—that's a different tale. I hate homicide mysel', to tell the truth, but whiles I've had it in my heart, and in a way o' speakin' Dan Risk this meenu has my gully-knife in his ribs."

As he spoke, the vessel, mishandled, or a traitor to her helm, now that she was all awash internally with water, yawed and staggered in the wind. The sails shivered, the yards swung violently, appalling noises came from the hold. At once the pumping ceased, and Risk's voice roared in the confusion, ordering the launch of the Kirkcaldy boat.

CHAPTER XII

MAKES PLAIN THE DEEPEST VILLAINY OF RISK AND SETS ME ON A FRENCHMAN

When I come to write these affairs down after the lapse of years, I find my memory but poorly retains the details of that terrific period between the cry of Risk and the moment when Horn and I, abandoned on the doomed vessel, watched the evening fall upon the long Kirkcaldy boat, her mast stepped, but her sails down, hovering near us for the guarantee of our eternal silence regarding the crime the men on her were there and then committing. There is a space—it must have been brief, but I lived a life-time in it—whose impressions rest with me, blurred, but with the general hue of agony. I can see the sun again sailing overhead in the arching sky of blue; the enormous ocean, cruel, cold, spread out to the line of the horizon: the flapping sails and drumming reef-points, the streaming halliards and clew-garnets, the spray buffeting upon our stern, spitting in our faces like an enemy; and I hear the tumult of the seamen hurrying vulgarly to save their wretched lives, the gluck of waters in the bowels of the ship, the thud of things loose and drifting under decks.

But I see and hear it as in a dream or play, and myself someway standing only a spectator. It seemed that Risk and his men put all their dependence on the long-boat out of Kirkcaldy. She was partly decked at the bows like a Ballantrae herring-skiff, beamy and commodious. They clustered round her like ants; swung her out, and over she went, and the whole hellish plot lay revealed in the fact that she was all found with equipment and provisions.

Horn and I made an effort to assist at her preparation; we were shoved aside with frantic curses; we were beaten back by her oars when we sought to enter her, and when she pushed off from the side of the *Seven Sisters* Dan Risk was so much the monster that he could jeer at our perplexity. He sat at the tiller of her without a hat, his long hair, that was turning lyart, blown by the wind about his black and mocking eyes.

"Head her for Halifax, Horn," said he, "and ye'll get there by-and-by."

"Did I ever do ye any harm, skipper?" cried the poor seaman, standing on the gunwale, hanging to the shrouds, and his aspect hungry for life.

"Ye never got the chance, Port Glesca," cried back Risk, hugging the tiller of the Kirkcaldy boat under his arm. "I'll gie ye a guess—

Come-a-riddle, come-a-riddle, come-a-rote-tote-tote.

Oh to bleezes! I canna put a rhyme t'it, but this is the sense o't—a darkie's never deaf and dumb till he's deid. Eh! Antonio, ye rascal!"

He looked forward as he spoke and changed a villainous laugh with the cook, his instrument, who had overheard us and betrayed.

"Ye would mak' me swing for it, would ye, John Horn, when ye get ashore? That's what I would expect frae a keelie oot o' Clyde."

It is hard to credit that man could be so vile as this, but of such stuff was Daniel Risk. He was an incarnate fiend in the glory of his revenge upon the seaman who had threatened him with the gallows; uplifted like a madman, his face, that was naturally sallow, burned lamp-red on his high cheek-bones, his hale eye gloated, his free hand flourished as in an exultation. His mate sat silent beside him on the stern-thwart, clearing the sheets: the crew, who had out the sweeps to keep the boat's bows in the wind, made an effort to laugh at his jocosities, but clearly longed to be away from this tragedy. And all the time, I think, I stood beside the weather bulwark, surrendered to the certainty of a speedy death, with the lines of a ballad coming back again and again to my mind:

An' he shall lie the fathoms deep,
The star-fish ower his een shall creep,
An' an auld grey wife shall sit an' weep
In the hall o' Monaltrie.

I thrust that ungodly rhyme from me each time that it arose, but in spite of all at last it kept time to the lap of a wave of encroaching sea that beat about my feet.

My silence—my seeming indifference—would seem to have touched the heart that could not be affected by the entreaties of the seaman Horn. At least Risk ceased his taunts at last, and cast a more friendly eye on me.

"I'm saying, Greig," he cried, "noo that I think o't, your Uncle Andy was no' bad hand at makin' a story. You've an ill tongue, but I'll thole that—astern, lads, and tak' the purser aboard."

The seamen set the boat about willingly enough, and she crept in to pick me off the doomed ship.

At that my senses cleared like hill-well water. It was but for a second—praise God! my instincts joyed in my reprieve; my hand never released the cleat by which I steadied myself. I looked at Horn still upon the lower shrouds and saw hope upon his countenance.

"Of course this man comes with me, Captain Risk?" said I.

"Not if he offered a thousand pounds," cried Risk, "in ye come;" and Murchison clawed at the shrouds with a boat-hook. Horn made to jump among them and, with an oath, the mate thrust at him with the hook as with a spear, striking him under the chin. He fell back upon the deck, bleeding profusely and half insensible.

"You are a foul dog!" I cried to his assailant. "And I'll settle with you for that!"

"Jump, ye fool, ye, jump!" cried Risk, impatient.

"Let us look out for ourselves, that's whit I say," said Murchison, angry at my threat, and prepared cheerfully to see me perish. "What for should we risk our necks with either of them?" and he pushed off slightly with his boat-hook.

The skipper turned, struck down the hook, and snarled upon him. "Shut up, Murchison!" he cried. "I'm still the captain, if you please, and I know as much aboot the clerk here as will keep his gab shut aboot any trifle we hae dune."

I looked upon the clean sea, and then at that huddle of scoundrels in the Kirkcaldy boat, and then upon the seaman Horn, coming back again to the full consciousness of his impending fate. He gazed upon me with eyes alarmed and pitiful, and at that I formed my resolution.

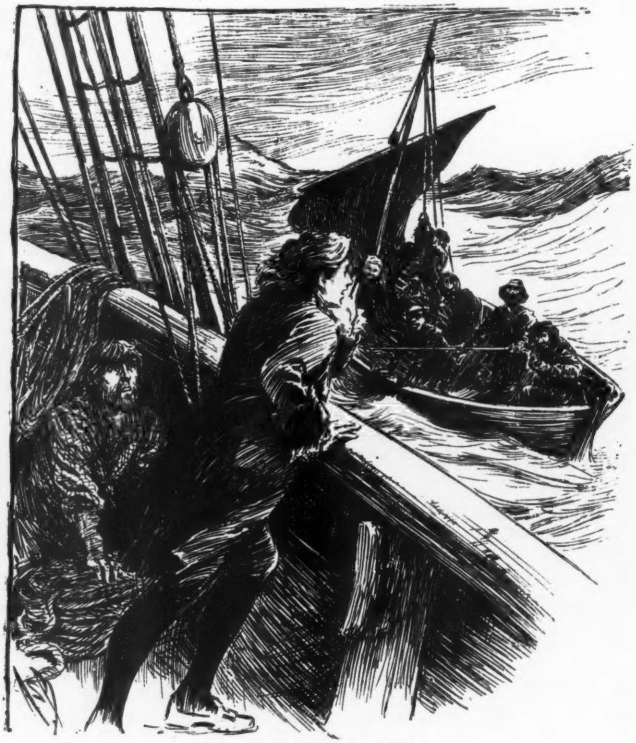
"I stick by Horn," said I. "If he gets too, I'll go; if not I'll bide and be drowned with an honest man."

"Bide and be —— then! Ye've had your chance," shouted Risk, letting his boat fall off. "It's time we werena' here." And the halliards of his main-sail were running in the blocks as soon as he said it. The boat swept away rapidly, but not before I gave him a final touch of my irony. From my pocket I took out my purse and threw it upon his lap.

"There's the ither twa, Risk," I cried; "it's no' like the thing at all to murder a harmless lad for less than what ye bargained for."

He bawled back some reply I could not hear, and I turned about, to see Horn making for the small boat on the starboard chocks. I followed with a hope again wakened, only to share his lamentation when he found that two of her planks had been wantonly sprung from their clinkers, rendering her utterly useless. The two other boats were in a similar condition; Risk and his confederates had been determined that no chance should be left of our escape from the *Seven Sisters.*

It was late in the afternoon. The wind had softened somewhat; in the west there were rising billowy clouds of silver and red, and half-a-mile away the Kirkcaldy boat, impatient doubtless for the end of us, that final assurance of safety, plyed to windward with only her foresail set. We had gone below in a despairing mind on the chance that the leakage might be checked, but the holes were under water in the after peak, and in other parts we could not come near. An inch-and-a-half auger and a large bung-



"'I stick by Horn,' said I"

borer, a gouge and chisel in the captain's private locker, told us how the crime had been committed whereof we were the victims.

We had come on deck again, the pair of us, without the vaguest notion of what was next to do, and—speaking for myself—convinced that nothing could avert our hurrying fate. Horn told me later that he proposed full half-a-score of plans for at least a prolongation of our time, but that I paid no heed to them. That may be, for I know the ballad stanza went in my head like a dirge, as I sat on a hatch with the last few days of my history rolling out before my eyes. The dusk began to fall like a veil, the wind declined still more. Horn feverishly hammered and caulked at the largest of the boats, now and then throwing the tools from him as in momentary realisations of the hopelessness of his toil that finally baffled him completely.

"It's no use, Mr. Greig," he cried then, "they did the job ower weel," and he shook his fist at the Kirkcaldy boat. He checked the gesture suddenly and gave an astonished cry.

"They're gone, Greig," said he, now frantic. "They're gone. O God! They're gone! I was sure they could na' hae the heart to leave us at the last," and as he spoke I chanced to look astern, and behold! a ship with all her canvas full was swiftly bearing down the wind upon us. We had been so intent upon our looming fate, or on the boat that had abandoned us, that we had never seen her!

I clambered up the shrouds of the main-mast, and cried upon the coming vessel with some mad notion that she might fancy the *Seven Sisters* derelict. But indeed that was not necessary. In a little she went round into the wind, a long-boat filled with men came towards us, and twenty minutes later we were on the deck of the *Roi Rouge*.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEREIN APPEARS A GENTLEMANLY CORSAIR AND A FRENCH-IRISH LORD

WHILE it may be that the actual crisis of my manhood came to me on the day I first put on my Uncle Andrew's shoes, the sense of it was mine only when I met with Captain Thurot. I had put the past for ever behind me (as I fancied) when I tore the verses of a moon-struck boy and cast them out upon the washing-green at Hazel Den, but I was bound to foregather with a man like Thurot ere the scope and fashion of a man's world were apparent to me. Whether his influence in the long run was good or bad I would be the last to say; he brought me into danger, but—in a manner he taught me good, though that perhaps was never in his mind.

You must fancy this Thurot a great tall man, nearly half-a-foot exceeeding myself in stature, peak-bearded, straight as a lance, with plum-black eyes and hair, polished in dress and manner to the rarest degree and with a good humour that never failed. He sat under a swinging lamp in his cabin when Horn and I were brought before him, and asked my name first in an accent of English that was if anything somewhat better than my own.

"Greig," said I; "Paul Greig," and he started as if I had pricked him with a knife. A little table stood between us, on which there lay a book he had been reading when we were brought below, some hours after the *Seven Sisters* had gone down, and the search for the Kirkcaldy boat had been abandoned. He took the lamp off its hook, came round the table and held the light so that he could see my face the clearer. At any time his aspect was manly and pleasant; most of all was it so when he smiled, and I was singularly encouraged when he smiled at me, with a rapid survey of my person that included the Hazel Den mole and my uncle Andrew's shoes.

A seaman stood behind us; to him he spoke a message I could not comprehend, as it was in French, of which I had but little. The seaman retired; we were offered a seat, and in a minute the seaman came back with a gentleman—a landsman by his dress.

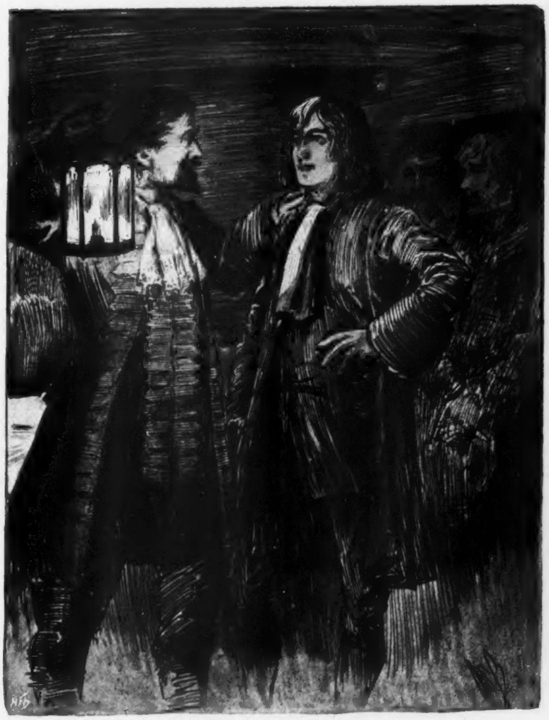
"Pardon, my lord," said the captain to his visitor, "but I thought that here was a case—speaking of miracles — you would be interested in. Our friends here" — he indicated myself particularly with a gracious gesture—"are not, as you know, dropped from heaven, but come from that unfortunate ship we saw go under a while ago. May I ask your lordship to tell us—you will see the joke in a moment—who we were talking of at the moment our watch first announced the sight of that vessel?"

His lordship rubbed his chin and smilingly peered at the captain.

"Gad!" he said. "You are the deuce and all, Thurot. What are you in the mood for now? Why, we talked of Greig—Andrew Greig, the best player of *passe-passe* and the cheerfullest loser that ever cut a pack."

Thurot turned to me triumphant.

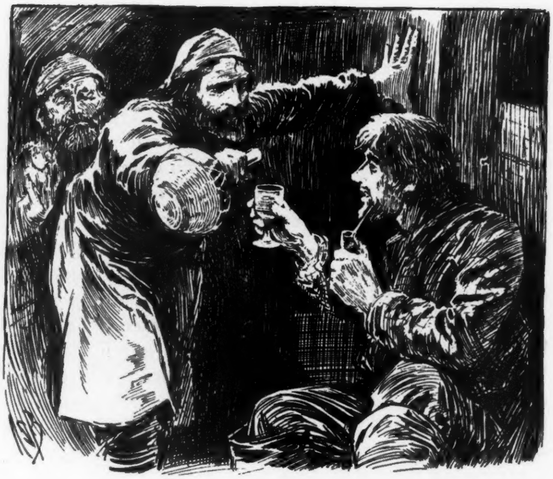
"Behold," said he, "how ridiculously small the world is. *Ma foi!* I wonder how I manage so well to elude my creditors, even when I sail the high seas. Lord Clancarty, permit me to have the distinguished honour to introduce another Greig, who I hope has many more of his charming uncle's qualities than his handsome eyes and red shoes. I assume it is a nephew, because poor Monsieur Andrew was not of the marrying kind. Anyhow 'tis a Greig of the blood, or Antoine Thurot is a bat! And—Monsieur Greig, it is my felicity to bid you know one of your uncle's best friends and heartiest admirers—Lord Clancarty."



"Held the light so that he could see my face the clearer"

"Lord Clancarty!" I cried, incredulous. "Why he figured in my uncle's log-book a dozen years ago."

"Twelve, no less! We need not be so particular about the period. I trust he set me down there a decently good companion; I could hardly hope to figure in a faithful scribe's tablets as an example otherwise," said his lordship, laughing and taking me cordially by the hand. "Gad! one has but to look at you to see Andrew Greig in every line. I loved your uncle, lad. He had a rugged, manly nature, and just sufficient folly, bravado, and sinfulness to keep a poor Irishman in countenance. Thurot, one must apologise for taking from your very lips the suggestion I see hesitating there, but sure 'tis an occasion this; it must be a bottle—the best bottle on your adorable but somewhat ill-found vessel. Why 'tis Andy Greig come young again, poor Andy! I heard of his death less no later than a month ago, and have ordered a score of masses for him—which by the way are still unpaid for to good Father Hamilton. I could not sleep happily of an evening—of a forenoon rather—if I thought of our Andy suffering aught that a few candles and suchlike could modify." And his lordship with great condescension tapped and passed me his jewelled box of maccabaw.


"Horn elsewhere found himself well treated"

You can fancy a raw lad, untutored and untravelled, fresh from the plough-tail, as it were, was vastly tickled at this introduction to the genteel world. I was no longer the shivering outlaw, the victim of a Risk. I was honoured more or less for the sake of my uncle (whose esteem in this quarter my father surely would have been surprised at), and it seemed as though my new life in a new country were opening better than I had planned myself. I blessed my shoes—the shoes of sorrow—and for the time forgot the tragedy from which I was escaping.

They birled the bottle between them, Clancarty and Thurot, myself virtually avoiding it, but clinking now and then, and laughing with them at the numerous exploits they recalled of him that was the bond between us—Horn elsewhere found himself well treated also—and listening to these two gentlemen of the world, their allusions, offhand, to the great, their indications of adventure, travel, intrigue, enterprise, gaiety, I saw my horizon expand until it was no longer a cabin on the sea I sat in, with the lamplight swinging over me, but a spacious world of castles, palaces, forests, streets, churches, casernes, harbours, masquerades, routs, operas, love, laughter and song. Perhaps they saw my elation and fully understood, and smiled within them at my efforts to figure as a little man of the world too—as boys will—but they never showed me other than the finest sympathy and attention.

I found them fascinating at night; I found as much the same at morning, which is the test of the thing in youth, and straightway made a hero of the foreigner Thurot. Clancarty was well enough, but without any method in his life, beyond a principle of keeping his character ever trim and presentable like his cravat. Thurot carried on his strenuous career of soldier, sailor, spy, politician, with a plausible enough theory that thus he got the very juice and pang of life that at the most, as he would aye be telling me, was brief to an absurdity.

"Your Scots, as a rule, are too phlegmatic—is it not, Lord Clancarty?—" he would say to me, "but your uncle gave me, on my word, a regard for your whole nation. He had aplomb—Monsieur Andrew; he had luck too, and if he cracked a nut anywhere there was always a good kernel in it. And the boots it is your felicity to have inherited, they got him, he used to say himself, out of a thousand perils. I used to wish I had half his opportunities; my name as a corsair would sound round the world."

"A corsair!" I cried, astonished.

"*Certainement!*" said Thurot, laughing. "Is it that Monsieur Greig's nephew is afraid of the word? It is not a reputable word perhaps; it is a cut-throat word, this 'corsair.' Bah! you must find your pretty shoes tight in the toes for you, Monsieur Paul."

"Faith, I do not wonder at his surprise, Tony," said my lord. "To hear you talk of the humdrum career of a privateer he might well enough fancy you steadfastly flew the Jolly Roger and bade unhappy crews of English merchantmen walk the plank. I give you my word, Mr. Greig, our good friend has never cut a throat in his life, vicariously or otherwise. Good honest fighting he may be credited with—in that he was like your uncle, but——"

"What!" cried Thurot, at first surprised and then laughing. "Do you fancy me an ear-ringed pirate. *Ma foi!* that were too brisk a profession for Antoine Thurot, who likes to keep the ports open to him, that he may go in when he wishes and eat a decent dinner. No, no! A different corsair—a gentlemanly corsair, if you please."

"'Tis a distinction, Captain Thurot," said I, "we have not learned to make on the other side yet. My own notion of a corsair *in esse*, if not *in posse*——"

"Egad, that's Greek!" cried Clancarty. "I recognise it quite easily. What a thing it is to be a scholar!" and he winked at Thurot. I caught the sarcasm with the tail of my eye.

"In Scotland it's accounted Latin, my lord," I said, "but then we are poor provincials over yonder and may be mistaken."

At that he laughed heartily. "Greig! Greig! it is Greig for a hundred *louis;* you staggered me a little with what Thurot calls the tightness of your shoes, but the retort was made by your uncle's ghost."

"My own notion of a corsair," I went on, "in essence, is Dan Risk, the scoundrel who would have left me to drown last night."

"So!" cried Thurot, amused. "That may be the English corsair; for us we swear by types like Duguay-Trouin, Jean-Bart, and Jaques Cassard. Faith, anyway, 'tis a world of corsairs. If we do not plunder on the high seas, we harry in the haunts of commerce. In the one sense we risk our lives for the prize; in the other no more than our immortal souls, that can be saved at the pinch by a bland apology to *le bon Dieu.*"

"I give you fair warning, 'tis a preacher you have unloosed, Mr. Greig," said my lord, twiddling his thumbs.

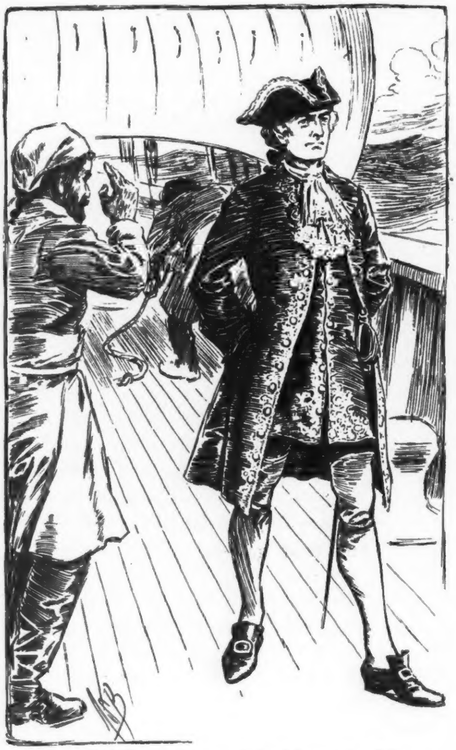
Captain Thurot paid no heed to the interruption. "All corsairs!" he repeated. "All sharks! From your King George down to his poorest soldier fighting in America."

He looked at me out of the corner of his eyes to see how I took the allusion to King George, and that gave me a flood of light upon my new position.

I remembered that in my uncle's log-book the greater part of the narrative of his adventures in France had to do with politics and the intrigues of the Jacobite party. He was not, himself, apparently, "out," as we call it, in the affair of the 'Forty-five, because he did not believe the occasion suitable, and thought the Prince precipitous, but before and after that untoward event for poor Scotland, he had been active with such men as Clancarty, Lord Clare, the Murrays, the Mareschal, and such-like, which was not to be wondered at, perhaps, for our family had consistently been Jacobite, a fact that helped to its latter undoing, though my father as nominal head of the house had taken no interest in politics; and my own sympathies had ever been with the Chevalier, whom I as a boy had seen ride through the city of Glasgow, wishing myself old enough to be his follower in such a glittering escapade as he was then embarked on.

But though I thought all this in a flash as it were, I betrayed nothing to Captain Thurot, who seemed somewhat dashed at my silence. There must have been something in my face, however, to show that I fully realised what he was feeling at, and was not too complacent, for Clancarty laughed.

"Sure, 'tis a good boy, Thurot," said he, "and loves his King George properly, like a true patriot."



"Parading the deck as it had been the Rue St. Honoré"

"I won't believe it of a Greig," said Captain Thurot. "A pestilent, dull thing loyalty in England; the other thing came much more readily, I remember, to the genius of Andrew Greig. Come, Monsieur Paul, to be quite frank about it, have you no instincts of friendliness to the exiled house? M. Tête-de-fer has a great need at this particular moment for English friends. Once he could count on your uncle to the last ditch; can he count on the nephew?"

"M. Tête-de-fer?" I repeated, somewhat bewildered.

"M. Tête-de-Mouche, rather," cried my lord, testily, and then hurried rather to correct himself. "He alluded, Monsieur Greig, to Prince Charles Edward. We are all, I may confess, his Royal Highness's most humble servants, some of us; however,—as our good friend, Captain Thurot—more actively than others. For myself I begin to weary of a cause that has been dormant for eight years, but no matter; sure one must have a recreation!"

I looked at his lordship to see if he were joking. He was the relic of a handsome man, though still, I daresay, less than fifty years of age, with a clever face and gentle, just tinged by the tracery of small surface veins to a redness that accused him of too many late nights; his mouth and eyes, that at one time must have been fascinating, had the ultimate irresolution that comes to one who finds no finger-posts at life's cross-roads and thinks one road just as good's another. He was born at Atena, near Hamburg (so much I had remembered from my uncle's memoir), but he was, even in his accent, as Irish as Kerry. Someway I liked and yet doubted him, in spite of all the praise of him that I had read in a dead man's diurnal.

"*Fi donc! vous devriez avoir honte, milord,*" cried Thurot, somewhat disturbed, I saw, at this reckless levity.

"Ashamed!" said his lordship, laughing; "why, 'tis for his Royal Highness who has taken a diligence to the devil, and left us poor dependants to pay the bill at the inn. But no matter, Master Greig, I'll be cursed if I say a single word more to spoil a charming picture of royalty under a cloud." And so saying, he lounged away from us, a strange exquisite for shipboard, laced up to the nines as the saying goes, parading the deck as it had been the Rue St. Honoré, with merry words for every sailorman who tapped a forehead to him.

Captain Thurot looked at him, smiling, and shrugged his shoulders.

"*Tête de mouche!* There it is for you, M. Paul—the head of a butterfly. Now *you*—" he commanded my eyes most masterfully—"now *you* have a Scotsman's earnestness; I should like to see you on the right side. *Mon Dieu*, you owe us your life, no less; 'tis no more King George's, for one of his subjects has morally sent you to the bottom of the sea in a scuttled ship. I wish we had laid hands on your Risk and his augers."

But I was learning my world; I was cautious; I said yea nor nay.

EDISON

By J. D. CORMACK, B.Sc., M.I.E.E.

IT will be readily agreed that no list of Present Day Leaders of Science would be complete without the name of Edison. Perhaps no name is more familiar throughout the world in all that concerns the application of Science, especially Electrical Science, to the promotion of manufactures, commerce, and domestic comfort. It is associated with some of the greatest boons which the nineteenth century can claim—the telegraph, the telephone, electric lighting, and transmission of power.

Thomas Alva Edison was born on February 11, 1847, at Milan, a small town of some 3000 inhabitants, situated on the Huron River, about ten miles from Lake Erie and in the State of Ohio, U.S.A. His father, Samuel Edison, was an American merchant of Dutch descent, and his mother, whose maiden name, Nancy Elliot, marks her Scottish parentage, had been a teacher in Canada.

To his parents, especially to his mother, Edison owes most of his early education. She it was who fostered in him a love of reading and of reasoning to which can be traced much of his after success. Full of life and fun though he was, young Edison seems to have had little in common with other boys of his own age. His father says: "He never had any boyhood days; his early amusements were steam-engines and mechanical forces." An amusing story is told which illustrates how the habits of observation and experiment, that have since proved characteristic of his life's work, were present in the boy of six. He anxiously watched a goose sitting on her eggs. When he had seen the young brood emerge he retired to a barn and built himself a nest, on which he was afterwards discovered attempting the duties of a brood-fowl with the eggs of hens and geese.

At the age of twelve he began life as a train boy, travelling with the trains and selling fruit, toys, and papers to the passengers on the Grand Trunk Railroad between Detroit and Port Huron, where his parents then dwelt. His commercial instinct and ability very soon revealed themselves, and in a short time he required four assistants to help him with his business. It was the time of the American Civil War, and his sale of papers rose rapidly, when, by telegraphing the head lines, he gathered at each station crowds of buyers eagerly awaiting news. Then he conceived the idea of becoming at once editor and printer of a paper of his own. He invested in type, obtained permission to use part of a freight car attached to the train, and in a short time began issuing weekly a single sheet, printed on one side, bearing the title *The Grand Trunk Herald*. The *Herald*, followed by *Paul Pry*, was a decided success, but had a short life. His reading had lured him on to chemical experiment, and his printing room was utilised also as a laboratory, in which he diligently pursued his practical studies. One result was rather unfortunate—the car was set ablaze: Edison ceased to practise chemistry and printing on the railway, and to this day remains somewhat deaf owing to the vigorous remonstrance of the enraged conductor. Yet no whit discouraged in his pursuit of science, he transformed the basement of his father's house into a laboratory and printer's office. He continued his omnivorous reading, and the first fruit of his study of electricity was the erection of a telegraph line between his place of business and his assistant's house. Strange materials were pressed into his service as conductors and insulators, and, in the absence of a battery, an attempt was made to obtain the requisite current by rubbing a cat's back and using the fore and hind paws as "terminals." The scheme failed and the cat fled in disgust; but Edison was soon able to purchase an old battery and telegraph instruments, and erecting a proper line, he entered on that experience of the work of a telegraphist which has proved so powerful a factor in shaping his future. Shortly after, at the risk of his life, he snatched the son of the Mount Clemens station-master from the track of a passing train; and the father, in gratitude to young Edison, trained him as a telegraph operator. In five months he

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OFFICES OF THE EDISON ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANY IN 1879. MR. EDISON AT THE DOOR

became sufficiently proficient to obtain a post as an operator at Port Huron.

The story of the vicissitudes he experienced and the difficulties he overcame in studying, inventing, and experimenting during his career as a telegraphist, would occupy some of the most interesting pages in a detailed history of his life.

From Port Huron he went to Stratford, Canada, as night operator. Here he continued to read and to devise ingenious instruments, but his efforts did not always commend him to his superiors. It was his duty to report himself to the head office every half-hour by telegraphing the word "six." This, however, interfered with his midnight rambles, and he overcame the difficulty by cutting suitable notches on a wheel, which, when turned bya clock, transmitted the signals automatically and with due regularity.

From Stratford he went to Adrian, Mich., and then to Fort Wayne, Indianopolis, where he devised and put into use a simple automatic repeater, which took the signals from one line and sent them along another automatically. Edison was making rapid pro gress in his work as a telegraphist and had here his first chance as a "press" operator. Only first-class men of long service could work at a sufficiently fast rate to transmit and take the press messages, and the speed proved too great for young Edison. To aid him in his duties he devised an instrument for receiving the signals and repeating them afterwards at a slower rate; but, while it received as fast as the signals could be sent, it did not hasten the delivery of the message, and in his first post as a press operator he was not successful. He practised assiduously, and on going to Cincinnati another chance came: he was prepared and was ranked as a first-class operator. Here various inventions occupied his spare time, including a steam-engine, and a system of duplex telegraphy for conveying two messages, one from each end, at the same time along one wire.

In 1864, at the age of seventeen, Edison went to Memphis, introducing there his automatic repeater to connect New Orleans and Louisville without the intervention of an operator; and after a short stay he proceeded to Louisville, where he met with varying fortune. He determined to try his luck in South America, but the discouraging reports he received on reaching New Orleans caused him to abandon the project. After a short visit to his parents he returned to Louisville, where again his spare time was occupied experimenting and inventing and writing a book on electricity, which, however, he did not publish. He diligently practised rapid penmanship until he attained sufficient proficiency to write legibly forty-five words per minute, so that he could take down the message as fast as the quickest Morse operator could send it. With all these as recreations, he still found time to carry out experiments, but another unfortunate accident—the spilling of a carboy of sulphuric acid, which permeated the floor and destroyed the furniture in the office below—led to his dismissal.

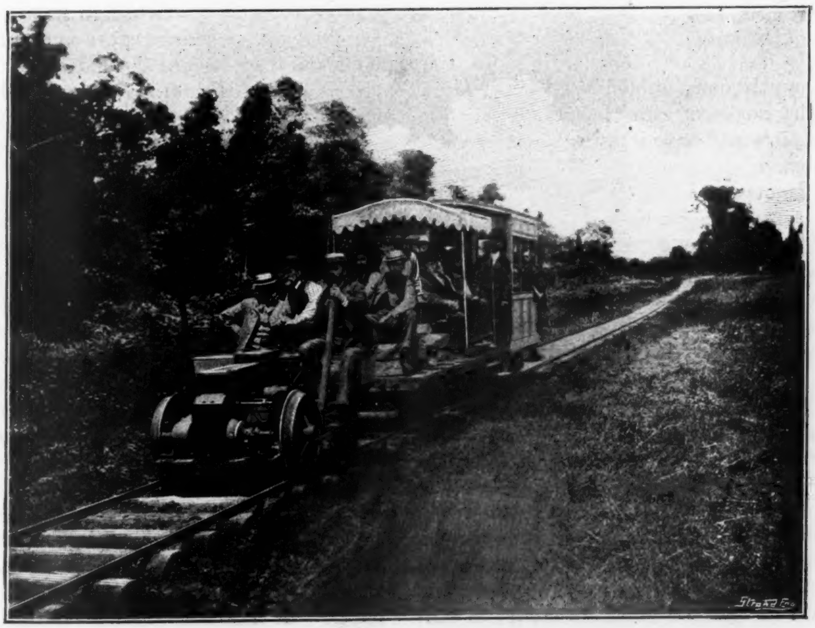
He made a second visit to Cincinnati, worked there for some time, and then returned to Port Huron.

At the age of twenty-one Edison went to Boston, and entered on a new stage of his career. His previous wanderings had prevented him from settling down to work out the many ideas his brain produced, so there had been little chance of his worth being properly appreciated. Henceforth, however, progress was rapid, and success followed closely.

It will be possible to mention in this sketch only a few of the more important of the host of inventions which have been patented by Edison. They number about a thousand. The steps from the paper stage to the experimental stage, and thence to the marketable instrument, have always been taken at express speed. To Edison's business acumen, as much as to his inventive skill, we are indebted for the perfection and usefulness of his apparatus, and it is sufficient here to say that, as a man of business and as an inventor, Edison has been equally successful. That there have been disputes, in some cases resulting in long and expensive lawsuits regarding priority of invention, is not surprising considering the number of the patents, the comprehensiveness of some, and the wide extent of their practical applications; the wonder is rather that Edison should have been so successful in upholding his claims; and, in any case, there must always be some credit due to the man who first contrives to make a commercial success of an idea which he may not have been the first to conceive. Long and difficult questions of priority can form no part of this sketch.

Edison made his mark almost immediately on entering the office at Boston. To the astonishment of his fellow operators, he took down with ease the message transmitted by the most expert operator in New York, who was, by arrangement, at the other end of Edison's wire. The Boston Library afforded him a splendid opportunity of making himself acquainted with the best scientific literature of the day, and of this he took full advantage.

His first patent was that taken out for a vote recorder. The names of the candidates were placed in metal type round the circumference of a cylinder over which a sheet of chemically prepared paper passed. On turning one of the switches placed at each bench, the name of the candidate for whom the vote was intended was printed on the paper by the action of an electric current passing from the type through the paper to a metal roller. This apparatus, on which young Edison



(By permission of the Edison and Swan United Electric Light Co., Ld., London.)

IN MENLO PARK. AN EARLY ELECTRIC RAILWAY

(By permission of the Edison and Swan United Electric Light Co., Ld., London.)

EDISON'S HOUSE IN MENLO PARK. THE FIRST HOUSE LIGHTED BY THE EDISON ELECTRIC LAMP

spent much time, although it did its work well, did not meet with approval because, it is said, it would have interfered with certain prevalent voting practices. He made further experiments and trials on duplex telegraphy and printing telegraphs, and in 1869 he decided to go to New York. For some time he was without work, but an accident—fortunate so far as he was concerned—occurred to an instrument which was used for sending to a number of offices the market quotations for gold. At a time when the market was greatly excited, this instrument broke down and panic ensued, but Edison, who happened to be at hand at the time, soon readjusted the mechanism, and, earning the gratitude of the Company, obtained a place in their employment. Soon he began to improve the printing telegraphs then in use. He worked out instruments for various purposes, and obtained for patents sufficient money to start a small workshop. His inventions attracted the attention of a number of telegraph companies, and two of these retained him at a good salary on condition that they should have the option of purchasing all his telegraphic patents at rates agreed upon. This led to the establishment of a laboratory and workshop at Newark, which employed three hundred hands, and gave Edison such facilities for carrying out his ideas that he "kept the steps of the Patent Office hot with his footsteps." At one time he had on hand in this workshop forty-five inventions and improvements, and his fame began to spread abroad. In Newark he married his first wife, Mary Stitwell, who died in 1881.

In 1876 Edison moved his home to Menlo Park, about twenty-four miles from New York, and there erected a laboratory and workshop on a grand scale. Here many of his principal inventions were conceived and carried out, including the carbon telephone, phonograph, and incandescent electric lamp. In 1886 he built at Orange, N.J., the laboratory where since then he has carried out most of his work, and in the neighbourhood of which he now resides with his second wife. The work carried on here is entirely experimental, all manufacturing being done in large works in several other places. The laboratory is provided with a fine equipment of tools, and attached to it is a large and very comprehensive store stocked with goods and chemicals of all kinds.

It would be difficult to give a short classification of Edison's patents, but the more important can be connected with certain typical inventions which call for notice however brief.

Naturally Edison's first efforts were directed towards improving the apparatus and methods of telegraphy, and his early work was perfected and amplified later. A method of telegraphing from a moving train was devised and carried out. Chemical printers, automatic repeaters, and an automatic telegraph system were all designed to increase the speed and save time in telegraphing, for in telegraphy, as elsewhere, time is money, and more use could be made of a costly cable. The principle of most chemical telegraphs is the same. A piece of paper, saturated with a suitable chemical salt, travels over the surface of a metal cylinder, and a metal point rests on the paper. A current, passing through the paper from the point to the cylinder, leaves a stain, whose length depends on the time during which the current passes; and the combinations of short and long signals—dots and dashes—form the letters of the Morse alphabet. A chemical telegraph can be arranged to print letters, and in several of Edison's machines this was done.

His experiments in chemical telegraphy led him to the discovery that the friction between the metal point and the prepared paper was diminished during the passage of an electrical current between them. From this observation sprang the motograph, an instrument which took a number of forms, and was designed to record telegraphic signals.

MR. EDISON

The automatic system comprised a machine for perforating the message on a paper strip, according to the Morse code, at about the usual rate of signalling. The strip could then be sent through the transmitter at a very rapid rate, and a receiver at the other end recorded the message.

His improvement of duplex telegraphy, and his invention of the quadruplex system, made it possible to save a large amount of capital expenditure in wires, for by means of the former, two messages (one from each end) and by the latter, four messages (two from each end) could be transmitted along the same wire at the same time. The little magnets, which work the receiving instruments, can be actuated by two methods. One set is arranged to be operated by a change in the direction of the current and is not affected by the strength; the other set is operated by a change in strength and is not affected by the direction. This principle, combined with the duplex system, made possible the transmission of the four simultaneous messages. The ingenious apparatus is too complicated to be here described.

An interesting group of instruments for various purposes depends upon the fact that variation in mechanical pressure alters the resistance of carbon to the passage of an electrical current. Perhaps the most interesting application of this principle is to be found in Edison's Carbon Telephone, the prototype of the microphone which is now in general use. In Bell's telephone the sound-waves produced by the speaker enter the transmitter, where they set in vibration a soft iron diaphragm facing the poles of a permanent magnet, round which a coil of wire is wound. Electric currents, varying in strength and direction according to the motions of the diaphragm, are thus produced in the coil and carried by the line wire to a similar instrument, the receiver, whose diaphragm is moved by the transmitted currents so as to repeat the motions of the first diaphragm and reproduce the sounds, the strength of the sound being necessarily diminished somewhat. In Edison's telephone, however, a current from a battery passes from the diaphragm through a carbon button and then to the primary circuit of an induction coil. Changes of pressure, produced by sound striking the diaphragm, vary the current passing through the primary circuit, and the currents induced in the secondary circuit are carried by the line and reproduce the sounds at the other end by aid of a receiver similar to Bell's. It was possible in this way to make the reproduction much louder than the original sound, and thus to telephone to much greater distances. The combination of this carbon transmitter and magnet receiver, with few improvements, is the telephonic apparatus of to-day.

In the microtasimeter, an instrument of various applications, a piece of carbon is placed between two metal plates, and a strip of some material is so arranged that if it expands it will increase the pressure of the plates on the carbon, and thus alter the strength of a current flowing from one plate to the other through the carbon. The changes thus produced are observed by means of a galvanometer placed in circuit. With this instrument the heat evolved by a star, focused by a telescope on a strip of hard rubber, causes sufficient expansion of the rubber to alter the pressure on the carbon and thus affect considerably the indications of the galvanometer. The presence of a very minute amount of moisture can be detected in the same way by the swelling of a gelatine strip.

A number of other instruments depend on this property, which, it may be noted, is not peculiar to carbon.

Edison's conquest of the difficulties encountered in perfecting his incandescent electric lamp illustrates his perseverance and determination, and the success it met with was well deserved. When he took the matter up the only useful method of obtaining light from electricity was the arc lamp. There was no practical way of getting small quantities of light. Others had already tried to obtain light by passing through conductors currents sufficiently strong to cause them to glow; but it was reserved for Edison to make this method a practical success. In his first lamp the current passed through a platinum wire, making it glow; but the melting-point of the platinum was so near the temperature at which it glowed brightly that a device for preventing fusion was required, and this gave considerable trouble. After much experimenting Edison came to the conclusion that the best method was to pass the current through a wire or filament of carbon, placed in a glass bulb from which the air was withdrawn so that the carbon, when heated, would not burn, nor the heat be carried away by currents of surrounding air or other gas. Then came the question of the manufacture of the carbon filaments. Filaments were made by carbonising, in grooved nickel moulds, subjected to a high temperature, such materials as cotton thread, paper, cardboard, white wood, jute, manilla hemp, and many other vegetable fibres. Assistants scoured the world in search of a suitable material, and, after much experimenting, fibres obtained from a certain kind of bamboo were selected. These were carbonised and then adjusted by the "flashing" process. The filament was placed in a vessel filled with the vapour of a hydro-carbon, and carbon was deposited on the filament by passing through it at intervals a current sufficient to produce a bright glow. The filament was then mounted on the platinum wires which lead the current into and out of the glass bulb. Afterwards the bulb was exhausted of air and sealed.

The delicate carbon threads, whose diameter is only about a two hundredth of an inch in the ordinary lamp, although it appears greater when glowing, required very accurate machinery for their manufacture, but the difficulties were overcome and the bamboo filament was a success. Edison soon, however, joined hands with Swan in England, whose system of making filaments from cotton thread, parchmentised by sulphuric acid and afterwards carbonised, is almost the only method now in use. The success of the incandescent lamp being assured, Edison addressed himself to the improvement of many details in the whole system of electric lighting, from the dynamo, which generates the current, and the system of cables by which it is distributed, down to the holder in which the lamp is placed, including such apparatus as regulators, meters, junction boxes, cut outs, &c. The arc lamps then in use were connected in "series," the same current going through all and necessitating the use of special contrivances for preventing the interference of one lamp with another. The incandescent lamps were to be run in parallel, so that each had the same pressure and could be put on or off at will independently, while the failure of one did not affect the others. The best results from these lamps could only be obtained by keeping up a steady pressure at the terminals. For this purpose he effected improvements in the dynamos and devised regulators, and soon the new system of electric lighting was complete. At the Paris Exhibition of 1881 he showed the largest dynamo then built, "Jumbo," a dynamo driven directly by a steam-engine for the supply of 1000 sixteen candle power lamps. The history of the successive improvements made by him since then would itself occupy a book. In his pyromagnetic dynamos he has produced, though not with commercial success, electrical currents from the combustion of coal without the intervention of an engine. These dynamos are based on the change in the magnetic properties of iron produced by heating; and the same principle was made use of in the pyromagnetic motor which developed mechanical power directly from coal. The properties of magnets are further taken advantage of in his ore separators and refiners, which have been used in practice on a large scale. In these machines the crushed ore passes in front of large electromagnets, by whose attraction particles of magnetic material, such as iron, are deflected from their paths and separated from the remainder of the ore.

The application of the electric current to the production of power and to locomotion received early attention, and, in 1883, a successful electric train was run at the Chicago Exposition by Edison in conjunction with Field.

Edison's inventions in connection with sound have been numerous. The accidental pricking of his finger by a steel point, connected to the diaphragm of a telephone into which Edison was talking, led ultimately to one of his greatest inventions—the phonograph. The first instrument was completed in 1878. The mouthpiece, which is spoken into, had a mica diaphragm, to which a steel point or style was fixed, resting on a grooved cylinder covered with tinfoil. The cylinder was set moving so that the point traced a spiral, and the motions of the diaphragm caused by sound made indentations in the tinfoil. The needle or style in another diaphragm could be put in contact with the tinfoil, and on setting the cylinder in motion the point followed the indentations made by the recording style and reproduced the sounds previously recorded on the tinfoil. The new phonographs—the Edison-Bell phonographs—with their cylinders of wax, which can be taken off and sent away or stored, their sapphire styles for recording and reproducing, and their sapphire knives for shaving the surface of the wax cylinder so as to prepare it for another record, form instruments which have proved of great value for many commercial purposes, and for scientific research. The perfected phonograph created great interest at the Crystal Palace in 1888, and also at the Paris Exhibition in 1889, where Edison's phonographs were housed in a separate pavilion, while the exhibit of his other inventions covered a floor area of 9000 square feet.

There is no need to do more than mention some other familiar instruments—the gramophone, the kinetograph, and the kinetoscope, which respectively record and reproduce continually changing scenes; and the phono-kinetograph and phono-kinetoscope which, as their names indicate, record and reproduce the sounds accompanying the scenes. Another "phone"—the megaphone—is a species of large trumpet for talking and hearing over a distance of a mile or two; while in the aerophone a magnified echo of the human voice is produced by the motion of a diaphragm which controls valves placed in a steam whistle or organ pipe.

Among the minor inventions may be named an electric pen, having a point which is moved rapidly by a tiny electromotor so that the paper is perforated with a series of small holes, producing a stencil from which a large number of copies may be obtained.

His electric pen has, however, been superseded by his mimeograph, another multicopying apparatus, in which a prepared sheet, placed on a surface like the surface of a file and written upon, is used as a stencil. A modification of this can be used with the typewriter.

At the time of the agitation in the States in favour of the carrying out of the death sentence by an electrical method Edison was approached, and conducted a series of valuable experiments on the effect of different electrical pressures on the human system. His experiments on Röntgen Rays have already been noticed in this magazine.

Such, in brief outline, is the history of this remarkable man. To-day he is fifty-three years old, alert, keen-eyed, full of ideas, and with the energy, determination, and ingenuity required for successfully materialising his dreams. Who knows what new things he has in store for us?

THE HISTORY OF A PRAYER

By GIOVANNI DALLA VECCHIA

ON Sunday evening July 29, 1900, about nine o'clock, the valiant King Humbert took leave of his gracious Queen to go to distribute prizes to members of an athletic club. "I shall not be long, my dear," he said to the Queen, and accompanied by General Ponzio-Vaglia, minister of the royal house, and General Avogadro, one of his A.D.C.s, the King left the royal palace. Monza, though a royal borough, contained a mixed population of loyalists and socialists, and a good number of the latter had gone to Monza from Milan, the headquarters of the revolutionary party. The King, in this his last appearance in public, did not receive the hearty welcome he highly deserved. There were cheers, but the cheering was not universal. When the *fête* was over the King left the royal stand to go to his carriage, and he had hardly stepped in when he was shot by an anarchist, who had been facing the royal stand while the distribution of prizes was going on. Thus, one of the most loving and kind-hearted rulers the world ever saw was struck dead in the midst of his people. The carriage proceeded straight to the palace. The Queen hearing the carriage entering the courtyard, and unaware of what had happened, went as usual to meet the King at the top of the staircase, when she saw him carried in in the arms of the two generals. In a minute she was in the hall, and seeing a stranger there, and taking him to be a doctor, she said: "Are you a doctor? Save him; for goodness' sake, save him!" "Your Majesty," was the reply, "the King is dead." The broken-hearted Queen burst out in this since historical sentence: "To-day has been perpetrated in Monza the greatest crime of the century."

The body of the King was then taken up to his apartments and laid on his bed, while the Queen personally attended to all the necessary requirements concerning the King's body. No other member of the royal family was there to console the bereaved Sovereign. Her only son, the present King, was out yachting with his bride on the Greek waters; her mother was at Stresa on the Lago Maggiore; her brother, the Duke of Genoa, her nephews, the Duke of Aosta, the Count of Turin, the Duke of Abruzzi, were all far away from Monza.

About one o'clock in the morning the laying out of the King's body was finished; the Queen begged her lady-in-waiting, the Marchioness of Villamarina, to leave the room, as she wished to be alone with her dead. The afflicted widow then knelt at the bedside, and after a few prayers of her own Church she uttered the following supplication:

"Oh, Lord! he did good in this world and he never bore ill-will to any man; he has always forgiven those who did him harm; he sacrificed his life to duty and for the welfare of his people; until his last breath he strove to fulfil his mission. By that generous blood which flowed by his three wounds, by the work of justice and goodness he accomplished in his life, oh, merciful God, Lord of pity and justice, receive him into Thine arms and give him the eternal reward."

To this most pathetic prayer the Queen added what she afterwards called a small rosary of five verses, with a Credo, a Pater, and a De profundis intercalated. Here are the verses:

"Because he was merciful to all, according to Thy commandments, be merciful, O Lord, and give him rest;

"Because he wished nothing else but that justice should be done to all, have pity on him, O Lord;

"Because he always forgave every one, forgive Thou his errors, inevitable to human nature, O Lord;

"Because he loved his people and had only one thought, the good of the country, receive Thou him, in Thy glorious Kingdom, O Lord;

"Because he was good until his last breath, and fell a victim to his goodness, give him the martyr's crown, O Lord."

In these five verses the afflicted lady depicted, most pathetically and accurately, the moral character of the late King. If the prayer sounds somewhat unusual in the ears of Protestants, who do not pray for the dead, nor are accustomed to plead their merits, we must remember that the Queen is a strict Romanist, and that she is not to be judged except as such.

After this prayer the Queen felt much relieved and comforted, and withdrew to her own apartments. She was advised to rest for a little while, but she could not; she was so full of the thought of her assassinated husband and her far-away son that she could not lie down.

So she sat at her desk and wrote down the prayer and rosary she had formed and recited while kneeling at the death-bed, and decided there and then to send them to Monsignor Bonomelli, the worthy bishop of Cremona, a sincere and patriotic pastor, well disposed towards the reigning dynasty; while Cardinal Ferrari, the Archbishop of Milan, in whose jurisdiction is Monza, had, on more than one occasion, shown feelings of hostility towards the House of Savoy.

The Queen wrote to Monsignor Bonomelli the following beautiful letter:

"My Lord,—I know that you are, in heart and mind, close to me in this terrible moment in which our Lord has subjected Italy to a severe trial. I know also that your prayers and thoughts in this moment are for him, for our poor King, who loved so much his people and fell assassinated by three bullets fired at him by an Italian. How horrible! Our ever-merciful Lord wished to spare him the supreme bitterness of knowing that the parricide hand was that of an Italian, that the bullets fired at his sacred person were from one of his subjects. I have thought out—and, I believe, God has helped me—the enclosed prayer and rosary in memory of our poor King so that all the people may pray for him. It came from the bottom of my heart, and I have written it in a simple form so that every one can understand it.

"I think, however, the permission of a bishop is required for its publication, and I thought of you whom I deeply venerate. I pray you, therefore, to have this prayer printed, and to recommend it in memory of my Lord and King, so that all the people may pray for him, and let it be known, too, that it was I who wrote it, and, perhaps, for the love which, against all my deserts, the people bear me they will willingly recite it."

Monsignor Bonomelli, as soon as he received this message, hastened to Milan, and had an interview with Cardinal Ferrari, after which the Bishop of Cremona published with his own imprimatur the prayer and rosary, and also the Queen's letter and his appropriate reply. It seems, however, as if Cardinal Ferrari did not express himself quite clearly with his brother Bishop because, while the latter carried with him the opinion that the Cardinal was in favour of the prayer, a few days after its publication Cardinal Ferrari denied having ever consented to it. As this is a very serious matter, and has had a very painful sequel, I had better give the version of the Liberal papers, and quotations from the Clerical papers. The Liberal version is as follows: Cardinal Ferrari thinking to succeed in obtaining that the funeral of the King should take place at Monza and not in Rome approved of the prayer, and when he failed in his object as to the funeral he condemned the prayer. Neither Cardinal Ferrari nor Monsignor Bonomelli has put into print what passed between them at the abovementioned interview, and the Clerical papers have passed no comment on the same, and, therefore, a part of the truth is still hidden from us; but that does not affect the history of this prayer. We can follow it with the scanty news of the Clerical papers, which are, however, eloquent in their brevity. *La Lega Lombarda*, a Milanese Catholic paper, stated: "The Queen has sent to Monsignor Bonomelli a prayer for her departed King, and the Monsignor had an interview with Cardinal Ferrari about it, and we have now the pleasure of publishing the prayer and the rosary." This publication made a deep impression everywhere.

The Queen's prayer was reprinted in every paper of Italy except in the extreme Clerical organs; it was also printed in many thousands of memorial post-cards, some illustrated with the effigy of the King, some with that of the Queen, and every one bearing this imprimatur, "✠ *Geremia, bishop.*" Two days after the *Italia Reale*, a Catholic paper of Turin, published a telegram from Milan in which it was said that the prayer had been approved of by Cardinal Ferrari before its publication. The *Lega Lombarda* reprinted this telegram, and praised Cardinal Ferrari for his patriotic action. This seemed to settle all doubt; but upset instead all previous statements. The

Cardinal invited the *Lega Lombarda* to state that he had never given his consent, and *L'Osservatore Cattolico*, the most intolerant paper in Italy friendly to the Cardinal, published this short note: "Monsignor Bonomelli has recently published a *kind* of prayer, *alleged* to have been written by H.M. Queen Margherita. We did not think it proper to reprint it, and we now learn that Cardinal Ferrari never consented to its publication."

I must keep to my subject, though very much tempted to outline here the political situation before and after this incident, but I may say *en passant*, that the Queen's prayer, published by Monsignor Bonomelli, had raised in all a strong hope to see henceforth the State and the Church proceed hand in hand, and that the condemnation of the same prayer by Cardinal Ferrari first, and by the Vatican authorities afterwards, had the effect of utterly destroying every hope of this kind. Having said so much I now proceed with my narrative.

During the second and third weeks of August this touching prayer was recited in thousands of churches and homes; it was recited by priests, canons, bishops, and archbishops, and especially at the funeral of King Humbert in the Pantheon. Within a week from the funeral the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, published an official *communiquê* whereby the Queen's prayer was condemned as heretical. Words fail me to describe properly the feelings of the Italians when this condemnation became known. The protest was general, and took various forms. In many places the people gathered and recited the prayer in a public square and sent afterwards a telegram to the Queen; but where the priests were with the people in this demonstration the royal prayer was recited in the churches. This prayer was afterwards written in verse, and put to music and heartily sung by many congregations. It was also translated into Latin. A patriotic priest thought to translate it into the language of his church, and as it is not long I will give the Latin version for the benefit of the readers of *Good Words* not unacquainted with that language.

Est hominum extinctus Rex lege jubente misertus,
Ac ideo Regis tu miserere, Deus!
Quam tribuis pacem, nunc gaudeat Ille perenni;
Dignus amans aequi sit pietate tua.
Hostibus Ille suis generoso corde pepercit;
Ejusdem vitiis parcito, Criste pie!
Quod patriae voluit cari populique secundas
Res, Illi patriae limina pande tuae.
Ille bonus semper, fuit hac bonitate peremptus;
Marthyris hinc serto nobile cinge caput.
Omnibus hic fecit bene Rex; odisse refugit,
Et vitae ignovit qui nocuere suae.
Consuluit patriae, nec defuit Ille labori,
Pondera quem regum multiplicare solent.
Is regis studuit clementis munere fungi,
Immeritusque mori, traditur Ille neci!
Origo qui roseus defluxit vulnere, sanguis
Ac operum bonitas, justitaeque suae,
Sic Tibi commoveant cor, juste, piissime Jesu,
Ut manibus capiat praemia digna tuis.

More than one municipality ordered that henceforth the Queen's prayer should be read daily in the public schools in lieu of the *Pater Noster*. Some papers invited the government to take strong measures against the Vatican. There were a few features connected with these anti-Vatican demonstrations to which objection might be taken, because amongst the demonstrators there were several who had no love of prayers, and had not much sympathy with the monarchy. But there was only a small number of this character, the greater part being men and women much devoted to religion.

Bishop Bonomelli was praised by all with the exception of a few *intransigeants*, who accused him of having acted against the rule of the Church—in having too much to do with royalty. I inquired about this rule of the Church, and I was told that Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State, issued in 1888 a circular in which *inter alia* it was written: "On behalf of His Holiness, I must declare that, as a rule, it is not allowed to the Bishops, and much less to those of the (ex) Papal State, to pay to the Chief of the State any official homage."

The worthy Bishop of Cremona answered to all accusations with a most dignified letter, in the course of which he said: "How could I not accept the prayer of a most august and most pious lady, written before the body of the King, her husband? It would have been an act of cruelty, and it would have deprived the Catholic people of a splendid example of faith, piety, and of Christian resignation, more unique than rare. I asked at once advice from Him *Who* alone has a right to give it, and having received his approval I published the prayer."

Monsignor Bonomelli wrote *who* with a capital letter, which implies that it was referring to a higher authority than the Archbishop of Milan.

The new King, speaking of this incident to his Ministers assembled in Council, was reported as having said: "Well, those of the Vatican can act as they like, but the lament for my father will remain deeply rooted in the hearts of the people, and my mother's prayer will be recited both in the churches and at home by the Italian people."

In the midst of all these unseemly episodes one figure stood prominently high above everyone—Queen Margherita. In the fulness of her bereavement, broken-hearted with grief as she was, she did not utter a single murmur against the Church which had condemned her prayer. A Clerical paper stated that the Queen dutifully bowed to the decision of the Church, and acknowledged the right of the Church to condemn her prayer. I doubt very much the veracity of this statement, even because the prayer having been issued by the Bishop of Cremona he is the only one who can withdraw it, and he has not done so yet. Moreover, fully a month after the condemnation, the Queen assisted at the opening of a village church up in the Dolomite Hills, and in the midst of the service the priest, turning towards the Queen, said: "Your Majesty, here the people are in sympathy with your sorrow, they pray with you for him that is no more," and then he intoned the Queen's prayer.

THE GLEN OF DREAMS

'Tis sweet enough, O heart of me, when day is on the street,
And my soul can do no thinking for the din of ceaseless feet,
And the town is all astirring to and fro;
But it's ah, when night is silent, and soft sleep the city fills,
And I lie down in the dark, and dream wide-open dreams of hills,
Till my little room is ringing with the sea-sob and the rills,
God above me! I am broken with my woe.

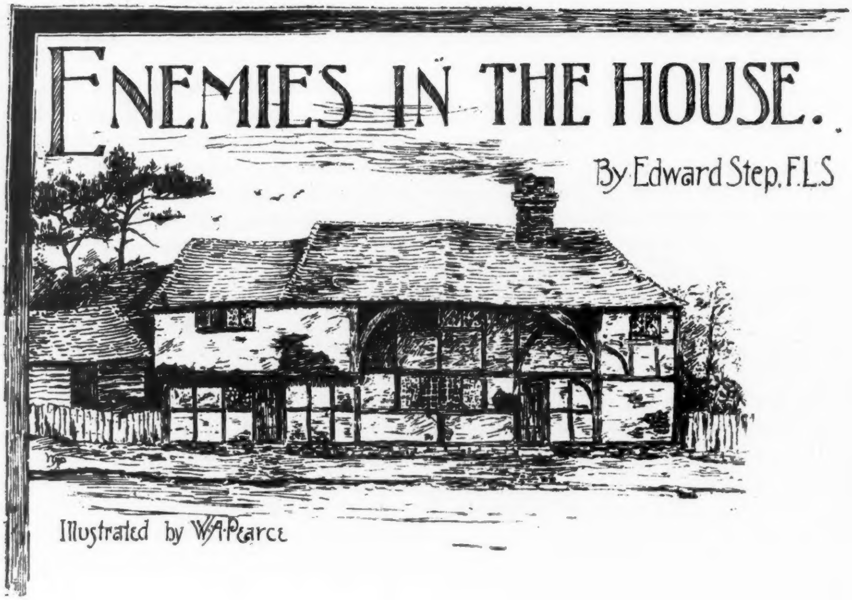
They would mock me if I told them of the place so dear to me,
The home among the heather, far away beside the sea,
And the purple moorland stretching from the door;
And the big hills up behind it, like the monarchs of the land,
Sitting throned above the waters, dreaming sadly, hand in hand,
And the sad sea, sighing, sobbing, throbbing, wailing o'er the sand,
And the faces that I long for evermore.

Still the cottage walls are standing in the Glen of Dreams afar,
But the light is gone for ever that to me was guiding star,
From the window in the west above the sea;
And the deer is in the garden, and the roof-tree's in the rain,
And the grave gives never back its love to broken lives again;
And it's only in the darkness I can hear my heart complain
For the dear dead days for ever gone from me.

L. MacLean Watt.

ENEMIES IN THE HOUSE.

By Edward Step, F.L.S.

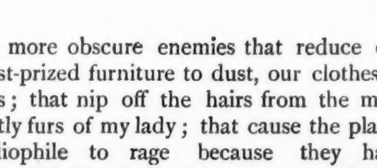


Illustrated by W. A. Pearce

I N some of the older dictionaries—and perhaps a few of the modern—the term "insect" is defined as anything mean and contemptible. That definition fairly represents the prevailing attitude of mankind to the insect tribes, and it is a confession of ignorance. It is a trite saying that a wise general does not under-estimate the strength of the enemy; but we not only under-estimate the powers of our insect enemies; we often through ignorance destroy our most valuable allies. We think we can afford to despise some minute creature that has entered our strongholds—a Briton's house being his castle—but we overlook the fact that the two or three that have effected an entrance, and been regarded by us with unconcern, have the power to put in the field against us, in a few short weeks or months, an army numbering millions. For, as a rule, the smaller the creature and the shorter its life-span the greater is its fecundity.

"Forewarned is forearmed," and the man or woman who knows something of the nature and appearance of these enemies of his own household may at least partially repel their attacks, though possibly unable to entirely exterminate them. I am not referring now to those unpleasant creatures that aim at attacking our own persons, but to the more obscure enemies that reduce our most-prized furniture to dust, our clothes to rags; that nip off the hairs from the most costly furs of my lady; that cause the placid bibliophile to rage because they have destroyed his choicest treasures; and that vex the soul of the thrifty housewife by their destruction of good food. Even this bill of indictment might have several counts added to it; but enough for the present.

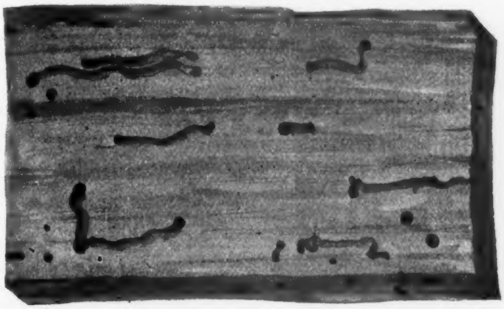
We cannot keep these enemies out of our house. From time to time they will effect an entrance in spite of all vigilance, and they may have had possession for years before we discover their presence, so secretly do they work. Take the little wood-boring beetles that destroy our furniture as examples. Most of my readers, I feel sure, would be prepared to say they have no such creatures



DEATH-WATCH AND LARVA (MAGNIFIED)

in their houses. A few who are given to burning the midnight oil in solitary study will admit presently that they are thus pestered. In the dead of night when the household is hushed in sleep, have they not heard a gentle tapping noise, repeated from six to twelve times in rapid succession, with the regularity of a watch ticking, yet, with a fuller, but less sharp sound? Silence succeeds for a few seconds, then perhaps an answering series of beats comes from another direction.

Let us substitute for the student the watcher by the sick-bed, and those insignificant tappings at once acquire the importance of a portent; that is, if the watcher is at all superstitious, the beats are those of the "death watch" and they forecast a fatal termination to the case of sickness. This nonsense has its believers even to-day, although more than two hundred years ago, one Benjamin Allen published in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society an account of the wood boring beetle that produces the disquieting sounds. Jonathan Swift a little later gave a prescription for the recovery of the sick person condemned to death by its ticking—

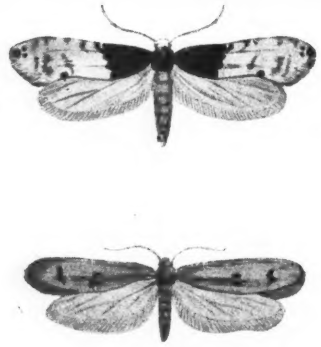


SECTION OF A PIECE OF ELM BORED BY DEATH-WATCH (NATURAL SIZE)

A kettle of scalding hot water injected
Infallibly cures the timber affected;
The omen is broken, the danger is over,
The maggot will die and the sick will recover.

The death-watch is really a tiny beetle about four millimetres in length, and its breadth may be estimated by glancing at the pinholes in that worm-eaten chair or table, which were bored by it or its fat little white grub. This destructive work is not done by the insects to vex us, as we may at times feel inclined to believe, but because like ourselves and other creatures "they must live," and to live they must eat—even so unattractive a pabulum as dry, well-seasoned wood. Under this inaccurate name of death-watch the undiscriminating public lumps together what the more exact coleopterist declares are several distinct species of wood-eating beetles. The two most familiar of these are known to science as *Anobium domesticum* and *Xestobium tesselatum*. They do not confine their attention to furniture; floor-boards are often riddled by them, and the heat from a table-lamp in a country house will often bring a small shower of them from their tunnels in the good oaken rafters overhead. To get rid of them from such places is difficult, but in the case of an esteemed article of furniture a good plan is to inject into the uppermost holes with a fine syringe a solution of bichloride of mercury. This is not only death to the insects, but renders the wood proof against future attacks of the same kind.

More important, perhaps, because of the rapidity with which they render garments useless, are the insects that attack our wardrobes. We may marvel at grubs growing fat and succulent upon such unpromising fare as old timber affords, but that achievement is improved upon by the insects that prefer to draw their entire nutrition from woollen fabrics, fur, horse-hair, feathers, tanned leather and the like, and apparently without ever a desire to "wet their whistles" by anything of a juicy nature. Any small, silvery-winged moth that is seen flitting about the house is regarded as a "clothes moth," but every one killed is not an enemy, for there are a number of moths of similar size and appearance that come from outdoors and have been occupied as grubs in destroying green leaves. It is a common error to suppose that it is the clothes-*moth* that does the mischief, though by destroying the moth we prevent the laying of innumerable eggs from which come the consuming larvæ, whose cutting jaws would be actively and incessantly employed in mutilating choice fabrics and valuable furs. These



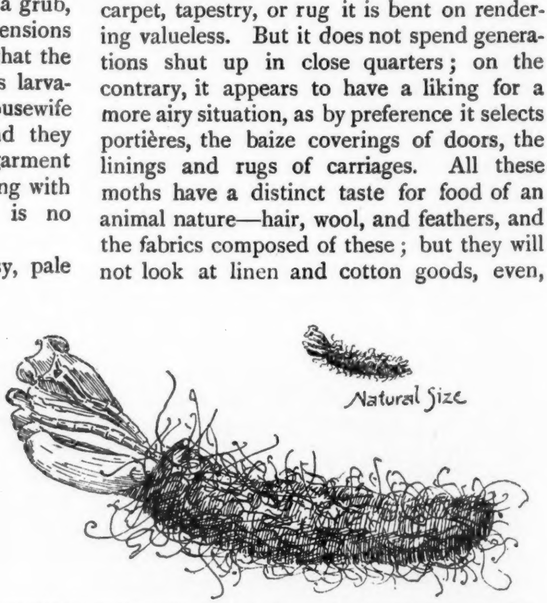
TINEA TAPEZELLA
TINEA PELLIONELLA

caterpillars are rarely seen by the housewife, because their first care on leaving the egg is to disguise or hide themselves.

The clothes-moth proper has yellowish-grey wings with three or four indefinite brownish spots upon them, and in consequence of its marked preference for furs it is known to science as *Tinea pellionella.* If its presence be suspected, a careful scrutiny of the garment will probably reveal a number of tiny cylindrical tubes constructed of the hairs or fibres of the article attacked. In each of these movable houses there is a grub, and as he grows he adds to the dimensions of his shelter in a very clever way, so that the one garment lasts him throughout his larvahood. It is for these cases the housewife must look carefully, and when found they should be picked off the attacked garment and consigned to the fire. Sprinkling with insect powder or lavender blooms is no remedy.

A larger clothes-moth with glossy, pale yellow wings—the upper part without spots—is known as *Tined biselliella.* Although destruction by this insect may not be so great when measured by *£ s. d.*, yet its ravages are more extensive and far more insidious than those of *pellionella.* It shuns publicity, and prefers to work beneath the covers of chairs, inside the cushions of sofas and the mattresses of beds. Instead of covering itself with a portable tent, it spins a silken tunnel and, coming out from the open end, feeds upon the material with which the cushion is stuffed, whether feathers, horsehair, or wool. The worst feature about the depredations of this enemy is the secrecy with which it acts. As a rule it does not feel the necessity for coming out into the open. The moths leave the chrysalids, but remain under cover and lay their eggs where their own lives have been spent. Provided the cushion was originally well-stuffed, several generations of these moths may be reared within, and the only indication of their presence is the gradual wasting of the cushion's substance, which may not be assigned to its real cause, but may lead to an unmerited doubt of the upholsterer's honesty. Many a chair that was once easy owes its present hardness to the industry of this little enemy. Many a carpet that has prematurely worn into holes has been cut across by the same destroyer.

The tapestry-moth (*Tinea tapezella*) is a still larger species, which may also be recognised among other clothes-moths by the colouring of its fore-wings, which renders it very conspicuous. Nearest the body these wings are coloured black, the remainder is white, clouded near the tips with grey. The larva of this is also a tunnel-maker, constructing its hiding-place of fibres cut out of the carpet, tapestry, or rug it is bent on rendering valueless. But it does not spend generations shut up in close quarters; on the contrary, it appears to have a liking for a more airy situation, as by preference it selects portières, the baize coverings of doors, the linings and rugs of carriages. All these moths have a distinct taste for food of an animal nature—hair, wool, and feathers, and the fabrics composed of these; but they will not look at linen and cotton goods, even,



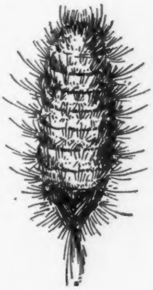
COCOON OF GREEN BAIZE MADE BY LARVA OF CLOTHES-MOTH, SHOWING THE EMPTY PUPA-CASE FROM WHICH THE MOTH HAS EMERGED though the draper has certified some of the latter as "all wool."

There is a common little moth frequently found about windows, which is constantly being destroyed as a clothes-moth. Perhaps it as frequently destroys itself by drowning in water-jugs, or what is far worse, in milk-jugs. The distinctive features are its head and chest of snow-white, and its wings of dirty-grey. On account of its fondness for windows it has been named *Endrosis fenestrella.* It cannot properly be considered a clothes-moth, but rather as a scavenger, clearing up refuse that has drifted into odd corners and been forgotten, and appearing to prefer that of a vegetable nature.

Leaving the wardrobe, let us take a peep at the library. Here the death watch (*Anobium domesticum*) sometimes plays havoc among the books, especially where they are little used and comprise some of the good old sort, leather-bound, with thick, heavy boards. But not only may the bindings be attacked; the more important reading may suffer also. Kirby and Spence quote from Horne's "Bibliography" a remarkable case in which twenty-seven folio volumes that had long reposed side by side had been bored clean through in a straight line, so that the set could be threaded on a piece of string passed through the sharp round holes. Occasional reading of the books instead of merely gazing at their labels is the remedy for —or rather preventive of—damage of this wholesale character.

The caterpillar of the tabby-moth (*Aglossa pinguinalis*) has been charged with destroying bindings, and the late Prof. Westwood reported upon a colony of exotic wood-boring beetles (*Hypothenemus eruditus*) discovered tunnelling into the bindings. The name *eruditus*, or learned, which Westwood gave to this alien criminal is an instance of that humour which scientific men are commonly supposed to lack, but many a Latin name of bird or beast, of fish or insect, the naturalist knows bears witness to the waggishness of the savant. Another of these insects of literary tastes is the book-louse (*Atropos*), a minute wingless creature that reminds one, when viewed through a powerful lens, of its big relation, the white ant. This pest, whose very smallness causes it to be treated ordinarily with contempt, can yet do a great deal of damage. It will eat the surface off enamelled paper or card, make the bindings of books shabby by the same process, gnaw at the edges of the leaves, and even carry on its nefarious operations between the pages, and destroy the glue and paste that have been used in binding the sheets together. Crickets and cockroaches will also destroy leather bindings if they can get access to them.

Not only does the lover of books anathematise the *Atropos* that severs the threads—*pace* the classical legend—but the collector of biological specimens finds in it a worse enemy. If it gets an entrance into his insect cabinet it will do great damage, multiplying rapidly and showering unsightly black dust beneath its victims to show how well it is clearing away all those dead carcases. Where it has got among books and papers it is difficult to get rid of, but in insect cases or other close-fitting structures, where the circulation of air can be prevented, *Atropos* may have its own destiny cut short by enclosing with it a cylinder of naphthaline. This is better than anything else I know. Camphor it defies, chloroform stupefies it, but it recovers its activity; naphthaline gives it a deadly cramp, and it dies with its limbs and trunk drawn up and twisted. Specimens of small crustacea that had to be exposed to the air whilst drying prior to going into the cabinet have got badly occupied by *Atropos.* Those inside the crab appeared to laugh at chloroform whilst they still held on, but when the odour of naphthaline stole in they rushed out, turned sick and died.


LARVA OF ANTHRENUS MUSÆORUM

The collector has other insect-enemies, and it matters little to them whether his treasures are fellow insects, birds or the biggest of stuffed beasts. The skin-eaters (*Dermestes*) are beetles that bore into the toughest skins, whether of museum specimens, raw hides or tanned leather. One of these is known as the bacon-beetle, because of its fondness for excavating hams and flitches, as well as joints fresh from the butcher. Another species is so destructive in skin warehouses that Westwood relates how the London merchants engaged in that line of business earlier in the nineteenth century offered a reward of £20,000 for a practical remedy. That reward, I believe, was never claimed. Then, as though Dermestes were not sufficient to vex the soul of the collector, eating not merely his specimens, but the cork-lining of his insect-drawers also, there is the museum-beetle (*Anthrenus musæorum*), a much smaller creature—about 2 mm. long—that tucks its legs under it when detected, and pretends to be a lifeless particle of refuse. Any well-dried animal substance, whether it be flesh, skin, hair or feathers, pleases the grub of this beetle, and here again such deterrents as camphor have no terrors for the invader. Where it is possible specimens should be washed with a clear solution of corrosive sublimate.

There are other beetles that pursue this odious persecution of the collector, but space will not allow of their description, nor of more than the merest mention of those household enemies that perhaps appeal more directly to our revengeful instincts by their anticipating us in the consumption of our food supplies. We have already mentioned the bacon-beetle, and, of course, the name of the blow-fly will spontaneously occur as that of a little monster whose access to the freshest joints in summer means their rapid decomposition. There are the wasps that steal our sugar and jams, and spoil our ripe fruit, though they also give some compensation in keeping down the flies and other insects. There is the meal-worm that eats up our flour, and changes finally into a slender beetle; here again, if we have an aviary, we may find counter-balancing good when the meal-worms have been discovered, for they are much esteemed by song-birds. One species of fly (*Piophila casei*) lays its eggs in our cheese, and these produce the myriads of "hoppers," the white maggots that appear to keep down a tendency to corpulence by continuous leaping exercise. And there are the various species of cockroaches, including the too-common one familiarly but erroneously known as the "black beetle." The noisy cricket must not be forgotten, for although he is content with unconsidered trifles in the shape of crumbs and scraps, he will help himself to more important forms of food if he can get at them, even eating boot-tops and linen goods. So, even when we restrict our view to the comparatively few insects that invade our houses, we must agree that, though their conduct may be mean, they are certainly not contemptible.

A NIGHT IN THE CLOUDS

By MICHAEL A. MORRISON

It was a glorious morning late in October when we rattled out of the gateway of the posting station at Tiflis to cross the Caucasus into Russia. The old diligence, or *kareta* as the Russians call it, held seven of us, including the conductor and the coachman. Inside were two ladies, Russians, the wife and sister of a Colonel in Moscow; outside, in front, were a Tartar carpet merchant, an Armenian importer of dried fruits from Persia, and myself. The conductor was a huge and hirsute Georgian in Circassian costume, and decorated with a long silver-mounted sword, a dagger nearly as long, a revolver and a trumpet. Thank goodness we had no occasion for the display of the conductor's valour with those lethal weapons of his. With his trumpet he did famous things, clearing the road, awakening magnificent echoes, and tootling Georgian tunes. He was a splendid fellow, but with an unquenchable thirst.

We drove along the Kura river, which still retains a vestige of the name of Cyrus, who sailed up it some little distance from the Caspian, and through the old capital of the Georgians—Mtskhet, founded by Karthlos, the eponymous hero of the race. Then along the lovely valley of the Aragva, with wooded hills and vineyards on either side, and great flat extents here and there along the river, where one noticed the withering stalks of maize and tobacco. "Ah!" said the conductor, "a splendid country this, the best wine is only five copecks a bottle,"—a little over one penny. "Ten eggs," he continued, "cost only five copecks, and butter is ten copecks a pound."

At every turn of the road we were offered the most delightful prospects, and every vista now began to be closed by the great shining white ridge of the main chain.

When we stopped for dinner at a place called Dushet we were over three thousand feet high, and delicious breaths came down from the mountains all around us. It was here that the passengers became friendly with one another; all our stiffness wore off in presence of the bad dinner provided for us. Wonderful was the unanimity that prevailed in condemning those execrable viands. The Colonel's lady used strong language right to the *restaurateur* himself, and said that she would not eat a bite in the place; and then the gallant Armenian fruit-dealer came forward offering some of his own special wares, which he kept tied up in a red handkerchief, and these the irate lady condescended to accept, with a bow which would have done honour to the Winter Palace.

On we went again, the conductor bugling as though his life depended on it. His face was red and shining, and his utterance thick. We guessed the rest. Slowly we ascended by the side of the Aragva, our constant companion all day long, and a delightful companion, with its soft rustle and murmur as its waters sped down from their home among the glaciers to the warm Georgian plains. Towards sun-down we turned sharp to the left, and entered a narrow valley that seemed to end with an abrupt black precipice, on the brow of which snow lay sprinkled. The brightness had gone out of the day, it grew colder and colder, and the stray clouds which had been hanging about the face of the mountains seemed to be gathering their forces together, and to come creeping down to meet us. At night-fall it was chill and damp, and grey wreaths of thick mist enveloped us. We were five thousand feet high, and in the clouds. The conductor and the Armenian merchant drew their hairy *burkas* closer around them, and the bugling ceased. We could not see a yard beyond the heads of the steaming horses. Thicker and thicker grew the clouds, and colder and damper the air. At last a blurred light shone before us; we seemed to come suddenly, almost miraculously, on it. It was the station of Mleti. We had one more station to make, and our day's travelling would be over. Our road now lay in a steep zig-zag up the face of the black cliff we had seen earlier in the day. It was a wearisome ascent. Although eight horses were harnessed to the diligence we could only go at a walk. The passengers kept a dead silence. The thick cloud through which we moved seemed to stifle us. The Tartar carpet merchant sitting beside me told me that to my left a deep precipice, sheer as anything in nature, sank down into the bed of the Aragva. It must have been of frightful depth, for the brawling of the stream reached us only as a gentle whisper. Upward and ever upward we mounted, and the wheels crunched through patches of snow on the road, and we could just dimly see big white sheets of it on either side of us.

"Thank God!" muttered the conductor, "there's the station at last." We saw nothing, but our conductor's eyes were practised, and he knew where to look. In a minute more he was tootling his merriest, and lights were lit and big shadowy figures were moving about, helping us to alight. We shook the wet from our coats and entered the cheerful station, where a bright fire was burning, and where we had glasses of hot tea, and a magnificent supper of goat's cheese, hard boiled eggs and maize bread.

"Just fancy," said the Colonel's lady, "we are over eight thousand feet high! We might as well be one thousand for all we can see. I do wish the clouds would clear away. It ought to be a beautiful moonlight night."

But the clouds did not disperse, and we gave up all hope of looking at the shining snow peaks by moonlight. The conductor suggested that we should go into the kitchen, and sit before the big fire there. "Come along," he said, "and I'll tell you a story."

"Splendid!" I thought. "I'm pretty sure to hear something for the Editor of GOOD WORDS."

We sat round the fire and gazed expectantly on our friend, who was pulling his beard, and evidently ransacking his repertory for a good one.

"Well," he began, "you must know that this station of Gudäur is right in the very heart of a country full of queer stories and legends, and it is one of these that I will tell you. A very long time ago there lived in a village quite close to us a poor Georgian family, and the Lord taking pity on their poverty, enriched them with the gift of a lovely daughter, Nina, than whom there was no lovelier child in all Ossetia. Not only the people of her own village praised her beauty, but travellers and mountaineers passing through and seeing her carried her fame into all lands. The village always contained a number of youths who had travelled far to see her, and remained on in the hope of winning her when she grew up. Rich caravans passing through from Persia left presents at her door—pieces of embroidered silk and other valuable things. But in addition to all these admirers Nina had attracted the attention of the old spirit-guardian of this very mountain, whose name was Gud. Gud, in all the centuries of his prolonged life, had never seen such a beauty, and he loved her with all the strength and passion of youth. If Nina wished to ascend a mountain her aged spirit-lover made her path level. If she gathered flowers and herbs Gud strewed her way with the loveliest flowers of the mountains. He watched over the five sheep, the only possession of her father, and not one of them ever slipped from the rocks, or fell a victim to the wolves. In a word, Nina was empress wherever Gud ruled—so smitten with love was the mighty spirit. Fifteen years passed. From a beautiful child Nina grew to be a still more beautiful woman, every day growing lovelier and the love of the old spirit knew no bounds. He even began to wish to be able to change himself from a mighty spirit to a mortal man, to a poor Georgian. But the lovely Nina took no notice of old Gud's love. She loved Sasiko, her neighbour. Sasiko was young, graceful, famous for his strength among the mountaineers, shot straight and far with his bow, danced with ease the most difficult dances. And old Gud grew jealous because Nina favoured Sasiko, and began to persecute the youth. He led him into morasses when he was out hunting, gathered thick mists round his head, so that he might lose his way, waylaid him with driving snowstorms. Winter came on, and Nina and Sasiko saw one another more frequently, and Gud noticing it all grew savage with jealousy, and his rage knew no bounds. Once when Nina and Sasiko were in her cottage together the old spirit piled snow all around so high that they could not leave it, nor could any one come to them. But the lovers rejoiced at this, they could now be together for ever so long. They lighted a fire, and sat together there talking and dreaming happy dreams. And so several hours passed. The hearts of the young people were full of love; but other claims began to assert themselves, and they grew hungry. Two little maize cakes and a piece of cheese were all they had. Another day passed, and instead of the joyful talk of lovers there was sighing and longing for bread. Still another day passed, the pain of hunger was terrible, and there seemed no hope of their escape, the snow was piled so high. On the fourth day death from hunger stared them in the face. Sasiko stumbled round from corner to corner of the hut raving with hunger. Suddenly his eyes fell on Nina, and throwing himself on her he seized her hands and bit deep into her shoulder. The wretched girl screamed in terror and pain, and fell on the floor. But at that moment sounds of voices were heard, and the door cleared of the snow, was opened by the neighbours. Nina and Sasiko threw themselves on their deliverers, and tried to utter words of thankfulness, but of one another they took no notice; love had fled. Old Gud cackled with laughter when he saw that their love had changed to aversion. He could not contain his joy; he laughed louder, and ever louder, so loud that great lumps of rock broke away from the surrounding precipices, and came tumbling down into the valley. If you don't believe me I'll show you the very rocks to-morrow morning."

"Yes, but," said the ladies together, "that is not all? What happened to Nina?"

"How am I to know," answered the conductor, with a broad grin. "That's what every one asks me. It happened, you know, so long ago."

We now noticed that the Armenian fruit dealer was fidgety and uneasy, and we interpreted these outward manifestations as a sign that he had a story to tell.

"It is quite a short story," he said in reply to our invitation, "and of quite a different kind, but I hope you'll all like it." He cleared his throat, and all the time he was telling his queer little legend he kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on the fire.

"To-morrow," he began, " we shall pass by the foot of Kasbek, the highest mountain in all these parts. My story has to do with that mountain. In olden times, long before you Mohammedans (turning to the Tartar) came to this country, all the mountaineers were good Christians, and the ruins that you now see in many a valley and on many a mountain side are all that is left of their churches. I don't know why, but Kasbek was always considered by the Christian mountaineers as a peculiarly holy mountain, and round its base hermits and monks, in time, built or dug out their little cells, and remained there, their life long, fasting and praying. But no hermit ever ascended the mountain until once seven of them, holier than the rest, felt that they must fly from the society of their fellows right away to solitude where there could be no distractions, where not even an echo of the outer world would penetrate.

"So right on the borders of the eternal snow and ice they built cells, each man built a cell for himself. They were all pious men, but one of them in particular enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity and holy living. His fame as a saint was known in all lands. But he was not puffed up, and hourly he humbled himself before the Creator of the universe. God was ever showing him signs of his favour; but the most wonderful sign of all was the great beam of light that streamed from his window right to the floor when he knelt in prayer. It was no ordinary light. In mid-winter when the clouds were hurtling over the mountain, or snow falling, the shaft of light was there all the same. I cannot explain how it was, but on that streaming light the holy man was wont to rest his books when he read, and there they lay as though they rested on something solid.

"The other hermits in time grew jealous of the special favours which the Almighty showed to their brother. Little by little all good feeling towards him left their hearts, and they determined to ruin him.

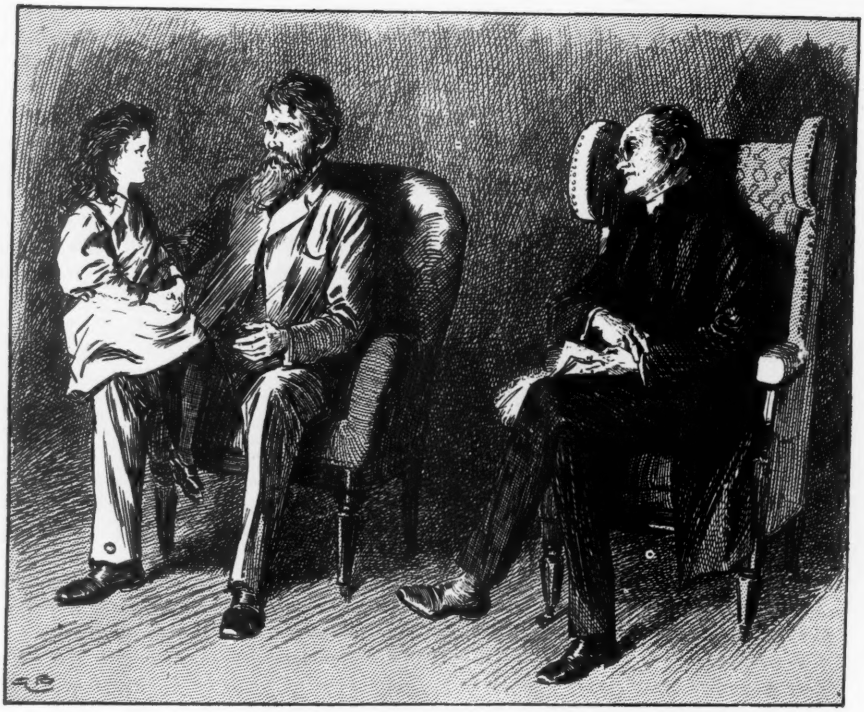
"Late one night a knock at his door astonished the holy man. None of his brethren ever came so late. He opened the door and before him stood a woman, the most lovely he had ever seen. It was snowing heavily, and the woman begged piteously for shelter. The hermit shut the door in her face and prayed; but she moaned and cried outside, and the storm rose in its fury. He could not listen unmoved to that pitiful cry for shelter, so he opened the door and the woman entered. The cell was bitterly cold, and the hermit had no wood to light a fire, so the woman crept close up to him, and sat beside him all the night. The fear and terror of it all at first moved the hermit to order the woman to the furthest corner of the hut, but little by little his scruples diminished and he tolerated her presence near him. When morning came —the hermit had been dozing—he awoke and the woman starting from her seat looked mockingly in his face, and then opening the door of the cell, she fled with shrill laughter, and swiftly descending the face of the mountain was lost in a black cloud. The sun was shining brightly around the cell, and the shaft of light streamed from the window to the floor. The hermit brought his book, and as usual would have placed it to rest on the bright rays, but alas! the light was no longer the same, and the book fell heavily to the floor.

"The aged hermit knew he had sinned in tolerating a woman to enter his cell, and with a deep sigh he left his hut, no one ever knew whither. There is a tradition that he is still wandering over the face of the earth, and that the hermits who conspired to ruin him are seeking him to confess their guilt."

There was prolonged silence after this until the Tartar said aloud what we were all thinking: "There is a lot of teaching in that story. I suppose every one of us has a beam of divine light in our cells, let us see that we do not weaken it."

The Colonel's lady told the next story, and I told the last. But they were both long stories, and I have already exhausted the space at my disposal.

Next evening we arrived in Vladikavkaz, all the better for our night in the clouds.



"'Listen and profit as you may'"

MARK AND HIS LANTERN

By G. FORRESTER SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

WE were with the Professor at the Rectory one night lately, and we sat round the fire and talked with the Rector, mainly about the Professor's Lucretian emendations. Little Alice was of the party, a ***persona muta*** in all propriety, until our sitting ran on to the hour of her wholesome bedtime, and she was summoned by a Draconian nursemaid. Then she entrenched herself between the Professor's knees, and very cleverly combined a petition to us with a defiance to Nurse Parker. She had struck up a great friendship with the Professor, and evidently trusted his influence to obtain a respite.

"Not want to go to bed?" says he. "Why, it's the best place in the world! I wish some one would come and order me off, sometimes. Not had enough play yet?"

"It's not that," said Alice; "only——"

"Well?"

"I don't like the dark," she confessed rather shamefacedly, conscious of her birthdays, perhaps.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" he said. "Not afraid of bogeys, are you?"

"Bogeys!" said the child with fine scorn. "It's just the dark, because it *is* dark. Sometimes I can see a star out of the window, between the trees, and that makes it all right at once; but when it's quite dark, oh, if Nursey would leave the candle in!"

The Professor meditated. "I used to

dislike the dark when I was a boy," he said. "By-the-bye, did I ever tell you the story of Mark and his lantern?"

"No, never," she replied; "won't you tell it me? Tell me now," she went on, with a look of complex meaning at Nurse still waiting inexorable at the door.

"Ten minutes more, Nurse?" the Professor asked; "just for once? Very well. Now, madam, look at the clock, and at the hour, away you go; and, no candle to-night; do you hear?"

"Had Mark a candle in his lantern?" she inquired, guessing afar off at the probable lurking moral of the tale.

"Don't anticipate the catastrophe," said the Professor, "but listen and profit as you may. Once upon a time there lived a woodcutter in a cottage on the edge of a great forest. It was a very small cottage, and the fir-trees hung over it; in front there was a little garden, and a brook running past; but behind it the forest stretched for miles and miles. The woodcutter was out all day in the wood, and he was a widower, and so he left his only son Mark to look after the house while he was away."

"How old was he?" Alice asked.

The Professor made a calculation. "About twelve," he answered.

"Ah," Alice murmured, "older than me." The moral might clearly become intrusive, and must be turned in time.

"Mark had nothing to do all day but pick primroses or blackberries," the Professor went on, "and to watch the squirrels and the wood-pigeons in the trees. He used to go a good long way into the forest by himself, because his father had marked the trees along the path, so that he could always find his way back again. He was never afraid to be alone in the forest, so long as it was daylight; but at night he was almost afraid to look out of the window; the darkness seemed to come quite close up to the glass, as if it wanted to get inside and catch him."

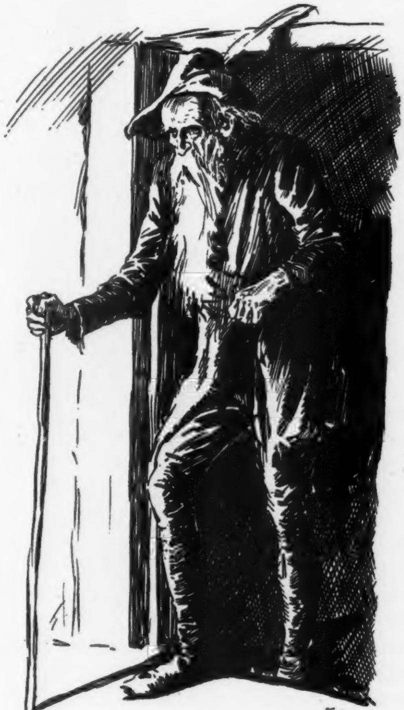
Alice stirred a little uneasily. Her bargain was not turning out well. Still, a moral story, even with a personal application, was worth another quarter of an hour on the furry hearthrug, with the glowing landscapes of the fire before her eyes. But it was not altogether what she had expected. "Does he die at the end?" she asked.

"Daughter of Eve," replied the historian solemnly, "we have not yet reached the third volume. To proceed: Mark was not at all afraid of wolves or bears at night. Do you know why not?"

"Because he was brave," Alice unguardedly surmised.

"Because there weren't any," the narrator rejoined; "much better reason. Well, in the winter evenings Mark used to stir up the fire on the hearth till the light flickered all over the roof of the kitchen, and only the window-panes looked black. And at last he would see his father's lantern coming along far away in the wood like a star. The lantern was a great friend of his, as it hung on its nail behind the door; and one birthday his father gave him a little lantern of his own.

"One winter night his father was very late in coming home, and Mark stirred up the fire and made it flicker till the sticks were almost all done; but the star would not come between the fir-trees, as it used to. Then there was suddenly a knock at the door; and when Mark opened it he



"'A strange woodman'"

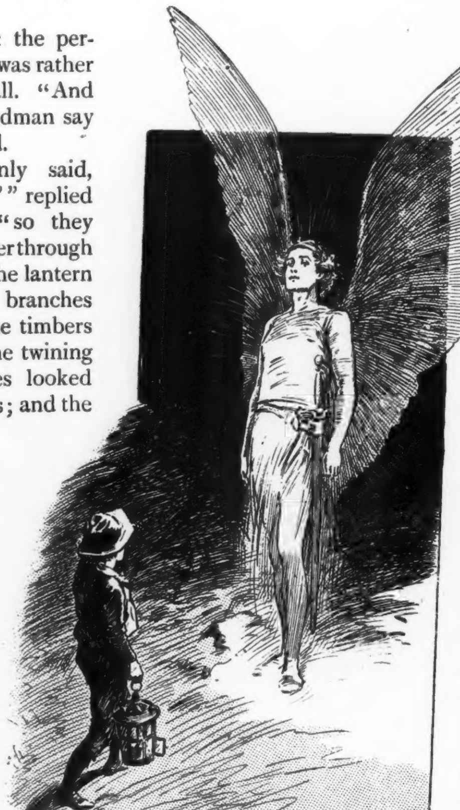
saw a strange woodman standing outside: he was very old and thin and poorly dressed; he had a feather in his cap and a wood-knife at his side. He asked Mark if he could show him the way to the cross roads in the middle of the forest. Mark was not sure; he had been there once or twice with his father by daylight; but at last he said he would try. So he took down his lantern and lighted the candle at the fire and went out to the stranger. ‘It is a light night,’ the woodman said (though Mark thought it black enough); ‘what need of a lantern?’

“‘I am afraid without it,’ Mark said; ‘it makes the trees seem friendly, and keeps the blackness from coming quite close.’

“Isn’t that what it does?” the Professor asked, laying a finger on the yellow curls where the firelight glinted.

Alice nodded: the personal application was rather interesting, after all. “And what did the woodman say then?” she asked.

“Oh, he only said, ‘Very well, then,’” replied the Professor; “so they started out together through the forest; and the lantern lit up the great branches overhead, like the timbers of a roof; and the twining roots of the trees looked like great serpents; and the birds fluttered and moved in the bushes as the light came by; and the moths came beating their wings about the lantern; and the bats and owls flickered and sailed over it, as if they were puzzled and troubled by the flame. Presently they came to a little dell, where the brook made a waterfall; and here Mark noticed his bit of candle was nearly burnt out. He would have liked to go back; but the stranger said, ‘Only a little farther on’; and as they went, the candle suddenly flared up and went out all at once. Mark looked in despair at the little red spark of the wick; and then he began to notice that somehow the darkness did not close round upon them: it seemed rather lighter than it had been before. Somehow the light seemed close by; and then Mark saw that it came from the stranger, who was shining all over with a pale greenish glimmer, like ten thousand glowworms. And he was not ragged and old now, but young and very tall, dressed in clothes like a dragon-fly’s wings: instead of the wood-knife, he wore a sword at his side, and on his shoulders were great wings outspread, shining against the dark branches of the fir-trees.”



“‘He was not ragged and old now’”

“An angel?” Alice said under her breath.

The Professor nodded. “Mark seemed to be dreaming,” he went on; “all he could say was, ‘The crossways are just over there, beyond the opening in the wood.’ ‘Good-night, then,’ said the stranger; ‘you will see your way home again.’ And as Mark looked where he pointed, he saw at every turn of the wood path other angels standing, all the way back to the cottage, through the pine-trunks, each shining with light, and the last was so far off, it looked just like his father’s lantern coming through the forest. Mark took up his lantern, still smoking, and turned to go back again.

“‘But why,’ he asked of the angel, ‘was it that I couldn't see you and the others before?'

"The angel looked at him, smiling a little. 'The lantern was too bright,' he said."

There was a pause. Alice was evidently thinking; the moral had not turned out at all in the way she had expected. The personal application required a good deal of consideration. She was silent for a good minute, while the Professor leaned back in the armchair and watched the firelight outline the pensive brow and cheek.

"That isn't all?" she asked at length. "Did he get home again all right?"

"My dear young lady," he replied, "do you want me to spoil a just and not ineffective conclusion by such an anticlimax?"

"That's only nonsense," said she; "I want the real ending of the story. It must end somehow, mustn't it?"

"Perhaps you are right," he answered. "Well, Mark went back through the wood; and when he got to the last turning, where the angel had been whose light looked like his father's lantern—well, it *was* his father's lantern, coming home to the cottage through the trees, after all. And that night, and some time afterwards, he thought so much about the angel that he never noticed the dark. And that's the end. And here's Nurse again. Good-night! There are plenty of stars to-night; next dark night, think of Mark's lantern. A kiss extra to-night for the story! Now, be off with you!"

We watched the golden head moving out of the light till the doorway hid its curls, and then sat silent for awhile in the flicker of the fire.

"Nam veluti pueri trepidant—

How does it go, Neville?" said the Rector presently.

"Atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt, sic nos in luce timemus,"

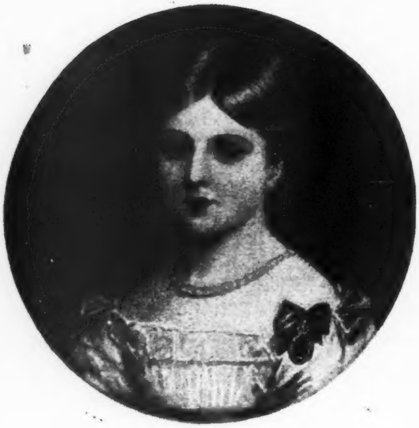
quoted the Professor, suddenly waking up. "I think we were discussing, if I remember, Lachmann's reading at line 47 of the Sixth Book?"

IN MEMORIAM

BY THE EDITOR

BEFORE this brief tribute to the memory of the great Queen, written a day or two after her death, can appear, the nation will have recovered from the first shock of sorrow, the sad pageantry of the august funeral will be a thing of the past, and the calmness which comes as a reaction from sudden grief will have intervened. It is, therefore, under the consciousness that little can be said now which will not have been anticipated before it can reach our readers that I write this article.

Yet no one who knew the Queen and loved her with the love which that knowledge never failed to awaken can remain wholly silent. The more one reflects on the emotion which her death has produced, the more unique and magnificent does the greatness of her personality appear. There never has been a national mourning like it, not in the extent and intensity of the grief merely, but in its nature and its cause. History affords no parallel to it. There have been kings on whose lives the destiny of a nation or of some great cause depended, and when they perished hope passed into despair. So was it when the English Harold fell at Hastings, or when Gustavus Adolphus was struck down on the field of Lützen. We may recall the sorrow of Germany when William I. died, quickly followed by his noble son, the Emperor Frederick. Both had been great in character, and both had been the heroic leaders of the victorious armies which had won for the Fatherland the Empire, with security for German independence and prosperity. The sorrow of Italy, when her gallant king was assassinated, was universal and keen; but with us the circumstances are different. Here it is no conquering hero nor brave ruler struck down in the fulness of his life



THE QUEEN, AGED SEVEN

(From the first miniature painted)

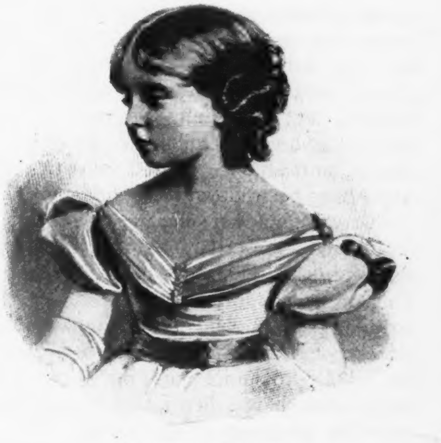
that we mourn, but a woman—in the best sense the most womanly of women—dying in extreme age, who acquired transcendant greatness and influence, and attracted the reverence and devotion of her people and of the world because of the grandeur of her character, the majesty of her goodness, the wisdom of her judgment, and the self-suppression and faithfulness to duty which had marked her long and beneficent reign. She had made herself literally the friend of her people; she had proved herself, as by the intuition of genius, the sagest interpreter of constitutional government the world ever saw; yet, while keeping strictly within constitutional limits, her advice exercised the most potent influence at home and abroad; but above all, while possessed of deep religious convictions that gave a firm basis for all her aspirations, the secret of her power may be traced to the riches of her humanity, and to the great loving heart which never failed to touch that chord which "makes the whole world kin." And so it was that when the news was flashed round the earth that the Queen was dead the cloud of mourning passed everywhere like the shadow of an eclipse. There was not one among the hundreds of millions of her subjects who did not feel they had lost a personal friend as well as the best of monarchs. Loyalty must always be personal, and its depth and personality never found a more magnificent illustration. The unprecedented length of her reign had made her part of the national life, and latterly her extreme age had lent a pathetic grace to the dignity of her office. All our associations with the throne were so connected with her that it seemed strange that the familiar title—The Queen—should ever give place to another. We had, indeed, become so accustomed to the continuance of her precious life that we could not realise its ending. We never dream that the river which has flowed by our home since childhood can cease. The sudden silence of the waters would startle us. Thus did we live as if no change could occur in the life that had blessed us all our way, but when the silence and the emptiness did come, we awoke to the greatness of the loss.

We need not enlarge here on her qualities as a ruler. Endowed with a wisdom and a common sense which amounted to genius, and with an unusually large share of that intuitive delicacy of feeling we call "tact," her natural ability had been cultured to the highest under the training of great statesmen and by companionship with the Prince Consort, which was itself an education. Her character had force as well as goodness, and a firmness and determination which, but for her sound judgment and perfect understanding of constitutional principles, might possibly have been embarrassing. One noticed that queenly consciousness of authority when she spoke of matters on which her opinion had differed from that of others, and there was sometimes a slight bridling up of the head, and a decision of expression which betrayed the natural firmness of the will. Like the Prince Consort, however, she always exercised a noble self-suppression, and while giving her advice, or clearly setting forth the grounds on which her conclusions had been arrived at, it was accompanied by a self-effacement which arose from the public good, and not the carrying out of her own wishes being her ruling motive. One instance occurs to me in which this suppression of her own feelings and the kindliest acceptance of events saved a situation which under another might have proved worse than troublesome. Her disciplined judgment and womanly intuition never failed to perceive the right thing to be done.

As we try to estimate the various elements which contributed to her extraordinary influence, there are some which forcibly present themselves.

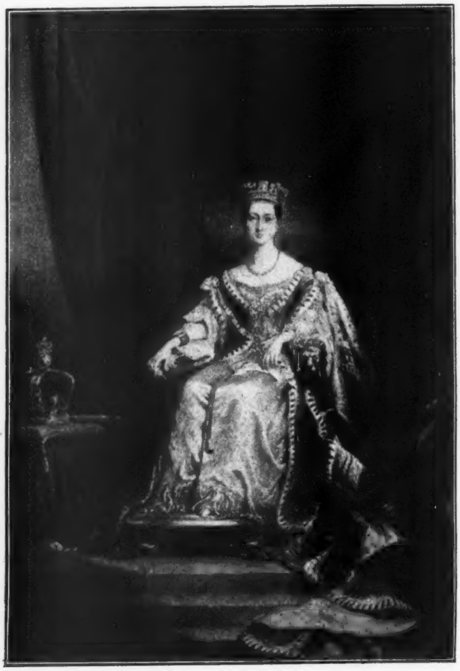
She had made herself known to her people with a frank confidence which won the return of confidence. Only a great nature could have done this. Her unaffected homeliness and perfect simplicity swept aside the curtain of mystery which so often screens a monarch from the familiar gaze of the crowd. She wished her people to know her because she cared for their friendship. By publishing the life of the Prince Consort, she gave to the world a frank picture of the intimate domestic life of the Palace, of the troubles and pleasures, and of the lighter and more solemn moments which both had shared together and consecrated by their love. It was an ideal life for those on whom the cares of state had fallen, combining hard work with lofty aims and highest culture, and all made intensely human by the affection which it everywhere breathed. The book revealed the purest type of the kind of love which has made the word "home" so dear to us all, and there was not a father or mother in the lowliest cottage in the land who could not enter into the experiences of these royal parents. Years afterwards she issued "Leaves from our Journal in the Highlands," which contained another self-revelation, showing the simplicity of her tastes and her oneness with us all in the nature of her enjoyments.

How delightful were these first years of her married life, when she and the Prince broke through the trammels of State, and visited almost every place of interest in the land. We Scotsmen proudly recognised their love for Scotland, and we Highlanders especially appreciated their delight in the Highlands and their love for the Highlanders, whom they used to describe as "all gentlemen." How they revelled in the glory of the mountains and the glens—first at Taymouth, Blair Atholl, and Ardverikie, and then, till life ended, at their own home at Balmoral. There was not a spot for miles round that was not familiar to them, and every day brought excursions or picnics to some commanding point of view, or to wild recesses among the hills, amid roaring torrents and long stretches of glowing heather; and how charming is the picture when, like children playing truant, they left the cares of State and went forth incognito, bent on adventure, driving far over the Grampians, and with a delicious sense of freedom putting up at some little Highland Inn and mystifying the astonished Innkeeper as to their identity. The annual visits to Balmoral were the Queen's true holiday, and well did she deserve it! She loved Deeside. The glorious scenery from Ballater to the Braes of Mar never failed to delight her—the bracing air, the scent of pine-woods, the ceaseless rush of the river dashing down among rocks and boulders, the continual changes of feature in the nearer hills, with the glimpses of the changeless solitudes of the snow-clad Loch-na-gar and of the great deer forests lying beyond; the dark green of the pines massed over miles of the lower ground, or displaying the metallic gleam of their stems when scattered over the heights of rock and scaur, or silhouetted on the sky line; the crowds of birch trees—in no place more lovely—especially when autumn touches the feathery tresses of quivering leaves till they display every tint from that of flaming fire to palest gold—from the glow of russet to the yellow of the daffodil. The Queen always seemed at her best—in health and in enjoyment—when she breathed the fresh mountain air of Balmoral. Weather never prevented her from taking her daily drives, generally in an open carriage, and apparently she never liked these outings better—whatever her attendants may have done—than when the wind was



THE QUEEN, AGED TEN

(From a drawing by R. J. Lane, R.A.)



THE QUEEN, AGED NINETEEN, IN STATE ROBES AND JEWELS

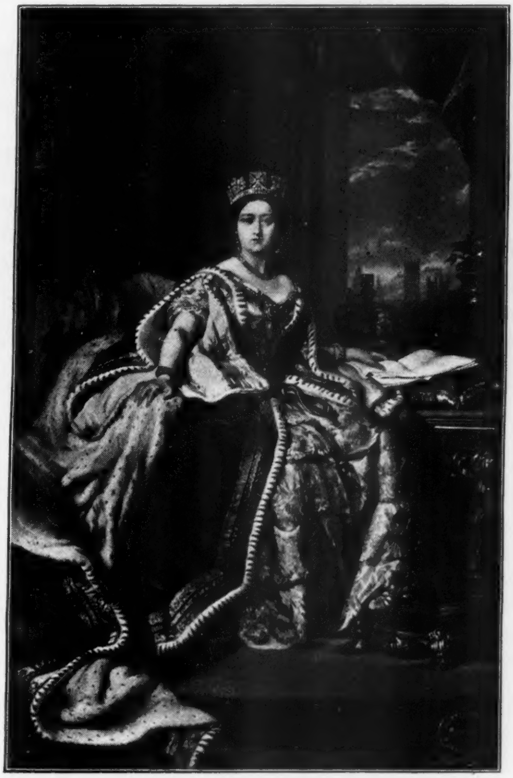
(From a painting by Sir George Hayter)

keen and the chill intense. And the scenery had another interest as the years rolled on. Spot after spot was associated with sweet memories, and many a cairn erected in honour of some loved one, or of some bright event, became the memento of a buried past. The fact that Balmoral had been built and the grounds laid out by herself and the Prince Consort, lent an abiding interest to each feature. She was quick to observe any change, and at once missed any tree that might have been blown down or removed.

The crisis of her life was the death of the Prince Consort. That terrible sorrow almost crushed her brave heart into despair. The awe-struck nation drew near to their widowed Queen with sympathy and deep anxiety. Her sorrow was too great for her wholly to unfold its intensity. Only those who shared her intimate confidence knew the greatness of the agony. But out of the Gethsemane of sore spiritual conflict she came forth chastened and also enriched in all that was most tender in affection and beautiful in faith. Her loving heart carried to the grave the mark of the wound of that first blow, and many a scar from other griefs was added as life went on. Yet we cannot but trace much of the mature strength and greatness of character, the wealth of love and extraordinary sympathy which made her so precious to her people, to the experience gained during that first and greatest bereavement. Her life was touched to the finest issues through what she had learned in the purifying trial of affliction.

Her sympathy with others, which gained her so much reverence and affection, was but the natural outcome of her great human heartedness. It had not a particle of feigned or unreal sentiment. We were so accustomed to those messages, sent to mourners or sufferers, which appeared in the press, that some might have been tempted to doubt whether she could really feel so much and for so many. But those who were nearest her knew that she employed no exaggerated language, for her countenance unconsciously betrayed her feelings, and one could see how deeply she was moved. And the messages which appeared in the newspapers represented but a small proportion of those sent. Many a letter written by her own hand came to surprise as well as console those in sorrow, who little dreamt that the Queen had been bearing their burden. For her greatness, conspicuous in other directions, was greatest because of the largeness and warmth of her affectionateness. It brought her pain indeed—as all true love does—but it made her life beautiful with what is most God-like. And there was nothing approaching the mawkish or sepulchral in her temperament, for her intense sense of humour and the heartiness of her laughter revealed the healthy balance of her nature. Few, if any, of the portraits of the Queen bring out this double aspect of her character. When she was still there usually fell on her countenance a weight of deep thoughtfulness—almost of sadness. This is the mood under which she is commonly represented; but it required only the stimulus of some new interest or a flash of humour to make her sweet blue eyes and her whole face light up with a brightness and expressiveness simply fascinating. It was this capacity for loving sympathy which we fear told on her heart in recent years. Many of us during last winter, when we laboured under a depression almost too great to bear, as we heard from the seat of war of disaster after disaster, and of the precious lives sacrificed in battle, became conscious of how our thoughts had involuntarily turned to the Queen as we caught ourselves saying, "How terribly she will feel all this!" Brave as the bravest, never flinching from the demands of national duty—the cares and trials of that time could not but tell on her. And death came to her nearer circle also. First, her gallant son-in-law Prince Henry, more recently the Duke of Edinburgh, her very dear grandson Prince Victor Christian, then the loved confidant of so many years, Lady Churchill, found dead in bed; and besides these, the constant anxiety for her first-born, the Empress Frederick. These blows must have certainly told on that loving heart, worn with age and many trials. As we say—they "took it out" of her.

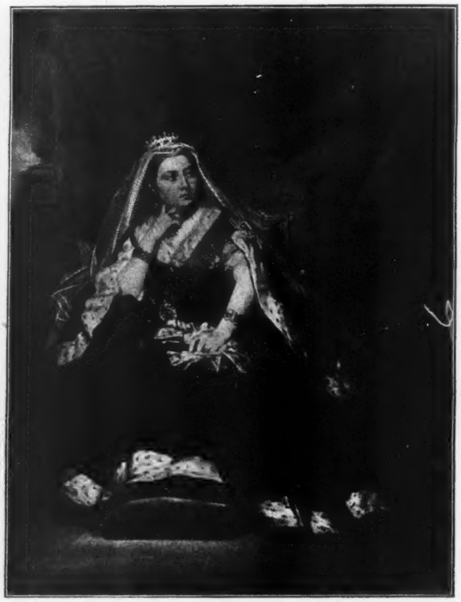
Closely connected with her affectionateness and power of sympathy, was her considerateness for others in little things; the manner in which, in spite of her own weary burden of work and many cares, she remembered this one and that, and displayed her thoughtfulness in regard to their comfort or their troubles, was simply marvellous. Endowed with that remarkable gift of memory so characteristic of the Royal Family, she forgot no one. I may be pardoned if I here give an illustration of the accuracy of her memory, which occurred in my own experience. She had long taken a gracious interest in my venerable mother, about whom she had heard much from my brother, Dr. Norman Macleod, and for whose welfare she repeatedly inquired when, after his death, I was on duty at Balmoral. In a letter to the Queen announcing my mother's death I had described her as "ninety-four years of age." A most sympathetic reply written with her own hand was shortly afterwards received from her Majesty, and to my astonishment I found a slight inaccuracy of which I had been guilty corrected by her. "Not ninety-four years of age," she wrote—"ninety-three years of age—but in her ninety-fourth year." It was certainly a marvellous experience to find the Queen more accurate as to my mother's age than I, her son, had been!



THE QUEEN, AGED FORTY

(From a painting by F. Winterhalter)

Her considerateness was in constant evidence in regard to her dependants. There was not a tenant on her estate of Balmoral, not a peasant in the cottages, whom she did



THE QUEEN, AGED FORTY-NINE

(From a painting by Winterhalter)

not know personally or who was overlooked by her. There were, perhaps, few parishioners constituting the congregation of Crathie Church whom she could not name; and there were still fewer servants in her immediate employment unnoticed by her. She could tell where most of them came from, knew something of their home circumstances; in their sickness she cared for them and in their old age provided for them. This will surprise no one; probably eliciting only the common saying we learned to use in reference to any kind act of hers, "It is so like the Queen!"

It is impossible in a brief article even to name the many qualities that rise in memory as we think of that noble life. Her love of truth was absolute in its purity—"the most truthful human being I ever met" was John Bright's opinion—and it led sometimes to a certain *naïveté* in the frankness with which she confessed a mistake on the rare occasions when her memory betrayed her. The simplicity of her tastes was a marked characteristic, for there was in truth a certain homeliness of habit which made her care far more for the realities of ordinary life than for the pageantry and pomp of state. It was this feature which made her relationship so neighbourly with all, especially with the poor living along Deeside. Neighbourly is the only suitable word. Her religious convictions were deep and very tolerant. The one quality she had no tolerance for was intolerance. She was Catholic, not in that sense which is usually a synonym for sectarianism, but Catholic according to the great dictum of St. Paul, "Grace be with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Conscious of the blessedness of the unity in the common faith it became her delight to worship with her people in the Parish Kirk of Crathie, for many a day, before the erection of the new church, one of the very plainest and most primitive of country churches. She personally greatly liked the extreme simplicity of the service as observed in Crathie, and was strongly opposed to what in Scotland are called, "innovations in public worship"—not merely because she believed the parishioners found such changes uncongenial, but from her own predilections. She even liked, not without a certain touch of humour, the wooden "ladles" that went about collecting the alms and was always prepared when the box at the end of the long handle was passed along her own pew. When the new church was opened she let it be known that she wished the old customs not to be altered. Humble as the humblest she used to take her place at the Table of the Lord, where according to the Scottish rite, the bread and wine are passed from communicant to communicant in the fellowship of Christ. Queen and people were there together, all one before God—and we can scarcely imagine a more lovely picture.

In later years, it was touching to notice her failing bodily strength, while her intellect and quickness of interest were as bright and keen as ever. Often one gazed pensively at the pathetic figure, bent forward as she moved, leaning on the stick she used with her left hand, while on her right her picturesque Indian servant gently supported her. How often, watching her as she sat, so simple and yet queenly in aspect, the thoughts passed in wonder to the grandeur of her personality as we imagined the millions who looked to her as sovereign most beloved—willing to shed their blood for her, ready to serve her slightest wish. And it was inspiring, there in her very presence, to link on the hour when, as a fair young girl, she had been summoned to hear that she was Queen, and—recalling all she had been and done and experienced since then—to look at that worn countenance and the bent form. What a magnificent career! For of what other ruler can history say, what we her subjects proudly record—that not one mistake has ever been committed by her as a monarch; that not one blemish rests on the purity and loftiness of her personal and domestic life; and that her character has been such that she became the centre towards which all in this great empire have looked as not only the symbol, but one of the chief securities for its unity. For many a year the influence of her character has been a chief factor in maintaining the stability of the throne, and with it the stability of the whole social and commercial life of the people. When other Governments fell under the flood of revolution, her throne was never even threatened. One of her last acts was to sign the deed which almost completed the federation of the entire Empire, and the word which charmed our colonies as it has ever charmed us—was the name of the Queen.

(Lafayette, photographer, Dublin and London)

THE LAST PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN, TAKEN DURING HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO IRELAND

But if we mourn for her, we should also thank God for the length and completeness of her reign, and for the beauty of the last scene of all. God spared her to us longer than any British sovereign, and He also spared her, and spared us, the trial of her surviving her physical and mental powers. She was verily "faithful unto death,"—not a duty was left unperformed, until there came the rapid sinking of strength—and then the peaceful and lovely end. There could not have been a grander close to such a life. But a day or two of weakness, only one or two slight lapses of memory, otherwise all clear and calm, till at last, surrounded by those she loved best—her children and her children's children—she fell asleep in Christ, sweetly and quietly as one turning to rest. Her name will live from generation to generation as "Victoria the Good," "Victoria the Great,"

Queen as true to womanhood as Queenhood,
Glorying in the glories of her people,
Sorrowing with the sorrow of the lowest.

MR. VERE FOSTER

BY J. E. SMITH

JUST before Christmas there passed away, at the age of 81, one who probably did as much good in the world, although accomplished in an unusually quiet and unostentatious way, as any one during the century.

Of medium height, spare build, shaven face, silvery-white hair, he was such as to attract attention during his later years, from any one meeting him but casually in the street. But his name being known to tens of thousands throughout the English-speaking world the following particulars of his remarkable career may prove of interest.

His full name was Vere Henry Foster. He was the son of Sir Augustus Foster, Bart., not a mere writer of copy-books, as many have only known him, but a man of good birth. His mother was "My Lady" in her own right—Lady Albinia Hobart. His grandfather on the maternal side was the Earl of Buckinghamshire. We have not ceased even yet to see occasional reference to the "stolen picture." From one of the frames at an exhibition in London the canvas was cut. And what a hue and cry there was! The newspapers day after day wrote about it. And why this hubbub? Because the picture was a portrait by Gainsborough, and it represented a charming lady in a large hat—the Duchess of Devonshire. She was his grandmother. Those who care for none of these things may be interested to learn that, again on his mother's side, he was descended from John Hampden, noble vindicator of our liberties, defender of our rights and laws, staunch bulwark against the flood of autocratic government which commenced to flow in the Stuarts' times, and who did not shrink from sealing with his heart's blood his protest against what he deemed high-handed tyranny. So much for heredity.

The little Vere was born at Copenhagen in 1819. His father, Sir Augustus, was British Minister to Denmark at the time, and of course his family was with him. This accounts for the youngest son of the Foster family being born at the seat of government of that little kingdom which poured its hoards of fierce, robbing, burning, slaying sons on England's shores in former times, and which has provided his Majesty the King with a Queen-consort who is dear to the hearts of all English people in these latter days. Sir Augustus rose in the diplomatic service, and his next appointment was to the Court of Savoy and Sardinia. As ambassador at Turin, he was representing their Britannic Majesties George IV. and William IV. at the only monarch's in Italy where any free government was to be found. Sir Augustus was not merely an official; he was more; he was a clever man, who knew how to do the best thing possible for his country. Mainly through his influence commenced that feeling of regard for England which made our efforts at settling a free government for United Italy possible in later years, and which has since ripened into feelings of mutual regard and admiration.

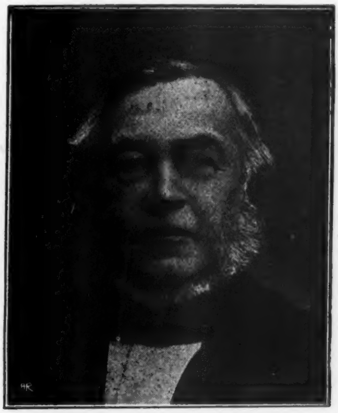
Englishman-like the father must have his son educated and instructed at an English Public School. Eton was the chosen one, and twice a year young Vere was to be found travelling between Italy and his father's abode. No express trains, no Mount Cenis tunnels were there in those days, remember, but crossing the snowy Alps by the old cumbrous diligence, or as best he could, his way had to be made from school to home and from home to school. From school he proceeded to university. Oxford was the chosen one, and Christ Church was his *alma mater.*

His early education was at length complete, and he was fully equipped for his life's work as well as scholastic and collegiate training could render him.

It often happens that a son follows the calling of his father. Early acquaintance with the father's occupation probably enamours, sometimes it repels. Occasionally the young man is not offered much choice, but has to follow his parent's trade or profession through force of circumstances over which he has no control. Most likely it was so with Vere Foster, for we find that it was intended he should follow a course in his country's diplomatic service. With this end in view, he entered upon his training under his kinsman, Lord Palmerston, who was at that time at the Foreign Office. It was here that he received instruction in calligraphy under that martinet in drilling the wielders of the pen. "Pam," as *Punch* used always to call him, has had more to do than anybody else with the present style of handwriting. He laid it down that writing should be round and legible. Who doubts that it should be so? Thousands of Englishmen did. Actions speak louder than words. Their actions proclaimed that scrawl and illegible writing was the art to be acquired. Lord Palmerston would have none of it. Busy men had no time to spend in deciphering hieroglyphics, and writing done in the Foreign Office must be plain. The Civil Service Commissioners took up the idea in due time, and what with the example set by Civil servants, and those thousands of unfortunate candidates who have been in training, but have not succeeded in getting within the golden paradise of Government employ, the most common and highly appreciated style of handwriting is that initiated by Lord Palmerston. Thus it was that Vere Foster's interest in the art of writing was first awakened. It was not aroused at Eton or Christ Church we may be sure.

Mr. Foster's first mission was to Monte Video, and he, with the rest of the inhabitants, was here besieged. It was at this time that he made the acquaintanceship of Garibaldi, who was in command of a Genoese contingent. Returning from South America, he was occupied with two or three other bits of diplomatic service, and then he left it altogether. Scheming, tricky, plotting business was not in his line. Something which was not afraid of the light of day was more to his tastes.

That knotty question of Irish politics was as much entangled in 1847, when the diplomatic service was abandoned by Vere Foster, as at any time before or since. His eldest brother, who had inherited his father's baronetcy, and was now Sir Frederick Foster, was anxious to learn on the spot the true condition of those Irish estates of which he was now the master. His youngest brother went with him, and they together studied the state of affairs. Eighteen hundred and forty-seven was the time of the great Irish famine. Poverty, miseries, wretched ignorance were the principal features of the prospect. What should he next turn his attention to by way of occupation? No need to ask if we had known the man. Benevolence, philanthropy, Christian duty, his own good heart responded — "Here is your work, Vere Foster! Assist these unfortunates! Ease their lot!" No second promptings were required. With purse, work—incessant toiling work, too—drudgery, he set about his task. No harebrained schemes and heroic measures were the outcome of his desires to ameliorate the condition of his poor neighbours. But settling down in County Louth, he slowly developed his plans. Building cottages, founding and endowing schools, schemes for making labour which should afford wages to the labourers and permanent good to the district, occupied his attention and decreased his stock of this world's goods. His eldest brother was his willing coadjutor in all this, and he, too, lived in Ireland. Unfortunately, Sir Frederick died young, and the estates and title devolved upon the second brother, who was a clergyman at Epping. The Rector could not bring his mind to leave England. He, however, appointed a good agent, by whom the good work was prosecuted. The laws of entail and primogeniture operated with disadvantage in this case. If Sir Frederick



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MR. VERE FOSTER

could have bequeathed his possessions to Mr. Vere, would it not have been better than permitting the estates to fall into the hands of a non-resident landlord? But, in spite of this, the Foster estates were well managed. And why? Because there was a man willing to do landlord's duty; literally to spend and be spent, for the good of the tenants, and, of course, without garnering the incomes derived from the demesne. The relationships between landlord and tenant are still sweet on the Foster estates. Irish feeling of gratitude is too strong to permit past acts of benevolence and kindness to be forgotten.

In spite of all the efforts made to benefit the peasants, the truth was continually thrust home, that things could never be satisfactory. And why, forsooth? Because the country was too crowded with people. The land would not produce enough food, nor afford enough work, for all the inhabitants of the countryside. Labouring under these impressions, we find Mr. Foster going to the United States, and trying to find homes and formulate schemes, for receiving these poor people, for whom there was no place on their native soil. The practically boundless Far West would not be so cruel to these wretched folk as poor old Ireland was forced to be. Thither he would introduce the surplus population, to earn a rich living from a willing and virgin soil.

Wretched indeed was the plight into which his poor friends had fallen. £3 to £6 a year, in addition to board and lodging, was about the average of a man's wages.

To propagate his scheme a little book was issued. Its title was, "Work and Wages." A hundred thousand copies of this were circulated. The pamphlet contained information as to where work was to be got. It also laid down precisely the steps to be taken in realising the beneficial results mentioned. To those whose faith would not prompt them to take a step with any degree of hazard attached, or to those whom laziness or lethargy had come and robbed of their manhood, he offered to find situations upon arrival, and also, if needs be, assist in paying their passage-money. He associated himself with various and many benevolent societies in America. By the aid of these, situations were found for the women and girls especially. When such foundations had been laid, the superstructure began to rise. He very soon discovered that there was much need to assist in paying the passage-money. Was there much wonder that peasants earning £3 to £6 a year could not manage to practise thrift? But our friend—all praise to him—assisted every deserving family or person out of his own resources. He would sometimes start off with hundreds at a time and leave them in twos and threes, at different farms and localities, until the original number was reduced to zero. It is interesting to notice that amongst the recipients of his Irish friends was Abraham Lincoln, at that time a country lawyer.

It was not always practicable for Mr. Foster to accompany his parties. There was many a rumour afloat about overcrowding in emigrant-ships, paucity of food, and personal outrage practised on the passengers. Could these things be? Mr. Foster would engage a steerage passage for himself and draw his own conclusions. The passage was stormy, no cooking was done for the unlucky steerage passengers, and the tales which he had heard from rumour's tongue were confirmed. Human nature, or at least Foster human nature, could not tolerate one episode. Remonstrating with a brutal sailor for his abominable conduct, he was felled to the ground for his pains. Dysentery and ophthalmia were consequent on such treatment. Life in a New York hospital and total, though fortunately temporary, blindness were his rewards for his disinterested efforts to be a truth-finder.

Emerging at last, somewhat better, he returned to England. It was impossible for matters to remain as they were if our friend could help it. He wrote a full and particular account of his journey, and such was his influence, added to the startling revelations contained in his report, that the British House of Commons ordered it to be printed as a Blue Book in 1851.

Every emigrant who ploughs the vasty deep has reason to thank Vere Foster for his efforts. Certificates of accommodation, tables of diet, sufficient air space, have all to be provided by shipowners who to-day seek to cater for this class of passengers.

Years passed in this way. About 100,000 Irish emigrants benefited by the scheme, and now Mr. Foster's portion of wealth inherited from his father was spent. It leads one to wonder what the estates were worth, if the youngest son's share was competent to do so much. At last the American Civil War broke out. Mr. Foster said he did not see the force of providing food for powder and shot, and therefore stopped the tide of emigration as far as he was concerned. Whenever he received the thanks of those once poor, but now prosperous and happy, he always replied, "Go and do thou likewise. Extend a helping hand to those who remain in the old country who are now as destitute as you once were." His advice was acted upon. He believes that nearly all whom he assisted returned his good offices by helping others.

In his fifteen or sixteen passages to America he had noticed that, while those who could write had almost every door open to them, those who were unable to do so were at a sad disadvantage, and had to remain hewers of wood and drawers of water. Lord Palmerston urged his relative to improve handwriting in Ireland. A violent drop in scheme was this. But if not so apparent in its results, the benefits to accrue in the future were none the less real. He set to work at once and spent years in working out his plans. He traversed nearly the whole of Ireland, and on foot too. He visited the schools and tried to win favour for an improved method. He attempted to move the Irish Education Board, but he found his efforts futile. Next he asked to be allowed to issue a set of copy-books for use in the schools, and on what condition? Just that the children should not be charged more than a halfpenny per book. In order to do the work thoroughly and well, he visited all the schools that he could—American as well as English and Irish. Then he set to work and produced the copies in the well-known style. He sought out cunning engravers to reproduce his efforts. Good paper, perfect engraving, splendid copies were not got without a large expenditure of money. Never heeding the cost to himself, the cost to the poor children of Ireland was not to exceed one halfpenny per book. Ireland soon produced the best writers in the British Islands. Anything so good was not to be confined to the Sister Island. The remaining portions of the United Kingdom, as well as the colonies, peopled with shrewd men and women, were not slow to get the books as well, so that to-day, by means of their intrinsic worth, prizes offered in competition annually, and good value, there are no copy-books more extensively used than his.

Seeing the wretched school-buildings in which education was carried on, he did much to improve matters. He built and endowed many schools. Twenty thousand pounds he spent in this way and on producing his copy-books. It has been estimated that he spent on his works of charity and goodwill to men more than £120,000. But his personal expenses he always kept within £100 per annum, considering that the outside limit necessary for his bachelor's life.

Drawing-books and painting-books followed the copy-books. To give an idea of his desire to do the thing well, it may be mentioned that he gave Mr. Harrison Weir as much as a thousand guineas for some books containing sketches of animals.

On the completion of his book schemes he returned to his old love. Emigration, now that the war was over and the country more settled, was again possible and inviting. Afresh he set to work on the old lines. Somebody remarked that such enterprise was more suited to a State than an individual. But he persevered as long as he could, until at length his money really was all gone. He reserved enough capital to bring in the modest sum required for his personal necessities, and had at last with sorrow to say he could do no more, for he could not afford it. This excuse was truer in his case than in that of many who make use of it.

Many would think, no doubt, what a large income he must have made from the publication of his works. He did not. He expended his money in their first cost, and then placed the whole concern into the hands of some publishers to do what they could in reproducing them. Faithful to his country, he made one stipulation. It was that all the work should be done in Ireland. The paper must be made there, the copies printed, and the books made up there ready for distribution. Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. of Belfast did this for years, and now Messrs. Blackie and Son, who have works and a branch at Dublin, carry on the work.

Having thus considered his birth and early surroundings, which were not such as the majority of people would suppose to be conducive to a life like that he led, his ceaseless activity and labour for the good of others, his willingness to endure hardship on board ship, to test the truth of hearsay evidence, his expenditure of all his large possessions for others' benefit, his absence of love of gain, by not reaping the results of his publications, we are bound to consider his life as one of the most remarkable of the nineteenth century, and exclaim with Antony

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

THE WELLS OF ELIM

Elim, Elim! Through the sand and heat,
I toil with heart uplifted, I toil with bleeding feet;
For Elim, Elim! at the last, I know
That I shall see the palm-trees, and hear the waters flow.

Elim, Elim! Grows not here a tree,
And all the springs are Marah and bitter thirst to me;
But Elim, Elim! in thy shady glen
Are twelve sweet wells of water, and palms three score and ten.

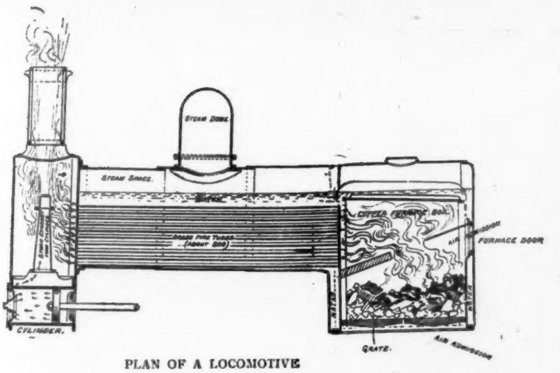
V. B.

THE BUILDING OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

By JAMES STRANG

On the south side of Glasgow, hard by the huge iron furnaces popularly known as "Dixon's blazes" which cast up by day and night their mingling pillars of fire and smoke, and close to the little station of Gushetfaulds through which the traffic of the Caledonian main line thunders, stand the Glasgow Locomotive Works, in which Messrs. Dubs and Co. employ some 2000 artificers. Here, amid the roaring din of multitudinous machines, the clang of ringing iron, and the reverberant thud of ponderous steam hammers, are forged and patiently built up the iron monsters which are to carry behind them, with breathless speed and tireless energy, their freight of precious lives and costly merchandise.

The process of creation is one involving infinite resource and inventiveness. For it must not be imagined that all locomotives are built upon a stereotyped pattern. The gauge of track, the gradients of the road, the class of work to be done, the climate to be experienced, and even the kind of water and fuel to be used in the boilers and fire-box, have to be taken into account in designing each type of engine. Locomotive superintendents have also their personal preferences as to the type of engine with which they wish their companies to be supplied. Hence the work of designing is necessarily a prime factor in locomotive building, and the drawing office is one of the most important departments. That of Messrs. Dubs, in which from thirty to fifty draughtsmen are employed, is specially adapted for the work. To secure a good light when that of the sun fails, there is a complete installation of inverted arc lamps. Instead of the light being shed directly downwards, it is thrown upwards against the white-washed ceiling, from which it is so distributed and diffused that there is a minimum of shadow. Here are prepared drawings of complete locomotives, so full of bewildering detail as to look like a mathematical maze to the uninitiated. Duplication of drawings, in white lines on blue or black lines on white, is secured by photography, which minimises labour and secures facsimiles. In Messrs. Dubs' this work is carried on in the ferro-type printing room, where ferro-type tracings are obtained in summer by sunlight, and during winter or fogs by an electric lamp within a cylindrical glass case. In addition



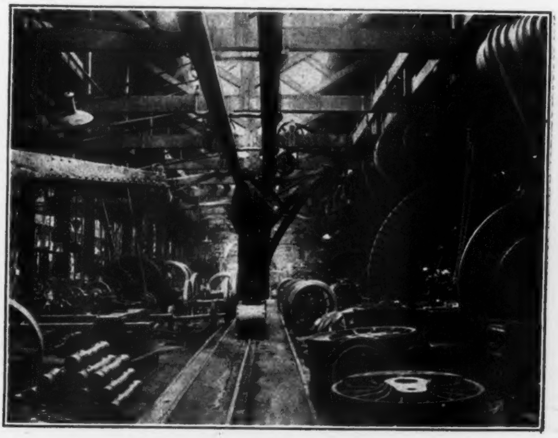
PLAN OF A LOCOMOTIVE

to the complete drawings, each independent detail has its own particular and separate sheet, the object being to distribute them among the various departments so that the whole of the work in connection with each locomotive may proceed simultaneously.

In the forge all heavy wrought-iron and steel forgings are done under the huge steam hammers, while the lighter wrought-iron and steel work is done in the smithy. In the boiler shop, as its name implies, the boilers are made. In the splasher and cab shops are made the splashers or coverings to protect the wheels and the cabs to shelter the engine-driver and stoker. The brass and iron foundries are devoted to castings, while in the copper shop the pipes are prepared, and parts of thin steel and brass, such as the boiler and steam-dome coverings, are hammered into shape. There are many other departments, but probably the most striking of all is the vast machine - shop — occupying an area of 300 by 160 feet—full of marvellous machines, and alive with whirling belts and revolving shafts.

The chief parts of a locomotive are the frame, the wheels, the cylinders, the link-motion, the connecting and coupling rods, the boiler—with fire-box, smoke-box, and dome, and the tender. The frame, which may be said to be the foundation upon which a locomotive is built, consists of the long iron plates which run the whole length of each side of an engine, supporting the boiler and cylinders, and securing its axle-boxes and wheels in their positions. The illustration of a punching and shearing machine shows the side of a frame being roughly outlined under the punch, which goes through the inch thick steel as easily as a knife cuts cheese. The rough edges made by the punch, and which look exactly like a metal scollop, are afterwards trimmed by machinery in another department.

The wheels are sometimes made of cast-steel and at others of forged wrought-iron, the former, of course, being in one piece, with the exception of the tyre, which is shrunk on. A wrought-iron wheel, however, is built up in the following fashion. Each spoke, with portions at the ends forming part of the boss and rim of the wheel, is forged separately, and all the spokes comprising the wheel are then "assembled" together and bound rigidly in position by a strong iron strap. The boss part of the wheel is then heated on one side to a welding temperature, when a washer, also at a welding heat, is applied to the heated part of the wheel and brought under the action of a large steam-hammer which effectually completes the weld. The other side of the wheel-boss is afterwards similarly treated, and when the spaces between the spoke-ends forming the rim of the wheel have been filled up by pieces welded in by hand, the forging of the wheel is complete.



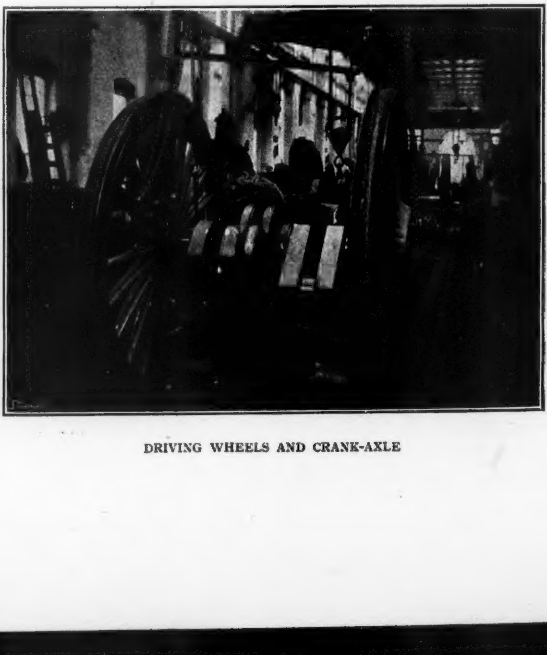
HEAVY MACHINE SHOP

PUNCHING LOCOMOTIVE FRAME

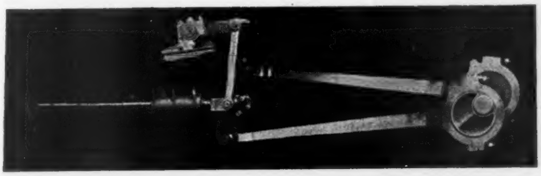
It will be noticed that the driving-wheels of locomotives have a large block near the rim and opposite the crank. This is called the balance-weight, and, as its name implies, is meant as a counter-poise to the crank, connecting and coupling rods, and other parts of the machinery.

The cylinders, which are placed at the front end of the frame, are always made of cast-iron. On British railways the cylinders are usually placed inside the frames, but on foreign and also on all narrow-gauge railways they are placed outside the frames. Where inside-cylinders are used it is necessary to employ a crank-axle, as shown in the illustration of driving-wheels. For outside-cylinders a straight axle is used, and the connecting-rod is attached to the cranks formed in the driving-wheels. There are advantages and disadvantages in the use of either, to describe which is outside the province of this article. The link-motion, which actuates the slide-valve and gives a proper distribution of steam to and from its cylinders, is regarded as a very important part of the machinery. It is frequently specified that the link-motion, as well as the coupling and connecting rods, should be made of best selected scrap iron, which is prepared by a process known as "faggoting." This iron is obtained from old boilers and axles, obsolete cannon, and other such articles in which the very best iron has been used, and it is cut into quite small pieces under a heavy shearing-machine. These are then thrown into a "tumbler," which is a revolving long hexagonal box, full of holes, which cleanses them from rust and scale. They are next piled into cubical-shaped heaps of a size convenient for handling, and the iron is heated to a welding heat in a furnace, from which it is withdrawn in a semi-molten state, to be placed under a heavy steam hammer and vigorously pounded until all impurities and scale are driven out and the metal becomes a homogeneous mass ready for the forge. In addition to being made of special scrap iron thus prepared, the working parts of the link-motion are all very carefully case-hardened, to stand the excessive wear and tear to which they are subjected.

The piston-rod, playing in and out of the cylinder, and the connecting-rod, which is attached at its front or small end to the cross-head, and at its large end to the crank-pin in the driving-wheel, are, in the case of



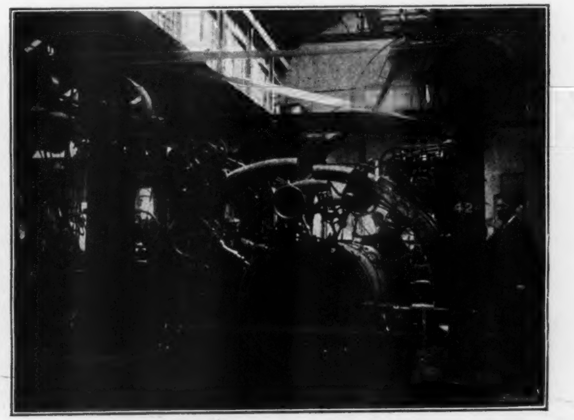
DRIVING WHEELS AND CRANK-AXLE



LINK-MOTION

outside-cylinder engines, familiar objects to most people. When the engine is of the type known as "coupled," the coupling-rods are also exposed to view, and these are used to connect or couple one or more pairs of wheels to the main driving-wheels, and thereby to obtain the necessary adhesion or "grip" between the tyres and the rails. Otherwise the wheels would have a tendency to slip round, making the engine fail to perform its function of a locomotive. In fact, when rails are greasy it is necessary to sprinkle sand upon them, and sand-boxes with pipes to convey the sand directly in front of the driving-wheels are invariably provided to check this tendency of the wheels to slip. In inside-cylinder engines, the piston-rod, cross-head, and connecting-rod are not readily seen from the outside of the engine, but the coupling-rods, if it be a coupled engine, are always prominent parts of the mechanism.

A locomotive boiler is not precisely the simple affair which its name suggests, seeing that the term "boiler" is comprehensive enough to include the barrel, fire-box, fire-box shell, and dome. In the illustration which shows the tapping of stay holes in fire-box, where the boiler is represented upside down, the narrow cylindrical part to the left is the barrel, and the high-shaped portion is the fire-box and fire-box shell, the first and the last, along with the dome, being generally made of steel and the inside fire-box of copper. The tubes which traverse the barrel of the boiler longitudinally are usually of brass. These parts, with the exception of the tubes, are put together in the boiler-shop, and the process of drilling and riveting is highly interesting. In Messrs. Dubs' works the drilling is largely done by a plural drilling-machine, the invention of Mr. C. M. Davies, of which an illustration is given. In this machine no fewer than six drills are simultaneously and independently employed upon a boiler, the special advantage being that the holes cannot do otherwise than coincide with each other in their respective positions. Through these holes, by means of an hydraulic apparatus, which in its action resembles that of a gigantic finger and thumb, the glowing rivets are squeezed into position with a noiselessness in strange contrast to the din with which in years past they used to be hammered home by hand. The tubes, which are placed in the boiler at a later stage are not water-tubes but fire-tubes, the flames and heat from the fire playing into them and more quickly heating the surrounding water. Between the fire-box and its outer shell there is a space for water, which is thus brought into close proximity to the fire. To prevent the two walls bulging under the pressure, copper, steel, or iron stays—spaced about four inches apart—are employed to support the flat surfaces of the inner and outer walls. These stays are screwed into holes in the sides of the box, the holes being made by a quadruple tapping machine—another invention of Mr. Davies's—in which four tappers are at work simultaneously. Many



BOILER-SHELL DRILLING-MACHINE

TAPPING STAY-HOLES IN FIRE-BOX

people imagine that when looking at a locomotive they see the boiler. But what they see in reality is merely what is variously known as the clothing, sheathing, or lagging, and between this outer skin and the boiler there is always a layer of some substance which is a non-conductor of heat, such as wood or asbestos.

The dome, which crowns the boiler-clothing between the funnel and the driver's cab, performs an important function. Its object is to enable the regulator or valve for admitting steam to the cylinders to be placed as high as possible above the level of the water in the boiler, so that "dry" steam, or steam free from water, may be passed to the engine. It may be here mentioned that water in the cylinders is one of the bugbears in steam-engines, and great precautions have to be taken to prevent the evil. In the case of a locomotive which often has to run considerable distances on "down grades," when no steam is admitted to the cylinders the latter get cooled by the temperature of the air, and when steam has again to be admitted the engineman must open his cylinder drain-valves to expel the water of condensation. It is this which accounts for the noise and clouds of steam which, as most people will have observed, proceed from an engine just leaving a station.

The tender, except in the case of a tank-engine, which carries its supply of fuel and water on its own frame, is a necessary adjunct to the locomotive. It is built on a frame similar to that of an engine, and generally runs on two or three pairs of wheels, although double bogie tenders are adopted where very large quantities of fuel and water have to be carried.

It would be impossible within the present limits to go into details of the making of the minor portions of a locomotive, which are prepared simultaneously, in their own departments, with the more important parts. In the erecting shop all these various parts are "assembled" and the process of erection begins. The frame-plates are connected at the front end by the cylinders, and at the hind end by the driver's platform, being further stiffened by intermediate stays under the boiler. The axle-boxes having been fitted into the guides, the boiler is fixed upon the frame and the building-up steadily proceeds. It is here also that the spring and brake-gears are fitted, the brass tubes placed and expanded into their tube-plates, and the driver's cab or awning, the clothing of the boiler, and

BOILER-MOUNTING SHOP

other fittings are applied. When the locomotive is practically complete, it is lifted so that the wheels are clear of the rails, and while thus suspended steam is raised in the boiler and admitted to the cylinders, and the engine is thoroughly tested in every respect. The final touches are given in the finishing and painting shops, after which the mighty monster, whose heart is to throb with fire and whose steel sinews are to strain in the fierce race along the iron course, is ready for the service of its creator and master—man.

ERECTING SHOP

THE LOSS OF THE "MERRY JANE"

By EDWARD KENNEDY MACKENZIE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. BARNARD DAVIS

JOHN LAMACRAFT had been tried by court-martial for negligently performing his duty when carrying out target practice in the *Dragon* gunboat, whereby a fishing-boat had been sunk and two lives had been lost.

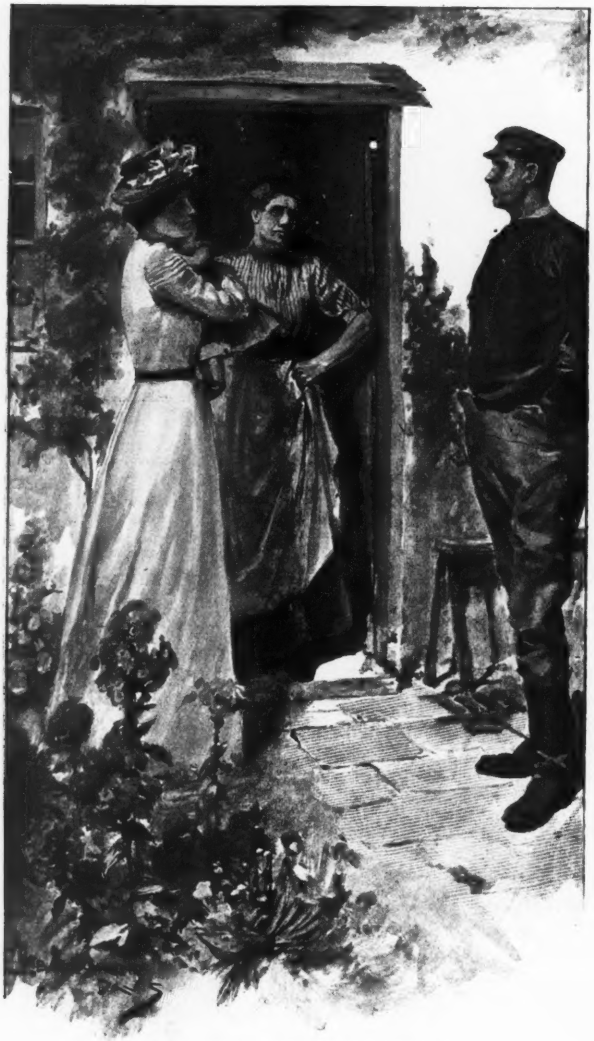
Whilst the trial was proceeding Margaret Coplestone had been full of sympathy for him. He was the victim of circumstances, and she was absolutely certain he had neglected no precaution necessary to prevent disaster. But when he was acquitted on the ground that the charge against him was not proved, the Court being of opinion that the accident was attributable to error in estimating distance, due to the peculiar condition of the atmosphere, then as soon as he was triumphantly congratulated by his friends and vindicated in the eyes of all men, Margaret's heart became hardened against him.

She took the first opportunity to hurry down to see the widow of the drowned fisherman, Abel Mudge. When she came within sight of the whitewashed walls of the cottage, she paused however, with a sudden sense of shame. She was John Lamacraft's affianced wife, and it occurred to her that Mrs. Mudge might not divine the depth of her sympathy, nor encourage her advances. Neither had she been a frequent visitor at their home hitherto, for Abel had seemed to her a singularly disagreeable and violent-tempered man. Yet now as she stood before his garden ablaze with crimson pink and purple phlox, and realised that she would never again see his familiar face amidst his flowers, her compunction was as great as if he had been a most intimate friend.

In her quick imagination she saw in contrast to the homeliness and peace of the scene before her a lonely cove along the coast, in which an awful figure lay staring with unseeing eyes at the sky above him, whilst the little waves lapped gently his drenched garments and helpless outstretched limbs.

The tread of a man's heavy foot behind her caused her to walk quickly forward and knock upon the open door. A woman came in answer holding a flaxen-haired child to her breast.

Margaret glanced apprehensively at her face, but there was no tragic grief written there; the full round cheeks were perhaps a trifle paler than usual, but her eyes were as steady and her hair as smooth as if no great calamity had suddenly visited her.



"'No news of Abel?' she asked him"

Shapter felt himself somewhat awkwardly placed; for in the two women before him were represented conflicting causes. Mrs. Mudge roughly clad, with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, calm-nerved and robust, stood as the type of the people whose bread was always earned in a perilous and arduous way, but whose jeopardy and hardships (according to their statement) had recently been rendered acute by the target practice on the coast, which they had regarded as their own peculiar fishing-ground and which they were resolved not to abandon. Their contention had suddenly been pointed by the accident to the *Merry Jane* and by the loss of Mudge and Jock Pooke.

Margaret Coplestone, on the other hand, was the daughter of the squire who was a retired naval man, and she was also the future wife of the young officer who had been held responsible for Abel Mudge's death.

By natural instincts Shapter's sympathies would have entirely belonged to the fishing folk, but another feeling, against which he vainly strove, drew him to Margaret's side, and the strength of this attraction caused him to hate Lieutenant Lamacraft with a deeper bitterness than that which he would have felt for him merely as the representative of a clashing interest.

After greeting her visitor composedly enough she remarked:

"There's James Shapter just behind you, miss."

But Margaret held out her arms, and first took the child, who dropped his head with confiding shyness on her shoulder; then she turned and faced the fisherman who had followed her along the path.

"No news of Abel?" she asked him.

"None, miss," he answered shortly.

"Come in, miss," said the woman. She drew a chair forward, and Margaret, still holding the child, seated herself. Shapter stood leaning against the doorway, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his head bent.

"Don't you find some comfort in the fact that Abel's body has not yet been found?" suggested the girl timidly. "It seems to me just possible that he may have been picked up by some passing ship."

Shapter shook his head vigorously.

"Why, miss," said Mrs. Mudge, "the gentlemen from London are goin' to give me *7s. 6d.* a week for life and *2s. 6d.* a week for each of the children till they're sixteen years. It do seem they'd hardly like to do that if Abel weren't dead for sure."

Margaret bent over the child, and lifting one of its tender, moist little hands stroked her own cheek with it. To play with it seemed to relieve the tension of her own exceeding nervousness, then she spoke with a tremulous voice:

"I came down to tell you that my heart really aches with yours, and that you must try and look upon me as a sister, and let me help you in every possible way. I know nothing can make up for such an awful loss; but you will let me be of any use you can, won't you?"

"You're very good, miss."

"Then I won't intrude on you any longer now," said the girl, relinquishing the baby to its mother, and feeling the relief of one who has accomplished a painful task.

"Shapter, come with me, I wish to talk to you."

As soon as they had left the cottage, she asked him abruptly:

"What proof have you that he is dead?"

"The *Merry Jane*, she sunk in eight fathoms of water," he answered sullenly, as he slouched beside her.

"Yes, but how can you be certain that Abel Mudge and young Pooke, too, did not get safely away first? Did you see the shot strike her?"

"She was about a mile and a half astern of me, and I didn't see her struck, but I noticed her sinking."

His tone was so unusual that Margaret glanced at his downcast face. "He connects me with John, and quite naturally dislikes being in my company," she thought. She so thoroughly sympathised with him in this view of the situation that she took his big clumsy hand between both of hers and heartily shook it several times.

"I am sorry, sorry, sorry!" she said, looking with beautiful troubled eyes into his dark gloomy face; then, as he made no response, she left him with a sigh.

"The best of everything goes to him, curse him!" said Shapter bitterly, as he watched her vanishing figure. "They've let him off, though they think he's done for two of us. I suppose we don't count; they've such lots of us to get their breakfasts."

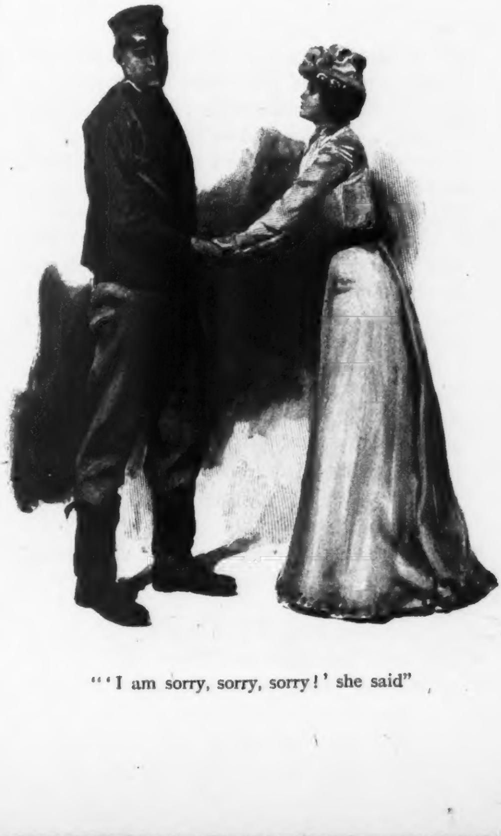
When John Lamacraft came to receive congratulations on the issue of the court-martial, Margaret did not greet him with any enthusiasm.

"You don't seem happy, Meg," he said at last, with a look of surprise on his boyish sunburnt face.

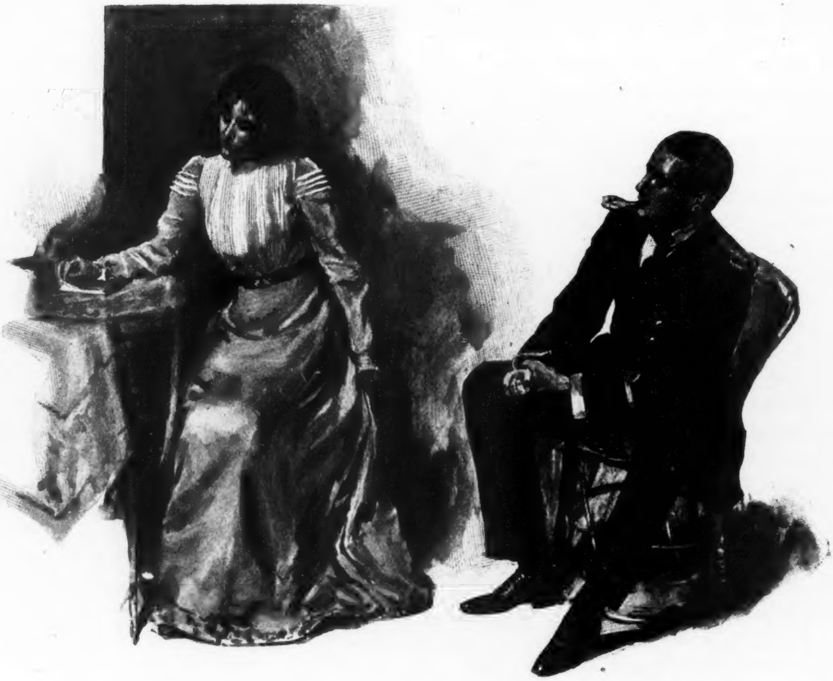
"Happy!" exclaimed the girl, scornfully. "No! I have been to the Mudges, nursing that fatherless baby."

"Do you think it exactly kind to remind me of what is involved in that most miserable accident? Surely you can't hold me responsible for that, for which a court of experienced men has acquitted me?"

But Margaret was never angry nor pitiful



"'I am sorry, sorry, sorry!' she said"



"'Unfortunately I have no sympathy to expend at present on your woes'"

as a result of logical reasoning. Few men or women are. Had John been found guilty of some oversight or act of negligence, and had he been condemned to suffer humiliation as a consequence, her heart would have been steeled against the Mudges, and her sympathies would have enfolded her fallen hero in a most generous fashion. But as he was victorious in the issue of the trial, and the Mudge family were bereaved, the fair-haired baby held her pity, and her irritation against John refused to be stifled.

"If you were not a girl, I could explain the whole matter to you and clear myself perfectly; but at least you might accept the verdict of those who do understand," said John sadly.

The remark was not soothing to Margaret's type of mind.

"I read the evidence and understood it perfectly," she said in her most aloof manner.

"My dear Meg, if you had understood it, you could not possibly blame me." Which speech was indiscreet on his part, as Margaret prided herself on her powers of comprehension generally. She therefore faced him with steady severe eyes.

"I at least can understand that Mrs. Mudge is a widow."

"Oh! do you confound me with Providence, that you make me answerable for widowhood generally?" he asked ironically.

"No, but I do not forget that it was your duty to examine the range, and that, had you done so efficiently, Mudge and Pooke would have been living to-day."

"I knew you didn't understand the evidence!" he exclaimed triumphantly. Then, controlling his annoyance, he took one of her hands in each of his, and said firmly: "Now you must listen, dear little girl. I did examine the range with my glasses, and I watched each shot and saw nothing untoward occur. Mudge's boat, the *Merry Jane*, was undoubtedly sunk by a ricocheting shot, but it was through no fault of mine, for the range seemed perfectly clear. There were two or three fishing-boats in the line of fire, but these appeared through my glasses to be hull down and I estimated them as being six miles distant. Now, not only in my own opinion, but in that of experts, it would have been safe to fire if they had been five miles distant. Most unhappily the *Merry Jane* seems to have been nearer than I imagined, but it was through an extraordinary condition of the atmosphere that I fell into this error; and recollect, Meg, the entire crew shared my optical illusion. Mudge's boat was in the rear of the target and no one in the mark-boat saw the accident occur. Do you still blame me?"

"I read all that in the paper," said Margaret coldly. She did blame him, not for the disaster, but for taking her ignorance for granted. But he, still thinking Margaret could be logically convinced of his innocence, went on:

"There was a strange haze looking seaward at the time of the accident, although objects were easily discernible eight or nine miles distant, and the only possible explanation of the occurrence is that the ships appeared farther away, owing to this light mist, than they actually were. It produced a species of mirage in fact."

But Margaret remained obdurate.

"It is somewhat hard to have been through a time of awful suspense, and to find that after experts have declared me blameless, that my nearest and my dearest condemns me."

"Unfortunately I have no sympathy to expend at present on your woes. They appear to me easy to be borne, compared with Mrs. Mudge's for instance. It seems to me that you and father and all our friends think everything of the vindication of your name, and nothing of those desolated homes."

"Well, ot course, if my name is of such slight importance to you, I must have made a great mistake," John answered, flushing deeply.

"Probably; I certainly have done so on my side," she replied in a voice of ominous calmness. Then she went to the door. "Won't you go and find father? He is about somewhere," she suggested with a faint effort at politeness.

And John Lamacraft took her words to heart. He was disgraced, it appeared to him, although not judicially. He wrote to Margaret releasing her from her engagement, applied for an appointment on the China Station, and getting it, left England for three years.

So Margaret was left free to console the Mudges and the Pookes. She did her part with all faithfulness and generosity, but her zeal was dead, and she found philanthropy slightly monotonous. With John's departure, the savour had somewhat gone out of life generally. Also upon her had descended the full weight of her father's anger when he found how matters stood between her and young Lamacraft. He was a handsome man of about sixty years, with a florid complexion and crisply curling hair of iron grey. His ideas respecting women were old-fashioned. Those who were unmarried when their beauty began to wane were in his mind—"poor things!"—and he had no intention of Margaret thus meriting compassion.

"There is not a more promising young fellow in the whole of the service, and to jilt him for a caprice! Besides, to choose such a time for doing it, it's most abominable meanness." And Margaret knew that meanness in any of its varieties was abhorrent to her generous-tempered father; so she avoided his presence for some time, and his arrow stuck.

The three years passed drearily enough, independently of the coldness between her father and herself. She tried to vary the dulness of her existence by falling in love, but each successive suitor proved impossibly uninteresting after John.

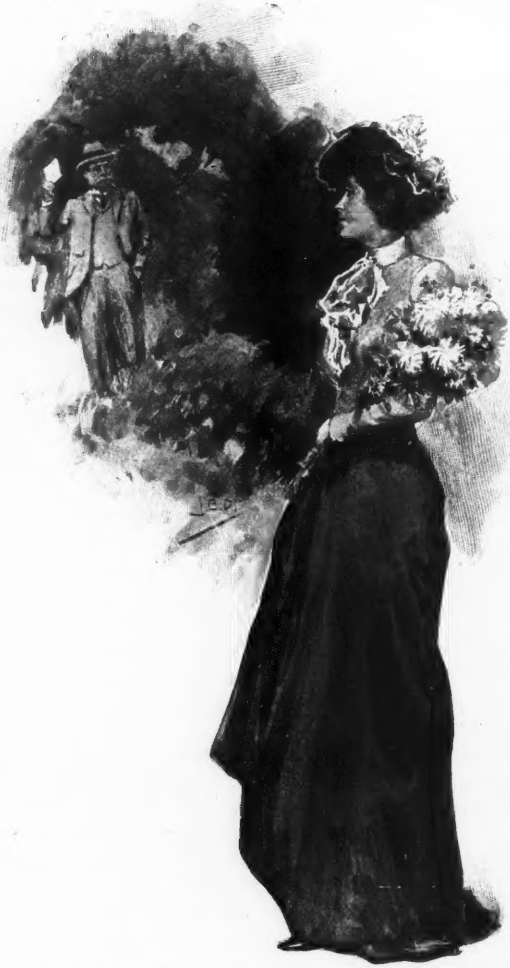
At last came round the time when his ship was paid off at Plymouth. Her mind was busy with problems concerning him. Had he succeeded better than herself in filling up the blank in his life? Would they be likely to meet again?

It was late autumn. She had restlessly wandered to a garden at some distance from the house and was returning laden with chrysanthemums. A thick sea-fog was gathering over the prospect, great masses of white mist came rolling in over the land, and she hastened her footsteps toward the house.

"Meg," her father cried from a side path.

The familiar name, unheard for so long, struck her ear pleasantly.

She went towards him with a smiling face.



"'I've had a letter which I suppose will interest you'"

"I've had a letter which I suppose will interest you," he said. "Jack Lamacraft wants to come out here. Naturally his anxiety to call is for my sake alone! He seems unchanged, even after all your folly."

Then he paused and considered. He heartily wished to see his daughter married to this young man, and he resolved to approach the subject as warily as possible.

"Of course," he said, "you are perfectly free to please yourself, but as you are my only child it is painful to me to feel other women will be pointing to you as a girl who could not get the only man she cared about, for you may be sure that will be the feminine version of your little affair. And if you continue to discourage him, even the faithfulness of Jack Lamacraft will give out, and you will see him married to another woman. For my own selfish comfort I don't want that day to arrive! Well, there, run in out of the damp, and don't bother me with any more nonsense."

A great load was lifted from Margaret's mind, but this did not prevent her from immediately beginning to arrange within herself the terms upon which this reconciliation should take place. She would not, of course, again bring up the incident connected with the *Dragon* gunboat, but neither must there be a breath of suspicion from him that she had dealt with him anything but justly. Margaret's ideas were modern. She would not admit for a minute that marriage was the chief end and aim of a girl's existence, and meekness in women was not beautiful in her eyes. She would expect the homage from her lover that Dante gave to his Beatrice; she had only pitying contempt for the followers of the patient Griselda, and faint-hearted Elaine of Astolat.

She was happily complacent over John's inability to forget her; and it chimed in with her mood of self-satisfaction, when next morning a young woman, dressed in the peculiar garb of the Salvation Army, requested private speech of her, and begged her to visit a dying man who greatly desired to see her before his life closed. She at once agreed to the petition: and then was somewhat surprised at the conditions. The young woman, who had come from Plymouth, wished Margaret to return there at once with her; she was to visit the sick man unknown to any one beforehand, and not to inquire his name of the messenger.

For a moment she hesitated. The request

seemed a strange one, but the face of the girl reassured her. It was beautiful, not with the radiant glow of perfect physical health which belonged to herself, but with passionate sensitive sympathy. Its fragile intensity marked her as one of the visionaries and enthusiasts of the human race.

Having examined her carefully, Margaret felt all suspicions vanish; there was also in her mind a subtle sense of satisfaction that a dying man should desire the comfort of her presence, and a slight curiosity as to what might be the outcome of the incident. She therefore promised the girl to follow her to Plymouth that afternoon, and appointed a place where they should meet.

Faithful to the arrangement they met, but when the Salvationist led her to a poor bare attic in a miserable house in a back street, and she saw a gaunt figure stretched upon the squalid bed, she felt a sudden dread overcome her.

The face was turned from her towards the other side of the room, where a young man, also in the uniform of the Salvation Army, was kneeling.

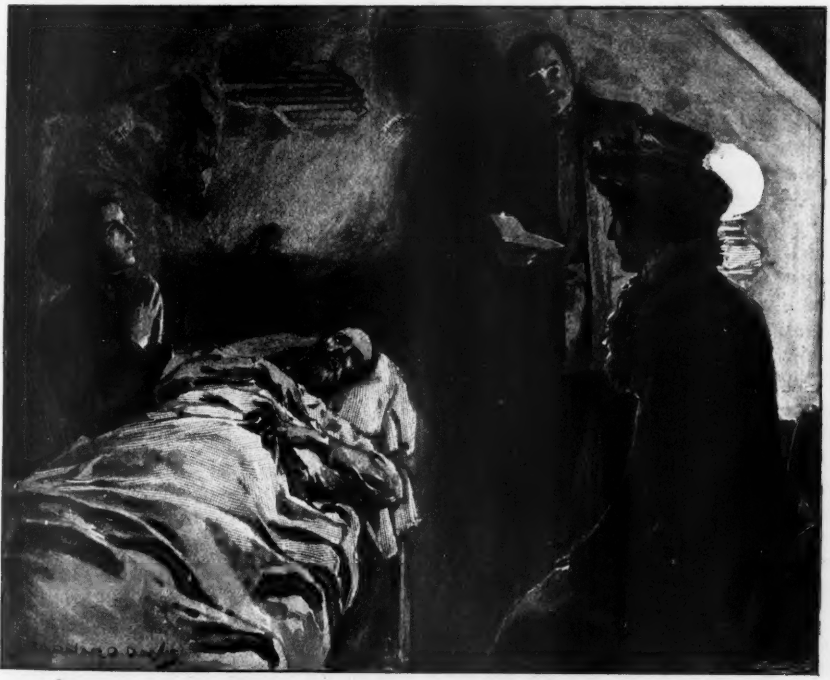
"My husband," whispered the girl with a nod in the direction of the "Army Captain." Then she led Margaret forward. The dying man rolled his head over upon the pillow; his sunken eyes held hers with a look of entreaty and despair in their depths.

"Abel Mudge!" she cried. The young "Captain" had risen from his knees and brought her the only chair in the wretched garret. She whispered to him in horror, "What does all this mean?"

"You will hear, but he is dying very quickly. Try to be merciful," he answered. He turned to the figure on the bed. "Brother," he said, "you see the lady is here."

Abel's fever-blackened lips opened to speak; but instead he drew a sobbing shuddering breath.

The young Salvationist gently raised his head and gave him a cup of water. His wife was kneeling where he had been when Margaret had entered. Her bonnet had dropped back and hung loosely by its strings, her hands were clasped, and her mouth



"'Why did you choose to make this known to me?'"

moved as if she were entreating pity for the man whose hour of utmost loneliness and need had come.

"Read that to her," said Abel when he had swallowed the water. He handed a dirty paper to the young man, who read in a low but distinct voice.

"Jock Pooke is dead, and I, Abel Mudge, murdered him. The firing, it was doing for the fishing, and we complained times without number, but it was never no good. Then Shapter and I settled to sink the *Merry Jane*. A gentleman Shapter knew said if they would only use a little extra coal and greater horse-power the gunboats could easily steam out where they would not spoil the fishing. We had always fished thereabouts until the target-practice spoilt everything. The morning we agreed to sink the *Merry Jane* I did all I could to get rid of Pooke, but he would come. He seemed to guess something was up and he stuck to me. Then I told him what I was doing, and he threatened me to speak to the officer on the gunboat. I got afraid and went behind him, then I struck him suddenly a blow on the head, and when he fell insensible I tied his body to the mast and sunk the boat. Shapter picked me up; he never knew that Pooke was not accidentally drowned. He wanted me to go back to Whidbourne, but I would not, for I feared anything turning up about Pooke. He didn't dare to go against me, so he got me away to Ireland."

It was evident during the reading of his confession that Mudge's life was rapidly running out. His fingers spasmodically plucked at the tattered coverlet, and he breathed with a hard gasping effort that caused his nostrils to quiver and dilate with each inspiration, but his eyes with pitiful entreaty still sought Margaret's.

"Why did you choose to make this known to me?" she asked with horrified bewilderment.

"I saw Shapter in the spring," he said in a rough whisper, each word dragging painfully, "and he told me you had not married, because you believed Mr. Lamacraft had done for us. He said you had been good to them—at home."

The girl began to say, "Your sin has not been against me," but a violent fit of coughing so exhausted Mudge that he lay back panting; then a sudden movement from the young man arrested her attention. She gazed with fascinated horror at the scene before her. The yellow light of a paraffin lamp fell upon the three faces so closely grouped together, the one settling into the mysterious calm of newly-found death, the other two upturned in an ecstasy of supplication.

She rose and fled down the stairs. As her mind recovered some measure of calmness, only one thought absorbed her; she must see John Lamacraft and atone for the past. Until the present, she had thought of him as one she loved, but who stood in need of her forgiveness. Now all this was reversed. He had been the victim of a cruel conspiracy, and she had failed him when most he stood in need of her faith.

She caught the evening train to Whidbourne. Her father had gone to town that morning and there would be no one to question her as to her expedition. She passed the Mudges' cottage on her way homeward. Its whitewashed walls glimmered with a ghostly light through the darkness. She thought of the poor widow within, unconscious of that awful form lying in the squalid attic she had just quitted, and shuddered at the recollection. Then she walked rapidly up the avenue to her home, trying to forget his face. The darkness was intense, for although the stars twinkled brilliantly in the deep sky, the moon had not yet risen, and the monotonous dashing of the waves at the foot of the cliff along which the avenue ran increased her sense of loneliness and melancholy. She heard steps approaching hers and hastened forward with a sense of relief.

"Who is it?" she cried nervously, peering through the gloom at a man's tall figure.

"Meg, is it possible?" exclaimed John Lamacraft's voice. "I've been waiting for you all the afternoon. No one knew where you were, and just when I had given up all hope, behold I see you, or rather I don't see you!"

He laughed gaily in a whirlwind of emotion. As for Margaret, she said not one word. How was she to begin and tell him all the tragic story she had just learnt?

When they reached the house and stood facing each other, he saw she was labouring under great excitement.

“What is it?” he asked anxiously. And Margaret came off her pedestal with characteristic impulsiveness. She told him all Mudge’s story; but accorded to herself as much blame as if she had herself slain Jock Pooke. As for him, he stood feasting his eyes on the face he had remembered with longing ever since they had parted. The curve of the sweet red upper lip it was worth all the beauty heaped together of every pretty woman he had ever met.

“You do forgive me for being so mean as to desert you in adversity?” she asked.

“You didn’t do that. You couldn’t do anything mean. Why, you were awfully good to me, until the court acquitted me,” he said, determined to assist his goddess back to her eminence.

But Margaret was intent upon taking her turn at worshipping; and much of Jack Lamacraft’s exceptionally happy married life was due indirectly to the loss of the *Merry Jane*.

THE LAST OF THE ’15

By K. D. PRESTON

It was in the August of 1715 that the famous hunt of Braemar settled the question as to whether there should be a Jacobite rising or no, and on September 1 the Earl of Mar proclaimed King James VIII. of Scotland and III. of England at Castleton in Braemar and gave the signal for a general movement. On the English side of the Border, the proclamation was made at Warkworth by Lord Derwentwater and Thomas Forster of Bamborough, M.P. for the county of Northumberland. From a numerical point of view the rising on this side was hardly a success, the largest number that assembled being 300 horse at Morpeth; it was, however, a very representative gathering of Northumbrian and Cumbrian families —indeed, of the four troops finally raised, two consisted entirely of the relations and dependents of Lords Derwentwater and Widdrington. The two others were largely recruited from the adventurers who lived along the Border, whose previous knowledge of fighting had been chiefly gained in smuggling expeditions and other such lively enterprises. From the first the whole affair seemed ready for failure—the English Tories had not been really prepared to move, and had been almost driven into action by hearing that their leaders were to be arrested, for fear they should think of joining Mar. A proposed attack on Newcastle could not be attempted because want of funds prevented the arming of a body of foot soldiers; the little fort on Holy Island, captured by one of the Erringtons, was retaken by the Hanoverian Governor of Berwick at the next convenient low tide, and when the English contingent finally joined Kenmure’s Scotch troops at Rothbury, it was only to find these latter on the very verge of giving up the enterprise altogether. The spirits of the Scotch were not much raised by finding the English troops better equipped, as it was phrased, for flight than for fight; having excellent horses, but a great scarcity of arms; however, a general start was made, and on October 22 a junction was effected with part of Mar’s force at Kelso. Of their future career it is needless to speak. Instead of the 20,000 men who were to join them when they reached Lancashire, some 1200, insufficiently armed, were all that appeared, and on November 13 Forster surrendered at Preston, and the rebellion was over as far as the English Jacobites were concerned. In Scotland it lingered on till the end of January 1716, when the northward advance of Argyle gradually broke up and dispersed the last of Prince James’ troops. So complete was their final collapse that the rising of the ’15 has dwindled into a very small space in most histories: still at the time it was a cause of sufficient alarm. One contemporary speaks of it as “the troublesomest year hath been known by ye pretender’s landing in Scotland and raysing a rebellion theire, and in England, wheire was nothing but Riotts”: and though it was afterwards thrown into the shade by the more alarming outbreak in '45, it had at the time a dangerous aspect enough.

The last word of its failure is given in a short diary, written a year after hostilities had ceased, when the ill-fated leaders of the expedition had paid the penalty of defeat, and only a few prisoners still remained in custody.

The diary itself is contained in a small worn manuscript book, its leaves and the old-fashioned writing on them alike brown with age, whose opening page lengthily proclaims it to be "A Journal of Remarks and Observations made on the Behaviour of the Rebel-prisoners at the Pressyard of Newgate. From fryday April ye 5th 1717," &c. It is the work of one Carleton Smith, who was appointed by the Court of Aldermen to take charge of the State prisoners at Newgate in consequence of doubts as to the trustworthiness of the jailers there. A prisoner, George Flint, had lately escaped, and closer surveillance was deemed necessary, for which purpose Mr. Smith, who had served the same office in the previous year, was reappointed overseer of the State prisoners, with power to enforce rules and discipline to the very utmost extent. How far it was possible to put his power into practice is revealed in this somewhat doleful, harassed little record, in the dedication of which (to one of His Majesty's Commissioners of Customs) the writer lets loose his indignation and entreats his patron to "Turn your Eye to those passages where Treachery, Hypocricy, Injustice, Ingratitude, and Disobedience in the Prison-keepers, and Prisoners is discovered"—a sufficiently alarming list of habits to meet in daily intercourse. "I am sure," he continues, "there Actions and Expressions at sundry times . . . has been very grateing to me; for which I have sometimes longed to make Reprizals; but it not being my business to do but to keep them in Custody: I have . . . faithfully done it."

There were at the time thirty-three prisoners in the Press-yard, of whom twenty (including two women) are named as rebel-prisoners proper, while five were in "for the Assassination Plott against King William of Ever blessed Memory," and one "for attempting to shoot the Prince." The list of twenty is headed by Charles Widdrington, and ends with Lauchlan Mackintosh, noting also such familiar northern names as Carnegie, Dalzeel, Menzies, Stuart, Nairn, and Robertson. This remnant of an army seems to have been lingering on at Newgate in the spring of 1717 in hope of a tolerably well assured pardon; meanwhile solacing their souls by such gaieties as the prison permitted, and by the practice of the aforementioned string of vices.

From the first the writer seems to have foreseen a stormy time, for on his entry into Newgate, on April 5, 1717, he is surprised to find no prisoner in irons, except one Mr. Barlow, who had attempted to escape "in Women's Aparrell" the year before, and he had "but a small one upon his Right Legg." A further point of suspicion is the fact that Pitt, one of the keepers, has a door from the Press-yard into his house, of which he alone has the keys, while there is also communication with "ye other part of ye Gaol through ye Chappel." Pitt is at once suspected of "Designes that's Ill" by the careful Smith, whose opinion is not modified by a fracas later in the day, when Pitt appeared at his window "Raving and Calling me Sorry Impudent Fellow, Sawcy Blockhead, etc.," having been shut out of the prison through the newcomer's orders. An outbreak of the prisoners seemed imminent, for, as the writer admits, several of them had an old grudge against him; amongst others Mr. Dalton, "for Detecting and prosecuting him for Giving Money to ye Soldiers for to drink ye Pretender's health, by ye name of King James." However, the disturbance passed off, but every week thereafter has some fresh note of a like difficulty occurring and causing apprehensions of assaults to the conscientious warder of this unruly flock. On one day Mr. Shafto and Mr. Widdrington distinguished themselves, refusing to be locked into their rooms at night; but on threats of being reported "they arose immediately, and went to their apartments, saying, 'Weel, weel, wees gaun, wees gaun, thenn,'" a remark which seems to have impressed C. Smith. Sunday, with two "compulsory chapels," had a good effect, apparently, all round; but on April 9 C. Smith betakes himself to the Guildhall to state his grievances at the rough treatment he had received, and gets some salve of commendation from the aldermen there assembled. He notes on the same day that his subordinates at Newgate are much exercised as to why he writes so much each day, but the journal was a great deal too personal to be submitted to their curious eyes. On April 10 an order for the release of Mr. Widdrington removed one of the little group, and the other prisoners' spirits were much raised by reports of an Act of Indemnity, "which makes them very Orderly and Civil; they are indeed Like men at Liberty in their Actions and Conversations, who w^{n} they please divert y^{m}selves with a Gaime at Skittles, w^{ch} they sit up in y^{e} Yard." The same hope moved them on another day to offer their warder a bottle of wine at locking-up, to drink King George's health: but he was not to be caught neglecting his duty in that way, and locked them all up remorselessly as usual. A quiet week contains only criticisms adverse to the individual—Freeman by name—who had desired to shoot the Prince; described here as a very "Lusty, Strong, Raw-bon'd man, wearing his owne hair, whose countenance is often very Dogged and Sower, w^{ch} makes me always have a watchful Eye upon him." His combined fancies for drink and a candle always burning in his room at night made his fellow-prisoners apprehensive of being "Either Stabb'd or burnt in y^{r} beads by him w^{n} in his Drunken Freegs," and their complaints added one more to the list of the writer's small woes.

Continual warfare was also waged between him and the various officers in charge of the guard; one was absent from duty, another had "visitors" all day, a third insisted on beating "ye Travally at break of Day" and the Tattoo at night, which caused great "Allarum" to the citizens, and also infringed the Liberty of the City and the prerogative of My Lord Mayor. A full list of all the officers on guard at any time is given at the end of the Journal, so that the information may be precise.

On April 23 the prisoners were cheered by warrants, from Mr. Secretary Addison and Lord Sunderland respectively, for the discharge of Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Dalzeel; but the patience of those left behind was evidently at the last point, for only two days after three pages of close writing are required to tell of another "Ill Designe" discovered by the watchful C. Smith. Having gone into the prison with extra arms—not from "Cowardiss but Caution" he hastens to explain—he perceived a certain dismay at his appearance, and presently was aware of the redoubtable Freeman posted upon the stairs, "like a Lyon full of Rage," with all the other prisoners disposed in attentive attitudes. C. Smith promptly ordered his partner to cut him down, but, "ye said freeman" met these advances with a blow from a large fork, and retired to his room, receiving on the way a cut on the arm from C. Smith, "w^{ch} had it Reach'd his head had Cleav'd him open." A paragraph here explains that many of the rooms at Newgate had only inside bolts, so that a prisoner could shut himself in, but could not be secured from the outside. Freeman accordingly stood a siege, graphically detailed, in his own apartment, doing considerable execution before the door was broken in, and finally making a desperate attempt to set the place on fire by lighting up his hat and a handkerchief under one of the beds. The worst result of the scrimmage was the fork-wound of the unlucky partner, who, going to a surgeon for advice, received the awesome alternative of living entirely on "treakle water" for a time or having the wound "lade open and his bone scraped." He chose the former fate. Further on the extortionate charge (two guineas) of the treakle-ordering surgeon is noted, but the partner's mind was set at rest by an order from the Lord Mayor to have what surgeon he pleased.

Constant mention is made of the visitors to the various prisoners, who seem to have come much as they pleased on all days alike; among them Mr. Pattin, who was "chief evidence against the Rebels," and was not received with any pleasure by them in consequence. A list of some 150 names of these visitors is given, several being former prisoners returning to see their old comrades and cheer them with hopes of a pardon; others were "non-juring clergymen," and there were several women, who had got into C. Smith's bad books the year before for "presuming to ware white hoods, gloves, and favours, to ye manifest contempt of ye Government in Commemoration of ye Death of Thos. Bean, who I took and prosecuted for the Riot in Salsberry Court." This riot was one of the worst that occurred in London during the course of the rising. On May 8 Mary Flint, wife of the escaped George, received news of her husband's arrival in France, and there were fresh rumours of an

Act of Grace. One prisoner, Mr. Shafto, refused all overtures, however, and being asked if he would rebel against the king again, would say only that he was no king of his; while a further proof of "Devillish temper" was given by the prisoners ordering a fiddler they got into the yard to play them the tunes of treasonable ballads. On May 8 they further sent for a badger to be baited in the yard, but "w^{n} it Came I Refused it Entrance," says C. Smith, who seems to have been always at hand to damp off any little amusements that were toward.

The extortion practised on many prisoners at the time is exemplified by the inability of Mr. Barlow to leave Newgate when his warrant came, because his chamber-rent was greatly in arrear; it is noted that "Pitt had from Mr. Foster 60 guineas for to let him Come into his house, of Mr. Anderton 25 guineas for Keeping off his Irons, of Mr. Widdrington, Mr. Ratcliff, and others, 20 guineas ye man for ye like, and y^{t} Everyone y^{t} wou'd not give him 10 guineas at ye first Coming in was turn'd into ye Common Side; besides paying Two Guineas, one guinea and Ten shillings ye week a man: altho' in some Rooms yr are Ten men y^{t} lay in Four Bedds! so yt it was computed yt he got in three months time, 3 or 4 thousand pounds besides private presents, one of y^{n} Giving him a fine Stone horss." There seems a lingering note of regret about this entry—no such luck came in the path of C. Smith!

Through the month of May there are several entries which show the eager anticipation of release in which the prisoners wore out their days; at one time they are much depressed by reading in "Appleby's Journal" of the re-arrest of their late companion Dalzeel, with treasonable papers about him, whereby the Act of Grace is likely to be retarded; but this news was not confirmed, and the 23rd saw the release of one more of their number, "Robert Talbot." "Many people of good Fashion" came to see the prisoners, some bringing money, but not as freely as the year before, when the "Daily multiplicity of ye Choycest Eatables" included "one Dish of Peas, and another of Beans, w^{ch} came to 40^{d}, and a Dish of Fish of 30^{d}, wth ye best of French Wines." The absence of the latter did not prevent an extraordinary amount of drinking on the part of both visitors and visited; "George the High Church Cobler" is particularly mentioned as coming "to visit his Brethren in Iniquity, who sent him away Rare and Drunk," and locking-up was continually delayed by such occurrences. The one day on which all the prisoners remained sober was King George's birthday, when their anxiety to avoid the semblance of drinking the King's health led them to forego their usual evening entertainment. They made up for it next day, and again on June 10 (Prince James' birthday), when they "adventur'd to drink a health" (several apparently) "to y^{t} Person y^{t} was born on this Day," but did not adorn their windows with white roses as in the year before; from which it would appear that their spirits had suffered something from confinement. Another prisoner left the gaol on June 15, when Christopher Smith, in for "Dispersing sedecious pamplits," died; he was buried at St. George's, Southwark, his rich relations refusing to bear any of the charges, as he had "Liv'd a Rebel." At last, on July 14, came news that the King would go to the House about the Act of Grace the next day, and the joy of the prisoners was so great that they embraced their keepers, expressing their regard for them "and all True Wiggs, but as for ye English Tories"—the less quoted here the better! Next day the pardon was confirmed to all but those implicated in the plot against King William and those who had made forcible escape; the 17th was devoted to packing up the prisoners' effects, and on July 18 they were carried in five coaches to the Court of Exchequer to plead to the King's pardon. "I must observe," says the watchful Smith, "y^{t} several of ye prisoners w^{r} very Loth to bend the Knee or speak out in asking the King's Pardon . . . but the Justices taking notice of it, made y^{m} perform ye one Lowly and ye other Audibly."

So ends this short diary of three and a half months—the last details of James' desperate attempt to gain the throne two years before. Many of those who wearied out those two long summers in Newgate would possibly live to see their cause blossom again into the still more formidable rising of the '45, and hope, for a moment at least, that—as they had said long ago in the Press-yard of Newgate—"the Spoke of a Wheele never went downe, but it wou'd come up, and the Staff might be in y^{r} hands another day."

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

By the Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

CHRIST OUR IDEAL—I

"After Christ."—Col. ii. 8

IN the verse from which this phrase is taken St. Paul is describing and condemning the false doctrine by which many of the Colossian Christians were being led astray. The exact nature of that doctrine does not at this moment concern us, and therefore I need not stay to explain it. But we may notice the three phrases with which the Apostle brands it. It is "after the tradition of men": it goes no further back and no higher up for its origin than that. It is "after the rudiments of the world": it is elementary, meet only for babes; mundane, material, unfit for them who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. And it is "not after Christ": it has no kind of relation to Him; He is neither its source, nor its substance, nor its standard. And this is the climax of the Apostle's indictment; for the supreme test by which to try everything that calls itself "Christian" is just this, is it "after Christ"? If it is not, that is enough; there is nothing to be said for it, and there is no need to say anything else against it.

It may serve still better to bring out the significance of this suggestive phrase if we set over against it two or three parallel phrases from St. Paul's Epistles. Thus, *e.g.*, he tells the Galatians that the Gospel which he preached was "not after men"; and exactly what he means by that he goes on to explain in the words which follow: "For neither did I receive it from men, nor was I taught it, but it came to me through revelation of Jesus Christ." So, again, he tells the Ephesians that "aforetime"—*i.e.*, before their conversion—they "walked after the course of this world, after the prince of the power of the air." And if still further illustration be needed, we may find it in the familiar Pauline antithesis which bids us walk not "after the flesh" but "after the spirit."

To sum up then: St. Paul teaches us that all doctrine and all life, if they are to be in any true and worthy sense "Christian," must be neither "after man" nor "after the flesh," nor "after the course of this world"—in these can be neither their origin nor their rule—but they must be "after Christ." The Apostle uses the words here, as I have pointed out, as a test of doctrine; but they are no less valid as a test of life, and it is in that sense that I propose to use them in this and the following reading.

Now, happily, there is no question in the mind of any one concerning the standard of the Christian life. Whatever doubts we may have concerning this or that Christian doctrine, no one doubts that life "after Christ" is life at its highest, life at its best. There was a time—indeed it is not yet wholly past—when Christian apologists thought to commend Christ to our notice by putting into our hands little certificates of character signed by certain great and distinguished men. That faith might be more sure of her Lord we were told what John Stuart Mill and Goethe, what even Napoleon and Rousseau had said about Jesus. Patronage of this kind never probably counted for much; to-day the Christian consciousness has come to resent it as an irrelevance and an impertinence, and will have none of it. As one writer has well said, we "shrink as by an instinct from entering Christ for competition with other teachers, and have Him so enshrined in the soul that to praise Him seems profanity."

The fair moral ideal which Christ set before us has never been surpassed; the type of character which He revealed in His words and realised in His life has never been superseded. Nay, rather, may we not say that since Christ came all other ideals have vanished, as the stars pale their ineffectual fires when the day dawns, and the sun begins his lonely march through the emptied heavens? Other masters fail us; we outgrow them and leave them behind us. One such I remember well, whose books first came into my hands in the early days of my college life, they shook my soul to its very centre, they stunned me as with the blinding flash of a new revelation. I keep them on my shelves still, and turn to them now and again, and never wholly in vain, and yet never, too, without a half-wonder at the strange, wild echoes that once they woke within me; the old thrill I shall never feel again. But who outgrows Christ? When does He fail us? "The words that I have spoken unto you are spirit and are life." And they who have drunk deepest best know how exhaustless the living waters are.

Even they who do not bear the name of Christ, and who never worship in God's house, are ready to pay their unconscious homage to the greatness of the life that is "after Christ." I have heard working men admit, almost in the same breath in which with angry bitterness they denounced Christian churches and Christian ministers and Christian people of all sorts, that if only this Divine Man's will *were* done on earth, it would mean the bringing in of the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. And let them who are so keen to detect and so swift to condemn the imperfections of their professedly religious neighbours, ask themselves why it is that they expect religious men to be better than their fellows, and then consider if underlying their own demand there is not the tacit admission that the truly Christian life, the life that is really "after Christ," is a life that is high and holy and good.

I repeat, then, that we are absolved from all necessity of discussing the ideal of the Christian life, and are left with the great practical problem of realising it. But of that we must think in our next reading.

SECOND SUNDAY

CHRIST OUR IDEAL—II

"After Christ."—Col. ii. 8

CHRIST, then, is the standard of the Christian; life "after Christ" is for him the ideal life. But is such a life possible? Is not the standard too high? Two or three brief suggestions may be offered in reply.

(1) As a matter of fact the ideal has, in some measure at least, actually been realised. I am not unmindful of the unworthiness and imperfection of many who bear the name of Christ. But do not let us allow wholesale indictments against the Church of Christ to blind us to the actual facts of life and history. And it is a simple historical fact that there exists in the world to-day, that since the days of Christ there has always existed, a type of character which may be truly called "Christian," which, indeed, cannot truly be called by another name, and which, speaking generally, has been and is still only to be found within the Church of Christ. So that, if there are many who are unworthy, there are many, too, whose lives are a daily manifestation of the grace and power of Christ. And if there are many, even among the followers of Christ, who never remind us of Him, there are some at least who remind us of no one so much as they remind us of Him. And if, as a working man once put it, in his rough, quaint fashion, the trouble with so many of us is that we "ain't up to sample," well, thank God, again it is true that there are some, the winning grace and fair beauty of whose lives are the best help we know to the understanding of the sinless years of the Son of Man. I say the ideal, high as it is, has, in some measure at least, actually been realised.

(2) And if still we think the standard, whatever it may be for others, impossible for us, may not the question fairly be asked, if we have ever seriously set ourselves to attain to it, if we have ever taken the trouble to *live*—to live "after Christ"—which other men take in order to write or to paint or to sing. Ruskin tells us that during the investigation that he has been able to give to the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, "no fact ever looms so large upon me, no law remains so steadfast in the universality of its application, as the fact and law that they are all great workers." "Nobody," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "ever had such pains to learn a trade as I; but I slogged at it day in and day out"; and in the end, as every one knows, he had his reward. I watched a juggler once performing with his sticks and balls; such marvels of physical agility I had never before even dreamed of. But now, whether is easier to train the body or to subdue the spirit? to write like Stevenson or to live like Jesus? to be a great artist or to be a great saint? When, when shall we be willing to take half the pains to be good that men and women all the world over are ready to take in order to be clever? Why, we will not even take the trouble to learn what life "after Christ"

means. And see what comes of it. Because we do not know, because, *e.g.*, we have never learned what is the Christian law of courtesy, every day we wound our brethren and sin against Christ with our rough and heedless words and ways. Like people in church who sing flat and put every one around them "out" because they have no ear for music, so there are multitudes who spoil the music of life because they lack that delicate spiritual sensitiveness to which every jarring note is an exquisite pain, and which only comes through long companionship with Jesus. To live "after Christ"—is there any nobler aim that a man can set before himself than that? Is it not worth while to give all diligence that we may make its attainment sure?

(3) Still do we say "impossible"? Then let us remember that Christ who is our ideal is also much more than our ideal. "After" is not the only New Testament preposition which describes our relation to Him and His to us. Before we can live "after" Him, He must live "in" us; before He can live "in" us, He must lay down His life "for" us. Christ *is* our Example; but He has other and greater names even than this: He is our Friend, our Lord, our life, our *Saviour*. And until He be our Saviour He can never be our Example; until He be within us as our new life, it is in vain that He stand before us our ideal. Shall we not, therefore, learn to pray with Dora Greenwell—

> Be Thou to me my Lord, my guide,
> My friend, yea, everything beside,
> But first, last, best, whate'er betide,
> Be Thou to me my Saviour!

To follow Him as our ideal—that is the work of a lifetime; to trust Him as our Saviour—that may be the work of a moment.

THIRD SUNDAY

SWEET REASONABLENESS

"The gentleness of Christ."—2 Cor. x. 1.

"Let your forbearance be known unto all men."—Phil. iv 5.

"THE *gentleness* of Christ," the word used by the Apostle—ἐπιείκεια—is one of those words which are almost the despair of the translator. It is the name for the same beautiful moral trait as is referred to in the passage quoted from the Philippian epistle, where the A.V. has "moderation," and the R.V. "forbearance," with "gentleness" in the margin. The perplexity of our translators is still further evidenced by their rendering of Acts xxiv. 4, where, in both versions, we have yet another English word —"clemency"—to represent the same Greek equivalent. The fact is, as Archbishop Trench says, no English word can give the full meaning of the original. Yet this very fact will but quicken in the mind of every earnest student of the Scriptures a stronger desire to have as exact an understanding as possible of the duty which the Apostle here lays upon us, and which also he declares to have been exemplified in the life of our Lord.

'Επιείκεια—what is it? It is "the opposite of standing on one's full rights"; it is "equity as opposed to strict law"; it is gentleness as opposed to contentiousness (see 1 Tim. iii. 3; Tit. iii. 2). "Let your forbearance be known unto all men" means, "Do not make a rigorous and obstinate stand for what is your just due." Trench thinks—and our Revisers generally appear to agree with him—that, on the whole, "gentleness" is our best rendering; but, as he is compelled to point out, the sense of equity and fairness which is in the Greek so strong is more or less wanting in all which we offer in exchange. Matthew Arnold, as every reader of his essays is aware, rendered the word by the phrase which he has made famous, "sweet reasonableness"; and if further help to its full meaning still be needed we may find it in an admirable quotation from Aristotle for which I am indebted to the learned Bishop of London: "It is ἐπιείκεια to pardon human failings; to look to the lawgiver, not to the law; to the spirit, not to the letter; to the intention, not to the action; to the whole and not to the part; to the character of the actor in the long run, and not in the present moment; to remember good rather than evil, and good one has received rather than good one has done; to bear being injured; to wish to settle a matter by deeds rather than by words."

So much, then, by way of definition. And as Thomas à Kempis used to say about compunction that he would rather *feel* it than know its definition, so is the daily manifestation of this temper of more importance than the finest skill in its analysis We are to let our "gentleness," our "forbearance," be known unto all men. It is not an easy task; there was a time when no man counted it a needful one. In nothing, perhaps, did the new religion of the first century clash more violently with the current maxims and ideals than in its steady, unflinching inculcation of the spirit of the Beatitudes. To be strong, to be self-assertive, to stand up for one's own—no man in the world into which Christ was born, who wished to retain his own self-respect or the respect of his fellows, could afford to fail here. And the pagan in us all dies hard, so that even Christian men and women are often tempted to be satisfied with the old ideals of duty rather than follow the example and teaching of Jesus which have supplanted them. How difficult do we find it to abate our claims, to be magnanimous, to forgive and forget, how difficult sometimes even to believe that it is our duty to do any of these things! Yet it is to the daily manifestation of this gentle, forbearing temper that we are called, alike by the example of Christ, and by all the dealings of God with our own souls. When we think of "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," with what patience and forbearance He bore Himself in the midst of faithless friends and angry foes; when we consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, and who yet, when He was reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered, threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously—then, verily, if there be any obligation on a Christian to be Christ-like, we also are called to let our forbearance be known unto all men. And, further, as Dean Paget says, it would help most of us to grow in patience and charity and justice if now and then we were quietly to recall the forbearance we ourselves have needed and received in our past lives. "Above all, let us think and think again (however far our thoughts may stay beneath the truth), of the forbearance of Almighty God; provoked by all our pride and stubbornness, our meanness and ingratitude, our hardness and neglect and worldliness and self-indulgence; provoked by our broken promises and our waste of all His gifts; provoked it may be, year after year, as far as our memory can reach; yet still—oh, wonder of redeeming love!—still ready to receive us, still calling us to repentance and peace."

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE WITNESS TO CHRIST OF THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN WRITING—I

"Paul, and Sylvanus, and Timothy, unto the Church of the Thessalonians."—1 Thess. i. 1

THIS, St. Paul's first Epistle to the Thessalonians, was written at Corinth, during the Apostle's second missionary journey, to the little Christian community which he himself had founded in Thessalonica a few months before. It was written to express the hope of his own speedy return, to strengthen his converts under the fiery trial which had come upon them, and to correct certain wrong impressions of his teaching which had already begun to work serious practical mischief.

These few and simple facts, about which happily there is no question, enable us to fix the date of the epistle as the year 52 or 53. Consider what this means. It means that this is not only the earliest of St. Paul's Epistles which have come down to us, but also that it is the oldest Christian writing in the world. It takes us back to within twenty years of the death of Christ, and many years before any of our Gospels were written, and is, therefore, another and wholly independent witness to those great historical facts which are the chief cornerstone of the Christian revelation.

It is from this point of view that I wish, in this and two or three succeeding readings, briefly to consider this epistle. I assume nothing just now as to its "inspiration"; I take the letter as it stands, and deal with it as we might with any other ancient literary document. What witness does it bear concerning Jesus Christ?

First of all, then, it makes known to us the divinity of Christ. Of course, it does not state the doctrine in the set and formal phrases of a creed; nevertheless, the doctrine is there, interwoven with the texture of the whole epistle. Tear it out, and you destroy the whole fabric. Take, for example, the Apostle's use of the word "Lord." It is used in the Old Testament of Jehovah, the God of Israel. In the New Testament it refers sometimes to God, sometimes to Christ. When, *e.g.*, in this epistle (iv. 16), Paul says "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout," we know that he is speaking of Christ. Elsewhere, however (see, *e.g.*, iv. 6), our best interpreters are unable to say with absolute certainty to whom the term is applied. What is the inference? That the Apostle was loose and inexact in his use of sacred language? Rather should we say that in his mind the identification of Christ with God was so complete that, without inaccuracy, without even the consciousness of inconsistency, he could apply the same absolute designation alike to God the Father and to Christ the Son. So, again, in regard to the phrase, "the word of the Lord." In the Old Testament it stands for the revealed will of Jehovah. In this epistle Paul adopts it, without hesitation, to describe the word, the gospel of Christ. Mark, also, the conjunction of names in the salutation of the epistle: "The church of the Thessalonians in God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ." Think how utterly inconceivable it is that any other name should be so conjoined with the name of God, and then ask what this implies concerning Christ.

But perhaps the most remarkable indication of the habitual drift of the Apostle's thought is to be found in the singular number of the verb which follows two nominatives in iii. 11: "May our God and Father Himself, and our Lord Jesus direct our way unto you." I have no desire to magnify trifles, and if this were a fact that stood alone, unrelated to other facts, it might be dismissed as a mere grammatical curiosity. As it is, I believe, with Bishop Ellicott, that the only explanation is to be found in the true relations of the Father and the Son.

Let these facts be put together—and they are not all that might have been named—and then let the question be faced if there is any conception of Christ, other than that He was truly God, which does not fail absolutely to explain the Apostle's language.

It may be said that all this does, without doubt, prove that Paul believed the doctrine of our Lord's divinity, but not therefore that the doctrine is true. But let us do this ancient witness no injustice. A man's evidence in a court of law is not slighted because of itself it is insufficient to carry a whole case. We are not seeking to establish the truth of Christianity out of the mouth of a single witness; what we are in search of is additional and confirmatory evidence. And if it can be shown, as I believe it can beyond all possibility of doubt, that Saul of Tarsus, despite all the prejudices of his early life and training, came to believe in the true divinity of the crucified Jesus, then we have secured the evidence we are seeking. For how is such a belief to be accounted for except on the supposition of its truth?

"I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord": with however slack a hand we may hold some of the old doctrinal formulas, we need to tighten our grasp here. If the signs of the times—say, rather, the signs of the ages—mean anything, they mean this: that there is only disintegration and death before the churches that falter in their faith in their divine Lord. Is there any more significant fact in the religious world to-day than the comparative impotence, everywhere, of what is called Unitarianism? I am not unmindful of the noble men of God who have chosen to wear the Unitarian name; and God forbid that we should sit as their judges whose shoe-latchet we are not worthy to stoop down and to unloose. But God likewise forbid that the glamour of any name should blind us to the fact that the Christianity which knows only the Man of Nazareth and not also the Lord of Glory never has been, and never can be, the power of God unto the world's salvation.

FIFTH SUNDAY

THE WITNESS TO CHRIST OF THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN WRITING—II

"Paul, and Sylvanus, and Timothy unto the Church of the Thessalonians."—1 Thess. i. 1

FROM the divinity of Christ we pass to the death of Christ. This divine Christ—so this epistle tells us—died that through His death we might obtain salvation. "The Jews killed the Lord Jesus" (ii. 15)—that is the simple historical fact, and here is the interpretation which makes of the fact a gospel: "God appointed us not unto wrath, but unto the obtaining of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with Him" (v. 9, 10). Of the nature of the salvation which Christ has obtained for us we have a further indication in the striking phrase: "Jesus which delivereth us (or, our Deliverer) from the wrath to come" (i. 9).

In writing these passages which I have

quoted, two thoughts must have possessed the Apostle's mind: (1) the coming revelation of divine wrath against human sin; (2) our deliverance from that wrath by the death of Christ. "But why should Christ's death render it possible for those who believe in Him to escape eternal destruction and to share His own eternal life and blessedness? What relation exists between these two truths: (1) that He died, and (2) that we are to be saved from wrath by Him?" The question is Dr. Dale's; the answer shall be his also. "Some third truth," he says, "is necessary to mediate between them. It was too familiar to the Thessalonians to require explicit statement. To them St. Paul had preached the same gospel that he was preaching at Corinth when he wrote this epistle: he had 'delivered [to them] first of all that which [he] also received, how that Christ died for our sins.' This, therefore, is what he meant, and what the Thessalonians would know he meant, when he wrote that Christ 'died for us.' It is because He died for our sins that at His coming, whether we are living or dead, He will deliver us from the wrath of God, and exalt us unto eternal fellowship with His own blessedness and glory."

"Christ died for our sins." This, then, was the gospel which Paul preached in Thessalonica and wherever his busy, eager feet could carry him. It is easy—if there be no keenness in our sense of sin, no passion in our cry for forgiveness, it may be very easy—to ask questions concerning it which no man can answer, which, perchance, no man ever will be able to answer till we have sounded all the depths of Deity. But it was not of these things that Paul wrote or spoke. Preaching with him was rather the proclamation of a great fact—"Christ died for our sins"—than ingenious and elaborate vindications and justifications of the fact. The Apostle found in Thessalonica, as he found everywhere else, men and women who knew there was a right and a wrong in life, who knew that only with them that did right could it be well either in this life or in that which is to come, and whose consciences were burdened with the guilt both of wrong done and of right left undone. And to these Paul preached salvation through the death of Christ: how that Christ, the Son of God, became man, and taking upon Himself the uttermost consequences of our sins, bare them in His own body upon the tree, so that now through Him forgiveness is freely offered to all.

A few years ago, so I have read, a Red Indian missionary did a great work in Minnesota. The story of the man's conversion was this. He saw a picture of Calvary in a book. "Why was this?" he asked. "For you," was the answer. And one of the noblest of missionary lives was in the reply. It was the same message which Paul carried with him into Thessalonica; and after nearly nineteen centuries have come and gone the one gospel which is the power of God unto salvation is still this: "Through this man is proclaimed unto you remission of sins."

The time draws near the death of Christ. Has the season no message for us? Is there one among us whose conscience makes of him a coward, who fears "the desert behind worse than the dark before," who shudders as he thinks of the guilty secrets that lie hidden in the yesterdays of his life? Then let him know that it is from just this that Christ died to save us, that it is the ending of all this that is meant by the offer of divine forgiveness,

> I lay my sins on Jesus,
> The spotless Lamb of God.

Do we? Then for the rest the Cross itself is our pledge:

> He bears them all, and frees us
> From the accursed load.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

"THE ineffable presumption of aged persons is an affliction too long endured." The insurgent thought, with its red cap of liberty, leaped up into vision as I was cutting the pages of a new book concerning children,* and I paused to read what followed. "Much is told us of the becoming modesty of youth. Is no modesty becoming a period of life when experience has given some measure to merit? Why should youth be modest? Youth believes it can do all things, and has had no proof to the contrary. But age—age which has tried many times and been met with failure; age, which has learned its limitations by repeated blows, and become content with hard-won compromise—why should age be so proud?" It is piquant to have one's notions depolarised occasionally, and to converse with people whose magnetic needle points to the south. "Taken simply in itself," continued my author, "age proves no more than that the aged individual, if a man, has had sufficient strength and ingenuity to keep himself alive; and, if a woman, that she has been sufficiently pleasing and well-behaved to be kept alive by others." How true it seemed now that one saw it placed thus in black on white; and yet for at least four thousand years—. Precisely; the same rejoinder had occurred to my author, who met it with trenchant readiness: "In very early times, when the world was young and life more exciting and precarious than now, perhaps the above qualities were a sufficient distinction. The constitution which survived the rigours of a crude and uncertain diet and of an undiluted climate was a thing to be proud of; and the visible proof that one had survived one's enemies did indicate some superiority. But in a civilisation which takes special care of the infirm"—and so on. Evidently here was a writer—a woman too—who had no fear of being original, revolutionary, heretical, and whose view of men and things gave promise of the freshness and suggestiveness which characterise the frank utterances of an independent mind. Instead of turning to the beginning I continued the chapter, and came upon ample evidence that, whatever might be the value of Mrs. Gilman's experience of childhood, her opinions would be at least free from conventionality and an unreasoning acceptance of the wisdom of the ages. "If Methuselah were with us yet—and retained his faculties—he would be too much confused between the things he used to believe and what he was learning now to be a valuable authority."

"Concerning Children," it need hardly be said, is racily written, but it is also as wise and witty as it is earnest and outspoken; indeed I do not hesitate to say that it is one of the sanest and most clear-headed surveys we have yet had of the greatest task that lies before each generation. Occasionally Mrs. Gilman's generalisations run to extremes, but as a rule there is sufficient in the sequel to make it clear that she is aware of the exceptions and of the circumstances which necessitate a large modification of the original statement; and when she is apparently most heterodox the reader comes in time to see that the heterodoxy is often but a startling mask which emphasises a truth to which he has always given weight, but perhaps not as much weight as was necessary. And even when it happens that one cannot agree with her conclusions, it is impossible to ignore the practical common sense she brings to bear on popular fallacies and the luminous suggestiveness which she throws on some other side of an accepted doctrine.

One of the unpleasant apprehensions forced upon us by the book is our unfitness to undertake the rearing and education of children. It is not merely that we do not realise how constantly, all day long and every day, our children are observing and assimilating our looks, actions, gestures, casual expressions and the thousand unguarded and unconscious traits which make up our personality; how we are bewildering them by our inconsistencies of speech and conduct; but that we have ourselves such vague and unreasoned conceptions as to what we should teach, and how and why we should teach it. This comes home with a force almost physical when we read such a review of the subject of obedience as Mrs. Gilman gives in her second chapter. Was there ever a time when obedience was not regarded as a virtue, not beautiful alone but absolutely requisite, in child life? And obedience is indeed one of the sweetest graces in a child, and in certain circumstances will ever be so; but obedience "involves the surrender of both judgment and will," and this being the case, it becomes a grave question how far the "training to obey" can be wisely and safely carried. Among very young children obedience may be to-day, as it was in the prehistoric past, the one condition on which safety from sudden danger depends; and in mature life it is essential still to certain conditions of service; but carried to extremes, the habit of obedience develops, according to Mrs. Gilman, "very undesirable qualities." It is on our judgment and our force of will that we must depend for our success in life, and indeed for our position as human beings; and though the full-grown man may deliberately surrender both for a special purpose under special conditions without detriment to either, it does not follow that obedience for the sake of obedience is a principle that can be worked out to an unlimited extent in childhood without at least the risk of serious disadvantages. Still, it seems to me that there is some exaggeration in the following presentation of the case: "The 'habit of obedience,' forced in upon the impressible nature of a child, does not develop judgment and will, but does develop that fatal facility in following other people's judgment and other people's wills which tends to make us a helpless mob, mere sheep, instead of wise, free, strong individuals. The habit of submission to authority, the long, deeply impressed conviction that to 'be good' is to 'give up,' that there is virtue in the act of surrender—that is one of the sources from which we continually replenish human weakness, and fill the world with an inert mass of mind less, will-less folk, pushed and pulled about by those whom they obey." Possibly the singular lack of initiative among our troops in South Africa as contrasted with the resourcefulness of the Boers may in some measure illustrate this generalisation, but on the whole it seems to me rather a picture of the possible results of a habit carried to extremes than as the forecast of a common danger. Submission to authority is always desirable, but the most obedient of children is, as a rule, the first to resist the usurpation of authority, and fatal facility in following the judgment and will of others is more noticeable in the disobedient than in the obedient child. Nor can it well be argued that surrender "leaves a habit of giving up which weakens our power of continued effort": one might very plausibly support the opposite. What indeed cannot be too strongly urged is the foolishness of exacting obedience unreasonably, arbitrarily, incessantly, and without any object except the pleasure of exercising one's own authority. When we have recognised that children have their rights just as certainly as their elders, that they are entitled to consideration and courtesy perhaps even more than their elders, we shall be more careful not to interfere without due cause and for good reasons with the liberty of the subject. Obedience there must be, but it should spring from solicitude and reasonableness on the part of the parent, and from the child's confidence in the love and better knowledge of the parent, and at a very early age a child is capable of perceiving the better knowledge and of appreciating the love.

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* "Concerning Children." By Charlotte Perkins (Stetson) Gilman, author of "Women and Economics," "In this our World," "The Yellow Wall Paper." G. P. Putnam's Sons. *6s.*

There are many matters in which revision of the old methods is imperative. "Instead of teaching a child by mild and cautious experiment that fire burns, we teach him that fire—*whips*," with the result that the danger we seek to avert is not averted. "When baby tries to grab the parrot, and the parrot bites, that baby, without being promised a whipping or being whipped, will thereafter religiously avoid all parrots." But the worst result of our recourse to arbitrary punishment instead of natural consequence is in its effect on the moral sense; "we have a world full of people who are partially restrained from evil by the fear of arbitrary punishment, and who do evil when they imagine they can do so without discovery." Then too, instead of exercising a sweet reasonableness which shall make allowances for predisposition or weaknesses incidental to childhood, we multiply naughtinesses and penalise them. "Children are frequently reproached for wearing out their shoes. What does the intelligent parent expect? Is the child to sit in a chair, lie down, or ride the bicycle continually? . . . We do strive to buy the heaviest possible mass of iron-shod leather for our boys—and then we scold them for being noisy." Then with respect to right and wrong, "from the treatment they receive," as Mrs. Gilman observes, "children cannot learn any rational and consistent scheme of ethics," and she gives an excellent illustration of the mental confusion which our notions of discipline involve. "1. We lie to a child. He discovers it. No evil is apparently resultant. 2. He accuses us of it, and we punish him for impertinence. 3. He lies to us, and meets severe penalties. 4. We accuse him of it, rightly or wrongly, and are not punished for impertinence. 5. He observes us lie to the visitor in the way of politeness with no evil result. 6. He lies to the visitor less skilfully, and is again made to suffer. 7. He lies to his more ignorant juniors, and nothing happens. 8. Meanwhile, if he receives any definite ethical instruction on the subject, he is probably told that God hates a liar, that to lie is a sin!"

Many of us, too, have very much to learn in the way of respect for children. "A human body three feet long is deserving of as much respect as a human body six feet long; yet the bodies of children are handled with the grossest familiarity. We pluck and pull and push them, tweak their hair and ears, pat them on the head, chuck them under the chin, kiss them, and hold them on our laps, entirely regardless of their personal preferences." Unhappily in this matter who among us grown-ups has not occasionally suffered from the vulgar *bonhomie* of acquaintances who have not yet discovered that personal contact is only justified by some strong emotion of affection or sympathy? Could the foolish person who complacently tumbles a child, keeps it a prisoner in his giant arms, presses on it unwelcome kisses, jokes and teases with a sublime belief in his own good nature, have but a glimpse of the indignant little soul within, he would hurriedly take leave and never cross the threshold again. It must not be supposed that Mrs. Gilman desires to make a fetich of the heir of the ages. On the contrary, she is studiously moderate. While she thinks that it is bad to treat a child's tastes with less consideration than those of older human beings, she sees no reason why they should be treated with more, and while she refers to the society for protection against cruelty, she points out that there is none for protection against indulgence. At the same time she feels strongly that many of our views regarding children are traditional and outworn, and that much of what "went without saying" in the days of our ancestors is an open question now, or perhaps wholly untenable. Even the reciprocal relationship between parent and child does not escape inclusion. "The duty of the parent is a deep-seated natural law. Without the parent's care of the child, no race, no life. The duty of the child to the parent was largely invented by parents from motives of natural self-interest, and has been so long sanctioned and practised that we look on without a shudder and see a healthy middle-aged mother calmly swallowing the life of her growing daughter." This comes upon us as a very shocking assertion, and yet on reflection how much ugly truth there is in it. It is not a case in which poverty or old age appeals to the pious care of the child on whom has been lavished all that love could give, but one in which a young life is unreasonably called upon to sacrifice everything worth having as an equivalent for benefits received from those whose *raison d'être* it was to confer benefits.

There is one chapter in the book which calls for especial notice, but into which I cannot enter here in detail. It almost takes one's breath to think that some day our little toddlers, instead of playing about the floor at home, may be all sent away for eight or ten hours out of the twenty-four to a public nursery at the foot of the street, where under the care of specially trained attendants they will find rooms designed and furnished for their special needs, with abundance of sand, clay, wood and water with which to exercise their incipient genius for experiment. The idea seems too heroically Spartan to be practicable, and one can imagine the outcry that would be raised were it seriously proposed. Still Mrs. Gilman arrays many unanswerable arguments in its favour, and among them one which is too audaciously novel to be generally anticipated

—What would the children prefer and what would be better for them? No one will seriously deny that the care of little children is not the work for servants and nursemaids; and yet during their most impressionable years, when they are catching at life with all their five alert senses, and are already framing for themselves some working theory of all that is in heaven and earth, to whom are they committed for a considerable, if not for the larger, portion of the time but to servants? Naturally every mother will angrily protest that she can teach her baby better than any teacher, however highly trained. Mrs. Gilman is not too credulous on that point. "We do not hear mothers protesting that they can teach their grown-up sons and daughters better than the college professors," and the task of teaching young people in their teens is an easy one beside that of leading the babe in the right track and in the wisest manner. Let the reader weigh all the arguments as they are set forth in the chapter "A Place for Children," and he will find—even *she* will find—that the discussion is not to be disposed of by an outburst of incredulous scorn. The most serious difficulty in the way of carrying out such an arrangement is one which is likely to be a difficulty for a good many years to come—where shall we find the highly trained attendants and instructors of the ideal "baby-garden"?

A kindly fortune has made me acquainted with a little volume, which is so slight and unassuming in appearance, and which has been published with such furtive coyness, that I fear there is but little chance of its receiving the acknowledgment which it really deserves. It is only through a casual advertisement at the end of the book that the reader will discover that the W. G. C. who tells these "Coniston Tales"* is Mr. W. G. Collingwood, the well-known author of "The Life and Work of John Ruskin," and joint-author with Dr. Jón Stefánsson of a delightful "Pilgrimage to the Saga-Steads of Iceland." From a prefatory note I learn that the tales are reproduced from "*Nothing Much*: a Monthly Magazine," which, may I venture to suppose, is a periodical of strictly limited circulation, wherein an irresistible little editor or editress coaxes W. G. C. to write great verse and memorable prose for "a little clan"? It is delightful to think of such a monthly flourishing in pre-Caxtonian autograph in the shadow of the Old Man and within an easy walk of Ruskin's last resting-place; it is more delightful still to have a specimen of its contents. For W. G. C. there is a spell in the remote past:

> Two poets of old we know,
> Two saga-smiths to-day;
> And one is "Long-ago,"
> And the other is "Far-away;"

and in virtue of their inspiration he tells the story of "The Cairn on the Moor." Though it scarcely runs to eight pages, this is one of those perfect things which the lover of literature reads and reads again with an admiration, and a joy in the flawless art of it, that he cannot express in words without appearing to lose all sense of proportion. It is a prehistoric saga in miniature, and as he reads he is transported bodily into the savage landscape of an age of which the archæologist can furnish us with no more than the dry bones and the chipped flints. Here the rude men and women of the ancient race live once more, and the passion and tragedy, the love and sorrow of a vanished time are brought back from the silent under-world. We see the primeval savage bartering his stone axe for the red-mouthed maiden, "strong as a young wolf"; we have a glimpse of the primitive courtship and of the coarse housekeeping, with the great earthen pot and red-hot stones thrown into it to set it boiling; in the light of the setting moon we have a vision of the primeval wraith of the hunter who will no more come home from the hills; and the wife goes forth to seek her mate; and when she has found him, the heather blazes in a ring round the dead and the living who longs to die; and a handful of white ashes is gathered into an urn of clay; and over the place of burning the wild folk of the fell raise a cairn of unhewn stones on the moor. There are other fine things in the book, notably "The Story of Thurstan of the Thwaite," and "The Great Circle," but the little saga bears the hall-mark of genius.

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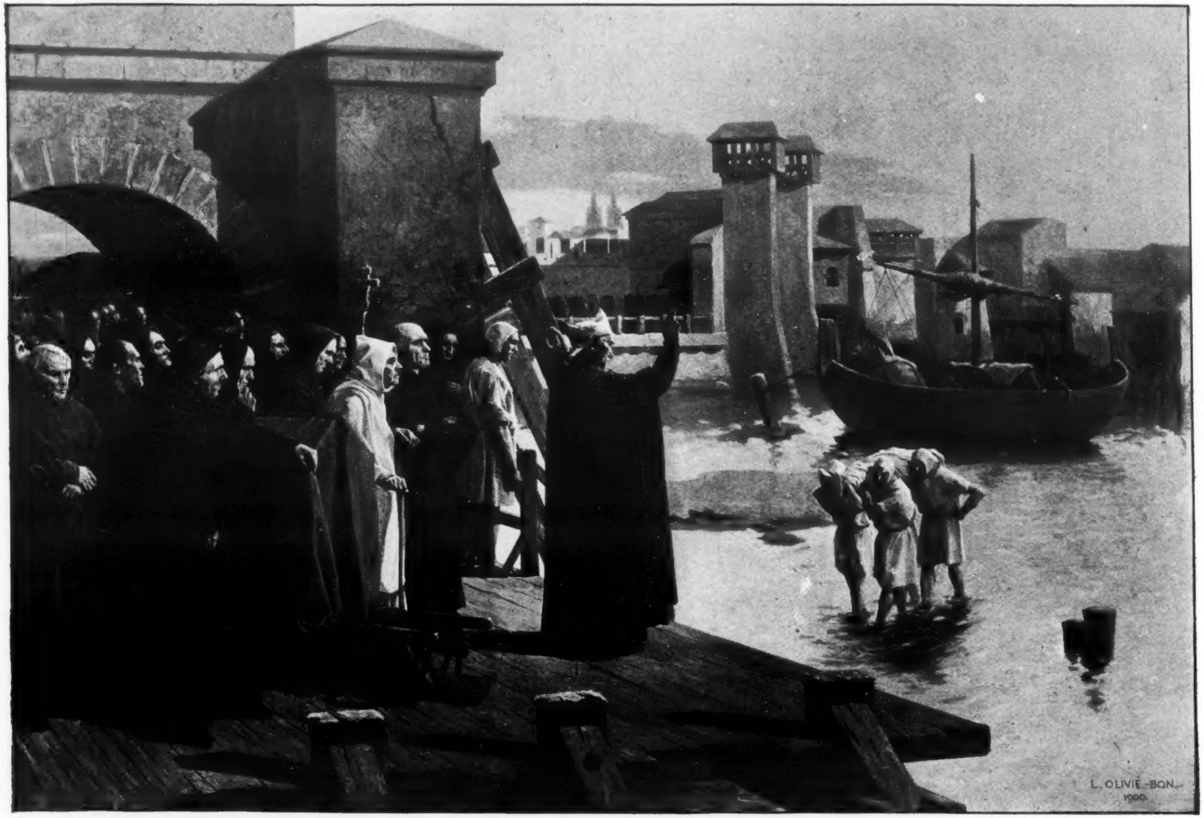
* "Coniston Tales." Told by W. G. C. and printed and published by W. Holmes, Ulverston.


L. OLIVIE-BON
1900

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"THE LAST OF A GREAT KING"

By L. Olivie-Bon

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE

By NEIL MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XIV

IN DUNKERQUE—A LADY SPEAKS TO ME IN SCOTS AND A FAT PRIEST SEEMS TO HAVE SOMETHING ON HIS MIND

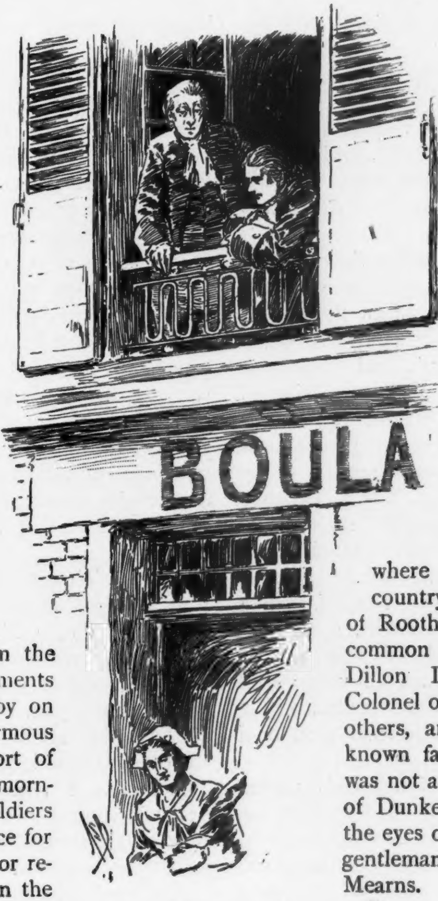
TWO days after, the *Roi Rouge* came to Dunkerque; Horn the seaman went home to Scotland in a vessel out of Leith with a letter in his pocket for my people at Hazel Den, and I did my best for the next fortnight to forget by day the remorse that was my nightmare. To this Captain Thurot and Lord Clancarty, without guessing 'twas a homicide they favoured, zealously helped me.

And then Dunkerque at the moment was sparkling with attractions. Something was in its air to distract every waking hour, the pulse of drums, the sound of trumpets calling along the shores, troops manœuvring, elation apparent in every countenance. I was Thurot's guest in a lodging over a *boulangerie* upon the sea front, and at daybreak I would look out from the little window to see regiments of horse and foot go by on their way to an enormous camp beside the old fort of Risebank. Later in the morning I would see the soldiers toiling at the grand sluice for deepening the harbour or repairing the basin, or on the dunes near Graveline manœuvring under the command of the Prince de Soubise and Count St. Germain. All day the paving thundered with the roll of tumbrels, with the noise of plunging horse; all night the front of the *boulangerie* was tumultuous with carriages bearing cannon, timber, fascines, gabions, and other military stores.

Thurot, with his ship in harbour, became a man of the town with ruffled neck and wristbands, the most extravagant of waistcoats, hats laced with Point d'Espagne, and up and down Dunkerque he went with a restless foot as if the conduct of the world depended on him. He sent an old person, a reduced gentleman, to me to teach me French that I laboured with as if my life depended on it from a desire to be as soon as possible out of his reverence, for, to come to the point and be done with it, he was my benefactor to the depth of his purse.

Sometimes Lord Clancarty asked me out to a *déjeuné*. He moved in a society where I met many fellow-countrymen — Captain Foley, of Rooth's regiment; Lord Roscommon and his brother young Dillon Lochgarry, Lieutenant-Colonel of Ogilvie's Corps among others, and by-and-by I became known favourably in what, if it was not actually the select society of Dunkerque, was so at least in the eyes of a very ignorant young gentleman from the moors of Mearns.

It was so strange a thing as to be almost incredible, but my



"In a lodging over a *boulangerie*"

Uncle Andy's shoes seemed to have some magic quality that brought them for ever on tracks they had taken before, and if my cast of countenance did not proclaim me a Greig wherever I went, the shoes did so. They were a passport to the favour of folks the most divergent in social state—to a poor Swiss who kept the door and attended on the table at Clancarty's (my uncle, it appeared, had once saved his life), and to Soubise himself, who counted my uncle the bravest man and the best mimic he had ever met, and on that consideration alone pledged his influence to find me a post.

You may be sure I did not wear such tell-tale shoes too often. I began to have a freit about them as he had to whom they first belonged, and to fancy them somehow bound up with my fortune.

I put them on only when curiosity prompted me to test what new acquaintances they might make me, and one day I remember I donned them for a party of blades at Lord Clancarty's, the very day indeed upon which the poor Swiss, weeping, told me what he owed to the old rogue with the scarred brow now lying dead in the divots of home.

There was a new addition to the company that afternoon—a priest who passed with the name of Father Hamilton, though, as I learned later, he was formerly Vliegh, a Fleming, born at Ostend, and had been educated partly at the College Major of Louvain and partly in London. He was or had been parish priest of Dixmunde near Ostend, and his most decent memory of my uncle, whom he too knew, was a challenge to a drinking-bout in which the thin man of Mearns had been several bottles more thirsty than the fat priest of Dixmunde.

He was corpulent beyond belief, with a dewlap like an ox; great limbs, a Gargantuan appetite, and a laugh like thunder that at its loudest created such convulsions of his being as compelled him to unbutton the neck of his *soutane*, else he had died of a seizure.

His friends at Lord Clancarty's played upon him a little joke wherein I took an unconscious part. It seemed they had told him Mr. Andrew Greig was back in France and possessed of an elixir of youth which could make the ancient and furrowed hills themselves look like yesterday's creations.

"What! M. Andrew!" he had cried "An elixir of grease were more in the fellow's line; I have never seen a man's viands give so scurvy a return for the attention he paid them. 'Tis a pole—this M. Andrew—but what a head—what a head!"

"Oh! but 'tis true of the elixir," they protested; "and he looks thirty years younger; here he comes!"

It was then that I stepped in with the servant bawling my name, and the priest surged to his feet with his face all quivering.

"What! M. Andrew!" he cried; "fattened and five-and-twenty. Holy Mother! It is, then, that miracles are possible? I shall have a hogshead, master, of thine infernal essence and drink away this paunch, and skip anon like to the goats of—of——"

And then his friends burst into peals of laughter as much at my bewilderment as at his credulity, and he saw that it was all a pleasantry.

"*Mon dieu!*" he said, sighing like a November forest. "There was never more pestilent gleek played upon a wretched man. Oh! oh! oh! I had an angelic dream for that moment of your entrance, for I saw me again a stripling—a stripling—and the girl's name was—never mind. God rest her! she is under grass in Louvain."

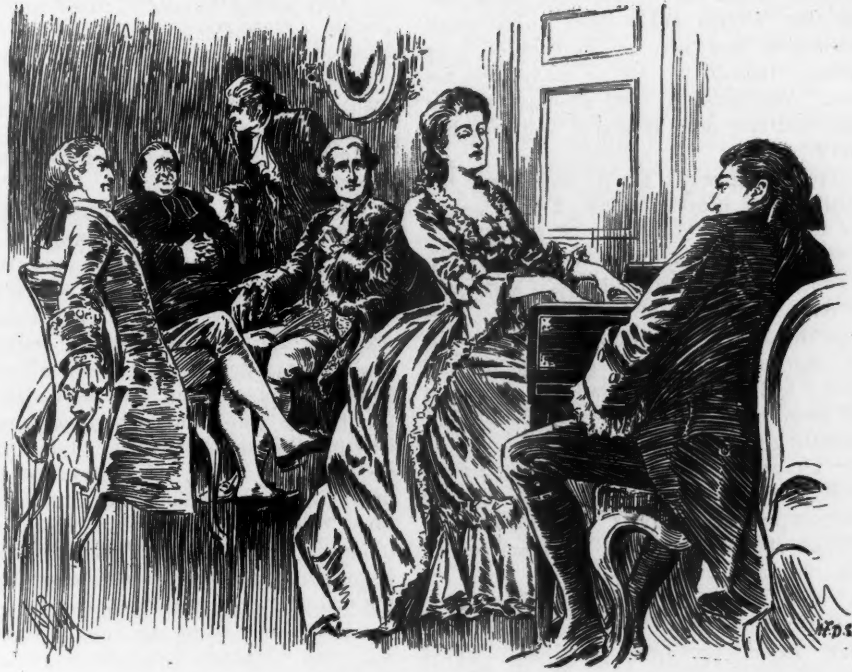
All the rest of the day—at Clancarty's, at the Café de la Poste, in our walk along the dunes where cannon were being fired at marks well out at sea, this obese cleric scarcely let his eyes off me. He seemed to envy and admire, and then again he would appear to muse upon my countenance, debating with himself as one who stands at a shop window pondering a purchase that may be on the verge of his means.

Captain Thurot observed his interest, and took an occasion to whisper to me.

"Have a care, M. Greig," said he playfully; "this priest schemes something; that's ever the worst of your Jesuits, and you may swear 'tis not your eternal salvation."

'Twas that afternoon we went all together to the curious lodging in the Rue de l Boucherie. I remember as it had been yesterday how sunny was the weather, and how odd it seemed to me that there should be a country-woman of my own there.

She was not, as it seems to me now, lovely, though where her features failed of perfection it would beat me to disclose, but there was



"She sat at a spinet playing"

something inexpressibly fascinating in her—in her mild, kind, melting eyes, and the faint sad innuendo of her smile. She sat at a spinet playing, and for the sake of this poor exile, sang some of the songs we are acquainted with at home. Upon my word, the performance touched me to the core! I felt sick for home; my mother's state, the girl at Kirkillstane, the dead lad on the moor, sounds of Earn Water, clouds and heather on the hill of Ballageich—those mingled matters swept through my thoughts as I sat with these blithe gentlemen hearkening to a simple Doric tune, and my eyes filled irrestrainably with tears.

Miss Walkinshaw—for so her name was—saw what effect her music had produced; reddened, ceased her playing, took me to to the window while the others discussed French poetry, and bade me tell her, as we looked out upon the street, all about myself and of my home. She was, perhaps, ten years my senior, and I ran on like a child.

"The Mearns!" said she. "Oh dear, oh dear! And you come frae the Mearns!" She dropped into her Scots that showed her heart was true, and told me she had often had her May milk in my native parish.

"And you maybe know," said she, "the toun of Glasgow, and the house of Walkinshaw, my—my father, there?"

I knew the house very well, but no more of it than that it existed.

It was in her eyes the tears were now, talking of her native place, but she quickly changed the topic ere I could learn much about her, and she guessed—with a smile coming through her tears, like a sun through mist—that I must have been in love and wandered in its fever, to be so far from home at my age.

"There was a girl," I said, my face hot, my heart rapping at the recollection, and someway she knew all about Isobel Fortune in five minutes, while the others in the room debated on so trivial a thing as the songs of the troubadours.

"Isobel Fortune!" she said (and I never thought the name so beautiful as it sounded on her lips, where it lingered like a sweet); "Isobel Fortune; why, it's an omen, Master Greig, and it must be a good fortune. I am wae for the poor lassie that her big foolish lad"—she smiled with bewitching sympathy at me under long lashes—"should be so far away frae her side. You must go back as quick as you can; but stay now, is it true you love her still?"

The woman would get the feeling and the truth from a heart of stone; I only sighed for answer.

"Then you'll go back," said she briskly, "and it will be Earn Side again and trysts at Ballageich—oh! the name is like a bagpipe air to me!—and you will be happy, and be married and settle doon—and—and poor Clemie Walkinshaw will be friendless far away from her dear Scotland, but not forgetting you and your wife."

"I cannot go back there at all," I said, with a long face, bitter enough, you may be sure, at the knowledge I had thrown away all that she depicted, and her countenance fell.

"What for no'?" she asked softly.

"Because I fought a duel with the man that Isobel preferred, and—and—killed him!"

She shuddered with a little sucking in of air at her teeth and drew up her shoulders as if chilled with cold.

"Ah, then," said she, "the best thing's to forget. Are you a Jacobite, Master Greig?"

She had set aside my love affair and taken to politics with no more than a sigh of sympathy, whether for the victim of my jealousy, or Isobel Fortune, or for me I could not say.

"I'm neither one thing nor another," said I. "My father is a staunch enough royalist and so, I daresay, I would be too, if I had not got a gliff of bonnie Prince Charlie at the Tontine of Glasgow ten years ago."

"Ten years ago!" she repeated, staring abstracted out at the window. "Ten years ago! So it was; I thought it was a lifetime since. And what did you think of him?"

Whatever my answer might have been it never got the air, for here Clancarty, who had had a message come to the door for him, joined us at the window, and she turned to him with some phrase about the trampling of troops that passed along the streets.

"Yes," he said, "the affair marches quickly. Have you heard that England has declared war? And our counter declaration is already on its way across. *Pardieu!* there shall be matters toward in a month or two and the Fox will squeal. Braddock's affair in America has been the best thing that has happened us in many years."

Thus he went on with singular elation that did not escape me, though my wits were also occupied by some curious calculations as to what disturbed the minds of Hamilton and of the lady. I felt that I was in the presence of some machinating influences probably at variance, for while Clancarty and Roscommon and Thurot were elate, the priest made only a pretence at it, and was looking all abstracted as if weightier matters occupied his mind: his coarse fat hand, heavy-ringed, buttressing his dewlap, and Miss Walkinshaw was stealing glances of inquiry at him—glances of inquiry and also of distrust. All that I saw in a mirror over the mantelpiece of the room.

"Sure's there's but one thing to regret in it," cried Clancarty suddenly, stopping and turning to me. "It must mean that we lose Monsieur des Souliers Rouges. *Peste!* There is always something to worry one about a war!"

"*Comment?*" said Thurot.

"The deportment," answered his lordship. "Every English subject has been ordered out of France. We are going to lose not only your company, Father Hamilton, because of your confounded harebrained scheme for covering all Europe in a glass coach, but our M. Greig must put the Sleeve between him and those best qualified to estimate and esteem his thousand virtues of head and heart. For a louis or two I'd take ship with him and fight on the other side. Gad! it would always be fighting anyway, and one would be by one's friend."

The priest's jaw fell as if my going was a blow to his inmost affections; he turned his face rapidly into shadow; Miss Walkinshaw lost no movement of his; she was watching him as he had been a snake.

"Oh! but it is not necessary that we lose my compatriot so fast as that," she said. "There are such things as permits, excepting English friends of ours from deportment—and—and—I fancy I could get one for Mr. Greig."

In my heart I thanked her for her ready comprehension of my inability to go back to Britain with an easy mind; externally I bowed my recognition of her goodness.

She was paying no heed to my politeness; she had again an eye on the priest, who was obviously cheered marvellously by the prospect.

And then we took a dish of tea with her, the lords and Thurot loudly cheerful, Hamilton ruminant and thundering alternately, Miss Walkinshaw showing a score of graces as hostess, myself stimulated to some unusual warmth of spirit as I sat beside her, well-nigh fairly loving her because she was my country-woman and felt so fond about my native Mearns.

CHAPTER XV

WHEREIN A SITUATION OFFERS AND I ENGAGE TO GO TRAVELLING WITH THE PRIEST

A WEEK passed with no further incident particularly affecting this history. With my reduced and antique mentor I studied *la belle langue*, sedulous by day, at night pacing the front of the sea, giving words to its passion as it broke angry on the bar or thundered on the beach—the sea that still haunts me and invites, whose absence alone makes often lonely the moorland country where is my home, where are my people's graves. It called me then, in the dripping weather of those nights in France; it called me temptingly to try again my shoes of fortune (as now I named them to myself), and learn whereto they might lead.

But in truth I was now a prisoner to that inviting sea. The last English vessel had gone; the Channel was a moat about my native isle, and I was a tee'd ball with a passport that was no more and no less than a warder's warrant in my pouch. It had come to me under cover of Thurot two days after Miss Walkinshaw's promise; it commanded *tous gouverneurs et nos lieutenans-généraux de nos provinces et armées, gouverneurs particulaires et commandans de nos villes, places, et troupes* to permit and pass the Sieur Greig anywhere in the country, *sans lui donner aucun empêchement*, and was signed for the king by the Duc de Choiseuil.

I went round to make my devoirs to the lady to whom I owed the favour, and this time I was alone.

"Where's your shoon, laddie?" said she at the first go-off. "Losh! do ye no' ken that they're the very makin' o' ye? If it hadna' been for them, Clementina Walkinshaw wad maybe never hae lookit the gait ye were on. Ye'll be to put them on again!" She thrust forth a *bottine* like a doll's for size and trod upon my toes, laughing the while with her curious suggestion of unpractised merriment at my first solemn acceptance of her humour as earnest.

"Am I never to get quit o' thae shoes?" I cried; "the very deil maun be in them."

"It was the very deil," said she, "was in them when it was your uncle Andrew." And she stopped and sighed. "O Andy Greig, Andy Greig! had I been a wise woman and ta'en a guid-hearted though throughither Mearns man's advice—toots! laddie, I micht be a rudas auld wife by my preachin'. Oh, gie's a sang, or I'll dee."

And then she flew to the spinet (a handsome instrument singularly out of keeping with the rest of the plenishing in that odd lodging in the Rue de la Boucherie of Dunkerque), and touched a prelude and broke into an air.

To-day they call that woman lost and wicked; I have seen it said in books: God's pity on her; she was not bad; she was the very football of fate, a heart of the yellow gold. If I was warlock or otherwise had charms, I would put back the dial two score years and wrench her from her chains.

> O waly, waly up the bank,
>   O waly, waly doon the brae.
> And waly, waly yon burn-side,
>   Where I and my love wont to gae.
> I leaned my back unto an aik,
>   I thocht it was a trusty tree,
> But first it bowed and syne it brak,
>   Sae my true love did lichtly me.

They have their own sorrow even in script those ballad words of an exile like herself, but to hear Miss Walkinshaw sing them was one of the saddest things I can recall in a lifetime that has known many sorrows. And still, though sad, not wanting in a sort of brave defiance of calumny, a hope, and an unchanging affection. She had a voice as sweet as a bird in a thicket at home; she had an eye full and melting; her lips, at the sentiment, sometimes faintly broke.

I turned my head away that I might not spy upon her feeling, for here, it was plain, was a tragedy laid bare. She stopped her song midway with a laugh, dashed a hand across her eyes, and threw herself into a chair.

"Oh fie! Mr. Greig, to be backing up a daft woman, old enough to know better, in her vapours. You must be fancying I am a begrutten bairn, to be sneckin' my daidlie in this lamentable fashion, but it's just you and your Mearns, and your Ballageich, and your douce Scots face and tongue that have fair bewitched me. O Scotland! Scotland! Let us look oot at this France o' theirs, Mr. Greig." She came to the window (her movements were ever impetuous, like the flight of a butterfly), and "Do I no' wish that was the Gallowgate," said she, "and Glasgow merchants were in the shops and Christian signs abin the doors, like 'MacWhannal' and 'Mackay,' and 'Robin Oliphant'? If that was Bailie John Walkinshaw, wi' his rattan, and yon was the piazza o' Tontine, would no' his dochter be the happy woman? Look! look! ye Mearns man, look! look! at the bairn playing pal-al in the close. 'Tis my little sister Jeanie that's married on the great Doctor Doig—him wi' the mant i' the Tron kirk—and bairns o' her ain, I'm tell't, and they'll never hear their Aunt Clemie named but in a whisper. And yon auld body wi' the mob cap, that's the Baxter's widow, and there's carvie in her scones that you'll can buy for a bawbee apiece."

The maddest thing!—but here was the woman smiling through her tears, and something tremulous in her as though her heart was leaping at her breast. Suddenly her manner changed, as if she saw a sobering sight, and I looked out again, and there was Father Hamilton heaving round the corner of a lane, his face as red as the moon in a fog of frost.

"Ah!" cried Miss Walkinshaw, "here's France, sure enough, Mr. Greig. We must put by our sentiments, and be just witty or as witty as we can be. If you're no' witty here, my poor Mr. Greig, you might as well be dumb. A heart doesna' maitter much; but, oh! be witty."

The priest was making for the house. She dried her tears before me, a frankness that flattered my vanity; "and let us noo to our English, Mr. Greig," said she as the knock came to the door. "It need be nae honest Scots when France is chappin'. Would you like to travel for a season?"

The question took me by surprise; it had so little relevance to what had gone before.

"Travel?" I repeated.

"Travel," said she again quickly. "In a glass coach with a companion who has plenty of money—wherever it comes from—and see all Europe, and maybe—for you are Scots like myself—make money. The fat priest wants a secretary; that's the long and the short of it, for there's his foot on the stairs, and if you'll say yes, I fancy I can get you the situation."

I did not hesitate a second.

"Why, then yes, to be sure," said I, "and thank you kindly."

"Thank *you*, Paul Greig," said she softly, for now the Swiss had opened the door, and she squeezed my wrist.

"*Pax Vobiscum!*" cried his reverence and came in, puffing hugely after his climb, his face now purple almost to strangulation. "May the devil fly away with turnpike stairs, Madame!—puff-puff—I curse them whether they be wood or marble;—puff-puff—I curse them in Dunkerque; in Ostend, Paris, all Europe itself, ay even unto the two Americas. I curse their designers, artisans, owners and defenders, in their waking and sleeping! Madame, kindly consider your stairs anathema!"

"You need all your wind to cool your porridge, as we say in Scotland, Father Hamilton," cried Miss Walkinshaw, "and a bonny-like thing it is to have you coming here blackguarding my honest stairs."

He laughed enormously and fell into a chair, shaking the house as if the world itself had quaked. "Pardon, my dear Miss Walkinshaw," said he when his breath was restored, "but, by the Mass, you must confess 'tis the deuce and all for a man—a real man that loves his viands, and sleeps well o' nights, and has a contented mind and grows flesh accordingly, to trip up to Paradise—" here he bowed, his neck swelling in massive folds—"to trip up to Paradise, where the angels are, as easily as a ballet-dancer—bless her!—skips to the other place where, by my faith! I should like to pay a brief visit myself, if 'twere only to see old friends of the Opéra Comique. Madame, I give you good-day. Sir, Monsieur Greig—shalt never be a man like thine Uncle Andrew for all thy confounded elixir. I favour not your virtuous early rising in the young. There! thine uncle would a-been abed at this hour an' he were alive and in Dunkerque; thou must be a confoundedly industrious and sober Greig to be dangling at a petticoat-tail—Pardon, Madame, 'tis the dearest tail, anyway!—before the hour meridian."

"And this is France," thought I. "Here's your papistical gospeller at home!" I minded of the Rev. Scipio Campbell in the kirk of Mearns, an image ever of austerity, waling his words as they had come from Solomon, groaning even-on for man's eternal doom.

The priest quickly comprehended my surprise at his humour, and laughed the more at that till a fit of coughing choked him. "*Mon dieu!*" said he; "our Andy reincarnate is an Andy most pestilent dull, or I'm a cockle, a convoluted cockle, and uncooked at that. Why, man! cheer up, thou *croque-mort*, thou lanthorn-jaw, thou veal-eye, thou melancholious eater of oaten-meal!"

"It's a humblin' sicht," said I. The impertinence was no sooner uttered than I felt degraded that I should have given it voice, for here was a priest of God, however odd to my thinking, and, what was more, a man who might in years have been my father.

But luckily it could never then, or at any other time, be said of Father Hamilton that he was thin-skinned. He only laughed the more at me. "*Touche!*" he cried. "I knew I could prick the old Andy somewhere. Still, Master Paul, thine uncle was not so young as thou, my cockerel. Had seen his world and knew that Scotland and its—what do you call them?—its manses, did not provide the universal ensample of true piety."

"I do not think, Father Hamilton," said I, "that piety troubled him very much, or his shoes had not been so well known in Dunkerque."

Miss Walkinshaw laughed.

"There you are, Father Hamilton," said she. "You'll come little speed with a man from the Mearns moors unless you take him a little more seriously."

Father Hamilton pursed his lips and rubbed down his thighs, an image of the gross man that would have turned my father's stomach, who always liked his men lean, clean, and active. He was bantering me, this fat priest of Dixmunde, but all the time it was with a friendly eye. Thinks I, here's another legacy of goodwill from my extraordinary uncle.

"Hast got thy pass yet, Master Dull?" said he.

"Not so dull, Master Minister, but what I resent the wrong word even in a joke," I replied, rising to go.

Thurot's voice was on the stair now, and Clancarty's. If they were not to find their protégé in an undignified war of words with the priest of Dixmunde, it was time I was taking my feet from there, as the saying went.

But Miss Walkinshaw would not hear of it. "No, no," she protested, "we have some business before you go to your ridiculous French—weary be on the language that ever I heard *Je t'aime* in it!—and how does the same march with you, Mr. Greig?"

"I know enough of it to thank my good friends in," said I, "but that must be for another occasion."

"Father Hamilton," said she, "here's your secretary."

A curious flash came to those eyes pitted in rolls of flabby flesh. I thought of an eagle old and moulting, languid upon a mountain cliff, in misty weather, catching the first glimpse of sun, and turned thereby to ancient memories. He said nothing; there was at the moment no opportunity, for the visitors had entered, noisily polite and posturing as was their manner, somewhat touched by wine, I fancied, and for that reason scarcely welcomed by the mistress of the house.

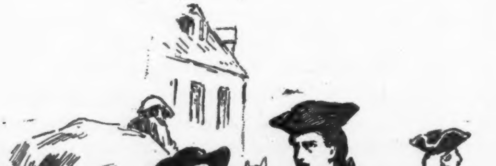
There could be no more eloquent evidence of my innocence in these days than was in the fact that I never wondered at the footing upon which these noisy men of the world were with a countrywoman of mine. The cause they often spoke of covered many mysteries; between the Rue de Paris and the Rue de la Boucherie I could have picked out a score of Scots in exile for their political faiths, and why should not Miss Walkinshaw be one of the company? But sometimes there was just the faintest hint of over-much freedom in their manner to her, and that I liked as little as she seemed to do, for when her face flushed and her mouth firmed, and she became studiously deaf, I felt ashamed of my sex, and could have retorted had not prudence dictated silence as the wisest policy.

As for her, she was never but the minted metal, ringing true and decent, compelling order by a glance, gentle yet secure in her own strength, tolerant, but in bounds.

They were that day full of the project for invading England. It had gone so far that soldiers at Calais and Boulogne were being practised in embarkation. I supposed she must have a certain favour for a step that was designed to benefit the cause wherefor I judged her an exile, but she laughed at the idea of Britain falling, as she said, to a parcel of *crapauds.*

"Treason! treason!" cried Thurot laughingly. "Under the circumstances, Madame——"

"—Under the circumstances, Captain Thurot," she interrupted quickly, "I need not pretend at a lie. This is not in the Prince's interest, this invasion, and it is a blow at a land I love. Mr. Greig here has just put it into my mind how good are the hearts there, how pleasant the tongue, and how much I love the very name of Scotland. I would be sorry to think of its end come to pleasure the women in Versailles."



"At the moment I was thinking of Miss Walkinshaw"

"Bravo! bravo! *vive la bagatelle!*" cried my Lord Clancarty. "Gad! I sometimes feel the right old pathriot myself. Sure I have a good mind——"

"Then 'tis not your own, my lord," she cried quickly, displeased in her expression, and Clancarty only bowed, not a whit abashed at the sarcasm.

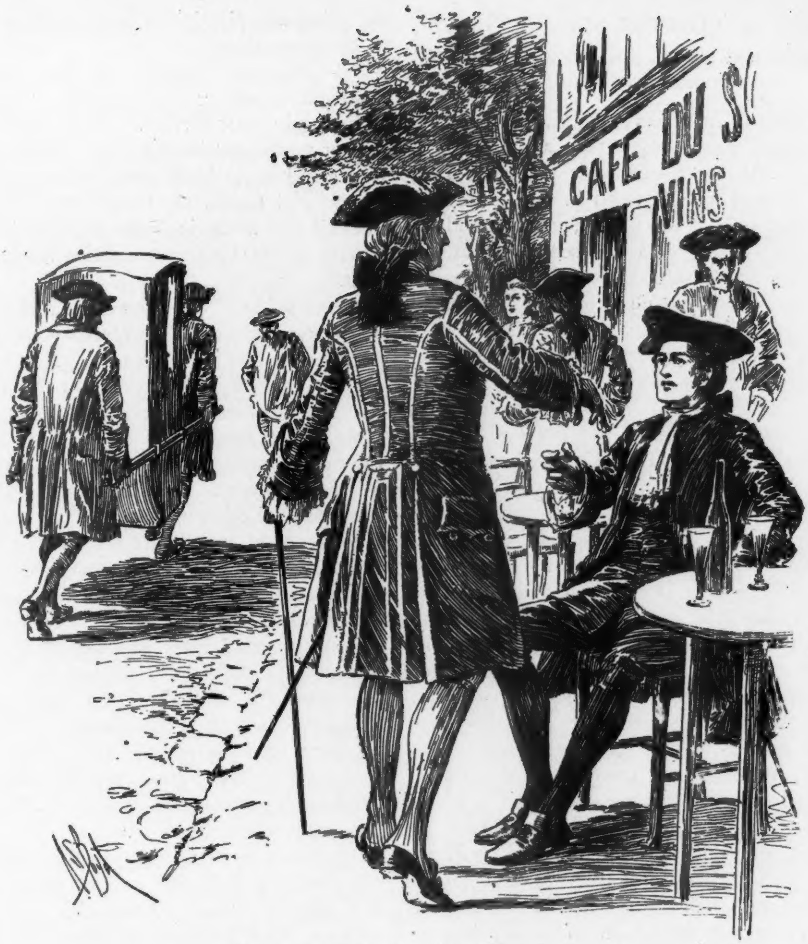
Father Hamilton drew me aside from these cheerful contentions and plunged into the matter that was manifestly occupying all his thoughts since Miss Walkinshaw had mooted me as his secretary.

"Monsieur Greig," he said, placing his great carcase between me and the others in the room, "I declare that women are the seven plagues, and yet here we come chasing them from *petit lever* till—till—well, till as late as the darlings will let us. By the Mass, and Father Hamilton knows their value, and when a man talks to me about a woman and the love he bears her, I think 'tis a maniac shouting the praise of the snake that has crept to his breast to sting him. Women—chut!—now tell me what the mischief is a woman an' thou canst."

"I fancy, Father Hamilton," said I, "you could be convinced of the merits of woman if your heart was ever attacked by one—your heart, that does not believe anything in that matter that emanates from your head."

Again the eagle's gleam from the pitted eyes; and, upon my word, a sigh. It was a queer man this priest of Dixmunde.

"Ah, young cockerel," said he, "thou knowest nothing at all about it, and as for me—well, I dare not; but once — once — once there were dews in the woods, and now it is very dry weather, Master Greig. How about thine honour's secretaryship? Grip'st at the opportunity, young fellow? Eh? Has the lady said sooth? Come now, I like the look of my old Andrew's — my old Merry Andrew's nephew, and could willingly tolerate his *croque-mort* countenance, his odour of the sanctuary, if he could weather it with a plethoric good liver that takes the world as he finds it."



"He gave me the tips of his fingers"

He was positively eager to have me. It was obvious from his voice. He took me by the button of my lapel as if I were about to run away from his offer, but I was in no humour to run away. Here was the very office I should have chosen if a thousand offered. The man was a fatted sow to look on, and by no means engaging in his manner to myself, but what was I and what my state that I should be dirty particular? Here was a chance to see the world — and to forget. Seeing the world might have been of most importance some months ago in the mind of a clean-handed young lad in the parish of Mearns in Scotland, but now it was of vastly more importance that I should forget.

"We start in a week," said the priest, pressing me closely lest I should change my mind, and making the prospects as picturesque as he could. "Why should a man of flesh and blood vex his good stomach with all this babblement of king's wars? and a pox on their flat-bottomed boats! I have seen my last Mass in Dixmunde; say not a word on that to our friends nor to Madame; and I suffer from a very jaundice of gold. Is't a pact, friend Scotland?"

A pact it was; I went out from Miss Walkinshaw's lodging that afternoon travelling secretary to the fat priest.

CHAPTER XVI

RELATES HOW I INDULGED MY CURIOSITY AND LITTLE CAME OF IT

DUNKERQUE in these days (it may be so no longer) was a place for a man to go through with his nose in his fingers. Garbage strewed and festered in the gutters of the street so that the women were bound to walk high-kilted, and the sea-breeze at its briskest scarcely sufficed to stir the stagnant, stenching atmosphere of the town, now villainously over-populated by the soldiery with whom it was France's pleasant delusion she should whelm our isle.

"*Pardieu!*" cried Father Hamilton, as we emerged in this malodorous open, "'twere a fairy godfather's deed to clear thee out of this feculent cloaca. Think on 't, boy; of you and me a week hence riding through the sweet woods of Somme or Oise, and after that Paris! Paris! my lad of tragedy; Paris, where the world moves and folk live. And then, perhaps, Tour, and Bordeaux, and Flanders, and Sweden, Seville, St. Petersburg itself, but at least the woods of Somme, where the roads are among gossamer and dew and enchantment in the early morning—if we cared to rise early enough to see them, which I promise thee we shall not."

His lips were thick and trembling: he gloated as he pictured me this mad itinerary, leaning heavily on my arm—Silenus on an ash sapling—half-trotting beside me, looking up every now and then to satisfy himself I appreciated the prospect. It was pleasant enough, though in a measure incredible, but at the moment I was thinking of Miss Walkinshaw, and wondering much to myself that this exposition of foreign travel should seem barely attractive because it meant a severance from her. Her sad smile, her brave demeanour, her kind heart, her beauty had touched me sensibly.

"Well, Master Scrivener!" cried the priest, panting at my side, "art dumb?"

"I fancy, sir, it is scarcely the weather for woods," said I. "I hope we are not to put off our journey till the first of April a twelvemonth." A suspicion unworthy of me had flashed into my mind that I might, after all, be no more than the butt of a practical joke. But that was merely for a moment; the priest was plainly too eager on his scheme to be play-acting it.

"I am very grateful to the lady," I hastened to add, "who gave me the chance of listing in your service. Had it not been for her you might have found a better secretary, and I might have remained long enough in the evil smells of Dunkerque that I'll like all the same in spite of that, because I have so good a friend as Miss Walkinshaw in it."

"La! la! la!" cried out Father Hamilton, squeezing my arm. "Here's our young cockerel trailing wing already! May I never eat fish again if 't isn't a fever in this woman that she must infect every man under threescore. For me, I am within a month of the period immune, and only feel a malaise in her company. Boy, perpend! Have I not told thee every woman, except the ugliest, is an agent of the devil? I am the first to discover that his majesty is married and his wife keeps shop when he is travelling—among Jesuits and Jacobites and such busy fuel for the future fires. His wife keeps shop, lad, and does a little business among her own sex, using the handsomest for her purposes. Satan comes back to the *boutique*. 'What!' he cries, and counts the till, 'these have been busy days, good wife.' And she, Madame Dusky, chuckles with a 'Ha! Jack, old man, hast a good wife or not? Shalt never know how to herd in souls like sheep till thou hast a quicker eye for what's below a Capuchin hood.' This—this is a sweet woman, this Walkinshaw, Paul, but a dangerous. 'Ware hawk, lad, 'ware hawk!"

I suppose my face reddened at that; at least he looked at me again and pinched, and "Smitten to the marrow; may I drink water and grow thin else. *Sacré nom de nom!* 'tis time thou wert on the highways of Europe."

"How does it happen that a countrywoman of mine is here alone?" I asked.

"I'll be shot if thou art not the rascalliest young innocent in France. Ay! or out of Scotland," cried Father Hamilton, holding his sides for laughter. "Is thy infernal climate of fogs and rains so pleasant that a woman of spirit should abide there for ever an' she have the notion to travel otherwheres? La! la! la! Master Scrivener, and thou must come to an honest pious priest for news of the world. But, boy, I'm deaf and dumb; mine eyes on occasion are without vision. Let us say the lady has been an over-ardent Jacobite; 'twill suffice in the meantime. And now has't ever set eyes on Charles Edward?"

I told him I had never had any hand in the Jacobite affairs, if that was what he meant.

His countenance fell at that.

"What!" he cried, losing his Roman manner, "do you tell me you have never seen him?"

But once, I explained, when he marched into Glasgow city with his wild Highlanders and bullied the burgesses into providing shoes for his ragged army.

"Ah," said he with a clearing visage, "that will suffice. Must point him out to me. Dixmunde parish was a poor place for seeing the great; 'tis why I go wandering now."

Father Hamilton's hint at politics confirmed my guess about Miss Walkinshaw, but I suppose I must have been in a craze to speak of her on any pretence, for later in the day I was at Thurot's lodging, and there must precognosce again.

"*Oh, mon dieu! quelle espièglerie!*" cried out the Captain. "And this a Greig too! Well, I do not wonder that your poor uncle stayed so long away from home; faith, he'd have died of an *ennui* else. Miss Walkinshaw is—Miss Walkinshaw; a countryman of her own should know better than I all that is to be known about her. But 'tis not our affair, Mr. Greig. For sure 'tis enough that we find her smiling, gentle, tolerant, what you call the 'perfect lady'—*n'est-ce pas?* And of all the virtues, upon my word, kindness is the best and rarest, and that she has to a miracle."

"I'm thinking that is not a corsair's creed, Captain Thurot," said I, smiling at the gentleman's eagerness. He was standing over me like a lighthouse, with his eyes on fire, gesturing with his arms as they had been windmill sails.

"No, faith! but 'tis a man's, Master Greig, and I have been happy with it. Touching our fair friend, I may say that, much as I admire her, I agree with some others that ours were a luckier cause without her. Gad! the best thing you could do, Mr. Greig, would be to marry her yourself and take her back with you to Scotland."

"What! by way of Paris, in Father Hamilton's glass coach," I said, bantering to conceal my confusion at such a notion.

"H'm," said he. "Father Hamilton and the lady are a pair." He walked a little up and down the room as if he were in a quandary. "A pair," he resumed. "I fancied I could see to the very centre of the Sphinx itself, for all men are in ourselves if we only knew it, till I came upon this Scotswoman and this infernal Flemish-English priest of Dixmunde. Somehow, for them Antoine Thurot has not the key in himself yet. Still, 'twill arrive, 'twill arrive! I like the lady—and yet I wish she were a thousand miles away; I like the man too, but a Jesuit is too many men at once to be sure of; and, Gad! I can scarcely sleep at nights for wondering what he may be plotting. This grand tour of his——"

"Stop, stop!" I cried, in a fear that he might compromise himself in an ignorance of my share in the tour in question; "I must tell you that I am going with Father Hamilton as his secretary, although it bothers me to know what scrivening is to be accomplished in a glass coach. Like enough I am to be no more, in truth, than the gentleman's companion or courier, and it is no matter so long as I am moving."

"Indeed, and is it so?" cried Captain Thurot, stopping as if he had been shot. "And how happens it that this priest is willing to take you, that are wholly a foreigner and a stranger to the country?"

"Miss Walkinshaw recommended me," said I.

"Oh!" he cried, "you have not been long getting into your excellent countrywoman's kind favour. Is it that Tony Thurot has been doing the handsome by an ingrate? No, no, Monsieur, that were a monstrous innuendo, for the honour has been all mine. But that Miss Walkinshaw should be on such good terms with the priest as to trouble with the provision of his secretary is opposed to all I had expected of her. Why, she dislikes the man, or I'm a stuffed fish."

"Anyhow, she has done a handsome thing by me," said I. "It is no wonder that so good a heart as hers should smother its repugnances (and the priest is a fat sow, there is no denying) for the sake of a poor lad from its own country. You are but making it the plainer that I owe her more than at first I gave her credit for."

"Bless me, here's gratitude!" cried the captain, laughing at my warmth. "Mademoiselle Walkinshaw has her own plans; till now, I fancied them somewhat different from Hamilton's, but more fool I to fancy they were what they seemed! All that, my dear lad, need not prevent you enjoying your grand tour with the priest, who has plenty of money and the disposition to spend it like a gentleman."

Finally I went to my Lord Clancarty, for it will be observed that I had still no hint as to the origin of the lady who was so good a friend of mine. Though the last thing in the world I should have done was to pry into her affairs for the indulgence of an idle curiosity, I would know the best of her before the time came to say farewell, and leave of her with me no more than a memory.

The Earl was at the Café de Soleil, eating mussels on the terrace and tossing the empty shells into the gutter what time he ogled passing women and exchanged levitous repartee with some other frequenters of the place.

"Egad, Paul," he cried, meeting me with effusion, "'tis said there is one pearl to be found for every million mussels; but here's a pearl come to me in the midst of a single score. An Occasion, lad; I sat at the dice last night till a preposterous hour this morning, and now I have a headache like the deuce and a thirst to take the Baltic. I must have the tiniest drop, and on an Occasion too. *Voilà! Gaspard, une autre bouteille.*"

He had his bottle, that I merely made pretence to help him empty, and I had my precognition.

But it came to little in the long run. Oh yes, he understood my interest in the lady (with rakish winking); 'twas a delicious creature for all its *hauteur* when one ventured a gallantry, but somehow no particular friend to the Earl of Clancarty, who, if she only knew it, was come of as noble a stock as any rotten Scot ever went unbreeched; not but what (this with a return of the naturally polite man) there were admirable and high-bred people of that race, as instance my uncle Andrew and myself. But was there any reason why such a man as Charlie Stuart should be King of Ireland? "I say, Greig, blister the old Chevalier and his two sons! There is not a greater fumbler on earth than this sotted person, who has drunk the Cause to degradation and would not stir a hand to serve me and my likes, that are, begad! the fellow's betters."

"But all this," said I, "has little to do with Miss Walkinshaw. I have nothing to say of the Prince, who may be all you say, though that is not the repute he has in Scotland."

"Bravo, Mr. Greig!" cried his lordship. "That is the tone if you would keep in the lady's favour. Heaven knows she has little reason to listen to praise of such a creature, but, then, women are blind. She loves not Clancarty, as I have said; but, no matter, I forgive her that; 'tis well known 'tis because I cannot stomach her prince."

"And yet," said I, "you interest yourself in these Jacobite affairs and mix with all that are here of that party."

"Faith and I do," he confessed heartily. "What! am I to be a mole and stay underground? A man must have his diversion, and though I detest the Prince I love his foolish followers. Do you know what, Mr. Greig? 'Tis the infernal irony of things in this absurd world that the good fellows, the bloods, the men of sensibilities must for ever be wrapped up in poor mad escapades and emprises. And a Clancarty is ever of such a heart that the more mad-cap the scheme the more will he dote on it."

A woman passing in a chair at this moment looked in his direction, fortunately; otherwise I was condemned to a treatise on life and pleasure.

"Egad!" he cried, "there's a face that's like a line of song," and he smiled at her with unpardonable boldness as it seemed to me, a pleasant pucker about his eyes, a hint of the good comrade in his mouth.

She flushed like wine and tried to keep from smiling, but could not resist, and smiling she was borne away.

"Do you know her, my lord?" I could not forbear asking.

"Is it know her?" said he. "Never a know, but 'tis a woman anyhow, and a heart at that. Now who the deuce can she be?" And he proceeded, like a true buck, to fumble with the Mechlin of his fall and dust his stockings in an airy foppish manner so grace ful that I swear no other could have done the same so well.

"Now this Miss Walkinshaw—" I went on, determined to have some satisfaction from my interview.

"Confound your Miss Walkinshaw, by your leave, Mr. Greig," he interrupted. "Can you speak of Miss Walkinshaw when the glory of the comet is still trailing in the heavens? And—hum!—I mind me of a certain engagement, Mr. Greig," he went on hurriedly, drawing a horloge from his fob and consulting it with a frowning brow. "In the charm of your conversation I had nigh forgot, so *adieu, adieu, mon ami!*"

He gave me the tips of his fingers, and a second later he was gone, stepping down the street with a touch of the minuet, tapping his legs with his cane, his sword skewering his coat-skirts, all the world giving him the cleanest portion of the thoroughfare and looking back after him with envy and admiration.

CHAPTER XVII

WITNESSES THE LAST OF A BLATE YOUNG MAN

AND all this time it may well be wondered where was my remorse for a shot fired on the moor of Mearns, for two wretched homes created by my passion and my folly. And where, in that shifting mind of mine, was the place of Isobel Fortune, whose brief days of favour for myself (if that, indeed, was not imagination on my part) had been the cause of these my wanderings? There is one beside me as I write, ready to make allowance for youth and ignorance, the untutored affection, the distraught mind, if not for the dubiety as to her feelings for myself when I was outlawed for a deed of blood and had taken, as the Highland phrase goes, the world for my pillow.

I did not forget the girl of Kirkillstane; many a time in the inward visions of the night, and of the day too, I saw her go about that far-off solitary house in the hollow of the hills. Oddly enough, 'twas ever in sunshine I saw her, her sun-bonnet swinging from its ribbons and her hand above her eyes, shading them that she might look across the fields that lay about her home, or on a tryst of fancy by the side of Earn, hearing the cushats mourn in a magic harmony with her melancholy thoughts. As for the killing of young Borland, that I kept, waking at least, from my thoughts, or if the same intruded, I found it easier, as time passed, to excuse myself for a fatality that had been in the experience of nearly every man I now knew—of Clancarty and Thurot, of the very baker in whose house I lodged and who kneaded the dough for his little bread not a whit the less cheerily because his hands had been imbrued.

The late Earl of Clare, in France called the Maréchal Comte de Thomond, had come to Dunkerque in the quality of Inspector-General of the Armies of France, to review the troops in garrison and along that menacing coast. The day after my engagement with Father Hamilton I finished my French lesson early and went to see his lordship and his army on the downs to the east of the town. Cannon thundered, practising at marks far out in the sea; there was infinite manœuvring of horse and foot; the noon was noisy with drums, and the turf shook below the hoofs of galloping chargers. I fancy it was a holiday; at least, as I recall the thing, Dunkerque was all *en fête*, and a happy and gay populace gathered in the rear of the maréchal's flag. Who should be there among the rest, or rather a little apart from the crowd, but Miss Walkinshaw! She had come in a chair; her dainty hand beckoned me to her side almost as soon as I arrived.

"Now, that's what I must allow is very considerate," said she, eyeing my red shoes, which were put on that day from some notion of proper splendour.

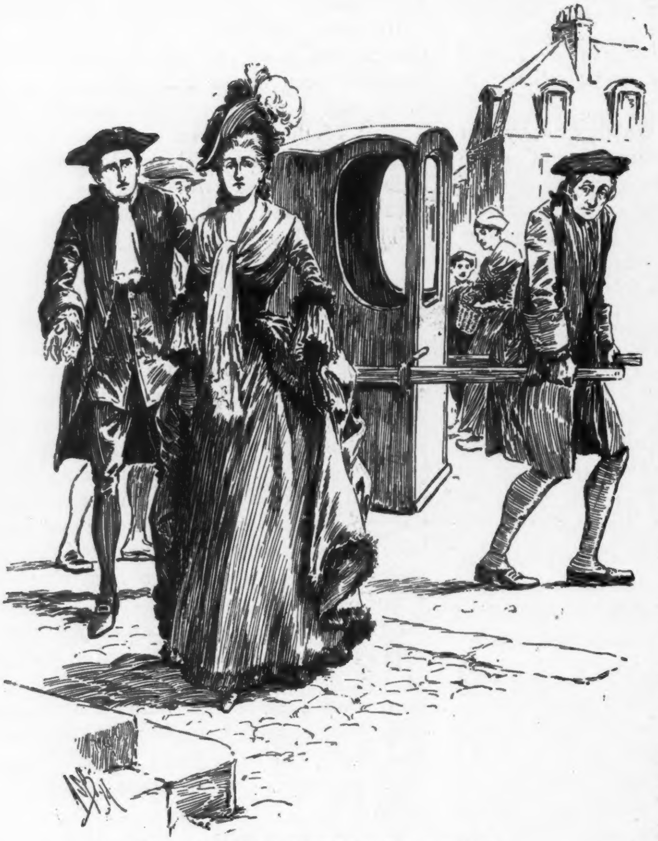
"Well considered?" I repeated.

"Just well considered," said she. "You know how much it would please me to see you in your red shoes, and so you must put them on."

I was young in these days, and, like the ass I was, I quickly set about disabusing her mind of a misapprehension that injured her nor me.

"Indeed, Miss Walkinshaw," said I, "how could I do that when I did not know you were to be here? You are the last I should have expected to see here."

"What!" she exclaimed, growing very red. "Does Mr. Greig trouble himself so much about the *convenances?* And why should I not be here if I have the whim? Tell me that, my fastidious compatriot."



"'One word, Miss Walkinshaw,' I pleaded."

the quality of that country have none of the scrupulosity that distinguishes our own. You can tell his lordship, next time you see him, that Miss Walkinshaw will see day about with him for this."

She ordered her chairmen to take her home, and then — burst into tears!

I followed at her side, in a stew at my indiscoverable blundering, my *chapeau de bras* in my hand, and myself like to greet too for sympathy and vexation.

"You must tell me what I have done, Miss Walkinshaw," I said. "Heaven knows I have few enough friends in this world without losing your good opinion through an offence of whose nature I am entirely ignorant."

"Go away!" she said, pushing my fingers from the side of her chair, that was now being borne towards the town.

"Indeed, and I shall not, Miss Walkinshaw, asking your pardon for the freedom," I said, "for here's some monstrous misconception, and I must clear myself, even at the cost of losing your favour for ever."

Here was an unaccountable flurry over a thoughtless phrase!

"No reason in the world that I know of," said I gawkily, as red as herself, wondering what it was my foot was in.

"That you know of," she repeated, as confused as ever. "It seems to me, Mr. Greig, that the old gentleman who is tutoring you in the French language would be doing a good turn to throw in a little of the manners of the same. Let me tell you that I am as much surprised as you can be to find myself here, and now that you are so good as to put me in mind of the—of the—of the *convenances*, I will go straight away home. It was not the priest, nor was it Captain Thurot that got your ear, for they are by the way of being gentlemen; it could only have been this Irishman Clancarty—

She hid her face in her handkerchief and paid no more heed to me. Feeling like a mixture of knave and fool, I continued to walk deliberately by her side all the way into the Rue de la Boucherie. She dismissed the chair and was for going into the house without letting an eye light on young persistency.

"One word, Miss Walkinshaw," I pleaded. "We are a Scottish man and a Scottish woman, our lee-lones of all our race at this moment in this street, and it will be hard-hearted of the Scottish woman if she will not give her fellow-countryman that has for her a respect and an affection, a chance to know wherein he may have blundered."

"Respect and affection," she said, her profile turned to me, her foot on the steps, visibly hesitating.

"Respect and affection," I repeated, flushing at my own boldness.

"In spite of Clancarty's tales of me?" she said, biting her nether lip and still manifestly close on tears.

"How?" said I, bewildered. "His lordship gave me no tales that I know of."

"And why," said she, "be at such pains to tell me you wondered I should be there?"

I got very red at that.

"You see you cannot be frank with me, Mr. Greig," she said bitterly.

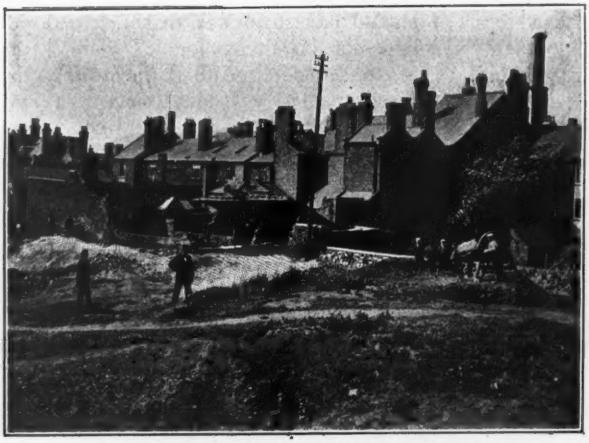
"Well, then," I ventured boldly, "what I should have said was that I feared you would not be there, for it's there I was glad to see you. And I have only discovered that in my mind since you have been angry with me and would not let me explain myself."

"What!" she cried, quite radiant, "and, after all, the red shoon were not without a purpose? Oh, Mr. Greig, you're unco' blate! And, to tell you the truth, I was just play-acting yonder myself. I was only making believe to be angry wi' you, and noo that we understand each ither, you can see me to my parlour."

SUBTERRANEAN FIRES IN THE BLACK COUNTRY

By H. G. ARCHER

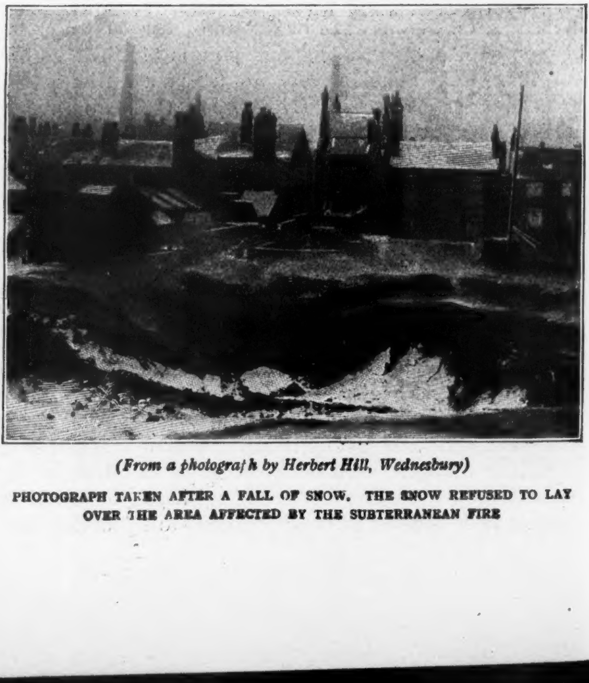
DOUBTLESS many of our readers have no more intimate acquaintance with that undelectable region of dirt, smoke, and general nastiness, admirably christened the "Black Country," beyond speeding through its interminable array of murky junctions and crowded colliery sidings by express train And this, after all, is the best way of seeing the hub of England's commercial activity, the headquarters of our great iron and coal industries, for the inky pall by day and pillar of fire by night, overhanging this portion of our otherwise fair midland counties, does not invite a closer inspection. Throughout the area, however, which man has converted into an Inferno to meet his own requirements, many strange and weird sights—the result of Nature paying him back in her own coin—may be encountered; and not the least so among these are subterranean fires, which in places where they do not actually break out into flame are known as "Blue flies"—so-called from the blue-tinted gaseous vapours they give off by night. Fortunately, it more frequently happens that these phenomena originate in old coal-workings located under waste land, and consequently, though alarming enough to strangers, need not spell danger to life and property unless the waste land itself chances to be situated in close proximity to a town. The latter, however, has recently been the case at Wednesbury, an important mining and manufacturing centre just halfway between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, where a subterranean fire attaining to remarkable proportions, and accompanied, as we shall see, by most disastrous consequences, including loss of life, raged for over five years. Not that subterranean fires are a novelty in and around Wednesbury. A mining expert has proved that its parish church, built during the eleventh century, had its foundations laid with "Pockstone," that is, clay hardened by the action of fire from the burning coal below at a very shallow depth, and which caught fire by spontaneous combustion. Again, the parish registers bear witness to the same ever-present mining danger: in 1731 they record that a collier was "most dismally scorched and roasted to death by the Hellish Wildfire, June ye 20th." In fact, numerous entries attribute death to "wildfire," or "firing of the damp." The recent fire at King's Hill, which caused such enormous destruction of property, was first discovered in 1894, in the workings of some mines underneath the old Park Road. Whether it originated by spontaneous combustion, or whether the perishing of the thick coal had weakened the mine roofs and thus occasioned a vibration the friction from



(From a photograph by Herbert Hill, Wednesbury)

SUBTERRANEAN FIRE AT WEDNESBURY. SINKING A SHAFT IN THE SECOND ATTEMPT TO EXTINGUISH THE FIRE

which caused combustion to set up, or whether it was due to colliers carelessly firing some old workings, is a moot point. At any rate, it soon caused the loss of timber utilised for shoring-up the workings, and stopped further coal getting. The mine was therefore abandoned, and the subterranean fire left to its own devices, in the hope that sooner or later it would burn itself out. This, however, it proceeded to do in unexpected fashion. Before many months had elapsed, residents in the locality were alarmed to find the ground cracking, and emitting clouds of steam and pungent acrid smoke. Still nothing was done to arrest the progress of the huge furnace which, it was now apparent to everybody, must be raging below. In February 1897 the road completely gave way into great holes, many feet deep, exuding flames as well as smoke in blinding volumes, and at night the landscape suggested a combination of earthquake and volcano. Soon the breaches in the roadway attained to a depth of twenty feet, and sightseers in thousands flocked to the scene of the extraordinary and awe-inspiring spectacle. As soon as the first subsidences took place the road was stopped by the corporation, barricades being erected to shut off those portions considered to be in danger. At first vehicular traffic only was prohibited, but the subsequent dropping in of the road in other places rendered total stoppage necessary, and in addition to the barricades a watchman was appointed by the corporation. In the following April the tragic death of this official, through falling into one of the burning holes, caused a sensation, not only in the locality, but throughout the country, and Wednesbury awoke to find its subterranean fire famous. On Wednesday night, April 14—it being bright moonlight at the time—a policeman saw the watchman leave his box to warn three men who had approached within what he considered dangerous proximity to one of the holes. The constable then walked forward to make sure that they left the spot, and turning round again the watchman was



(From a photograph by Herbert Hill, Wednesbury)

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER A FALL OF SNOW. THE SNOW REFUSED TO LAY OVER THE AREA AFFECTED BY THE SUBTERRANEAN FIRE missing. Believing that he must have fallen into a cavity near which he had last seen him standing, and from which dense volumes of smoke were issuing, the officer raised an alarm, and assistance was speedily forthcoming. Various means were employed to discover if the horrible surmise was correct, air-troughs being requisitioned to draw away the blinding smoke, but all without success. Finally, a young police constable, by name Richard Goldby, volunteered to descend the hole itself by means of a ladder. This he did, and groping about felt, although he could not see, the unfortunate watchman's body. Being affected by the heat and fumes, he was compelled to come to the surface, but, taking off his tunic and waistcoat, he went down again, carrying a rope with him, which he managed to fasten round the body. Both were then hauled to the surface, when it was found that the watchman was quite dead, the remains being shockingly burnt, particularly about the head and face. Goldby also was temporarily stupefied through his contact with the poisonous fumes, and was carried off to hospital in an unconscious condition. His splendid act of heroism and self-sacrifice, however, created for him an enviable popularity, and his bravery was soon recognised in various ways, including the presentation of a medal by the Prince of Wales.

A curious feature about these subterranean fires is that they will frequently bank down their furnaces, so to speak, and lead persons to believe that they are extinguished, or on the point of burning themselves out. As though content with the victim it had claimed, this is just what the Wednesbury one now proceeded to do; but when a few months later the inhabitants were beginning to congratulate themselves that the danger was over, out from the gaping fissures in the earth rose the clouds of foul smoke again, accompanied by deep depressions towards the seething pit beneath. In August 1898, a regular panic ensued when it was found that the flames were working their way towards an important thoroughfare, named Bridge Street, which, if reached, would result in the sewers and tramlines being destroyed and the gas mains blown up. Thoroughly alarmed at this fresh danger, the town council made arrangements for placing a sand trench round the townward face of the fire at a cost of £5000, and the work of sinking the shaft was commenced at once. A photograph shows one of these shafts being sunk, and it will be noticed that at this spot a stout brick wall and a shed attached to the back gardens of a terrace of private houses have collapsed owing to the heat. When the writer visited Wednesbury in January 1899 he found that, although the sand trench had staved off the Bridge Street peril, the fire was still burning as fiercely as ever. Several other houses and buildings had collapsed, while some were in process of dismantlement, and many were standing tenantless for fear of meeting with a like fate. What the cost has been up to date of this extraordinary conflagration even the authorities themselves do not care to reckon, but it is unanimously agreed to be the worst fire of its kind ever experienced in the Black Country. In January 1897 a subterranean fire, on lines very similar to the Wednesbury one, was discovered at the little Shropshire town of Coalbrookdale, which in its name and surroundings so happily combines the practical with the picturesque. Within a few hundred yards of the Great Western Company's railway station stands one of the oldest iron

(Lowe, photographer, Wednesbury)

CONSTABLE GOLDBY

SUBTERRANEAN FIRE AT KING'S HILL, WEDNESBURY

factories in the kingdom, namely, that of the famous Coalbrookdale Company, who were the first to apply cast iron to the construction of bridges and to lay down a rail or tramway of the same material. Here, in their yard, or rather underneath it, the proprietors received the earliest intimation of the existence of a miniature volcano by dense clouds of smoke issuing from the ground, giving forth a peculiarly unpleasant pungent odour into the bargain. Immediately the fire revealed its presence a locomotive was employed to carry up water and discharge its load over the area affected; but when a large arch, forming a bricked-in culvert underneath the works, suddenly collapsed, creating a cavity of some twenty feet in circumference and sixteen feet in depth, it was realised that more energetic measures would be necessary. But the fire declined to wait for these, and attacking the goods-sheds adjoining the works rendered the foundations so unsafe that the building had to be dismantled; while subsidences soon occurred over quite an acre of land, and the metals of the waggon sidings split out of gauge and buckled up in an extraordinary manner. By the end of the month the fire had assumed alarming proportions, and, spreading in the direction of the main road, threatened the Public Institute and many other buildings with a fate similar to that which had already befallen the goods warehouse. Finally, however, the subterranean conflagration was got under by the following means: Coalbrookdale is situated in a deep gorge, opening on the River Severn, and its undulating slopes form a succession of plateaux. On one of these, a mile along the scene of the fire, are some large pools, and a rough system of drainage having been hastily effected, a steady stream of water was directed through the heart of the smouldering mass and down to the river below. This at last quenched the fire, but not before the inhabitants had been needlessly alarmed that the latter element might overcome the former, and so cause an explosion of steam.

Various theories were advanced as to the origin of the fire, but it is believed to have been due to the careless handling of one of the large forges in the ironworks. The land on which the latter, and, indeed, a large

(From a photograph by Herbert Hill, Wednesbury)

BACK VIEW OF A HOUSE IN WEDNESBURY, A PORTION OF WHICH COLLAPSED OWING TO THE SUBTERRANEAN FIRE AT KING'S HILL portion of the town itself, are situated, can hardly be termed mother-earth at all, layer after layer of refuse, dirt, slag, &c., having been thrown down there from time immemorial and subsequently built over; hence it stands to reason that, should the artificial and highly inflammable stratum by any means catch alight, it would not only burn well, but require a great deal of extinguishing. And this description as to the state of the soil will apply equally well to all localities where subterranean fires are experienced. Before closing this account it should be added that at the beginning of the century an extraordinary landslip occurred in the Coalbrookdale gorge, destroying the old ironworks on the same site, blowing up the furnaces and the pool dam, and filling this portion of the ravine with red-hot slag, similar to the flood of lava that accompanies a volcanic eruption. Some of the oldest inhabitants solemnly assert this to be the true origin of the fire, which they think has been smouldering ever since. Taking into consideration the vitality of the Wednesbury conflagration, it is by no means improbable, though, that the fire at Coalbrookdale may have been burning for a year or two before being discovered as described.

Our last example has its scene laid outside the Black Country proper, namely, at Stalybridge, near Manchester, where, in a waste field the property of and adjoining the track of the Great Central Railway Company, a subterranean fire burst out, or rather was first discovered, in the autumn of 1897. On December 9, 1898, before Mr. Justice Romer, at the instance of the Ashton-under-Lyne Corporation, an injunction was obtained for restraining the defendant company from permitting the nuisance to continue. Counsel for the railway stated that the fire, originating from a cinder-tip, had been burning for over a year, and that notwithstanding the attempts that had been made to confine it to a certain area, it continued to spread. Everything human ingenuity could think of had been tried for extinguishing the insidious element, but without success; a trench had been dug on part of the land and filled with sand, but this even had not had any effect. His lordship directed an independent expert to report to him as to what steps ought to be taken to put the fire out, the motion to stand over until the report was made, and, in the event of the parties failing to agree upon the choice of an independent person, an expert was to be chosen by the President of the Institute of Civil Engineers. Several months elapsed before this fire burned itself out, the isolation of the conflagrated area by means of sand-trenches finally proving successful.

(From a photograph by Herbert Hill, Wednesbury)

VIEW OF A COLLAPSED WALL AT REAR OF STREET IN WEDNESBURY

PICTURESQUE EGGS

By JAMES SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

WERE it possible for us so to dwarf ourselves as to be able to roam, like Liliputians, among the swaying foliage of the fields, and even over the weeds and rubbish which accumulate in various places, we should be amazed at the wondrous display of Nature's manifold stores. We should see, without the need of instruments, such grand sights that the world would appear to be an enchanted paradise; and among the productions yielding such magnificent spectacles the eggs of insects, and of other creatures as well, would be conspicuously in evidence. In my present series of illustrations I have depicted a most representative assortment of eggs, combining picturesqueness, novelty, and elegance in their various shapes. I am not surprised that naturalists are generally enthusiastic, for even our black-and-white illustrations will convey some idea of these marvels, though much of the actual prettiness or quaintness is lost; no man indeed could reproduce, in all its exquisite minuteness, Nature's glorious craft.

Owners of fresh-water aquariums containing snails among the other live-stock must frequently have noticed patches of transparent jelly adhering tenaciously to the glass sides. Many people, falsely assuming that this is a waste product, often clean it off. But this practice should not be followed, for the bits of jelly are really the egg-sacs of the snails. A large number of tiny oval transparent eggs are secreted within each portion. If water-plants are available, the creatures will frequently dispose of these objects upon some part of them, just as I have illustrated in Fig. 1, and on such occasions they resemble fairy lacework when closely examined. Even if a person did not wish that the embryos should be fully bred, it is advisable to allow them to remain, for the fish and the other occupants of an aquarium regard the peculiar substance and its contents as a very dainty delicacy. Being so completely transparent, they are beautiful and wonderful objects for a microscope, and I have often been entertained by observing the development of snails when immensely magnified. One can see at first the almost shapeless egg-stuff twirling round and round slowly, and then (as day follows day) becoming transformed into complete animals which will cut their way out through their quivering coverlet. It is intensely absorbing to note the growth of the shells belonging to the minute occupants of the eggs.

The period that elapses between the laying of the eggs and the birth of the snails is about thirty days; but several months must pass before the creatures are as matured as that shown in the picture, which displays the parent of the adjoining eggs.

It is usual for people to speak of cuttlefishes, devil-fishes, octopi, and squids as though these animals were one and all the same; but the truth is that they are different members of a group the individuals of which, although bearing a general likeness one family to another, as do (we will say) spiders, still differ considerably in size, formation and habits. This section of the animal-

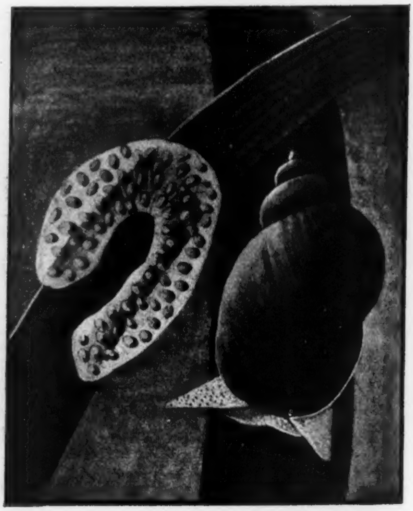


FIG. 1. EGGS OF WATER SNAIL

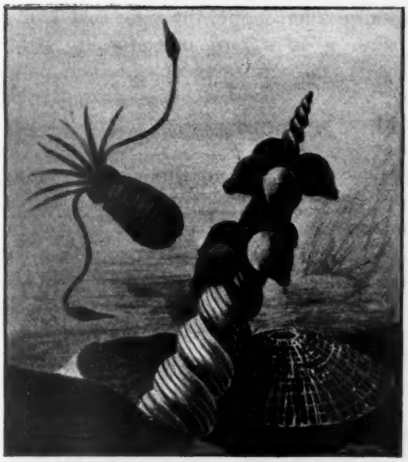


FIG. 2. GRAPE-LIKE EGGS OF THE COMMON CUTTLE-FISH, AND CUTTLE-FISH A FEW DAYS OLD

world presents us with some of the most extraordinary phases of egg-laying, and I have selected the common cuttle-fish as being one of the most interesting in this respect. These eggs are tiny objects, having some resemblance both to fairy grapes and pears, and the remarkable similarity to the first mentioned is emphasised for the reason that they are each furnished with a stalk by the aid of which they adhere to either seaweeds, shells, corals, or others of the many available lodgments to be found on the sea-bottom or the shore.

We will suppose that the mother cuttle-fish has chosen as the hatching-ground for her future offspring a shell the rightful owner of which has died. Maybe this involuntarily discarded trifle has, through the washing of currents, or on account of being probed and pushed about by sea animals, become jammed upright in a crevice. Unlike seaweed, this foundation will neither rot nor be exposed to consumption by sundry prowlers, but will remain firm until the tiny creatures have been hatched. Each egg, as I have already said, is provided with a comparatively long stalk, which in a fresh condition is sticky. The mother will wind this stalk round the shell, bringing the loose extremity into contact with the fixed end, in which position it will continue to remain. These eggs are deposited in small scattered masses, and the period during which this process is carried on varies from a couple of weeks upwards. At first the eggs are transparent, becoming subsequently stiffened into leathery, dark-brown objects. It was formerly wrongly supposed that the parent squirted some of her ink over them for the purpose of imparting this tint to their skins. You will, I expect, know that cuttle-fishes can discharge a peculiar ink for concealing their exact whereabouts from pursuers, and for other purposes. From this ink is derived the colour sepia so much used by artists.

When first the hideous little beast breaks through the egg, which may be compared in size to a small bean or pea, it is a queer and lively creature, quite as capable of ejecting ink as are its matured relations. One of them, only a few days old, is shown in the illustration disporting itself quite frivolously. When we remember the minute dimensions of these awful inhabitants of the sea when first hatched, and consider that they develop to lengths of ten, twenty, and even, in rare cases, to sixty feet, we cannot resist marvelling at the fact.

Crabs' eggs are extremely peculiar, not so much from any strangeness of individual shape as from the fact that they look like miniature vegetation at a certain period of their development. You would imagine them to be bunches of fairy berries if you were unacquainted with their strange struc-

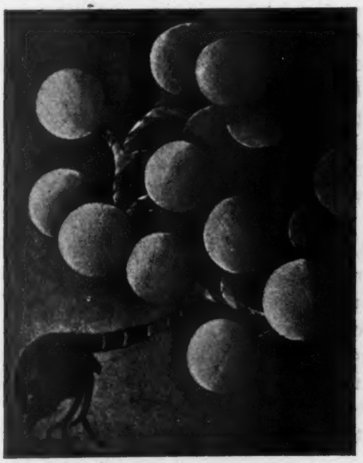


FIG. 3 FRUIT-LIKE EGGS OF THE COMMON CRAB, WITH NEWLY-HATCHED CRAB

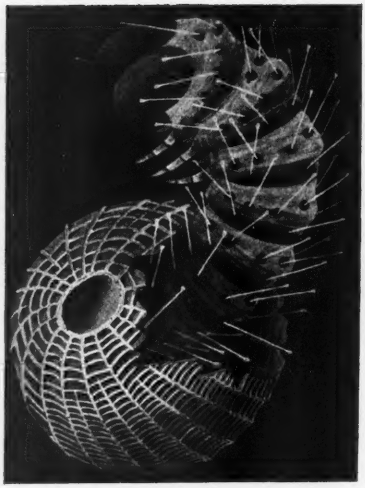


FIG. 4. CATERPILLAR HATCHING

ture. When first produced they are embedded in a sticky kind of substance, which gradually subsides, as it were, in so extraordinary a manner that it subsequently forms twisted, threadlike stalks serving to bind the eggs together, as in the illustration Fig. 3. The minute individuals which are hatched from these queer balls present no more resemblance to matured crabs than does a carrot to a turnip. They are provided with very long tails, ogrelike side eyes, and added to these outlandish features are various appendages and a sharp beak. They undergo truly amazing changes ere they become perfected crabs. The eggs are carried about by the mother, who nestles them beneath a fringed portion of her body which is protruded for that express intention; and under these circumstances she does bear a rather remote resemblance to a baby-crab, so far at any rate as hind quarters are concerned.

All insects' eggs are deserving of close attention, and I will pass on to the consideration of a few samples with which I have personally dealt.

Some of the most wonderful and entertaining phenomena of nature occur among butterflies and moths. Every incident connected with their careers, from the laying of an egg to the death of one of these brilliant insects, is worthy of intent examination. It is a great pity that the larger number of these marvels are restricted to the gaze of microscopists: but even among those who do patronise microscopy, the sight that I reveal in Fig. 4 is a rare one, for to behold it needs hour after hour of extremely patient observation. It has been my frequent privilege to witness with intense interest the emergence of many insects from their peculiar eggs; and in this instance I give the appearance of a caterpillar, which later on becomes transformed into the common moth known as Dark Gothic, just at the moment that it is coming forth.

The egg is a highly beautiful object, and so tiny that half a dozen of them could be laid side by side upon an ordinary pin's-head.

Beneath the microscope the caterpillar can be clearly detected, through the elegantly ribbed transparent eggshell, coiled up snugly. As one watches it one perceives it slowly gnaw its way haphazard through its queer prison. Again and again the feeble little creature will rest for hours, with its head just peeping through the breach. As the result of several hours' labour, however, it ultimately becomes free to devastate our carefully-tended vegetation. It is covered all over its body with a number of what I will call prickles, each of which strongly resembles a fairy's pin.

These, and other, caterpillars will often consume the whole of their eggshells, for the very laudable and instinctively sensible purpose of keeping secret from other insects the fact that choice caterpillars are in the neighbourhood. Of course, as mere eggs they might have been considered unserviceable; but an *empty* shell would proclaim quite effectively that something alive, and probably juicy, was near it.

To speak of square, triangular, or oblong

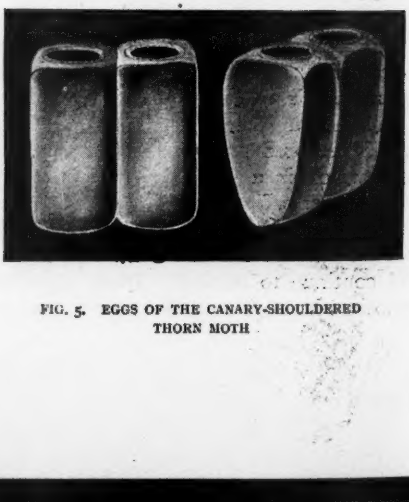


FIG. 5. EGGS OF THE CANARY-SHOULDERED THORN MOTH

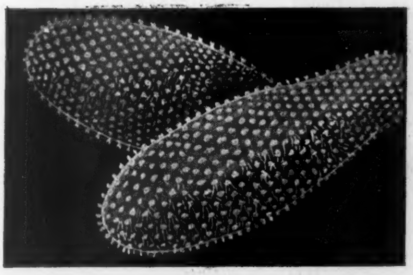


FIG 6. EGGS OF THE SINGING FLY

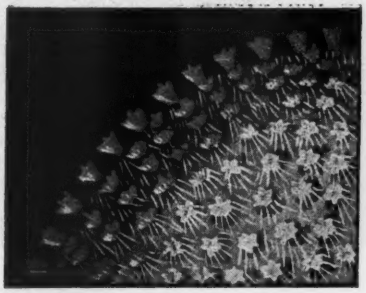


FIG. 7. GREATLY MAGNIFIED PIECE OF SHELL FROM THE EGG SHOWN IN FIG. 6

eggs seems to confuse fact with fancy, for it is usually supposed that eggs are smoothly rounded objects. A square fowl's egg would certainly be a convenient thing to eat, for egg-cups could then be dispensed with, and the edible delicacy stand unsupported on its own account. But a square fowl's egg would be worth its weight in gold as a curiosity. Among the productions of insects, however, such queerly fashioned eggs are numerous; and in Fig. 5 I depict some belonging to the moth known popularly as the Canary-shouldered Thorn. As will be observed, their contour presents, from one point of view, a likeness to oblong cakes, whilst other aspects reveal them as somewhat triangular-shaped. Each one is furnished with a circular neck into which a lid has originally fitted. Like the bug's eggs, drawn elsewhere, they are brilliantly pearly in coloration, having a quaint frosted look as well. It is quite a striking fact in nature that when an insect's egg cannot show a nice pattern or markings it is balanced in beauty by means of sparkling tints.

It is very probable that the reader is acquainted with a group of bright, wasplike, two-winged flies whose frequent habit is to remain poised above flowers in the garden for comparatively long periods, no movements, except those of the wings, being perceptible. Occasionally they will desist in this practice, and dart with conspicuous suddenness, eventually repeating their stationary performances.

These insects may be recognised by another, and a quite noticeable, custom. As they remain perched upon a blossom or any other object, they give vent to a piping, buzzing sound, as though they were singing merrily. It is impossible to mistake these creatures for other kinds. Their egg-laying business differs greatly from that followed by the majority of flies, for whereas the latter almost invariably lay hundreds of eggs in batches, or at any rate within close proximity to one another, the singing flies place just one here and there in carefully chosen areas occupied by colonies of green-flies, destined to serve as delicious and easily accessible food for the grubs which will henceforth hatch out. The extraordinary appearance of these eggs is displayed in Fig. 6, which, like most of the other eggs here portrayed, has been prepared from some of my own specimens.

These pretty objects are of such a minute size that four could be laid side by side upon a common pin's-head, and are white in colour and covered entirely with still whiter projections strongly resembling fairy shuttlecocks, dotted quite neatly at regular intervals in a kind of diamond pattern. A tiny piece of the eggshell is illustrated magnified enormously in Fig. 7, in order to convey some conception of the peculiarity mentioned.

To very observant persons one of the most pretty and interesting sights on the surface of a quiet pond or brook during the summer-time is the natural boats formed by the agglomerations of gnats' eggs. These instances are not solitary in the animal world, for many creatures so dispose of their eggs that they are wafted about the top of fresh-water or the sea; but in connection with the gnat prominence of admiration must be accorded because of the curious likeness that the egg-mass bears to a boat made by human hands. Mental insight, aided by

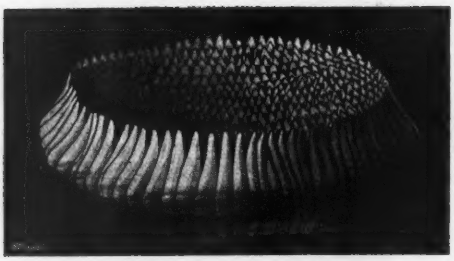


FIG. 8. A MASS OF GNAT'S EGGS UPON THE WATER

practical experience, has taught man that a hollowed-out contrivance is better adapted to resist a capsize than a flat object like a raft. Nature has anticipated us in this matter, as well as in others; but it is left to conjecture whether pure instinct or matured reason has been responsible for so curious a custom. Many writers disdain the idea that insects, and indeed other creatures as well, act upon deliberate reasoning; but, personally, I favour the contention that this faculty is more generally paramount than it is believed to be.

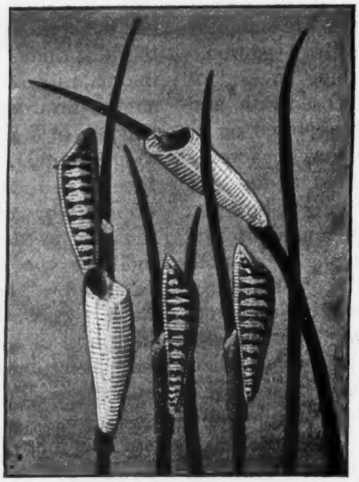


FIG. 9. HORSE-HAIRS BEARING THE EGGS OF THE CATERPILLAR OF THE BOT-FLY

Nature has made the gnat's eggs of such a shape that one end is much thicker than the other; and it is quite possible that the ancient races of gnats perceived the advantage to be gained by placing their eggs upright instead of flat, as most insects place them, in which case they form a boat, because by leaning towards one another a spoon-shaped hollow is formed. Nearly three hundred of them are usually deposited side by side, as described, by one female insect, and adhere together by means of a natural gum.

From the bottoms of these eggs there proceed in due course, if favourable conditions have attended their existence, quaint little grubs, each with a hugely swelled chest, destined to exist chiefly on the garbage and minute forms of life in the water beneath them. Henceforth they will undergo one of the strangest transformations imaginable, changing and changing until they become two-winged torments.

It often happens that certain especial conditions are absolutely essential to the fostering of fly-grubs. Some circumstances in connection with their life-histories are so strange as to arouse inquisitiveness respecting the origination of practices which must be regarded as unaccountable. For instance, there is a fly which lays its eggs on the familiar horse, and in doing so exercises particular care that the eggs shall adhere to the small hairs on such parts of the skin as the animal can conveniently lick. Some of these eggs, on a much magnified scale, are shown in Fig. 9. They will not hatch out unless two requisite conditions are fulfilled — namely, moisture and warmth—and both are ensured by their continued contact with the horse's tongue. In course of time a grub issues from each egg, and when the friendly unwilling tongue next passes over the spot it vigorously seizes hold of the roughened surface and is quickly transferred—swallowed, in fact—by its own instinctive desire into the horse's stomach,

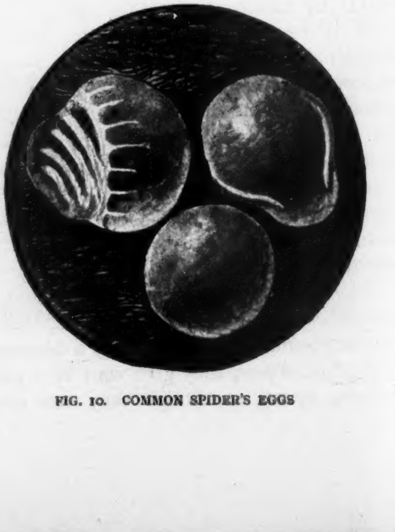


FIG. 10. COMMON SPIDER'S EGGS

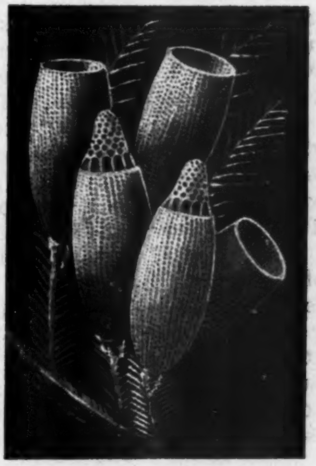


FIG. 11. EGGS LAID BY THE PARASITE OF THE HORNBILL

wherein Nature has ordained it must feed and fatten on the substances that reach it. It secures a position on the internal skin of the stomach by the use of two serviceable hooks, and remains tenaciously in its allotment until physically fit to leave the horse and become transformed into a fly.

Horse flies may be found in stables, and many coachmen are familiar with both the flies and their eggs; but from ignorance of the facts just narrated they are unaware of the connection between the two. The eggs are usually regarded, and spoken of, as "nits," and are thought to be the eggs of parasites equivalent to bugs and fleas. A prim coachman will attend scrupulously to the cleanliness of his horses in this direction, and yet will allow the flies, which are responsible for the eggs sticking to the animal's hair, to remain in full possession of life and freedom.

In Fig. 9 some of the eggs are pictured as empty of their contents, whilst others show the partly developed, peculiarly marked grubs (which are amber and brown) through the transparent shell.

These insects to which I have alluded are not gad-flies. The latter are very large creatures which haunt the fields and sting poor horses. The gad-fly has no particular markings on its back, whereas the bot-fly has an irregular pattern.

The birth of a spider is a very interesting event. It cannot, however, be properly watched unless seen through a very strong microscope. I have watched dozens of their eggs develop and break forth into life, and am making my notes direct from those observations.

A few hundreds of eggs are generally laid by the parent in a cleverly made silken cocoon. These eggs are quite spherical in form, and have a translucency strongly resembling that of grapes. In fact, when seen greatly magnified after having been stripped of their delicate wrapping, their appearance coincides almost exactly with minute vine bunches.

Exposure to the air quickly transforms them into dusty-looking objects. The newly born spider does not emerge from the egg in the same way that the familiar chicken does. After the lapse of a few days the eggs become altered in shape, and whitish markings reveal themselves. These light strips correspond to the queerly-folded legs of the young spider. Considering the remarkable length of their legs, the method followed by Nature in stowing them away into so small a compass deserves our admiration.

In Fig. 10 are depicted two eggs in an advanced state of development. In due course the smaller extremity becomes elongated, and when the time has arrived for the birth the creature bursts through a white flimsy membrane, which is gradually forced away from the spider, and drops crumpled into a shapeless mass. This spider is a peculiarly awkward bit of life when first it arrives. Its abdomen is dark brown, whilst its forepart and its legs are transparent and glassy-looking white. With a strong light the proportionately large blood-corpuscles can be seen dodging and jerking along its legs. They have reminded me, when I have

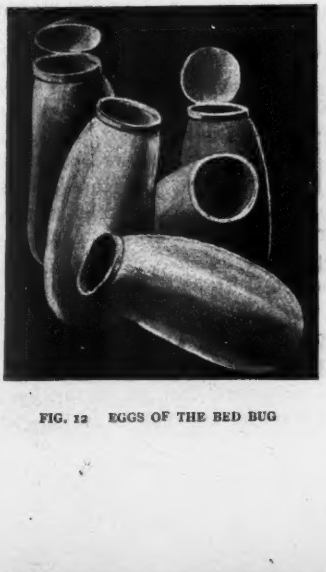


FIG. 12 EGGS OF THE BED BUG

watched these corpuscles, of certain animalcules, which dart suddenly and then stop, flashing off again the moment that other animalcules touch them. Of course, such sights can only be witnessed with a microscope.

You would hardly think that detestable parasites would be worth attention on any account. Yet, as I will show, they possess some remarkable interest. It is wrong to suppose that vermin are all alike, for the truth is that different kinds of insects infest different animals. All are offensive in themselves, yet the eggs which they lay are among the most beautiful objects that a microscope discloses. As an instance supporting my statement, I direct the reader's attention to the extremely quaint, vase-shaped eggs illustrated in Fig. 11. They adhere to the feathers of the hornbill, and are stuck thereon with a natural glue by the wretched vermin which prey upon that bird. These eggs are tiny yellowish objects with conical lids which have an architectural look. Indeed, as I examine these pretty things, I am struck with their resemblance to the arch-shaped-trellis Moorish style of edifice.

That hideous pest the bug is another parasite sufficiently nasty to merit complete oblivion, even as regards mention in print; yet it is really worthy of note that during its inception it occupies a fairy abode. Beastly in itself, it is born from an exquisite little pearly egg, curiously shaped to resemble a tiny pot. Each egg is provided with a fancy lid capable of removal at the proper time for the emergence of the creature, which, unlike other so-called insects, will issue in a form approaching that of its parents, instead of being a grub with the necessity entailed upon it of undergoing a metamorphosis into the perfect state, such as is the case with true insects.

When seen magnified to about the sizes illustrated (Fig. 12), these strange eggs (like those of the Canary-shouldered Thorn moth, shown in Fig. 5) have a rich frosted appearance; but if magnified still further an hexagonal pattern, like fine network, can be detected over their surface.

It seems almost incredible that such an array of elegance is produced by horrible vermin, and one feels tempted to think that Nature wastes much of her most beautiful handiwork, for to the naked eye they are mere specks. Why do all these tiny marvels exist? Are they to delight the eyes of the insects themselves, or do fairies actually exist? Please do not regard my questions too earnestly; but the fact is, that one cannot help being enthusiastic and wondering in regard to these things.

CELEBRATED LADY TRAVELLERS

III.—ISABELLA BISHOP, NÉE BIRD

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN, Author of "The 'Overland' to China," "The Renascence of South Africa," etc.

MRS. BISHOP enjoys the distinction of being the first lady Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, an honour which was conferred on her in 1892, not without a certain amount of opposition to such an innovation. No one, however, who has read her books will doubt that she deserves any distinction that can appropriately be awarded for plucky, original, and painstaking research in the field of travel.

The qualities that go to make a successful traveller are such as are rarely found in women. Courage, both physical and moral, in a high degree is necessary, but besides that there is a certain adaptability, not only to circumstances, but to people, without which a journey will be a series of annoyances and finally end in fiasco. As a rule, adaptability is a feminine virtue, so that we may perhaps count on it in our lady traveller, but few women possess both courage and adaptability, and fewer still can add to these yet another essential—the power of initiative.

Although all these qualities are desirable and almost essential to make a man or woman succeed as an explorer or traveller on any extended scale, it frequently happens that circumstances seem to play the part of Fate, and that we are neither born travellers nor achieve travelling of a set purpose, but that it is thrust upon us. The lack of such fortuitous circumstances may prevent many an embryo explorer from development, and limit the activity which might have altered a map to a run down to the seaside with the children; but given the circumstances it is the possession of such faculties as I have mentioned which will determine the future of the man or woman; and besides, there is a spirit of adventure which dominates some of us, and which, if circumstances do not point the way, will find some method of compelling them. Those who have felt the movings of the *Reise-Geist* know better than to resist. The wild places of the world are calling; the unexplored tracts loom dark and mysterious before the eyes; we want to know what lies in the Great Beyond; so good-bye to all we hold most dear in Merry England —we must go:

> For to admire and for to see
> And for to roam the whole world wide,
> It never done me any good
> But I can't drop it though I tried!

Whatever be the spirit that urges to, and the qualities that fit one for travelling, there is no doubt that a woman must possess them all in triple force, if she is to overcome the difficulties set in her path by Nature and convention, and it is few who have been able to set aside or triumph over the conditions imposed by their sex. While far from questioning the wisdom and desirability of such limitations, we must be still more constrained to admire the careers of such women as Mrs. Bishop, whose endeavours have been, not merely to gain distinction or notoriety, but to use their unusual gifts for the service of their fellow-men. Moreover, it must be accounted unto this particular woman for righteousness (especially from a male point of view) that, while playing a man's part in the world, she has retained the qualities essential to refined womanhood.

As a matter of fact, there are many feminine weapons which are extremely effective, especially in Far Eastern travel. A quiet, gentle, placid manner, combined with extreme tenacity of purpose, are frequently found together in womankind, and are certainly possessed by the subject of this sketch. Any one who has lived or travelled in the Far East, and seen anything of native life, knows how essential they are to an understanding of, or to successful intercourse with, the Oriental. A quickness in noticing details is another feminine advantage, and to this Mrs. Bishop has added a very unfeminine disregard of details so far as mere comfort is concerned. Most people would mention good health and physical strength as among the first things needful in a would-be traveller, but here the lady under discussion provides a curious paradox. All her journeys, with one exception, have been undertaken in search of health, from the first, which was a visit with relations to North America, at the age of twenty-two, to the last, when at the age of fifty-six she undertook her journey to "The Yangtze and Beyond." Besides suffering from a weak spine she has throughout her life been frequently troubled with insomnia, notwithstanding which she is capable of feats of endurance and energy which would greatly surprise many women, and even men, of her age, so that her journeys, arduous as they were, must certainly have answered their purpose from a hygienic point of view.

Mrs. Bishop is so well known on lecture platforms that it is almost superfluous to mention that her personal appearance has nothing of the Amazon. She is small and fair, with a gentle yet penetrating voice. Those who have heard her speak in public must have been struck by her self-possession and easy flow of words. She experiences no nervousness in speaking so long as she has something to say, and expresses her views or tells her story with a quiet deliberation that suggests careful thought. There must be many women who envy Mrs. Bishop the energy which she still possesses, at a time when most of her sex are thinking regretfully of their lost youth; so that her recipe may be quoted for the benefit of all who would like to be as successful as she in preserving their youthful activity.

"I get quite worn out in England," says Mrs. Bishop, "and I must go away and travel. Travelling is such a rest!" Of course by travelling she does not mean a visit to Paris, or even Italy, Algiers or Egypt. Where the *train de luxe* goes and modern hotels are found, where letters and newspapers and even telegrams can penetrate, it is no good to go for a rest, for there the multifarious duties, interests and distractions of our complicated social machinery inevitably follow one. But when beaten tracks are left behind, when we accept, as far as possible, the conditions of a civilisation less advanced than our own, when we cut ourselves off from the worries and pleasures of our own ordinary lives, then begins the real rest. Life, instead of being composed of dozens of different threads of interest, which it is our constant endeavour to disentangle and weave into a harmonious whole, is narrowed down to one big strand. Our whole mind is absorbed in the people and country through which we are passing, and on the simple routine of our daily life. We have variety without restlessness, routine without monotony. This is undoubtedly one of the great charms of travelling, and in this way only can we realise what doctors frequently recommend in these days of jaded nerves—complete change of environment.

A glance over her published works will show in how many different quarters of the globe Mrs. Bishop has sought for this change, and in many cases her interest has led her to return again to the same region, to pursue her study of it and its people. Her first book, the result of the American journey already referred to, was published in 1856, and then there is a gap of eighteen years, after which comes "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," and the "Golden Chersonese," all within a few years of each other. It was after her travels in the Malay peninsula which led up to the last-named book that I first had the pleasure of meeting her in Singapore. She was then Miss Isabella Bird, but shortly after her return home, in 1881, she married Dr. John Bishop, and her travels were not resumed until after his death in 1886. Her next book, in 1892, describes some most interesting journeys in Persia and Kurdistan, followed two years later by sojourns "Among the Thibetans." In 1896 she published a volume of views in Western China and Korea from her own photographs, and in this connection it may interest other amateurs to hear that Mrs. Bishop, though an enthusiastic photographer, is content with makeshift appliances, developing and printing her negatives under the most trying circumstances. She has never possessed a real dark room, having always used her bedroom at night for that purpose. In 1898, after three years' wanderings in China, Eastern Siberia and Korea, she published "Korea and her Neighbours," and immediately afterwards started on the difficult but fascinating journey to which we owe "The Yangtze and Beyond." Her travels have not, however, been fully described in her books. She has spent some time in Australia and New Zealand, visited Armenia, Palestine, and various other parts of the world. Europe and Africa are the continents with which she is least acquainted, having only visited the north-east of the latter. This winter will, however, introduce her to one of the most interesting parts of Africa—Morocco, where a genuine bit of the Orient is to be found within a few days of London or Paris. Mrs. Bishop intended to have revisited China, and was deeply disappointed to find that impossible, but I think she will not find her winter altogether wasted, Her English home, to which she is much attached, despite the fact that so little of her time is spent there, is in Huntingdonshire, and affords facilities for the exercise now most congenial to her—rowing. Tricycling she also indulges in, but does not care for.

Mrs. Bishop has visited India, and her impression of it is one that would surprise the usual globe-trotter, though not perhaps those who know anything of the life behind the scenes of military and official life. She finds it the most depressing country in which she has ever travelled, except perhaps Armenia, on account of the gulf that yawns between the people and their rulers, and the impassable barrier that prevents one from getting any nearer to the lives of those millions of our fellow-beings over whom we are paramount. Even in poverty-stricken Thibet, where the people are self-governed, she found a more lively and cheerful aspect of native affairs.

Mrs. Bishop was early seized by the magic of the East, and one of her earliest and best books recounts her wanderings in Japan at the period when reform had just set in. Of all the countries she has visited, however, she unhesitatingly gives the palm for interest and fascination to China. Japan charmed her at first, and has become familiar and dear—like a second home—but China, with its attractions and repulsions, its exquisite scenery, mysterious people, wonderful history and doubtful future, lays a spell on those who have seen anything of its true aspect, and many will cordially endorse Mrs. Bishop's description of it as more interesting than all other Eastern countries put together.

Notwithstanding a certain amount of hostility, and on two occasions actual violence, Mrs. Bishop's last journey through Western China must come as a surprise to many who regard the Chinese as perverse and senseless savages. The appearance of a woman, travelling in an open chair, and garbed in a manner that offended the Chinese sense of propriety, must have aroused, not only surprise, but prejudice. The latter feeling seems to have been strongest in the larger places, where people of more enlightenment might have been looked for, and where missionaries were working; in the distant hill country and the quiet villages Mrs. Bishop had little to put up with, save curiosity and the discomfort of her quarters. A little knowledge, in this case as well as many others, is a dangerous thing, and much of the hostility displayed to foreigners is aroused by superstitition and ignorance which, having heard rumours of the knowledge and power possessed by Westerners, attributes to them malign influence and intentions. This is a question into which it is impossible to enter here, but I may add that in travelling through unexplored China, I have been even more fortunate than Mrs. Bishop—being of course immune from the prejudices aroused by her sex—for I have never, in passing from North to South or East to West, at intervals during a period of twenty years, been subjected to a single serious annoyance or had one real collision with the natives.

(Elliott & Fry, 55 Baker Street, W.)

MRS. BISHOP

One of the most interesting problems now facing us in the Far East is the future of Christianity, for it almost seems as if the wave of anti-foreign feeling, whatever its genesis or real meaning, might succeed in stamping out the faith so carefully and diligently spread by devoted men and women over the whole Empire. Persecution has never yet, however, succeeded in obliterating Christianity, though it has perhaps more nearly succeeded in China than in any other country except Central Asia. The palmy days of the church in far Cathay were no doubt those of the Jesuits in the Middle Ages, when the Court was open to Christian monks, and high posts were conferred on them. The subsequent reaction, which was synchronous with the establishment of the present dynasty on the throne of China, while it did not eradicate the faith of Christ from China, greatly reduced the number of believers and destroyed their influence.

The reopening of communication with the Middle Kingdom, which has been the work of the present century, has been largely due to the initiative of missionaries. They have certainly acted as pioneers, and have, it is to be feared, too often received the reward frequently obtained by pioneers, while it is much to be regretted that in many parts of China they have been made the instruments of political advancement by their governments, a state of affairs largely responsible for the anti-Christian feeling of the Chinese.

The missionary question is one which has always been of peculiar interest to Mrs. Bishop, but is too wide and difficult to be gone into here. We must confine ourselves to a single side of it on which the opinion of Mrs. Bishop, who has visited so many of the missionary settlements and known so many of the prominent European thinkers in China, is particularly interesting—I refer to the actual spiritual value of missionary work, judged from the reality of the conversions made. A distinction, it requires to be noted, must be made between Chinese Christians at the treaty ports and in the interior of the country. In the former many inducements are held out to converts, in the latter very few, except in the southern provinces under French influence and the German protectorate of Shantung. Here, as in treaty ports, the temporal power and good standing of the missionaries makes them people to be conciliated, and it is to be feared that the number of "rice Christians" is not small, but in the distant western provinces, or even in central and northern China, a very different state of affairs prevails, and there is reason to believe that the hold of Christianity in these parts is stronger than even the missionaries had hoped. The story of the siege of the Legations at Peking must come as a revelation to many who doubted the sincerity of Chinese Christians, for their constancy under the most trying conditions was admirable. The missionaries who escaped from the interior to Peking bring stories of the warnings and help afforded by their converts, and record that many, of whose conversion they were ignorant, declared themselves Christians when the persecution began and died rather than deny their faith. Mrs. Bishop tells a story, brought by missionary friends, of a man known to them who died a terrible death rather than allow himself even to be carried under the arch of a temple, as an outward sign of submission to the gods, saying that the Almighty would see his heart and would not pardon such deception. Such instances are extraordinary in a nation of casuists like the Chinese. Eloquent testimony is borne to the conduct of Chinese Christians in Peking by Dr. Morrison, the brilliant correspondent of the *Times*, and has double weight from such a source, since he was formerly no believer in the sincerity of converts, as may be gathered from his book "An Australian in China," published some seven years ago.

Another significant note is struck by Sir Robert Hart in his article in the *Fortnightly Review*, in which he speaks of a grand effort on the part of Christianity as one of the things that might save China from herself by bringing her into the comity of civilised nations. Mrs. Bishop's interest in Chinese missions has taken a practical form, and her support is most readily given to a branch of that work to the usefulness of which every traveller will heartily testify—the medical missions.

Before quitting this interesting and important subject let me add, from my own experience, as well as from that of many others better qualified to form an opinion, that no one who does not possess both brains and tact should attempt missionary work in China. No amount of devotion and well-meaning will keep the missionary from offending and annoying the Chinese if he has not the latter, and without the former he will never surpass the initial difficulties raised by a language and an education so different from our own. The best missionary work is done by native converts of good position, who if once thoroughly convinced will diligently spread the faith among their own people. One such convert is worth a hundred ignorant ones, for he can explain to his less educated brethren in a manner impossible to a foreigner. Villages have been thus partly Christianised without ever seeing a European missionary. This is the bright and hopeful side of the question, and I have laid stress on it, partly because of the extreme interest taken in the subject by the lady of whom I am writing, and partly to draw attention to what is certainly an extraordinary and significant fact —the behaviour of Chinese Christians in the recent crisis. I may own that it has come greatly as a surprise to me, for a somewhat close study of Chinese character had made me sceptical as to their capacity for religious belief: but in this, as in everything else, the Chinese are the most paradoxical people in the world, and even the author of "Chinese Characteristics"—the most brilliant book ever written on that subject—avers that after knowing them for a lifetime he is constantly confronted with some new trait.

A few of Mrs. Bishop's habits in travelling may be of interest. Like all "old hands" she does not encumber herself with luggage, or with patent encumbrances. She buys and uses the native articles as much as possible, knowing that in all probability they are adapted to the conditions of the country. A camp-bed is the one indispensable thing she carries with her, on account of her spine, and this must certainly be a great convenience in remote China, where comfortable beds or chairs are unknown. For the numerous different modes in which she has travelled I must refer the reader to her books, where they are all described, from "cow-back" to *sampan*. She gives the palm for comfort to being carried in a chair, a most luxuriant and pleasant method, even when the road is not smooth. She makes a rule when in the East of never employing a "boy," or servant, who has been with Europeans before—certainly a tribute to Oriental character.

Among the qualities that give value to Mrs. Bishop's observations on her travels is her painstaking minuteness. She has not only the feminine eye for details, but great patience in verifying and completing her impressions. She will measure a stone-carving, test the heat of a hot-water spring, carefully compare a frond of fern and chronicle its Latin name. To this attention to detail she adds a very ready appreciation of landscape as a whole, and many beautiful word-pictures are scattered about her works. Indeed her love of nature is so strong that she is contented to be alone with the great goddess, and is never so happy as when she is free to pursue her study of the works of God away from the distracting presence of man. All who have ever felt the solitude of a new and strange country, where a blank wall seems to interpose between one and the rest of mankind, know the awe and the fascination of such a position. Whether it is the heart of Szechuan, with a teeming population, but not a soul to whom one can speak, or the silent lonely veldt of South Africa with only the stars for company, the feeling of isolation and loneliness is the same, and has in it a sense of freedom and exaltation hard to define. It is indeed a mixed emotion, but there is no mixture in the feelings with which after such experiences a traveller welcomes the sight of his homeland and familiar faces and the sound of well known voices. Those who have never wandered know not the joy of home-coming, and those of us who know it love it so well that we must ever be longing to feel it again. It is the *Reise-geist*. We cannot resist it; so forth we go, and as the white cliffs fade from our sight, it is with joyful anticipation that we shout our "Au revoir."

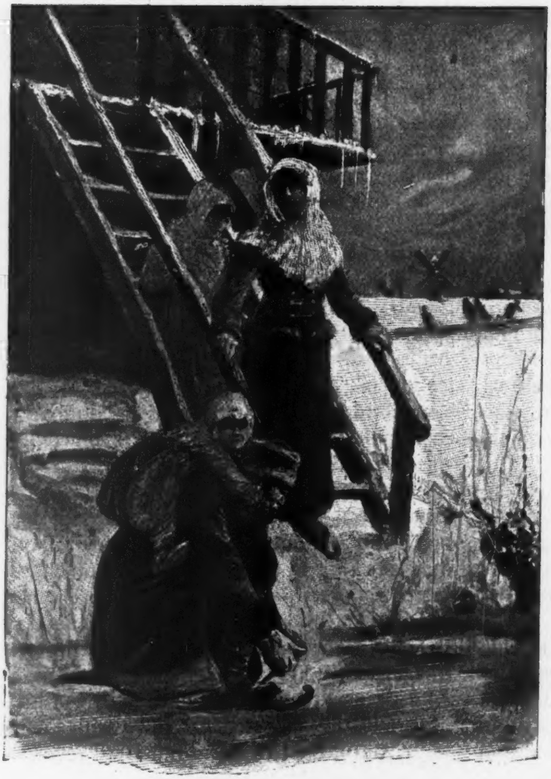
"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT

IT was the beginning of the year 1895, and snow-silent, hail-rattling winter had settled heavily over Europe, laying a blighting hand on all, but so fierce was his iron grip upon spongy Holland that she was squeezed into one solid crust of ice, and Friesland knew not where to turn for water.

The annual races at Leeuwarden had been fixed to take place on February 4, and Hans Hartsome stood on the morning of that day at the door of his mill, looking up the canal to the far distant spires and glistening turrets of the town. He wore a holiday suit of bright blue cloth, and was occupied blowing into a large red handkerchief, in the hope of thawing painlessly with his breath the icicles that had formed on his moustache. As he stood thus engaged his wife from within thrust a pair of skates through the door, saying, "Go down and put them on, we're late enough already."

"Yes, indeed," said the miller. "We should be there now, but I promised Tuck a ride first." A small boy pushed open the door on hearing his name and scrambled on to his father's back from two steps above. The intense cold struck on the child's bare hands, and he put the ends of his tiny fingers into the miller's mouth, which was open to receive them. Hans cautiously descended his outside wooden staircase, which needed



"Hans stooped, still with the boy on his back, to lace the leather thongs of his long skates"

care even in sunny summer, but was a terror of slippery peril in the winter months. His wife came behind taking each step sideways like a crab, for she had skates on her feet, having fastened them on in the armchair by the mill stove. When the party reached the ground they were on the ice, and Hans stooped, still with the boy on his back, to lace the leather thongs of his long skates, while Alta, their daughter of twelve, tied her mother's hands into flannel bags.

"There is nothing to do but warm the dish," said Frau Hartsome, kissing the children. "And by eleven there will be many fine people passing along the Zwolle canal, but if Tuck is to stand watching them, fill the little oil flask from the kettle for him to hold in his mittens. And mend the stove after you put him to his bed, for it may be nine before we are back; and I've put what was over of last night's milk in the cat's saucer." So saying, she put her hand into her husband's, which was placed behind him to receive it, and the two went off with swinging strides, the one immediately in the steps of the other. The children stood watching them, two black specks in this silver circle, but mercifully supplying in their own persons that local colour so dear to the artist's eye, for their faces were very red and their hands very blue. As they spoke to each other their voices sounded strange and unnatural in the total absence of life around, for they had no neighbourly houses nearer than those in the distant capital towards which their parents sped so swiftly, unless indeed the old cow-shed buried to the waist in snow could be counted as such.

Alta lifted Tuck in her arms and climbed laboriously the high steps.

"You can drive a sleigh by the stove," she said, "and Hansei can ride with you while I wash the dishes." Hansei in his furs, fresh from the saucer of milk, received the pair on the top landing, walking unwillingly the icy boards, and picking dainty steps over the patches of white that lay light as foam on the upper gallery.

"I don't want to drive a sleigh till you can ride too," said Tuck. "I would rather be the man who bores for water in the ice, or fills up the cracks from his hot can."

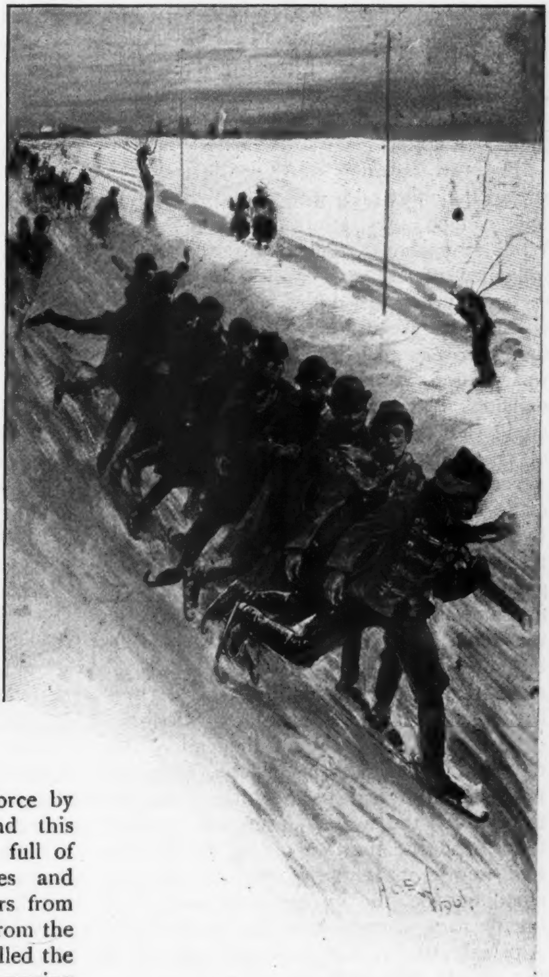
"Very well, but you musn't bore on the new table," said his sister as she pushed open the door, "and don't you begin to sit down till you get quite near a chair." And Alta set to work vigorously to wash the dishes and sweep the floor. The room she worked in was almost round in shape, and deep cupboards surrounded the walls. The floor was of polished pine planks, which reflected a ruddy glow from the large glass stove, while a ladder at one side, leading to a trap-door in the roof, showed by what means the sleeping accommodation was reached. A kettle hummed a happy solo to itself on a shelf behind the stove, and blew soft puffs of white breath into the quiet room. The children played and worked until it was almost eleven, then Alta extinguished Tuck in such a cloud of woollen garments that it was little short of a positive miracle how he managed to breathe, and dressing herself also in the warmest clothes, the two started for the Zwolle canal.

Here a stream of gaily dressed country people were rolling towards Leeuwarden with shouts of happy laughter. Tuck's eyes were riveted on ten men skating one behind the other, held together by a long pole passed under the arm of each. They were singing as they went, and the last man on the row, seeing the children's delighted admiration, went along on one leg, and wagged the other from side to side, as if it had been the tail of some strange beast. Tuck was transported with this mark of condescension, but before he had time to wave his leg in response the men were gone. A sleigh built in the form of a swan next absorbed their attention. It was drawn by a powerful dark horse, all white with frosty rime, whose well-sharpened feet cut little squares clean out of the ice, and sent them spinning over the children's heads. In the swan beside the driver sat an old woman, huddled in a white sheep skin, who smiled to the pair on the bank, and the children recognised her as the mother of the innkeeper at Meppel, from whom Hansei had come when he was a kitten. Following her was a stream of skaters who progressed with such easy balance that no eye could detect in their impetus the power of muscular effort, so perfect was the undulating force by which they swept the ice. Behind this throng came a boat upon runners full of brightly dressed women, the wives and mothers of bargemen and innkeepers from the surrounding villages. Judging from the laughter that rose from those who pulled the boat, the task must have been an amusing one. As it passed, a young man detached himself from this company and jumped with a great bound on to the bank beside the children.

"Are the father and the mother at the races?" he asked.

"Yes. And the father is going to run in the open competition for wind millers."

"And he's sure to be first, for his heels are as light as his heart; it needs the very wind to match him. But is Tuck really entombed in this parcel? It's a sad pity he can't come with me; we could have been tied together in the bad boys' race."



"They were singing as they went"

"But why would I be tied to you?" asked Tuck's voice.

"Because nobody really thoroughly enjoys being naughty to the full unless with a companion, so the race is run in pairs of bad boys, like you and me, tied together by the leg."

The young man laughed, and lifting one foot gave Tuck a dig with the end of his long skates, then jumping lightly on to the ice he struck out after the disappearing people, with powerful strides, rolling from side to side of the track, and holding a hand on each side of his head to keep the cold off his ears.

"He had newspapers tied up the fronts of his legs," said Tuck. "And how queer his eyebrows looked."

"Yes, that's his breath catching in them and freezing. But I think we may go back now there are no more people in sight."

The two returned to the mill, and Alta spread the shiny table with a piece of oilcloth upon which they ate their simple meal. When it was over, Tuck, animated by the influence of dinner, caught the cat and carried him to the window which was thickly coated with frost flowers. Here he made the discovery that if Hansei's moist nose was pressed firmly on the pane, it made a delicious black hole, through which Tuck could view the outside landscape. He was of an age when the repetition of a thing never tires, and Hansei's unwilling nose had made a neat black pattern on the frost of five distinct impressions before Alta could rescue him, and propose as a variety the game of hide-and-seek. This they played for some time, but as the afternoon wore on the room got very dark, and such dangers lurked in the flickering shadows cast by the stove that Tuck begged to have the door left open for light. Throwing it back, the children looked out upon the gallery that ran round the outside of the mill, and noticed that a great darkness had come over the sky, for the heaped-up masses of cloud that lay all the morning along the horizon had now crept entirely over it. As they stood outside, the intense cold made their breath hang round them like smoke, and Alta said that if they were going to watch the clouds they must put on their outdoor clothes. Tuck begged, however, to have the hot bottle instead, but it was nowhere to be found.

"Where did you put the little tin, O Tuckie?" asked Alta, joining him in the doorway after a fruitless search.

Tuck thought he had left it outside, then was sure he had brought it home, then remembered he had left it where they stood in the morning by the Zwolle canal.

"Then I shall go and get it and you must stay inside, for it is too cold to stand here."

"Oh no, no," cried Tuck. "Do, do let me come too. I can run ever so fast, and if you lit the lantern we could play at robbers on the way."

"Then we must first have our tea, so pull on your over-stockings while I cut the bread."

He was soon ready, and the tea drunk boiling so that they might at once enjoy this glorious expedition with the lantern, but he started in such haste to reach the bottom of the outside stair that, missing a step in the uncertain light, he rolled, with much physical pain and mental humiliation, to the bottom. Alta picked him up and dried his streaming eyes, but they had nearly gone half way before Tuck recovered breath enough to speak.

"Do you think Hansei minds being left all alone by himself in the dark?" he asked anxiously.

"Poor Hansei! he'd rather be left alone with the dark than alone with you."

"But what if a snake came out from under the wood box, and—well, and barked at him."

"Oh, he is such a very brave cat, he would just bark back."

As she spoke they came to the spot where they stood in the morning and a wonderful scene met their eyes, for, instead of a continuous sheet of black ice covering the canal, a great gulf of many feet in width and depth reached across it from bank to bank. The children peered with horror-stricken faces into the deep abyss, and Tuck clung to his sister's hand.

"Oh what shall we do?" she cried in despair. "If people come skating along, and hundreds will be going home in another hour, they will all tumble in the dark into this terrible black hole and be killed."

"But what made the hole come here?" asked Tuck excitedly.

"Oh I don't exactly know, but the water underneath has run away and left just a shell of ice, which has sunk down and got pressed so tight between the banks that it has burst and fallen in."

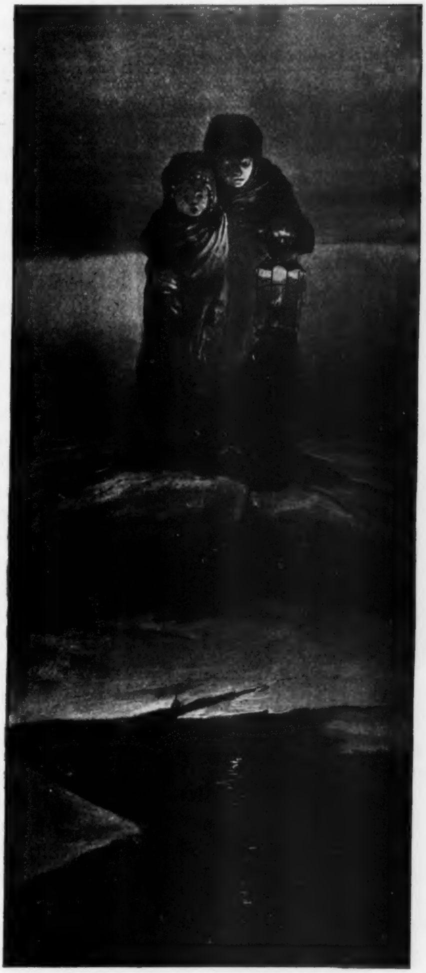
"We can stay here and tell people."

"Oh no, that won't do, for nobody can stand about in this cold without being killed, and that wouldn't help anybody. We might leave the lantern, but unless some one was there to shout, one light would never keep people from such a long hole."*

"But this is not the canal that the father and the mother come home by, so why need we bother?"

"Because lots of other people have fathers and mothers too. Fancy that boat full of old women crashing into such a hole! No, you must go home alone."

"Oh I can't," said Tuck. "I'm afraid of the death horse."†



"The children peered with horror-stricken faces into the deep abyss"

"Was ever anything so silly as you? Why, I have told you again and again that it is just a made up story. No, you can go home quite well, and when the father comes in you will tell him that Alta is out on the Zwolle canal."

"Yes, I will tell him," said the child. "But who will untie my mittens?"

"Nobody when you first go in, but they will be quite comfortable, and you can play with Hansei, but remember not to squeeze him too tight. And don't go too near the stove, and when the father comes in be sure to tell him that I am out on the Zwolle canal watching the hole. Will Tuck remember?"

"Yes, yes. But let me go before it is any darker."

He turned and went off across the field. Alta watched him for a few moments.

"If he could keep the lantern off the ground he could have had that," she thought.

Then seeing his quaint back and uncertain footsteps on the humpy path a great rush of love, woven by a thousand tender threads of their every-day dependence on each other, overwhelmed her; she put down the lantern and calling his name ran after him. Tuck turned and stood in unsympathetic solidity.

"Just to give you one hug, my precious," she said, kneeling on the ground and pressing their cold faces together. "And what

* One great danger of night-skating both in Holland and Friesland is caused by what are called ice-falls. If the water in a canal is displaced, severe pressure forces the ice to burst apart, and it falls until it reaches the level of the water far below, where it immediately unites again into solid ice.

† The death-horse, said to haunt any house in Friesland where there is a person about to die. It only uses two, or at the most three, legs on these excursions, and by this economy those unfortunate enough to meet it are enabled to recognise its supernatural character.

was Tuck to be sure to remember—that Alta——"

"That Alta said I was to remember not to squeeze poor Hansei too tight."

"Yes, yes, you remember splendidly. But you were not to forget to tell that I was waiting by the hole on the canal."

"I will remember," said Tuck, and he turned to face his dark journey without another word.

Alta watched for such a long time the point where the gloom had swallowed him up, that the little boy had safely reached the mill before she turned back to where the lantern stood in a flickering spot of light. She walked from it towards the hole and looked in. A great chill swept up over everything and the blackness of night blotted it out of her sight. Sky, ground and air seemed to envelop her in an impenetrable curtain, and save where the lantern revealed one circular ring of snow, all around was an unknown eternity of darkness.

"If I walk towards Leeuwarden on the canal I may meet somebody and keep warmer," thought Alta. "But then people may be skating from Zwolle as well as from Leeuwarden, and I must be here to cry out to them."

Alta took another walk, then yet another, and as she returned stamping her feet one of them struck against something sharp on the snow. It was hard, and she stooped to feel it, and picked up the oil flask they had come to find. What years it was since they were there in the blessed light of day! Alta thought of Tuck and the steep mill stairs.

"It must be nearly an hour since he left me; he will be playing with Hansei, and watching for father." At the thought of the comfortable room tears burst from her. "Oh, if only somebody would come, then I could call to them and go home. If I could only put my hands on the stove for a minute—or even see it; I cannot breathe in this icy air." She drew her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe her eyes. It was the same that had dried Tuck's tears, and, from being very wet, it had frozen in Alta's pocket into a solid ball. She ran up and down a great many times; then stood again and rested the light on the ground. "It must be nearly eight now," she thought. "Father's voice will be coming, his arms will soon be round me; it would not be so dark if I could but feel his hand." A long time passed, and Alta, too tired to stand, knelt down beside the lantern, and dozed slightly, leaning against it. Then far, far away, the regular swishing noise of skaters' feet fell on her ear; she roused herself to listen. "They are miles off," she thought, "If I can't stand, I can at least shout to them their danger." She sunk down and a cold air like water crept past her waist. "Even if I could not shout aloud and they all went into the hole, yet the mother says God is everywhere, and I might have strength to whisper down to them, 'Look, look, He is there and beside you always.'" The regular beat of skates fell again on her practised ear, but broke for a moment irregularly. "Three people certainly," thought Alta to herself, "probably more. Oh, how splendid to think that God is everywhere and what heaven will be when He and we all live together in the same mill, and we can see and feel and love Him just every minute of the day." The noise of voices was distinctly borne to her. "O God," she thought, "I shall begin now to call aloud." Alta opened her mouth, a slight groan escaped her lips, and she sank gently backwards on the ice.

. . . . .

There was a great blaze of light in the Leeuwaarden town hall, where the mayor was receiving skaters from all parts of the country, assembled together for the annual races. The master of ceremonies, a short man with a long rod, marshalled the company to follow one another in pairs, and leading himself, with the champion skater of the year, the procession proceeded gaily round the hall. Fourth from the head of the line marched Hans and his wife, in joyful step to the music. As they passed down the centre of the room she squeezed her husband's arm.

"It was just splendid you getting the prize," she said. "But we will go home the very moment the grand march is over."

She pressed his arm again.

"Well, what are you thinking of now?" asked her husband.

"Only of Tuck's chilblains, and I can't for the life of me remember where I put the grease last night, so how will Alta ever find it?"

"She'll rub on snow," said her husband. "But we might go now; if you will get your hat and the wraps, I will wait at the outside door."

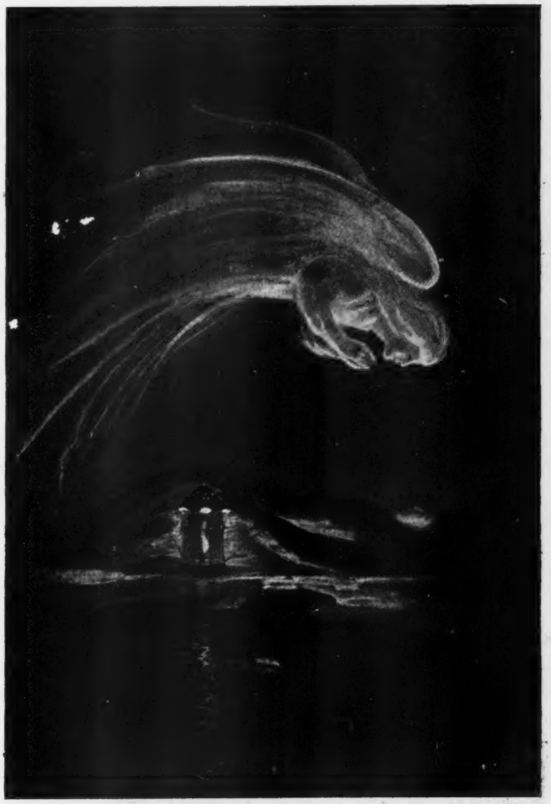
She soon joined him and they stepped from the brilliant scene into the dark, deserted street.

"The clouds must have come up," said Hans. "Was ever anything so black?"

They groped along the wall towards the street lamp at the corner. Suddenly a man swinging a lantern overtook them, and called to Hans by name. It was the innkeeper from Meppel, who had spoken to the children in the morning.

"I heard you were going early and had no light, so I'll just come with you as far as the mill and run across the fields on to the Zwolle canal after I leave you."

"That you shall certainly not do," said the Hartsomes in a breath. "We know every step of the field across, and if you will share your light with us, then we will come on the Zwolle canal with you so far."



"'Such a queer light'"

This arrangement the young man unwillingly agreed to. Reaching the ice they put on their skates, and with the light in front swinging from the pole, they linked themselves together and were immediately under way.

"It's a pity to leave before the ball," said the miller to his friend.

"Yes, but I wish I had been off sooner, and would have been but my mother came this morning in the swan, and this is no weather for either young or old people to be out late, so I took her to the tannery where she is to spend the night with my brother. Last year I was away, and they brought in a man to our place that had been frost-bitten. He very nearly lost his ears just because the stoves were down. No, no, a landlord should never be out of his own bar." They skated on in silence for about three miles, then the innkeeper remarked: "We must be nearing your place now. I saw such a queer light for a moment, it seemed to come from the middle of the canal, and then it went out, but it's not out either, for there's quite a glow on the ground."

"It's phosphorus on a piece of wood," said Hans, "and a crow has sat down on it to try and warm his toes."

"We'll pull up anyhow," said the innkeeper, and with a rasping noise six heels were thrust outwards and they came to a stand.

Hans went forward with the light and started back with a warning cry. "It's a deep ice-fall," he exclaimed. "What a mercy you stopped or we would all have had our necks broken going at that rate; we must arrange some lights and a string." He turned to where the innkeeper was bending over something on the ground that he sought to raise. He lifted up the form of a child; the lantern, held in her rigid hand, illuminated the radiance of her face, and the miller came up just in time to recognise and clasp to his breast the lifeless body of his child.

. . . . .

Four miles from Leeuwarden, on the east side of the Zwolle canal, stands a rude wooden cross, and strangers passing along on skates or in the sleepy summer barges, imagine it is placed there in honour of some old-world deity. But the name it bears will be found in no saints' calendar, nor needs it any record beyond that engraven in the hearts of the people.

The simple word "Alta" is cut to mark the exact spot where the undying love of a little child was absorbed in the infinite love of God, and so long as the human heart hungers instinctively for the highest things in life, so long will her name be treasured in the loving remembrance of the people of Friesland.

A JAPANESE VILLAGE

By S. BALLARD

JAPAN looks at its very best in the month of April. It is then that the exquisite little pink tassels of the cherry blossom shake themselves out, and the dingy streets are transformed, for even in big cities one finds cherry trees, and their spring dress is a pleasant reminder that the winter is over.

A BEND OF THE ROAD

As I drive to my village, along a road that winds by the river-side, the country I pass through is a mass of brilliant yellow and lush green. The green is the young wheat, for the careful Japanese farmer takes a crop of wheat off his fields before he plants out his rice. These fields never lie fallow one moment; there is a perpetual planting and weeding and reaping and planting afresh going on the whole year round. One of the things that most struck a Japanese lady who accompanied me to England was the *lonely* aspect of the English country. We sat looking over some large pasture fields, and there was not a person in sight.

"The people in my country would not believe it if I told them," she said; "what do the farmers here *do?*"

I too had been thinking what a strange contrast it was to Japan, where in every direction one sees men and women toiling away in their small fields.

Pasture land is rare in Japan, for unfortunately there are few places where good grass can be grown. I have known people make the greatest efforts to have a grass lawn, and all in vain. One of the sights one most enjoys on returning to England is that of a deep grass meadow with its daisies and buttercups.

In the neighbourhood of my village there is so much of the native or rapeseed that the country looks as if spread with a cloth of gold, for the flower is like the mustard flower. Looking across the green and yellow fields to Fuji in the distance, one sees that it is still very white and glistening, though the snow has completely melted off the lower mountains. The rainy season has not yet set in, the air is bright and pleasant, and you do not wonder that the Japanese all seem seized with a desire to go holiday-making. It is the very worst time for travelling. Just when you think that the train is so full that it will not hold another being, it will draw up at a station where a seething mass of people have all to be packed in somehow. The Japanese are the most patient travellers I ever knew; they seem to think it quite natural and right that if one person should get a seat another person should sit on his knees!

Buddhism does much to encourage the Japanese love of travelling, for devotion is generally displayed in the form of pilgrimages, and these pilgrimages are such a feature in the lives of the Japanese peasantry, that I cannot speak of village life without saying something of this chief form of excitement.

Sometimes the pilgrimage is to a sacred mountain, of which there are many in Japan; on such occasions the pilgrims are all robed in white, and many such a party have I met as I drive to my village.

Sometimes the pilgrimage is to a Buddhist temple. I happened to be living close to the famous temple of Zenkoji at Nagano at the time of a festival which only takes place once in seven years. Zenkoji is so famous that the old and ignorant among the Japanese peasants firmly believe that you wont find a place in "gokuraku" (paradise) if you have not paid a visit to Zenkoji, and the result is that thousands of old and even tottering men and women come from the most distant parts of Japan to worship there.

What quaint sights I did see during the festival! It seemed as if mediæval Japan had come back to walk about the streets and mix with nineteenth century innovations. The Zenkoji temple has the peculiarity of belonging both to nuns and priests, and a few years ago there was a dreadful squabble between them as to the division of the money, services, &c. They went to law on the subject, and it was decided that the nuns were to say the early prayers and the priests those later in the day. The head of all the Buddhist nuns, a relation of the Emperor, came to be present on the occasion of the festival. I met her one day returning from the temple. She was such a wizened old dame, it was as if one had taken a mummy from its case in the Cairo museum and, dressing it in brocades, had put it to ride in a jinricksha. I felt like apostrophising her in the words of the poet,

> And hast thou walked about? How strange a
> story!

In front of her jinricksha walked a young nun, clad in bright green silk. For a young nun to walk abroad with an uncovered head, also in green silk, and with a fan in her hand, is distinctly incongruous to our minds, but, perhaps more incongruous still, was the fact that this old lady went next day to a meeting of the Red Cross Society.

A Buddhist nun with the badge ot a Red Cross!

The Buddhists are making desperate efforts to keep all knowledge of the way of the Cross out of the Red Cross Society. I have sat in the little waiting-room at the door of the Red

FEEDING GOLD FISH

A VILLAGE SHRINE AND STONE LANTERN

Cross Hospital, giving a Scripture lesson to a few Christian nurses under constant interruptions, because I knew that it was no use applying for the use of a room. "It can't be done, it will make the Buddhist priests so angry," is the reply to such a request, and when you ask why the Buddhist priests should have any voice in the matter, you are told that the rich Buddhist temples contributed largely to the building of the hospital.

The Japanese peasants, when they get themselves up for the business of a pilgrimage, are the quaintest figures imaginable. The women generally tuck up their petticoats well above their knees, either leaving the legs bare, or else swathing them in white bandages, which form a kind of leggings. Their hair is done in the usual elaborate Japanese style, and generally an artificial flower is stuck in at the top. It does look so comic to see the wizened face of an old woman with a large red rose bob-bobbing over it. And this floral decoration is not confined to the women; when you meet a party of pilgrims you often see the old men also with a flower stuck coquettishly above the ear. I found out the reason of this rather inappropriate ornamentation when I was at Nagano. It appears that many of the poor old dears from the country get so bewildered by the magnificence of the places they go to, and the distractions of shopping, that they quite lose their heads, and consequently their way. So the ever thoughtful Japanese police have insisted that every party of pilgrims is to have a distinguishing badge. At Nagano it was the commonest thing possible to see some ancient dame rushing about wailing, "Where is my party? Where is the purple iris party?" or, "Where is the yellow-towel-round-the-neck party?" And then she would be told that the "yellow-towel-round-the-neck party" was on its way to the station, or that the "purple irises" were still saying their prayers in the temple.

When the pilgrimage is to a mountain, there is very little that is religious about it, but when it is to a temple the pilgrims generally perform a certain amount of devotions. On stepping out of the train a large party will usually form into a long procession, two and two, each with a little gong in the left hand and a striker in the right. Then they will go up the street, repeating "Namu Amida Butsu, Namu Amida Butsu,"* ding dong.

I used to watch numbers of such parties pass under my window, but it was a sad interruption to their devotions if they met me in the street. Many a discussion have I heard carried on as to whether I was a man or woman. *That* I do not mind, but my feelings were hurt when I heard a woman inform her neighbour that I was a Chinese!

On their way to the great temple, the pilgrims often turn into the nuns' own special temple, and at five o'clock I have found it thronged with people. The temple is a very large, low-roofed room, capable of holding about two hundred people. Opposite the entrance is the shrine, which is a mass of gilding and lighted candles.

On one occasion, when I went in I found the chief nun dressed in purple silk, seated in front of the shrine reciting the prayers; round her were six others in black and brown robes, who joined in responses, and at intervals beat gongs. The people, who all sat on the floor, paid very little attention to the service; beside me two women were quarrelling about the price of something they had just bought; men went about selling incense and pictures; suddenly a large party, with the sign of a pink convolvulus, got up and went out with a great clatter.

Occasionally a a woman would seize up a rosary, which they all carry, and begin "Namu Amida Butsu, Namu Amida Butsu," but, as a rule, there was nothing in their demeanour to show that they were at a religious service. The ceremony ended by the chief nun turning round and facing the congregation, and one then saw that she was a girl of about twenty, who looked very quaint with her shaved head and her purple dress. There was a moment's hush, and in a clear girlish voice she again began that interminable "Namu Amida Butsu," the people this time all joining in. She repeated it at least twenty times, then the nuns filed out, and people proceeded on their way to the great temple. As they went up between lines of shops for the sale of rosaries, shrines, pictures, &c., some stopped to throw down money in front of a huge incense-burner, thus gaining the right to put in some incense; some would place money at the foot of the statue of Tizo, the patron saint of children and travellers; and then, when they got to the great temple, there was a great throwing down of small coins in

A VILLAGE RESTAURANT

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* This is an invocation for help to Amida, the great god of Buddhism. The well-known colossal figure of Buddha of Kamakura is a representation of this god, and not of Gautama Buddha, as is generally supposed by travellers in Japan.

front of the altars; but as some pilgrims cannot get through the throng so as to throw their money inside the sacred enclosure, the priests had placed a huge barrel in the centre of the temple, that money might be thrown into it.

A curious little incident proved to me that the priests have not the reputation of being very sympathetic to the poor. Early one morning an old, old-looking woman came tottering to the door of the Mission house where I was staying. She begged and implored to be taken in for a few days. One of the Mission workers came out and asked where she came from, and how it was that she came to an unknown house, asking to be taken in.

Her tale was that she came from Nagoya, a place about two hundred miles off, and that though she was over seventy she had, with four companions, walked all that distance. But she found the way very long, and when they took short cuts the roads were very bad, and her feet got so sore that, when she at last reached her destination, she could hardly move. And after the party had spent a couple of days in an inn, her companions said that now they must be starting back again, but she begged them to wait one more day, thinking that her feet would be better, and she would be able to go with them. But the next morning it was quite clear that she would never be able to tramp all that distance. Then her companions said, "We have stayed this extra day entirely on your account, so you must pay the extra expense." And they took one of her two remaining florins, and started off, leaving the poor old dame in a place where she had not a single friend. But before they started they consulted the inn people as to what she should do, and it was agreed that as there was a house of the "Jesus Faith" she had better go there. "'They will put something on your feet to heal them; *they* are sure to be kind to you.' This is what they told me and so I have come."

No idea of going to the nuns! "Just go to the Christians; they are sure to be kind to you"—this seemed to be the sum total of the advice she had received. It seemed to me that the outlook is very hopeful for Christianity, if this is the reputation of the Christians.

IN GREATER LONDON

ONE SPEAKS OF THE OLDER BOURGEOISIE

By F. EMILY PHILLIPS

THE chroniclers of London are many and beloved—may the wretch perish who holds not Elia dear, and let it be written on my tomb that I knew my Dickens! And many painters have seen the sunbeams stray through the rolling cloud of London smoke. They shone on Blake when, trudging from Peckham Rye to the green Dulwich vales, he saw, like any mediæval saint, his "vision of angels." Constable, strenuous and eager, seized the misty rays when he sketched the distant town from Hampstead Heath; Turner, coming from the barber's shop in Maiden Lane, looked too with piercing eyes until he saw the glory of the heavens; Prout, who is so sane, went contentedly about his business; and the opinionated young art critic pieced his theories together in his villa at Herne Hill. As for Ford Madox Brown of the Pre-Raphaelites, he set himself to paint the sheep from Clapham Common in his Stockwell garden, whither they were brought in a truck and behaved, he says, very ill. And these were all men of Greater London and the larger radius.

There was a London where the sleepless watcher, striking two flints together to let a spark fall in the tinder box, lit his rush candle, and looking out into the dark street heard the night watchman passing cry the hour; and still we may hear a plaintive cadence in the folk-music of old cries, and a rough lad singing "Sweet Lavender" wakes echoing memories of a long ago that was very dear and is touched with sorrow.

Our neighbour, Mr. X., used to subsidise any street hawkers who could imitate some old melodious "cry" for him. I daresay to older citizens the full-throated cheerfulness of the now extinct call of hot-cross buns, and the traditionary, yet lingering, muffin-boy's bell, suggested homely fireside tea-tables, and I have heard there were little folk once who welcomed the lilt of the Early Victorian vendor of toy white woolly sheep:

> Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell!
> If I had as much money as I could tell
> I never would cry "Young lambs to sell!"

An Early Victorian gossip tells me before white pocket-handkerchiefs "came in" you might not pay less than five shillings and sixpence for your handkerchief, and it was the superior value of the handkerchiefs in those days that encouraged the pickpocket's trade, which must require high qualities of skill and address. I am told the art of picking pockets was brought to such perfection of precision and dispatch that walking down some old London streets you had your pocket picked at one end of the road and found your handkerchief exposed for re-sale in a booth at the other; and it seems strange a skilled industry so highly organised as this should be allowed to disappear with so little comment. I well remember being fascinated in my youth by the Oriental magnificence of design and barbaric splendour of colour of an old neighbour's silk handkerchiefs. The worthy gentleman used to wear high collars and black silk neckties somewhat in the style of King George IV. of sartorial memory. He lived in a large and very quiet house, and unless he were disposed to carriage exercise he never came downstairs until the afternoon, when he sat in an apartment of sombre funereal state where the points of colour and brilliance were all centred in his gorgeous silk handkerchiefs, diamond ring, and gold snuff-box. The sideboard in his dining-room was like a sarcophagus, and I cannot see a drawing of an Etruscan tomb or Pelasgic architecture but I am reminded of our old friend's monumental furniture. His daughters, whom he considered mere chits, were faded elderly women with so much repose of manner that they gently shut their eyes—I mean physically—when they spoke to you; and trained (as a female should be) in ways of complete self-abnegation, every evening these pious women were devoted to their father's interminable exercise of long whist, though they could no more understand his pleasure in this dreadful pursuit than Milton's daughters could enter into the spirit of those foreign classics they were used to read aloud. I shall never admit the romance of the card-table lies only in the hundred merry tales of Fox and Sheridan or stories of the Bank at Homburg, when I think of the fading youth and narrow lives of ancient gentlewomen companions wearing with patient endurance through the years of picquet and quadrille, and in a later period of history their faithful continuance in making up the rubbers of long whist. A time came when our old friend was apt to be perhaps unreasonably dissatisfied because he wasn't *five* by honours, and the poor affectionate timid women began to fear being left alone in the world without their tyrant; and at last the card-table was folded and put by.

Well! Time was our suburb was a pretty country town. A row of aged trees stood in our sunny cheerful High Street in front of the old red-brick houses with their neat and narrow window frames, and slim brass knockers, and fluted shells over the house doors, and plump whitewashed Renaissance-cum-Georgian cherubs beaming on the passers-by. Giant lilacs and the blossoming May looked over the walled garden courts into the street, and the blacksmith's forge stood beneath the spreading chestnut tree.

We boasted historic associations of dramatic quality, and to say nothing of earlier times, pursy villains from the South Sea Companies had built them houses here in our pleasant country-side, and eighteenth-century statesmen winking the eye of conscience at theft from common-land reposed themselves in country villas filched from the furzy down and public right. Alas the present day! How hideously hath the democracy revenged itself!

It was a riverside town, and you approached it when the river was not in flood from an old wooden bridge; and if the flood were high you got a lift in a cart over the submerged roadway. Of course you paid toll at the red-roofed quaint toll-house, for you paid toll for everything in the good old days of comfortable monopoly.

As regards our politics we voted to a man for the Gentlemanly Interest, and our theology was equally respectable. Certainly, a curate of Tractarian sympathies once agitated for a mystic seven-branched candlestick for the altar, but the churchwardens declared they would not have the flame of Ritual lit from his candles and the parish set by the ears, and their firmness in opposing the symbolic seven branches was loudly applauded by the caretaker of the church, a practical woman, "For," says she, "it wasn't the curate as would have the cleaning of them candlesticks."

The parish was governed in a discreet manner by a comfortable family assembly that never gave any one a moment's uneasiness until a shameless case of jobbery aroused public intervention in the only way, as some voteless Outlanders contend, that public intervention ever will be effectually aroused, and that is by the action of the Matriarchy. It so befell in a hard winter, when all our water-pipes were frozen, or bursting and pouring cascades down our drawing-room walls, and we had to send our boot-boys and the gardener to fetch water from infrequent and inadequate stand-pipes, it so befell, I say, that one day in the water famine we saw a relief cart come along bearing the proud insignia of Our Parish, and yet it halted not nor gave water to an imperfectly washed people, and the driver said he was ordered to call only at the houses of members of the vestry! Unable to believe the tale told by this wretched tool of despotism, a throng of infuriated women, brandishing their yawning pails and clattering their empty cans, followed the cart upon its round. Officialism quailed before the storm of female indignant eloquence and our bureaucracy was vanquished.

The tradespeople were very thriving in the old monopoly days, and I do not remember any distressing poverty among the riverside folk, for we all took an interest in one another and may be said to have known all about our neighbours' affairs. Thus we were greatly interested when the comely widow who, as aforesaid, was the caretaker of the church and a tower of strength at tea meetings, received marked attentions from the little bow-legged old oil-shop keeper; but she wouldn't have him, the widow said, "Not if every 'air of 'is 'ed was 'ung with diamonds"; though he was so bald he would have made no extravagant display in this decorative full dress. The scene of his romance, the little dingy low-ceiled "Italian warehouse," has, like more famous haunts of poetry in our town, been swept away.

Our interest in each other was cognisant of such trifling matters that we were all concerned because the X.'s dog was so frightened by thunder, and a nervous neighbour, also afraid of thunder, was wont to exclaim in a severe storm, "How Mrs. X.'s poor dog will feel this!" I cannot say, indeed, there was no unpleasantness in cat and dog relations, for I well remember Mrs. St. M. keeping the little omnibus waiting quite a long time at the railway station one pouring wet afternoon while she persuaded her Pomeranian to drive with her, and when she looked in at the door at last and said, "I am so sorry, but I'm afraid my dog won't come!"—a very rude old man spoke up from the corner and said, "We don't want your dog, ma'am!" We presently saw the dog, who had made up his mind from the first not to ride, trotting along the country road with his tail curled over his back in his self-satisfied way, and his obedient dependent, little Mrs. St. M., faring after through the soaking rain and mud in her dainty white petticoats and nice black silk dress.

And of course there were other little matters that sometimes nearly ruffled the pleasant friendliness of our neighbourhood. Thus, Miss G., who, though her body was pent in a narrow suburb had a soul attuned to art, kept in her pay a swarthy foreigner with orders to call at regular intervals and discourse music to her from an old-fashioned hurdy-gurdy, and this troubadour used to burst into song as he ground his hurdy-gurdy, and was so peculiarly poignant in airs from Italian opera, that Mr. X. (the antiquary), who loved a quiet life and was of literary habit, was suspected of some feeling in the matter.

But shall I retail gossip about all our neighbours, the vicar, the doctor, and the dressmaker? Alas! the town began to grow and harbour aliens. The railway came anigh, and then more trains were put on; and who shall reconcile the Queen Anne affectations of villadom with the grim reality of the Londoner's savage iconoclasm? To-day our suburb—like the fair land of Poland—is trod 'neath the hoof of the ruthless invader; songs of the New Imperialism echo from gin-palaces that have supplanted pretty old country inns; the old houses and the little shops are all pulled down, and the new people seem to make but a precarious profit in retailing Blowsalinda's khaki blouse and elevenpenny three-farthing millinery. Blowsalinda herself, in ubiquitous sailor-hat, elbows her way along the crowded pavement, storming with tempestuous jollity the amorous heart of the patriotic shop-boy. Our country lanes are gone, our commons-land is a dust-heap, our country town is filled with jostling mobs and swamped by perambulators; and in the noise and confusion, and the push and shout and drive, who would care to remember the tranquil sunny town of long ago, and the Gentlemanly Interest that has passed away?

WAYFARERS

Wayfarers we!—from dawn to distant dawn,
  Treading the route unnumbered feet have trod,
The sunn'd and shadowed highway leading on
  Thro' flowery fields, o'er tangled wastes, to God.
From early spring, with blossoms overhead,
  To summer's fulness bending on the tree,
'Neath autumn's embers, falling grey and red,
  And winter's chilling snows, wayfarers we!

C. H. T.

A CASE OF FAITH

By the Rev. VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS

HE stood at the corner of the street beneath the flickering glare of a lamp, a small folding-table before him, on which was spread his stock-in-trade, taken from the portmanteau which lay by his side. He was a man of some fifty odd years, with a beard streaked with grey, a large nose, and keen, hawkish eyes flashing from beneath his bushy eyebrows. He was dressed in a long old overcoat, with weedy fur around the collar and cuffs, while his head was surmounted by a somewhat napless top-hat.

The gaping little crowd around him listened while he drew their attention to his wares, which consisted of two piles of boxes, one green and the other red.

"You understand me," he said in a quick rolling voice; "these pills are not mere ordinary medicine that you can get from any doctor. They are a universal panacea known only to myself after years of study in every climate under the sun. They contain a secret which the Queen's physician himself couldn't get out of me for love or money, and which would baffle the whole College of Surgeons. I've travelled all over the world, my friends, and from every country I've been in I've got a mineral, a plant, or an element of some sort to form this wonderful medicine. I'm not one of those big doctors who live in a fine house which they make their patients pay for by charging heavy fees. No! I'm a benefactor to the human race, that's what *I* am, and I've never taken a fee from any poor man yet. I only charge a nominal price for my pills, and I'm content to soothe poor suffering humanity with 'em. That's my reward. There isn't a doctor in England that wouldn't give a thousand pounds for the receipt. And *why?* I'll tell you. Because he'd charge a pound a box for 'em, *and get it too!* Now, look here. I don't say they'll cure every disease. They won't. They won't cure a broken leg.

But there's only about six other things they *can't* cure; and they're complaints found nowhere but in China and Japan. The only thing is, you must take 'em according to the directions. The green ones are for some complaints, the red ones for others, and when there's any complications you mix both. Sixpence a box only; sixpence a box. Who wouldn't be healthy and grow old at the trifling cost of sixpence?"

"Will they cure rheumatics, mister?" shouted a voice from the crowd.

"Certainly. The green ones will. Take one every night and try Sixpence! Thank you, sir. Toothache, chilblains, colds, fevers, ague, liver complaints— Eh? Yes, m'am, you'll find directions for measles. Thank you! Every disease, my friends, has its origin in the blood, and these pills go straight into the blood directly after you swallow 'em. That's one of their secrets. What's the matter, sir? Indigestion? Better have one of each, and take 'em alternately. Mind you take a red one first. One shilling, please."

On he went with his patter, which was as easily swallowed by the crowd as his pills were by those who bought them—and which was equally efficacious for the cure of diseases. If not so learned as he professed to be in medical matters, the quack at least had studied a big volume of human nature in his time, and on this particular evening he much profited by his knowledge, for when at length he repacked his bag and folded his table, the two piles of pill-boxes had considerably diminished in size, and in lieu thereof much silver jingled in his pockets.

A complaisant smile spread over his features as the last remnant of the crowd melted away. He had done well in this new neighbourhood, and felt that it was worth trying again, though experience had proved that it was wiser not to stay in one locality too long, as awkward questions were likely to be asked by erstwhile purchasers.

He picked up his belongings and sauntered off, oblivious of the fact that he was being followed by a little girl of some seven or eight years who had been standing at the edge of the crowd all the time, eagerly drinking in his words and looking wistfully at his wonderful medicines. Once or twice as he was packing she had drawn near to him, only to step back again in awesome fear.

He walked some hundred yards till he came to a public-house. The prospect seemed inviting to him and his throat was hoarse with much talking, so he stepped into the private bar. The little girl's eyes looked wistfully after him as he disappeared, and then she set her lips tightly together as one who had made up her mind how to act, and stood leaning against a lamp-post, with her gaze fixed on the door.

After a few minutes he came out, with a big cigar between his lips. She darted forward.

"Please, sir——" she began.

"Eh? What is it, my dear?"

The voice was not unkindly. He was in a good temper. Besides, he had given up preying on humanity for the night, and was satisfied.

"You—you're a doctor, ain't you, sir?"

"That's what I call myself," he answered with a grin.

"Please, sir, come and see father!"

"What?"

"He's very ill, sir, and he said he hadn't got no money to pay for a doctor, and I came out to find one, 'cause he wants one, and—and—I heard you say, sir, you didn't take no money, only for the pills, sir, and they'd cure everything—and—and I don't want him to die, sir, like mother did—and —and I've got a penny, sir, and I thought p'r'aps you might let me have a penn'orth. Only please, sir, come and see him. It's close by, sir."

She rattled off this pent-up little speech breathlessly, looking at him with wistful, pleading eye. The man was half touched, half amused.

"My dear little girl," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, "I'm afraid I can't do your father any good."

"Yes, you can, sir. You said you could cure everything 'cept when people get ill in China, and he got ill here. Please come, sir."

"There's a bit of faith about as well as credulity," muttered the quack. "But I'm not a regular doctor, my dear," he added.

"No, sir. You said you wasn't. You said you knew more than all the doctors put together, and you wanted to be kind to people. That's why I asked you to come. Won't you, sir?"

Her breath came quick and fast, and tears stood in her eyes. He hesitated.

"Please come, sir."

"Very well, my dear. You shall take me to him."

"Oh, thank you, sir. And you'll cure him, won't you, so as he can get well and work, and have something to eat?"

"I don't know," said the quack as he turned and followed the child. "Well, this is a rum go," he murmured to himself, "and I'm not sure how I shall get out of it. Bread pills with a dash of sugar in 'em are all very well—for sale, but when it comes to this sort of thing—being called in as a regular practitioner like, it's a bit awkward.'

"How long has your father been ill, child?" he asked as they walked along.

"Ever so long, sir. Two weeks."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's got a drefful cough and can't do no work."

"What work does he do?"

"Tailorin', sir. This is the court. Mind how you step, sir."

She led him through a narrow passage opening out into a dismal dark court. In at a battered door, up several flights of rickety stairs to an attic at the top of the house. She went in first and struck a match, lighting a candle-end stuck in a bottle. He followed and glanced round the room.

Save a table and a chair it was utterly destitute of furniture. In the corner of the room, on a heap of straw, lay a pale, emaciated man, covered with a few ragged clothes.

"Father, father!" cried the child in glee.

"What is it, darling?" he asked in a weak voice.

"Here's a doctor."

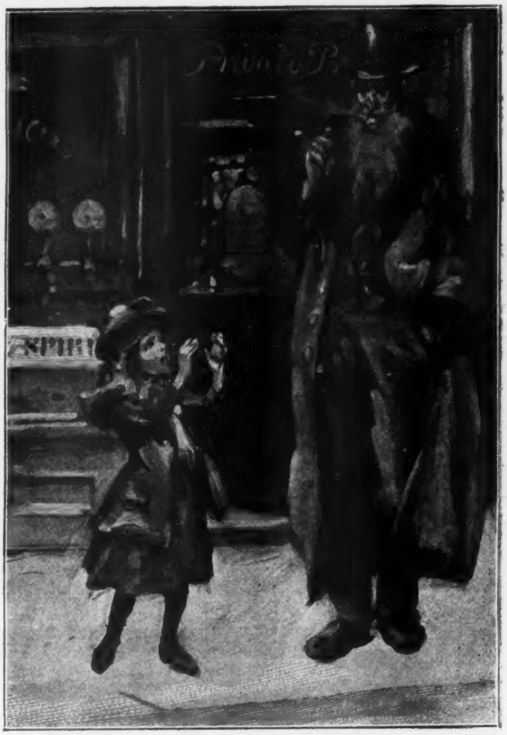
"A doctor?"

"Yes, I've brought him. He won't charge nothin'. And he's going to make you well."

And she bent over the poor worn face and kissed it.

The man's eyes wandered till they rested on the stranger.

"Sir," he said, "it's very kind of you, but I don't quite understand——"



"'Please, sir——' she began"

"All right," broke in the other, "your little girl brought me as she said. I'm afraid you're very ill."

"I'm — I'm more starving than ill, sir," said the man, and broke into a violent fit of coughing. "I'm afraid physic ain't much use, sir. It's very kind of you, though."

"But he's got some pills that are *sure* to cure you," said the child.

The quack smiled. A sudden light broke in upon him.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you're in a very bad way."

"Yes, sir. If I could only have a little nourishment I could work. That's what's the matter, mostly."

The quack's hand stole into his pocket and grasped the contents, while his eye rested first on the man and then on the child. He was solving the problem fast.

"He said he could cure coughs, father,"

broke in the girl, "and I know it's true. Please, sir, you *will* make him well, won't you?"

"I'll try to, my dear," he said. Then he turned to the man once more and added, "Will you let me help you?"

He shook his head.

"All the money's gone, sir. All we had is gone—to keep us from starving. I didn't want to do it, and God knows I've tried not to, but it'll have to be the workhouse for her—and—and—she's all that's left to me."

"Wait a bit," said the quack cheerily. "Don't you say 'die' yet. Now, my dear," he added to the child, "I haven't got all my medicines in that bag, so I must go and get them. You stay here with your father and take care of my things. I'll be back presently."

And he went out of the room, downstairs and into the street once more. There was a softened light in his eye that had not been there while he was selling his miserable stuff to the gulls. The first place he went to was a chemist's.

"Give me a bottle of cough mixture," he asked.

The man stared at him as he handed over the bottle and took the money.

"So your precious pills won't cure *you!*" he sneered. "I was watching you a while back."

But the quack said never a word in reply, but went out and visited several other shops, making sundry small purchases, with which he stuffed the pockets of his capacious coat. The last shop that he went to was an eating-house, where he bought a plate of mutton and asked that a boy should follow him with it.

At length he regained the court and entered the room once more, the boy after him. Having dismissed the latter, he began to unload himself.

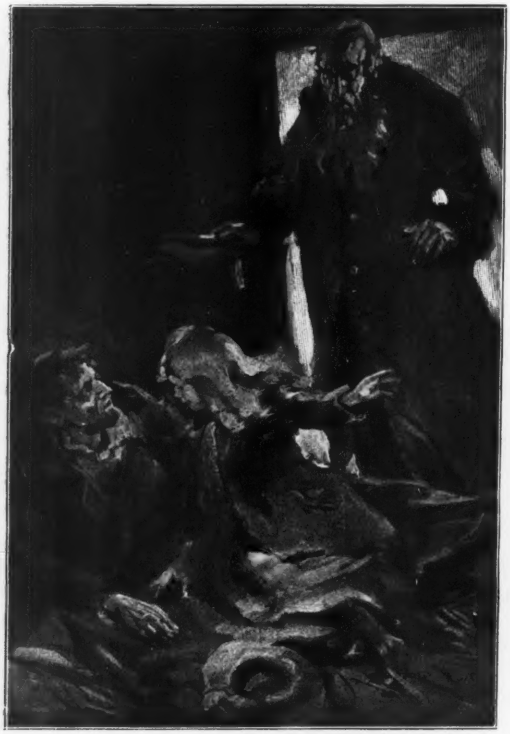
"Now, my little girl," he said, "you shall see what a clever doctor I am, and what a lot of things I prescribe besides pills. Here we are. A plate of meat, a loaf of bread, some tea—sugar—beef essence—butter—cough mixture, aha! and here's another sort of medicine."

So saying, he produced a large black bottle from his pocket, which bore the label of "Port."

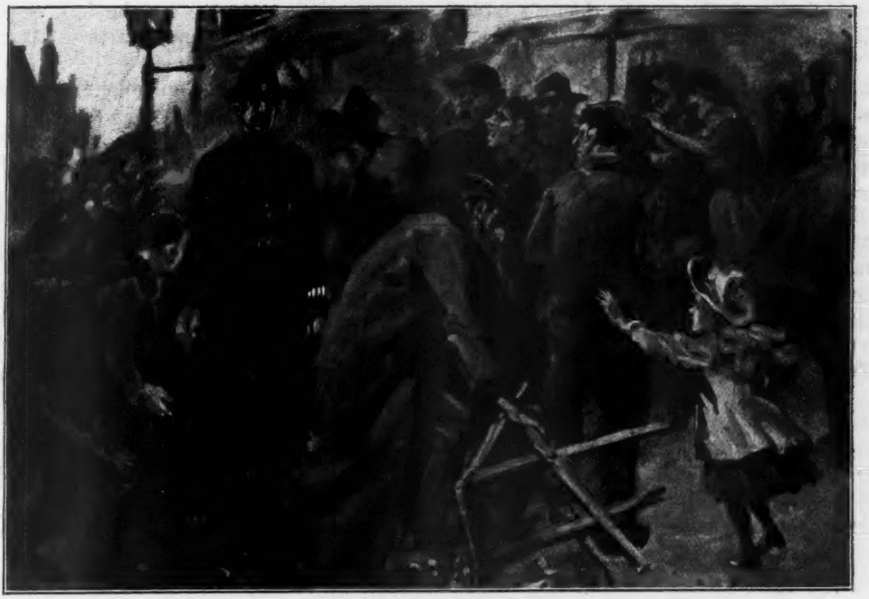
"What—what is the meaning of all this, sir?" gasped the astonished patient.

"It means that when you call in a doctor you must obey him," said the quack cheerfully. "Now, take a dose of this," and he poured some wine into an old teacup. "It's a capital medicine, better even than pills, my dear, and I take it myself when I'm in luck—which I am at present, or I couldn't have prescribed like this. That's right. Now, you have some supper. I'll call in again to-morrow, and meanwhile your little girl must get one of the neighbours to make some tea or anything else you want. You're well stocked for the present. That cough mixture's as harmless as—as—my pills, and will do you more good."

"God bless you, sir!" said the man as he raised himself on his wretched couch. "I don't know how to thank you or repay you."



"'Here's a doctor'"



"One of the foremost tilted the table up and sent the contents scattering into the gutter

"You must thank your little girl. And as for payment—come here, my dear. You'll give me a kiss, won't you?"

She sprang forward and put her arms round his neck.

His voice was husky as he thanked her.

"I haven't had anything of that sort for many a year," he said. "It don't come in my way much. Good-night!"

But she ran to the door after him and caught hold of his coat.

"The pills," she cried anxiously.

"Eh?"

"Please, sir, you said they'd cure coughs."

"Did I?"

"Please, sir—the red ones, sir."

He stopped, smiled hugely, and opened his bag.

"Very well," he said, "here's a box. Give him one every night. *They* won't do him any harm," he chuckled to himself.

And as he left he turned for a moment to see the child grasping the precious box, blissful in her faith and triumphant in realising her hopes.

* * * * *

It was about a week afterwards that the quack doctor found himself among a jeering crowd. He had made the great mistake of staying just a day too long, and his victims had gathered together to make it hot for him. In vain he tried to sell his precious pills; in vain he announced that but for him the Shah of Persia would have faded away into an early grave. The tide had turned, and the faithless masses would have none of it. Moreover, there began to be an angry look upon one or two faces, and the jeers became threats, so the unfortunate quack thought it high time to renounce his practice.

He began to bundle the pill-boxes into his bag, when one of the foremost tilted the table up and sent the contents scattering into the gutter. In an instant a little girl darted through the throng and grasped the offender's coat-tail.

"You bad, wicked man!" she cried.

He turned with an oath and uplifted hand. What might have happened it is impossible to say, but at that moment a burly policeman pushed forward.

"Now then, what's all this row about?"

"He's knocked over the doctor's table," cried the excited child.

"The doctor, eh?" said the policeman with a grin; then he turned to the unfortunate quack. "Come," he said, "we've had enough of you about here. Clear up your traps and be off, and don't let me catch you here again."

He stood with an amused grin, keeping back the crowd, and watching the quack and the small child picking the mud-stained boxes out of the gutter. Then the former shut his bag.

"Good-bye, my dear," he said to the child. "How's your father?"

"He's better, sir. He's done some work to-day."

"Come—move off!" said the policeman. Amid the jeers of the crowd the wanderer stooped and kissed the child's face.

"I've got something for you," she said.

"What?"

"A whole sixpence for the box of pills that cured father," and she thrust it into his hand.

"Now then—are you going?" growled the functionary of the law.

The quack gazed at the coin for a moment. Then he put it into his pocket, opened his bag and took out an empty pill box with a green label. Dipping his hand in another pocket he pulled it out with something glittering in it. There was a chinking sound as he put the contents into the box.

"There's a box of green pills for yourself, dear," he said, giving it into her hand. "Don't open it till you get home. Good-bye—God bless you!"

"Now, get off!" yelled the policeman. And the wanderer picked up his baggage and went.

"He was so good to father!" sobbed the child as she watched him go.

THE LAST OF A GREAT KING

By G. W. WOOD

SOONER or later, in his wanderings among the picturesque antiquities of Caen, the visitor will find himself suddenly brought to a standstill before the High Altar of the great church of St. Stephen. A slab of black marble, let into the pavement, will arrest his steps, and, looking down, he will read with a thrill the inscription in letters of brass:

Hic sepultus est
Invictissimus
GULIELMUS
Conquestor
Normanniæ Dux
et Angliæ Rex
Hujusce domus
Conditor
Qui obiit anno
mlxxxvii

Eight hundred years seem to slip away like a curtain drawn, and the strange and tragic story of the death and burial of the Conqueror appeals to the imagination with a still undiminished irony and pathos.

The church of St. Stephen belonged to one of the sister houses, the Abbaye aux Dames and the Abbaye aux Hommes, founded by William and Matilda of Flanders as an expiation for their irregular marriage. When the church of the Abbaye aux Dames was consecrated in June 1066, a few months before the invasion of England, William and his wife laid their infant daughter, Cecilia, on the altar and devoted her to the divine service; and in the course of time she became the second abbess of the holy house. When the Queen passed away to the eternal life in November 1083, she was buried before the High Altar of the church, in a magnificent tomb, enriched with gold and jewels and elaborate sculpture. She had bequeathed to the abbaye such small landed property as she possessed and many of her personal belongings—her crown and sceptre, her cups and candelabra, her mantle embroidered with gold "to make a cope," and a golden girdle ornamented with emblems "to suspend the lamp before the great altar."

Four years later, riding among the blazing ruins of Mantes, William met with the accident which resulted in his death in the priory of St. Gervais, on a quiet hill outside the walls of Rouen. At sunrise on September 10, 1087, he was awakened by the sound of bells, and on being told that they were ringing for matins he commended his soul to heaven and almost instantly expired, after several weeks of intense suffering. The moment the breath had left his body all his attendants fled, for a general panic ensued, and no one could foretell what terrible disasters might happen now that the strong hand was lifeless clay. Everything of value was carried off by the rapacious menials and vassals, and the body of the king was left almost naked on the floor.

When at length the clergy recovered their senses, and the Archbishop of Rouen ordered the corpse to be conveyed to Caen for burial, there was no one to undertake the charge till a country gentleman named Herluin, moved by compassion, burthened himself with the trouble and expense. The remains were clothed in the royal habit and taken uncoffined down the Seine and its estuary to Caen. They were met by the Abbot of St. Stephen's and his monks, but before the church was reached the funeral procession was dispersed by an outbreak of fire in the city, and the dead king was hurriedly conveyed to the abbey he had founded. Even at the graveside the final rites were ignominiously interrupted. When the body was about to be lowered into the tomb in the presence of the abbots and bishops of Normandy, a poor man stood forth and, in the name of God, forbade the ceremony to proceed further. "This ground," he cried in a loud voice, "is mine; upon it stood the house of my father. The man whom you pray for wrested it from me to build thereon his church. I claim it." It was not till the burial-place had been paid for and an engagement given that he should be indemnified for the rest of the ground that the interment was concluded.

A splendid monument, brilliant with gems and gold, was erected by William Rufus over the ashes of his father, but in the Huguenot wars of the sixteenth century the Abbey of St. Stephen was plundered and partly destroyed, the shrine was wrecked, and the bones of the Conqueror were scattered about the church. A thigh-bone, of such size as to indicate a man of great stature, was saved and placed in a new tomb when the church was restored in 1642. About a century later this second tomb was removed to another part of the choir, and in 1793, during the ruthless days of the Terror, it too was rifled, and the last relic of "the famous Baron" disappeared. The slab of black marble alone remains to mark the spot so tragically associated with the memory of Gulielmus Conquestor.

OLYMPIA MORATA

By the Rev. B. G. JOHNS, M.A.

IN the midst of the great campaign now going on as to woman's rights and woman's wrongs, social position, sufferings, and duties, it is worth while to look back to a time when there were women, equally fair, brave, and learned, who had had peace when the end came.

Materials for a sketch of Olympia Morata, the beautiful girl-student of Ferrara, are scanty enough, though the age in which she lived was a famous one, and the men and women who made it so were among the noblest and fairest. It was the age of Luther and Ascham, Spenser, Raleigh, and Shakespeare, of Lady Jane Grey, Mary Stuart, and Elizabeth of England,[*] when learning, wit, and beauty shone with unbroken splendour.

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[*] To whom the works of Olympia, 1580, were dedicated:—

D. ELISABETHÆ,
ANGLIÆ, FRANCIÆ, ATQUE HYBERNIÆ REGINÆ,
ECCLESIÆ XTIANÆ VERÆ PATRONÆ,
CÆLIUS S(ECUNDUS) C(URIO)
S. P. D. &c. &c. &c.

The latest edition of Olympia's works consists of two books: the first containing prose writings in Greek and Latin, dialogues, and a few letters; the second containing letters only; a few translations of Psalms into Greek verse, and epigrams, chiefly in Latin. It is, however, to the story of her brief life that we must turn for a true picture of Olympia herself. She was born in 1526 at Ferrara, famous for noble paintings, for the tomb of Ariosto, and the prison of Tasso, whose house and gardens are still to be seen. Hercules I., the then reigning duke, welcomed all comers, and thither flocked many a wealthy Jew from Spain and Portugal; men of fashion and of learning, traders in search of wealth, and idlers for amusement. There was ever a welcome for all comers—and it was to this city that his son Alphonso had once (in 1501) brought home his bride—the too-famous Lucrezia Borgia, then twenty-five years of age, to become for the third time a wife—her past life black with infamy, but now suddenly to appear of shining virtue. A riddle which still remains unsolved.

Twenty years later, there had settled at Ferrara a certain Peregrino Morato, a layman of repute and learning, who soon found friends and pupils among the nobles of the city. There he married and became the father of five children, of whom Olympia, the eldest, was born in 1526. Among his friends was one Calcagnini, "mathematician, astronomer, poet, scholar, and critic," hereafter to be the friend and teacher of his more famous daughter Olympia.

It was in 1528 (Olympia being then two years old) that Hercules II. brought home his bride, Renée, daughter of Louis XII., and a crowd of clergy and nobles went out to welcome her at the city gates. For a dowry she had little wealth and less beauty, being, in fact, crooked of shape, but of "right good and reformed tastes, intellect, and culture"; and with a "liking for the learned tongues, philosophy, mathematics, and astrology," her tutor being a certain John Calvin, of Geneva. One of her first steps, therefore, was the setting up in her own apartments of a quiet literary Academus, where men and women of the new faith might speak out freely, especially in matters of religion. To this haven soon came Calcagnini and his friend Peregrino, wandering over many a field—even of such forbidden topics as fate, free will, and reason absolute; and there, while but a child, Olympia won the heart of a grave old professor, who writes: "Kiss for me the little muse whose prattle is so charming"; "Take care of her, Morato, for thou hast in her a treasure and a light." Yet at that very time she had grounds for thought elsewhere in keeping house for a sickly mother.

And now came yet more terrible misfortune—in sudden banishment from Ferrara. In some way or other Morato had given offence to the reigning duke, and his exile lasted for six years—long and hard for the struggling scholar, wife, and children as they wandered wearily on to Venice, Vicenza, and Cesena in search of a resting-place. But wander where they might, one pupil Morato had, ever at hand, full of eager questioning, to whom he devoted himself. At Verielli they fell in with one Celio Curione, an eager disciple of the new faith. But the two friends had to part at last, when the days of exile were over; Curione to be hunted from place to place, and barely escape from the clutches of the Inquisition; and Morato to find his way back to Ferrara. Once there, he writes to his old friend, "Come to us, and soon; there is a welcome place for you by our hearth, and a corner in the library." Among the greyheaded men frequenting her father's house came a bright-eyed, sunny creature, who, having already won their hearts, now fairly turned their heads. They compared her to Diotime, who once lectured on philosophy, and had Socrates for a listener; to Aspasia, who not only drew sages to her feet, but won the homage of Pericles at Athens. Poets sang her praises in Greek, and sages in the language of Cicero. Yet, in the midst of all this incense, home was never forgotten, and Olympia found time to be a second mother to her younger sisters, even when her heart was with her beloved books. Her fame soon reached the ducal palace, and, to her great joy, she became governess to Renée's daughter Anna, a little maiden, scholar enough to turn Æsop into courtly Latin. The two girls became friends and students, in the days when not to be classical was to be nothing. "Henceforth," writes her old friend Calcagnini, "you may give yourself up to your beloved books, an essay in Greek on Mutius Scævola, a defence of Cicero, or a lecture on his paradoxes." Who, then, can wonder at such a girl being called on to speak on such topics before the learned men of a learned city, improvising in Greek on Euripides, expounding paradoxes, or answering the questions of all comers? Of the brave spirit with which she set to work the opening words of one lecture may serve to tell:

"I know well the unequalled benevolence of my hearers, and yet the timidity natural to my age and the feebleness of my own powers fill me with alarm. I tremble, and my voice fails. You, however, command, it is for me to obey, for no sacrifice is more acceptable to God than willing obedience. I submit myself, therefore, for the third time to your loving care, like a workman unskilled in his art who can make but little of a cross-grained marble, but if you offer to his chisel a block of snowy Parian will no longer count his work to be without value. The beauty of the material crowns his handiwork with a merit beyond his own. Strains of music there are so varied and so rich in harmonious melody that, even when springing from the poorest instrument, still retain somewhat of their living charm; and such are the words of my favourite author. To them, therefore, lend your ears, since in passing even through my lips they will not lose all their inborn majesty and grace."

Loud applause of course followed this appeal, and stanzas of glowing verses yet remain to testify of Olympia's eloquence and beauty, while in the ducal household she was surrounded by an atmosphere of flattery more subtle, delicate, and dangerous. But of this peril she seemed unconscious, and in her Latin verses of thanks she calmly accepts her true position, and receives praise as her simple due. So far, well. But in matters of faith clouds of uncertainty still darkened her path. The glitter of courtly life had still a voice to which it was hard to turn a deaf ear—especially when the whole city was *en fête* to welcome Pope Paul III., who now entered Ferrara with a princely retinue of bishops, cardinals, princes, ambassadors, and knights. Soon followed Pontifical high mass, and a Latin play for the ducal children, with Olympia at their head.

For five long and happy years went on this gay and splendid life, though the depths of her nature were as yet untouched. But the seeds of a new life were within her, and the leaven suddenly sprang up in thoughts of the life to come. Not such queries, indeed, as haunt the woman of to-day. "Is life worth living?" "Is there a future?" but of a deeper significance.* To her this life became an intense reality, and how best to live it her one desire. Once a friend had said, "Is it necessary to know that we are elected of God from eternity, before daring to call on Him?" "Nay," replies Olympia, "let us first go to Him, then shall we know that we are elect unto life eternal. And if you ask 'What is life eternal?' I answer, 'To know Him.'"

But a time came for quitting the shining, frivolous Court, and reaching a haven of truer life. "Never," she exclaimed, "never if I had stayed there should I have obtained a real knowledge of things immortal, or read one living page in the Book of Life." And yet she was loth to go. She wrote epigrams, she translated such pages of Boccaccio as could be handled by such a pen, and was still the wonder and delight of Ferrara.

She was twenty-one when, in 1548, her father fell sick unto death. At once she hurries away from Court, anxious only to soothe his last moments. The end soon came, and the worn-out old scholar died in peace, knowing that his Olympia's rare gifts had placed her above the reach of want. But fate had yet to strike a sharper blow on her return to Court, where she suddenly found herself dismissed, and in disgrace. Her friend, the Princess, had married the Duke de Guise, and gone to her new home; and the duke, a Catholic, now proved himself her enemy. She had, therefore, to return to her own sad house, and there learn the hard lesson of poverty. At once to the winds were flung all the delights of books; and with a brave heart she turned to household work, in the midst of which there flashed upon her the thought of a yet higher life. In one of the dungeons of Ferrara lay a young man, Fannio, who had dared to think out for himself the teaching of the new faith. Once, for the sake of his wife and children, he had recanted, and been released; but, finding his life a burden, had given himself up to the Inquisition, and now lay doomed to the flames. It was a vile den, and visitors were few; but among the few came Olympia, and it was while ministering to Fannio that there dropped into her own heart seeds of the truth for which he suffered. So her own faith sprang up anew in the light of conviction and the peace that follows it. Fannio still lingered in prison,* and Olympia still continued to visit him, even while her own sorrows were sharp enough for such words as: "Alone, and betrayed, forsaken by those who ought to have supported me, my sisters in the same ruin as myself, how shall I escape from this pit of trouble?"

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* To her the question of all questions was, *not*, "What is the world in which I now live?" but, "What am I who attempts to understand it?"

As yet she knew not that the "*Via Crucis*" was to be to her the "*Via Lucis*." "Whither," she cried, "shall I now turn for refuge? What shall I do to reach the light beyond these earthly cares?"

> Prospicit, et magnis curarum fluctuat undis.

For a time no answer came. "I need," she adds, "a living, loving Being whom I can trust, and for Him must I search." At last came light, by a way of which she little dreamed. Chance threw in her way a young student of medicine, Andreas Grunthler, a disciple of the new faith. He had but to see the young, brilliant maiden, and to hear her words, and his heart was gone from him.

In her days of joyous life at Court Olympia had no love but for the classic muse, but now, in the day of sorrow, her heart softened, and she not only listened to Andreas, but returned his passionate love, as her own words may tell:

> Jus tibi et arbitrium nostræ fortuna salutis
> Tradidit; inque tuâ vitaque morsque manu.
> κ.τ.λ.

To him she seemed perfection, and when she at last became his wife, in 1549, she celebrated the happy event in a Greek ode of triumphal joy. But troubles were not far off. Her husband was already known to be inclined to the new religion, and suspicion fell both upon him and his happy bride. The evil seed once sown, it grew apace, and he was driven to fly into Germany and seek for a new home. His absence filled her with dismay. "Night and day," she exclaims, "you are ever in my thoughts; I am always dreaming of you in danger of some kind or another. My old words are true:

> Quid mihi, dilecto te sine, vita boni?

Do contrive to let me know of your safety. My whole heart is with you. Leave no stone unturned that we may meet again this summer."

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In these days of passionate outcries from the New Woman—outcries for equality with men, and a share in the government of the world—this brief sketch will have fulfilled its purpose if it shows that in home life, and in the duties that lie round about it, woman may achieve her truest happiness, peace, and success. It was thus that Olympia Morata won her fame.

out for himself the teaching of the new faith. Once, for the sake of his wife and children, he had recanted, and been released; but, finding his life a burden, had given himself up to the Inquisition, and now lay doomed to the flames. It was a vile den, and visitors were few; but among the few came Olympia, and it was while ministering to Fannio that there dropped into her own heart seeds of the truth for which he suffered. So her own faith sprang up anew in the light of conviction and the peace that follows it. Fannio still lingered in prison,* and Olympia still continued to visit him, even while her own sorrows were sharp enough for such words as: "Alone, and betrayed, forsaken by those who ought to have supported me, my sisters in the same ruin as myself, how shall I escape from this pit of trouble?"

As yet she knew not that the "*Via Crucis*" was to be to her the "*Via Lucis*." "Whither," she cried, "shall I now turn for refuge? What shall I do to reach the light beyond these earthly cares?"

Prospicit, et magnis curarum fluctuat undis.

For a time no answer came. "I need," she adds, "a living, loving Being whom I can trust, and for Him must I search." At last came light, by a way of which she little dreamed. Chance threw in her way a young student of medicine, Andreas Grunthler, a disciple of the new faith. He had but to see the young, brilliant maiden, and to hear her words, and his heart was gone from him.

In her days of joyous life at Court Olympia had no love but for the classic muse, but now, in the day of sorrow, her heart softened, and she not only listened to Andreas, but returned his passionate love, as her own words may tell:

Jus tibi et arbitrium nostræ fortuna salutis
Tradidit; inque tuâ vitaque morsque manu.
κ.τ.λ.

To him she seemed perfection, and when she at last became his wife, in 1549, she celebrated the happy event in a Greek ode of triumphal joy. But troubles were not far off. Her husband was already known to be inclined to the new religion, and suspicion fell both upon him and his happy bride. The evil seed once sown, it grew apace, and he was driven to fly into Germany and seek for a new home. His absence filled her with dismay. "Night and day," she exclaims, "you are ever in my thoughts; I am always dreaming of you in danger of some kind or another. My old words are true:

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How we get our Drugs.

MANNA.

AT THE DOCKS.

CASTOR OIL BEANS.

NO one, I fancy, will be disposed to deny that there is something impressive and mysterious about a chemist's shop. Whether it be the indescribable odour that haunts it, the long array of antique-shaped jars and bottles, the fearsome and perfectly unintelligible legends inscribed thereon, the knowledge that deadly poisons and drugs of awful potency are lying within reach, and that the whole world, from frozen north to glowing tropics, has been laid under tax of her strangest and rarest to yield the medley of material with which to wage war against disease and death, some subtle influence there is that never fails to appeal to the imagination.

And it is, of course, largely to our own advantage—not to mention that of the doctor and the druggist—that this should be so. For how much does it count that our commonest ailments are called by high-sounding terms, that our physicians' prescriptions are unintelligible to the general public, that the shibboleth of the apothecary has so quaint a mediæval savour and a suggestion of alchemy and the Black Arts? Who can doubt the healing power of "Ol. Menth. Pip.," the potency of "Tr. Cinchonæ Co.," the awful might of "Mist. Sp. Vini Gallici"? And so long as mankind continue to be cured of their ailments by means of bread pills, electric belts and so forth, so long will it be to their interest that the chemist and the doctor should shroud their doings with all the pomp of learning and the veil of mystery that is in their power.

And, truth to tell, the nature, substance and history of our familiar drugs is often curious and wonderful enough without the aid of dog Latin and professional etiquette. They come from the East, bearing in strange package and covering tokens of Oriental mystery and romance. They come from primeval forests of the West, from icy polar seas and Southern realms of never-ending summer. They are distilled from the petals of fairest flowers, from twigs and leaves and bark and roots of giant trees and lowly shrubs; from poisonous herbs, from luscious fruits, from vegetable and insect parasites, from animal products horrible to contemplate. In days so long ago that their date is forgotten, man discovered for himself the magic power stored up in plant and seed, in bud and blossom, and from the uttermost ends of the earth come the ships that bear the means by which we strive to lighten our pains and lengthen our days.

A visit to the Docks, or, better, to the establishment of one of our great wholesale druggists, goes a long way towards the elucidation of the British Pharmacopœia, and is, moreover, not a little interesting and impressive. Down at the wharf the swarthy Lascar sailors are raising from the dark holds of sea-worn vessels bales and bundles whose exteriors and contents are equally unfamiliar and puzzling to the uninitiated. What is the meaning, for instance, of those scores of sacks, containing thousands of queer little shining beans? They have polished skins spotted with black, and inside they are soft and juicy, yet in their present attractive form there is little indeed to associate them with the gruesome bottles of castor-oil that haunted our childish days. We could never have conceived our old enemy under such favourable guise.

Also, what are those hard compact packages of canvas and hides, and what may be inside them? We learn that they are known as "serons," just arrived, perhaps, from South America, containing various sorts of drugs in their crude state, though it is hard to trace the least resemblance in the puzzling contents to the quinine, ipecacuanha, and so forth, that we are bid believe they represent.

RHUBARB
ORRIS ROOT

OPIUM.

ALOES.

We shall do well to follow one of the mighty vans into which these goods are being laden, through the narrow maze of the city to the warehouse to which it is bound. The chances are that it will lead us to that of Messrs. Horner and Sons, of Mitre Square, Aldgate, a locality rendered notorious a few years back as the scene of one of the peculiarly atrocious murders associated with Jack the Ripper. Messrs. Horner's is one of the largest, as it is certainly the oldest, of firms in this branch of trade, and their reputation is second to none. How many London houses can boast that they are mentioned in the plays of Shakespeare? But few, I fancy; yet does that immortal bard, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," speak of certain effeminate youths attired in woman's apparel who "smell like Bucklersbury in simple time"; and before 1878, when they migrated to their present quarters, there were Horners, druggists, in Bucklersbury from days so remote that history records them not.

And certainly, if Bucklersbury in simple time—whenever that might be—smelt at all as the warehouse in Mitre Square smells all the year round, it is no wonder it appealed to the imagination and nose of Sir John Falstaff. A perfectly indescribable yet quite distinct odour hangs heavy about every one of its many floors, while a rich blending of all suffuses the entire building. The "spicy breezes" that "blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle" are there, and the scent of the East which Kipling loves so well, the drowsy opium, the pungent chamomile, the aromatic gums, the enduring musk and vanilla, all are present with hundreds of others in the strange yet not unpleasant atmosphere, and long after we have left the house and the city behind us it yet clings about our clothing and recalls our visit.

Piled to the ceiling in every spacious and lofty room at Mitre Square are bales, boxes, casks, bundles and every conceivable kind of package, many of fantastic nature and with quaint hieroglyphics inscribed thereon. Many are entire as they have come from the Docks, but others are "ullage," that is to say, broken open, and part of their queer contents removed.

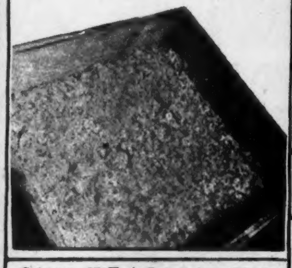
Our attention is first struck, maybe, with a rough tin-lined wooden box, divided into compartments, in which lie a number of large irregular fragments of a light pale-coloured substance looking something like hardened honey, and suggesting the idea of being good to eat. This is manna—a drug of infant days—produced by the exudation of a species of ash, grown largely in Sicily. There, in the summer months, the collectors make deep incisions in the bark with curved-bladed knives, when the manna, which is of a sugary character, commences to ooze out and harden in lumps and flakes, in which form it is packed for exportation. Whether or no this fragile-looking product has any sort of connection with the food of the Israelites in the Wilderness, it is certainly curiously suggestive of the popular conception of the nature and appearance of that wondrous substance.

Much more puzzling to the stranger is the aloes, as we see it here in its crude form. Whatever idea the name and association suggest, it is not that of a solid mass of what might almost be sealing-wax except for its colour—a sort of brown purple—and which is contained in heavy wooden boxes, from which it has to be chipped out in flakes and lumps by a chisel and hammer. There are various species of aloes, of different value according as to whether they come from Socotra, Arabia, or the West Indies, the price ranging from 25*s*. to 180*s*. per cwt. The drug, a most extensively employed one, is produced from the juice of the large, thick, fleshy leaves that distinguish the plant. This juice, which is pressed or evaporated from the leaves, is poured into the chests and kegs and monkey skins (!) in which it reaches the market in a semi-fluid state, which hardens presently into the solid block in which we now see it, being again dissolved for use in the intensely nasty medicines which contain it.

Probably the most interesting drug to be seen in this or any other similar establishment is the opium. Its awful potency, the romance associated with it, and its great commercial value, render it specially attractive to those to whom it is unfamiliar. To gratify our curiosity as to how it looks in the raw, two workmen, who stagger under the weight of 2¼ cwt., lay before us a deal box some 2½ feet long by 1½ foot broad and 14 inches deep. "What may be the worth of this?" we ask as they proceed to knock off the top boards, and we are proportionately impressed to learn that it represents a value of £80 or so. Under the lid is a tin lining, and when this is removed we see that the case is filled with a number of large soft masses like dark lumps of dough, packed closely together as figs in a box. Scattered about these masses are a number of reddish-brown chaffy seeds, really the fruit of a species of dock. The lumps themselves consist of some two pounds weight of opium enveloped in poppy leaves. If we pull aside this covering we find it to contain a dark brown viscous substance, smelling strongly with that heavy drowsy odour which ever belongs to the poppy tribe. Each of these masses has been collected with infinite labour and patience by

IPECACUANHA.

SARSAPARILLA.



GUM TRAGACANTH.

dusky Asiatics who have traversed the poppy fields, piercing and collecting the juice from each individual flower in the field—work that no European would undertake. Almost all the opium which reaches England, and which is of two qualities — one chiefly used for medicine, and the other for smoking —comes from Asia Minor and Persia, Chinese and Indian opium being too much adulterated for our market.

QUININE.

LIQUORICE

OTTO OF ROSES, MUSK. CIVET & VANILLA.

In an upper floor, possessing a savour all its own, we come on scores of large cases full of big irregular blocks of a bright yellow-coloured root. "Rhubarb," says our guide, indicating it. "Ah! then it comes from Turkey!" we cry joyfully, glad to display our learning for once, but our friend smiles contemptuously. "There is no such thing as Turkey rhubarb," he says, "and, what is more, there never has been!" All the rhubarb of commerce hails from China, reaching us through Russia for the most part, but because in olden days it made its journey by way of Turkey it became known as Turkey rhubarb, and Turkey rhubarb it will remain because of the conservative tendencies of the British public.

A number of sacks of white pellets here alternate with the yellow cases. This is orris root, from Leghorn. Its name, by the way, is a corruption of "Iris," the rootstock of a certain species of which tribe it is. In its crude form it smells but little, the well-known odour only being apparent when the roots are crushed or bruised. One of Messrs. Horner's specialities is an extremely concentrated oil of orris, called "otto of orris," a comparatively small bottle of which is worth nearly £100.

But what have we here in this mighty pile of dry twigs, all tied so neatly into small bundles, a perfect mountain of which blocks up all one corner of the third floor? Do Messrs. Horner combine the making of birch-brooms with that of the wholesale drug trade? Not so, we are assured. We see before us only a famous blood purifier in the rough—to wit, our old friend sarsaparilla. These folded twigs are really the creeping roots and rootlets of a twining shrub with prickly stems that comes from Jamaica and elsewhere, and is worth from 5*d.* to 2*s.* a pound.

Of a somewhat similar nature is the ipecacuanha, a large sack of which is opened for our inspection. It also is a trailing root belonging to a plant found in the damp shady woods of Brazil, and receives no preparation, save drying, before it is shipped off to Europe, chiefly by way of Montevideo. A peculiarly choking and irritating dust is given off as the bale is opened, which the workmen tell us is productive of unpleasant results if incautiously inhaled.

Hung from the ceiling on this floor are many dozens of bags containing a large number of poppy-heads, and also (probably) a small number of mice. Mice abound here, as in all London warehouses, and poppy-heads are their special delight! Curiously enough, in spite of the enormous collection of strange and unfamiliar materials that might be regarded as perfectly edible from a mouse's point of view, such a thing as a poisoned mouse here is unknown. Some marvellous instinct, denied, alas! to man leads these little animals to discover, without trial, what they may eat with impunity and what is poisonous or would unpleasantly affect their tiny interiors, although brought together from every corner of the world; surely a fact worth noting.

A considerable part of the warehouse is of necessity given over to the gums, which form such a large and important part of the Pharmacopœia. Each of the large deal cases in which they arrive is labelled with the familiar names, "Gum Arabic," "Gum Senegal," "Gum Benjamin" (or Benzoin), "Gum Myrrh," or "Gum Tragacanth." This last is rather fascinating in appearance, being perfectly white and flaky, and it is largely used in the preparation of jellies and jujubes. The greater bulk of it reaches us from Smyrna and Bussorah in Persia.

Equally bulky and important are the barks, which yield, perhaps, the most valuable and treasured medicine known to man. Many readers, no doubt, will recall how vastly dearer quinine was in bygone days than it is at the present time. Twenty years ago, we are told, it realised the truly enormous price of 16*s.* 6*d.* an ounce, the same amount being now worth no more than 1*s.* 2*d.* The difference is mainly due to the large quantity now grown in Java and the East Indies, whereas formerly it was to be obtained at great expense from South America alone. The bark is packed either flat or in "quills"—that is, curled round upon itself like a roll.

One of the few drugs which arrives wholesale in England in the form with which we are familiar is the liquorice. This is really the juice extracted from the roots of a plant belonging to the pea-and-bean tribe, grown in Southern Europe. It is chiefly cultivated in Italy, where the juice is converted into the long black sticks we know so well, and which are packed for exportation among bay leaves in rough deal cases.

The enormous amount of money represented by the thousands of costly packages collected in the warehouse cannot fail to appeal to the imagination, but on entering the room sacred to the perfumes only this feeling is greatly enhanced. It is with something akin to reverence that we contemplate the curious-shaped metal flasks covered with thick felt, containing each 100 ounces of otto of roses, and worth £120 apiece.

Equally impressive is a small and gaudily painted cardboard box, whose Chinese paper covering is coloured red, blue and green. Within, packed in lead, are a number of soft brown pods, wrapped in rice-paper, which it needs no explanation to tell us is musk, most persistent of odours, whose scent will cling to the hand that has once touched it even after repeated washings. Each of these little pods is worth no less than 42*s.*, so that the value of the whole box, which contains some twenty-five or thirty of them, is very considerable. These boxes, or "caddies," as they are termed, come from China, principally Shanghai, the deer from which the scent is obtained inhabiting the tablelands of Central Asia.

That other extraordinary animal perfume, civet, is packed, quaintly enough, in cows' horns, one of which is shown in the accompanying photograph. These horns contain from one to three pounds of civet each, and are covered at the mouth with skin. Unlike the musk, civet in bulk smells abominably, and it is only in very small quantities that its odour is agreeable.

The fourth perfume in the picture is vanilla, the beautifully fragrant pods of a species of orchid found in Mexico, Mauritius and Seychelles, whence they are exported in tin boxes containing a number of bundles, each bundle weighing about eight ounces. The tenacity of the scent of these somewhat sticky-looking pods is well-nigh equal to that of musk itself.

It is sad to learn that in the world of medicine, as in so much else, German competition has made itself felt very considerably. Particularly is the sale of such newfangled chemical remedies as sulphonal, phenacetin and other coal-tar products affecting the market of older vegetable drugs. Whether this change is a wholesome one time alone will prove; at least it is to be hoped that our good old-fashioned remedies, sensibly applied, that have helped to cure our own and our fathers' ills, may not be driven from the field they have held so long with honour and success.

GERTRUDE BACON.

THE QUEEREST PHASE OF NEWSPAPER WORK

By JOHN PENDLETON

THE newspaper-reader has, lately, been somewhat bewildered by journalistic enterprise. The heliograph, telephone, and cable have tended to the speedy acquisition and transmission of news. The type-setting machine, jocularly known as the "pianoforte" of the newspaper-office, has given the compositor a newer and swifter occupation, and his deft playing upon the keys, instead of the old-fashioned method of picking up every letter separately, results in the rapid setting of line and column, till the page is completed and ready for stereotyping in the foundry; consequently, evening papers have increased and multiplied, and depending to a great extent on sensation for their circulation, they are often fertile in startling news.

The sedate and eminently respectable morning journals, hitherto contented with orthodox but somewhat dull leading articles, and with the quietest display of home and foreign intelligence, are striving after a brighter style of writing, and indulging in big type headings to their news; nevertheless they are in some danger of being shouldered out of the market by the halfpenny morning papers, which are not only novel in arrangement, and contain many special features, but are remarkable, even to audacity, in their news-gathering. In the rush of modern journalism, however, one newspaper-man never loses his head. The person who prepares the memorial notices, whether on morning or evening paper, goes gravely about his task, undisturbed by the frantic effort around him.

Newspaper-readers are often surprised, on the death of a great man or famous woman, to see in their favourite journal a long account of his or her career. Emperor, statesman, explorer or warrior may die at two o'clock in the morning, or three o'clock in the afternoon. So suddenly has the mystery of death come that only a few minutes, perhaps, intervene between the sad event and the issue of the paper, telling where the distinguished minister or orator was born, how he strove, what he achieved, and where he died, and the question involuntarily arises, "How is it done?"

Invariably it is accomplished with comparatively little effort. The literary undertaker, the man who patiently rakes together the facts, is usually a quiet, observant journalist, devoid of ambition, but with a stealthy delight in his rather gruesome work. He can scarcely be called a great writer, but he has a genius for detail. No incident in the career of eminent personage escapes him. He is a reaper of information. He scrapes daily into its distinctive heap material that ultimately forms the biography of monarch, or of individual celebrated or notorious. The exception proves the rule, and occasionally the obituary-maker is obliged to toil under high pressure. On the death of Hugh Conway, the author of "Called Back," a pressman, generally considered fossilised, astounded the other members of the staff by writing, in a little over two hours, a column notice of the literary man's career, the printer's boy taking the copy slip by slip to the compositors.

The memorial notice is, nevertheless, usually prepared leisurely. The work is done so systematically that the matter is in type when the celebrity dies, and it is only necessary to preface it with a few lines as follows: "We regret to announce the death of the Duke of Pretoria, which occurred at two o'clock this morning at his town-house. Appended is a notice of his career."

The system that enables the newspaper undertaker to keep abreast of time and circumstance is a simple one. He treasures an indexed list of great people, of those who are springing into fame, and of leading local men. He collects from Debrett, "Men of the Time," "Who's Who," encyclopedia, book, magazine, and newspaper any interesting fact relating to their lives. In every well-organised office he is provided with a pigeon-holed cupboard, arranged alphabetically, and in this receptacle he places marked envelopes containing rough outlines, or already written accounts, of the lives of personages who, through the accident of birth or by splendid effort, are conspicuously out of the ruck.

It is his duty to keep these packets up to date, and also, under the editor's direction, to commission the writing of special obituaries, say of king, statesman, divine, or military leader. The memorial notice of the late Duke of Argyll, in one morning journal, was written by a very cultured pen, and revealed considerable personal knowledge of the lofty and high-spirited aristocrat. The sketch of the career of the late German Emperor, which appeared in an important English daily, was obtained, at great cost, from a writer more familiar with Berlin than London. In fact, Thackeray's account of the inner and social life of the Court of Pumpernickel was not more exact and kindly than this description of his majesty's life, from his Crown Prince days, and through the strife of the Franco-Prussian campaign, to his brief exaltation as Emperor.

Trouble and cost are counted little on influential newspapers if a striking obituary notice can be secured, that is, a notice not only well written, but appearing under the name of well-known statesman, diplomat, church dignitary, or author. There is absolutely no sentiment in a newspaper-office. A few years ago the editor of a prominent daily journal wrote to Sir Theodore Martin requesting him, at any honorarium he liked to fix, to supply a memorial notice of the Queen, but the tempting offer was declined.

Lord Salisbury and a score of famous men in Great Britain to-day are aware that in nearly every newspaper-office "stories of their lives from year to year" are in process of compilation. Irascible persons may denounce this anticipation of the inevitable as an outrage on refined feeling, yet the system has its whimsical side. The journalist will tell you in all seriousness that the preparation of your obituary notice is a positive advantage to you; that, strange as it may appear, the manuscript account of your life is a safeguard against death. Certainly it is a fact that the memorial notices of many eminent men, written years ago, have been extended, and altered time after time, in chronicling their careers into longevity.

The saying, "There is no accounting for taste," applies directly to the memorial notice. Harriet Martineau wrote her own obituary. Another notability, asked to supply details of his career to a newspaper for memorial purposes, sent the following characteristic reply: "At the breakfast-table, while I was happily receiving the congratulations of my family on my seventy-sixth birthday, I opened your letter. When I read of the object for which you require the information, the subsequent proceedings interested me no more. A moment after I had been told I looked as if I might live for ever, comes your reminder that the newspapers are making preparations for my death! I'll forgive your untimely intrusion if you promise not to be too hard on me in your sketch of my career. I only hope that the newspapers circulate in paradise, in order that I may there read what you have to say of me."

Except in rare instances, newspapers "speak gently of the dead"; but perhaps it would be more gratifying to ruler, statesman, pioneer, to the man of mark in any calling, if he could read all the nice things written about him before his exit. Lord Elgin was curious on the point, whispering shortly before death, "I wonder what the *Times* will say of me?"

The Prince of Wales was more fortunate than Lord Elgin. During the severe illness of his Royal Highness a quarter of a century ago, when recovery appeared hopeless, sketches of his career were hastily put in type, and in every newspaper-office there was the flutter of expectancy. But, to everybody's delight, the Prince got better; he had, also, the curiosity to see the estimate the newspapers had formed of his character and life. Accordingly, printed slips of the most important obituary notices were presented to his Royal Highness in a scrap-book, and the Prince naturally looks upon that volume as the most unique work his library contains.

The story of Lord Brougham's freak, by which he was enabled to peruse his own obituary notice, is familiar enough. A man must possess an exceedingly sardonic vein to prompt him to circulate the news of his own death, simply to ascertain what other people think about him. Lord Brougham had, perhaps, the best of the grim joke; but he received more hard knocks than he anticipated. Since that time many men, including Robert Louis Stevenson, have had the privilege, owing to the impetuosity of newspaper enterprise, of reading how they lived and died.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of premature obituary notice was furnished during the recent rising in China. The newspapers gave graphic descriptions of the doings of the Boxers, stories of outrage, massacre, and hard fighting. The legations in Pekin were in peril; then came news that the European colony had been slain by the barbarous horde. Several of the daily journals took it for granted that Sir Claude Macdonald, and other members of the British Legation, had become a prey to Celestial fury, and gave sympathetic obituary notices, one newspaper beginning its column of Sir Claude Macdonald's career with these words: "The appalling tragedy which has darkened the closing months of the century has involved many distinguished victims, but none whose fate will excite more grief and compassion than that of the British Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of China." The pathos of the obituary notice was discounted by the same journal's news supply, which said that hope had been raised for the safety of the legations at Pekin; and later, by Sir Claude Macdonald himself, for he was not dead, and on greeting the Allied force sent to his relief, expressed rather satisfaction than "grief and compassion" at his fate.

It is always unwise to jump to conclusions as to a man's demise in a distant land. It is inexcusable nearer home. A few years ago, in a Yorkshire city, a local manufacturer who had been generous with his wealth in the cause of education hovered for days on the brink of death. Night after night the reporters on duty drove to his residence to obtain the latest bulletins. These gave the monotonous information: "No change—no improvement." One afternoon, however, the proprietor of the evening paper, gossiping at his club, was told that the manufacturer had expired. He hurried to the office, wrote a few lines of graceful regret, and sent the paragraph to the printers' overseer, with an instruction that he should add the memorial notice, give the matter a big heading, and get out a special edition. The chief reporter urged that the news should be verified.

"It's quite unnecessary; I had it from so-and-so," replied the proprietor brusquely.

In half an hour the streets were resounding with the voices of the newsboys crying the special edition and the man's death. The paper sold quickly. Meantime a gentleman drove to the office, and complimented the proprietor on the well-written sketch of the manufacturer's career; but, being a wag, slyly remarked:

"Oh, there is one rather awkward fact that has been overlooked in the hurry of publication."

"What's that?" asked the proprietor sharply.

"Why—he's not dead!" replied the visitor in the half-sympathetic, half-taunting tone that makes the listener desperate.

The printing-machines were stopped and the unsold copies of the special edition suppressed; but news travels fast, and the manufacturer, alive both in mind and body, though killed in print, had the satisfaction of perusing his own memorial notice—of ascertaining in type what a good man he had been, and what a host of sorrowing friends he had left behind!

The pressman who has charge of the memorial-notice department in a newspaper-office has a tendency to extremes. His work, according to his temperament, induces a condition of melancholy or of frolic. One journalist, for instance, revealed morbid zeal in the collection of material for his own obituary and in attending interments, another denied that his occupation had any depressing effect, and said that at social gatherings his laugh was the merriest. But, perhaps, the memorial-notice writer, taken in emergency from his accustomed toil to describe festivity, is the greatest phenomenon in journalism.

Some years ago a popular bishop of the Northern Province decided, late in life, to marry. The secret was well kept; neither the date nor place of the rite leaked out; but the memorial-notice writer on a morning paper, who was intimate with nearly every ecclesiastic in his lordship's diocese, heard a mysterious rumour of the coming wedding. He mentioned the rumour at the office, and was instructed to give a special report of the ceremony. Jaunty, gossipy, indefatigable, he ferreted out the church, though it was distant, attended the wedding, bustled into the vestry, watched the signing of the register, and then, to the prelate's astonishment, heartily grasped his hand and said: "Good morning, my lord—pretty wedding—much happiness—allow me to congratulate you in the name of the diocese!"

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

By the Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE WITNESS TO CHRIST OF THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN WRITING—III

"Paul and Silvanus and Timothy unto the Church of the Thessalonians."—1 Thess. i. 1

THE divine Christ who died for our sins rose again from the dead: this, which is the message of every Easter Day, is also the teaching of this earliest Christian writing. There is not, it is true, in this epistle any such detailed argument concerning the resurrection of Christ as we have, *e.g.*, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. There was nothing in the circumstances of those to whom the letter was addressed to make such an argument necessary. When Paul first visited the Thessalonians he spared no pains, as we learn from Luke's narrative, in setting forth the whole truth on this most important matter: "Paul, as his custom was, went in unto them, and for three sabbath days reasoned with them from the scriptures, opening and alleging, that it behoved the Christ to suffer, and to rise again from the dead; and that this Jesus whom, said he, I proclaim unto you, is the Christ." So Paul had preached, and so the Thessalonians had believed: "Some of them were persuaded, and consorted with Paul and Silas; and of the devout Greeks a great multitude, and of the chief women not a few." In writing to them, therefore, the Apostle does not need to demonstrate anew the truth of the resurrection; he assumes it and argues from it. Thus in one place he says, "If we believe"—there is of course no doubt implied by the "if"; it is, as the grammarians say, simply logical and virtually assertory: "if, as is the case," &c. (*cf.* Col. iii. 1; 1 Peter i. 17)—"that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" (iv. 14). And again, he reminds them how they had "turned unto God from idols, to serve a living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead."

Let us seek to weigh the significance of this. Of the importance of the historical fact of the resurrection it is needless to speak. Again and again does St. Paul stake everything upon its truth. Nor do I need to dwell upon the attempts which from time to time have been made to invalidate the testimony of the Four Gospels. We have been told, with an emphasis which the facts certainly do not justify, that our Gospels are of much later date than we have been in the habit of supposing, and that it was during the long interval which elapsed between the alleged occurrence of the resurrection and the first publication of the story that the legend of the Gospels gradually sprang up. Well, the date of the Four Gospels is a matter which we may confidently leave to the discussion and judgment of our scholars. At the present moment, and for the purposes of the present argument, there is no need to consider it. Let us keep our eyes fastened on the little letter which lies before us and ask what is its testimony.

This, then, is what we find, that within twenty years of the death of Christ there were Christian Churches, not only in Palestine, but in Europe, built on the faith of the resurrection. Further, the man whose preaching resulted in the formation of these Churches had himself held and taught this faith since the day of his conversion, many years before. Not only so, but they to whom at the time of his conversion he had joined himself, the Apostles and members of the Church in Palestine, also held it; it was the bond of their union, the theme of all their preaching. The story of the resurrection a myth? But myths do not spring up like mushrooms, in a single night. They need time to grow; and in this case the time cannot be found, for as we have seen the belief in the resurrection can be traced back to the time when the event itself is alleged to have taken place. I will make bold to say that there is not so much as a single square inch of standing-ground for any theory which seeks to account for the belief in the resurrection as a gradual growth which had its roots in the love and veneration of the first disciples. And we may confidently challenge unbelief to furnish any explanation of that early and widespread belief to which this epistle bears its witness other than that the resurrection really took place. Faith, doubtless, has its own difficulties to meet, but they are trifles light as air compared with the difficulties of unbelief. For if Christ did not rise from the dead, then the whole fabric of Christendom, from the days of the Apostles until now, is built upon a delusion. But it does really seem, as Dr. Maclaren once said, as if some men would rather believe in the ridiculous than in the supernatural. They will boggle at the smallest gnat of orthodoxy, and then swallow without blinking any number of the camels of heterodoxy.

"If Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain . . . ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ have perished." It is a tremendous alternative, but the Apostle did not shrink from it, nor need we. Here, at least, faith is justified of reason, and has reason by her side when she cries, "Now is Christ risen from the dead."

SECOND SUNDAY

THE WITNESS TO CHRIST OF THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN WRITING—IV

"Paul and Silvanus and Timothy unto the Church of the Thessalonians."—1 Thess. i. 1

CHRIST is divine; He died for our sins; He rose again from the dead; and He will come again to be our Judge. This truth, also, which is written so large on almost every page of the New Testament, has its place in this first letter to the Church of Thessalonica.

But what does St. Paul mean, and what do the other New Testament writers mean, when they speak of the second coming of Christ? "It may be frankly admitted," says Dr. Denney, "that the return of Christ to His disciples is capable of different interpretations. He came again, though it was but intermittently, when He appeared to them after His resurrection. He came again, to abide with them permanently, when His Spirit was given to the Church at Pentecost. He came, they would all feel who lived to see it, signally in the destruction of Jerusalem, when God executed judgment historically on the race which had rejected Him, and when the Christian Church was finally and decisively liberated from the very possibility of dependence on the Jewish. He comes still, as His own words to the high priest suggest—'from this time on ye shall see the Son of Man coming'—in the great crises of history, when the old order changes, yielding place to new; when God brings a whole age, as it were, into judgment, and gives the world a fresh start. But all these admissions, giving them the widest possible application, do not enable us to call in question what stands so plainly in the pages of the New Testament—what filled so exclusively the minds of the first Christians—the idea of a personal return of Christ at the end of the world. We need lay no stress upon the scenery of New Testament prophecy, any more than on the similar element of Old Testament prophecy; the voice of the archangel and the trump of God are like the turning of the sun into darkness and the moon into blood; but if we are to retain any relation to the New Testament at all, we must assert the personal return of Christ as Judge of all." The extract is a long one, but it contains so admirable and scriptural a statement of the truth on this important matter that no one, I think, will wish it a word shorter.

But not only did St. Paul look for the coming of Christ—in the sense which Dr. Denney has so clearly explained—but, at the time of the writing of this epistle to the Thessalonians, he appears to have shared the general expectation of the early Christians, that Christ would come quickly; and if this hope were in his heart we may be quite sure it would be often on his lips both in his public and his private ministry in Thessalonica. His hearers, however, had seriously misunderstood, and were perverting to their own hurt, many of the things which he had said; and it was these wrong impressions of his teaching which led to the further exposition of the subject which this epistle contains. One great concern of the Apostle's—and it is of this alone that I have space now to speak—was to check the morbid curiosity and unhealthy excitement which the anticipation of Christ's speedy return had created in the minds of many of his converts, and which were unfitting them for the fulfilment of the ordinary tasks of their life. "We exhort you, brethren," he writes to men whose religious feverishness was using up energies which should have been turned to practical ends, "that ye abound more and more; and that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your hands, even as we charged you; that ye may walk honestly towards them that are without, and may have need of nothing" (iv. 10-12).

Have not some among us need of the same sharp reproof to-day? Spurgeon used to say that some of his friends were so busy preaching the second coming of Christ that they forgot to preach the first: "Ye men of Plymouth, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? Go on with your work." It is said that once, during the sitting of a Puritan assembly, when a dense darkness came on, some one proposed that they should adjourn because it might be the beginning of the day of judgment. "Nay," answered the president, "rather let the candles be lighted, for if it be the day of judgment we had better be found doing our duty."

"This Jesus, which was received up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld Him going into heaven." But, meanwhile, He hath given to every man his work; and we may be sure there is no preparation for His coming like the faithful doing of the appointed task. "What shall it avail thee," asks Thomas à Kempis, "to be engaged in profound reasonings concerning the Trinity, if thou be void of humility, and art thereby displeasing to the Trinity?" And what shall it avail us that we have reasoned high concerning "times and seasons" which the Father hath set within His own authority, if the daily duty be undone, the appointed task untouched? We, too, like the Thessalonians, are called "to serve a living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven"; we must wait as we serve and serve as we wait. So shall come to pass the word which was spoken by Jesus: "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE WITNESS TO CHRIST OF THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN WRITING—V

"Paul and Silvanus and Timothy unto the Church of the Thessalonians."—1 Thess. i. 1

In four previous readings we have traced the testimony of this epistle to the divinity, the death, the resurrection, the return of Jesus Christ. In this, which will conclude the series, we are to mark the power of this divine, crucified, and risen Lord to save men from their sins, to which also this same letter bears its witness.

Think of the man who wrote the letter. By his own confession he had been once "a blasphemer, and a persecutor and injurious"; he had "persecuted the Church of God and made havock of it." Not content with "binding and delivering into prisons both men and women," and persecuting them "even unto foreign cities," he had even striven "to make them blaspheme."

> Dear men and women, whom I sought and slew!
> Ah, when we mingle in the heavenly places
> How will I weep to Stephen and to you!

But he "obtained mercy," and on the way to Damascus, behold, all things became new.

Think of the men and women to whom the letter was sent. Gentiles for the most part, they were, when Paul preached to them, wholly given up to idolatry, and many of them to the grossest sensual sins. But as he preached, they ceased to do evil and learnt to do well; the idolater forsook his idols, and the impure man his lusts, until, so swift and signal was the triumph, the story of that which God had wrought in Thessalonica went forth into all the region round about. "Ye became imitators of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost; so that ye became an example to all that believe in Macedonia and in Achaia. For from you hath sounded forth [the Greek word suggests a clear, ringing note, as of a trumpet] the word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but in every place your faith to God-ward is gone forth; so that we need not to speak anything."

It was doubtless in the memory of moral revolutions like those which had been wrought in Thessalonica and elsewhere that the Apostle, a few years later, wrote to the Church at Rome: "As much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you also that are in Rome. For I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Note how the Apostle thinks of the gospel: it is a "power." It involves, as we have seen, a history; and the history cannot be dispensed with, for it is in and through it that the "power" is revealed. It involves, also, as might be shown, a philosophy; and this also must be held fast lest false philosophies rule out the great pre-suppositions of divine revelation. But it was not for the sake of its history, nor for the sake of its philosophy, that Paul was eager to preach the gospel in Rome, but because he longed to see made manifest there also that same divine power whose wondrous workings he had witnessed in Thessalonica, and which, wherever free course had been given it, had proved itself a power "unto salvation." And this is a conception of the gospel to which we cannot too often return. "Its proof, so to speak, is dynamical, not logical. It is demonstrated, not by argument, but by what it does." As Henry Drummond once said: the evidence for Christianity is not the "Evidences"; the evidence for Christianity is a Christian. Or, if we prefer Professor Seeley's way of putting it, the article of conversion is the true *articulus stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiæ;* when the power of reclaiming the lost dies out of the Church, it ceases to be the Church. The final test of the measure in which the gospel has been really believed and received must always be its presence as a power in the life of the world.

Apply the test to the days of Paul and the first centuries of the Christian era, and we know the result. The triumphs of the early Church belong to the established facts of universal history, no more to be denied than the decline and fall of ancient Rome. But what of to-day? Is the gospel still the power of God unto salvation? Can Christ still work amongst us the mighty works He wrought of old in Thessalonica? "Loud mockers in the roaring street" say that His day is done. Done? Has it come? "It has only dawned. It will come by-and-by." Have we not read of His doings in our own day in Madagascar and Fiji? Could not Alexander Mackay of Uganda, and John G. Paton of the New Hebrides, and James Gilmour of Mongolia tell us of miracles of grace not less marvellous than those which made glad the hearts of Timothy and Paul? Have there not been many, even in China, who have been found worthy, not only to believe on Christ, but also to suffer in His behalf? And in our own land He is with us still, and by hands made quicker unto good through love for Him, still feeding the hungry, healing the sick, befriending the friendless, even as in the days of old. Still He hath power on earth to forgive sins, still He commandeth the unclean spirits and they do obey Him, as thousands of forgiven and freed souls can testify. "Say that His day is done! Ah, why should we care what they say?" Christ lives, His power never faileth, no evil is too strong for Him, no life is too bad for Him; His is still the name that is above every name—"Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." *

FOURTH SUNDAY

VIVIT! VIVIT!

"The things that are above, where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God."—Col. iii. 1

It is said that Luther was once found, at a moment of peril and fear, sitting in an abstracted mood, tracing on the table with his finger the words "Vivit! vivit!"—"He lives! He lives!" And every reader of Dr. Dale's biography will remember the joy unspeakable and full of glory which the revelation of the same great truth brought to him. He was writing an Easter sermon, and when half-way through, the thought of the risen Lord broke in upon him as it had never done before. "'Christ is alive,' I said to myself; 'alive!' and then I paused; 'alive!' and then I paused again; 'alive! Can that really be true? Living as really as I myself am?' I got up and walked about repeating, 'Christ is living!' 'Christ is living!' At first it seemed strange and hardly true, but at last it came upon me as a burst of sudden glory; 'Yes, Christ is living.' It was to me a new discovery. I thought that all along I had believed it; but not until that moment did I feel sure about it. I then said, 'My people shall know it; I shall preach about it again and again until they believe it as I do now.'" Thus it was Dale came to write his "Living Christ and the Four Gospels."

And herein both Dale and Luther show themselves disciples in the school of Paul. The words which I have quoted above are but one out of a hundred passages which might have been given to illustrate the Apostle's faith in Christ as living and supreme. "To Paul Christ was infinitely more than an august and pathetic tradition"; He was the risen and living Lord to whom all authority in heaven and earth had been given, "seated on the right hand of God." We are sometimes tempted to wish that it had been given to us to see the human Jesus, to walk with Him through the cornfields and hear Him speak, as His disciples did.

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* I have to express my indebtedness in these five readings to a sermon by Dr. Maclaren, which I read several years ago. How far my indebtedness extends beyond the suggestion of the general method of treatment I cannot now say.

> I think when I read the sweet story of old . . .
> I should like to have been with Him then.

It is not, perhaps, an unnatural desire, yet it seems to find no slightest echo in the thought and heart of Paul. Nay, "even though," he says, "we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now we know Him so no more." He whom Paul had come to know was One greater than the human Jesus. There is one glory of the Man of Nazareth, and another glory of the Risen Lord, and this, which is the glory that excelleth, was the glory that Paul saw. Not in the weakness of His earthly humiliation, but in the glory of His heavenly exaltation, did the Apostle behold his Lord. Not as the Man who wept and was weary, who was an hungred and athirst, was tempted and forsaken, did he proclaim Him to the world, but as the Eternal Son of God, raised to the Father's right hand, far above all rule and authority and power and dominion, and given to be Head over all things. And so, perhaps, we may speak of the Epistles as a kind of Fifth Gospel, not superseding, and still less contradicting, but rather supplementing and completing the Gospels of the Four.

"Vivit! Vivit!"—is not this a sure word of revelation to which we shall do well to give greater heed? We cannot think too often of the Cross whereon Christ died; we may think of it too exclusively, till we forget the Throne whereon He sits. No one can deny the greatness of the service which Roman Catholic art has rendered to the life of Christendom, by its exquisite and moving representations of our Saviour, both in His infancy and in His passion; but, on the other hand, no one can wander through the churches and picture galleries of the Continent without feeling how much has been lost through the unending exhibition of the symbols of weakness and suffering; everywhere the Son of God is either a helpless babe or a dead man. But surely we are far nearer the thought of the Apostle when, as one has said, "we hold up neither a 'bambino' nor a crucifix, neither a Saviour in arms nor a Saviour dead," but when "we preach the living, present Christ raised to give what He died to procure."

"Vivit! Vivit!" To us no more than to Paul is Christ only "an august and pathetic tradition." We are not as they who bring their gifts to a dead master's shrine, nor as they who lay their flowers on a loved one's grave. A dead Christ may be the object of a grateful memory; none but a living Christ can be the Author of Salvation, the Giver of Eternal Life. Not in the remembrance of Christ, but in Christ Himself have His people found salvation. The song of the redeemed is not only "unto Him that loved us" (Rev. i. 5, A.V.), but "unto Him that loveth us" (R.V.). He whom we serve is He whose voice John heard in the isle that is called Patmos, saying, "Fear not, I am the First, and the Last, and the Living One; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of Hades."

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

THE longing for the Spring is on me, and I fancy I can realise the feeling of gladness and new hope that expressed itself in those quaint and pretty ways of the old time, which the world has grown, nearly everywhere, too old and self-conscious to keep up any longer. I do not suppose that it is ever wise, even when it is possible, to return to the past; things we have out-worn had better be allowed to fall into disuse; but for all that it is pleasant to think of the days when the news of the first violet sent the villagers crowding out afield to bring back with song and merry-making the earliest pledge of warmth and sunny fields. Little more than a century ago the wardens of many German towns trumpeted forth the happy arrival of the stork, and were served with a "drink of honour" from the civic cellars. Even now, I suppose, in this twentieth century, there are idyllic nooks where picturesque customs still linger and tell of an age when man and nature were in closer relationship than they are at present. In Northern Albania, for instance, the year begins on the first day of March; the cattle are garlanded with flowers, many-coloured threads are tied on the necks and wrists of the children, and the grown up wear a knot of red silk thread on the little finger of the right hand. When the first swallow comes racing in "from Memphis, down Nile," the threads are all taken off and hung on rose-bushes, so that the swift new-comers may use them for their nests. In Russia, unless the belief has died out within the last generation, crumbs are laid on the window sills for the souls of little children who died without baptism, and who come back with the Spring to visit the roof under which they were born.

Now that the catkins are on the hazels, and the reddish buds are uncurling on the rose-bushes, and small green shoots are thrusting up through the dead leaves, and the tit has converted his swinging lump of suet into a shred of empty honey-comb, and the blackbird pipes a magical strain in the cold moonlight an hour before dawn, the longing for Spring grows irresistible. There is some impulse in the earth and air which affects even our sophisticated humanity, and fills us with the vague and almost indefinable sense of eagerness and expectancy which, I sometimes imagine, must be in man analogous to the migratory impulse that sends the birds yearly on their strange pilgrimage to northern lands. The poets have often enough attempted to embody the experience in verse, but none of them has wholly succeeded. Of the writers of our own time, Coventry Patmore seems to make the nearest approach to success in his "St. Valentine's Day."

A friend of mine asserts that these vague and mystical yearnings which awaken with the approach of Spring really point back to nothing more beautiful and spiritual than the barbarous raiding and sea-roving of our Viking ancestors. With the return of the swallow the long-ships were launched once more, and once more the northern freebooters were able to scour the seas. Possibly there may be a grain of truth in this conjecture, but ages before the Vikings laid rollers under the keels of their "sea-serpents," the return of stork and swallow must have marked the time for another stage in the migrations of early man; and ages again before that, Spring must have been longed for as the deliverer of the world from the darkness and sufferings of Winter, and the feelings of mankind must have then found expression in the numberless solar legends and myths common to all languages and every race. These be recondite matters, however, regarding which one can do little more than question and conjecture. Let us be content to know that the early flower and the new leaf and the returning migrant awaken in us an emotion, the most truthful analogue of which is not anything in our bygone history, but rather something in our spiritual destiny.

Whatever the real explanation may be of the Spring feeling to which I have referred, I have long been of Thoreau's belief that books of natural history make the most cheerful winter reading. What more delightful, when the icy wind is whistling from under the starry ribs of the Great Bear, and the snow is sifting through chink and keyhole, than to read of "the fence-rail and the cotton-tree, and the migration of the rice-bird"! And yet, when I come to think of it, there is a volume of natural history which, so far as I know, has not yet been written, and which would make as interesting winter reading as any of the books Thoreau was thinking of. Some day, no doubt, it will be written, and its title may be "Wild Life in the Snowy Woods." It will be packed with close observation and curious discoveries, and it will reveal to us aspects of wild life as strange and surprising as the flowery nooks which the old sea-farers found among the blue glaciers of the arctic fjords. In one or two chapters of his delightful book, "In Garden, Orchard and Spinney," Mr. Phil Robinson has given us a glimpse of how the work might be done, and other writers have recorded facts of which advantage would be taken—such, for example, as those contained in Mr. Cornish's admirable description of the lower reaches of the Itchen in Hampshire in the bitter frost of January '95, when, though the banks were frozen like iron and even at mid-day the thermometer marked fifteen degrees below freezing point, there was not a particle of ice on the river, dabchicks, coots and grey wagtails were sporting in the water, and flocks of plovers and redwings, fieldfares and missel-thrushes, pipits and larks were busy in the meadows searching for food. But in the main, "Wild Life in the Snowy Woods" would be the result of investigations carried on during the dead season when the ordinary naturalist has betaken himself to the comfort of his club or his suburban villa. The subject is no doubt hedged round with difficulties, but few chapters in natural history could compare for freshness and interest with a sympathetic and exhaustive survey of the struggle for existence among wild creatures, whether in feathers or fur, horn or shell, during the inclemency of the winter months.

In the meantime Mr. Astley's sumptuous volume, "My Birds in Freedom and Captivity,"* very pleasantly exemplifies Thoreau's dictum. In point of paper, printing, and binding it is a delightful specimen of Mr. Dent's craftsmanship; and its two-and-twenty photogravure plates, and numerous head-pieces, reproduced from the author's drawings, give it a special value and charm for the lover of birds. It is just such a book as one associates with beautiful old country-seats like that shown in the frontispiece—"a house restored in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," and associated with historic names; but it is not on that account any the less welcome in humbler and more modern dwellings. Mr. Astley's purpose has not been to pen a scientific treatise, but to gossip genially about his experiments in bird-keeping, and his observation of his feathered family. The result is an unpretentious and chatty record which contains a number of details that are well worth remembering. I am glad to read, for instance, of "the country rector who, having placed thirty-six bird-houses in his garden, was rewarded by all but two of them being tenanted in one season." These bird-houses are merely small boxes, painted green, with a hole on one side and a ledge at the opening; and they may be placed anywhere, on the house-walls, among the ivy and creepers, or on the trunks of trees, at a height of perhaps eight or ten feet from the ground. When one hears that the possible tenants are redstarts, fly-catchers, robins, titmice, and such pleasant companions, it seems worth while to make the experiment, even in a London suburb. Indeed it is only by making friendly overtures of this kind that one gradually acquires some knowledge of the number and variety of the birds that live otherwise unnoticed in close neighbourhood with us. A shallow tin of water and a space swept clear of snow, and strewn with crumbs, seeds, and scraps of fat, will speedily make a garden a popular place of resort for the birds in winter. Even owls, Mr. Astley thinks, might be attracted to build near one's house, by the use of boxes where natural resting-places are scarce; but alas! one must be far beyond the drift of metropolitan smoke to hope for such delectable tenants. And what would I not give if I could boast of a nightingale's nest! One may still occasionally hear the song, I am told, within a mile from my lime-trees, but I have not been so fortunate, and now, I fear, the light-winged Dryad of the trees, to which Keats listened in the Kilburn meadows, is being driven away by the builders to the melodious plots and shadows numberless of the Surrey hills or the hop-gardens of Kent. By the way, how is the restriction of the Nightingale to certain counties to be explained? The clear streams and wooded glens of western Devon and Cornwall seem as attractive and as suitable as Hampshire or Berkshire, yet in the former counties it is unknown; and it reaches its northern limit in Yorkshire. Climate and food are no doubt the conditions which determine its range, but so far the ornithologist does not appear to have come to a satisfactory conclusion in regard to these. A tame young nightingale was one of Mr. Astley's many pets, and he gives a pretty picture of the little creature following him about as he was tending his flower borders in the garden. "In the little parlour—whose latticed window on one side opened into the verandah—when I was sitting at breakfast, I often heard a slight frou-frou of small wings, and there on the table amongst white cups and saucers, and bunches of sweet peas in vases of green glass, was my nightingale; head on one side, rufous tail moved up and down, and brown eyes with anxious expression. 'Please, I want a mealworm,' she said quite plainly, by movement of tail and expression of eye."

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* "My Birds in Freedom and Captivity." By the Rev. Hubert D. Astley, member of the British Ornithologists' Union, &c. J. M. Dent and Co. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

Of course that nightingale was reared in a cage, and here it may be well to give Mr. Astley's views on the captivity of birds. "As to caging birds, provided always that they are well fed, kept clean, and thoroughly cared for, one must remember that they cannot reason like human beings, nor, I should imagine, can they look backward and forward in actual thought." Subject to the conditions specified, one is disposed to accept this view of the matter, which indeed is often confirmed by the conduct of the birds themselves when they are given the opportunity of freedom; but these conditions, which sound so simple, are by no means generally understood, and far less frequently are they observed. We do not thoroughly realise that in their wild state birds have for the most part the freshest of food and the purest of water. "Suppose," says Mr. Astley, "your dinner were served up on one dirty plate, with fragments still on it of the previous day's meal, some of which is no longer exactly sweet, such as fish may be in hot weather . . . Or, if at five o'clock tea the milk and cream jugs were not washed out, and the fresh milk and cream had simply been poured into that of the previous day's supply! . . . Why should dainty birds like Pekin robins, &c., be supposed to appreciate rotten pears any more than we do?" Then with respect to covering up birds in winter and keeping them covered till late in the morning, how many have mastered the commonsense view? "During the long mid-winter nights," Mr. Astley writes, "I often place a candle near my birds up to 10 o'clock, in order that they may, by feeding, strengthen themselves to better endure the long hours of darkness; for, in the first place, it grows darker within the house sooner than outside, and secondly, the birds that in hard weather perish in a wild state do so far more from lack of food and water than on account of the intense cold." In other words, one of the most serious hardships of bird-life in winter, both for the free and the wild state, is the dull light and the short day. These shorten and often jeopardise the food supply, which in the case of birds, with their rapid digestion, ought to be plentiful and constant. Until one has learned to understand these conditions, and has sufficient attachment of the practical kind to carry them into effect, one has no right to keep caged birds at all. The subject is too rarely mentioned in books of natural history; and Mr. Astley's remarks, enforced by his own admirable methods, deserve the warmest commendation.

Mr. Astley has many interesting things to say about Blue Thrushes (the solitary house-sparrows of the Psalmist), Rock Thrushes, the lovely coroneted Hoopoe (which in the old time was probably common enough in Britain, and which might yet again become familiar were it not shot down year by year on its attempting to find a summer residence among us), and the Virginian Nightingale, which, under his care, has more than once nested and bred in full freedom in England; but I have been particularly attracted by his account of his cranes and storks. It was an evil day for the nursery when these great birds of song and legend were driven from our inhospitable shores. The Crane, which not only bred in the fens of East Anglia and the bogs of Ireland—who has not heard of the crane of Iniskea and the storm-beaten bird which St. Columba rescued and solaced for three days in Iona, because it came from Ireland?

—but even passed the winter among us, seems to have been exterminated early in the eighteenth century in our eastern counties. The history of the Stork is more obscure, but I find mention made of it in the lives of Irish Saints of the sixth and seventh centuries, and Mr. Astley thinks that not only were they regular summer residents long years ago, but that if they were not so persistently shot they might become regular visitors once more. Think what a wonder and delight it would be if our youngsters could see the white stork standing gravely on one red leg on roof or chimney top; and with what expectancy in the early Spring they would look up to the cart-wheel on the top of the pole to discover whether the baby-bringer had come back from the Soudan and the river of Egypt. But alas! one might as well wish for the return of the Elves. The impulse to kill anything strange in feathers appears to be instinctive and irresistible. In 1899 four of Mr. Astley's storks apparently succeeded in leaving England safely for their winter quarters in the south; but "in other years about a week or a fortnight after my stork had left, I was sure to see—'A White Stork shot in Kent,' or somewhere else. And wouldn't I have enjoyed peppering the legs of the sportsman who did the deed!" Still even to have read about these romantic birds resting on the chimneys of the beautiful red-brick manor "restored in the reign of Elizabeth," or circling high up in the clear air over the Buckinghamshire woods, is in itself a rare pleasure in these sharp days of the close of winter.

Some years ago Professor Moulton did a memorable piece of work in his fresh and scholarly volume on "The Literary Study of the Bible." I am glad that the happy idea has occurred to him of issuing "A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible," divested of technicalities and addressed to the general reader.* As he then pointed out, and as he now reiterates, the Bible has come down to us as "the worst printed book in the world." Any other literary work, ancient or modern, would be printed in such a way as to convey its literary structure directly to the eye; one would be able to say at a glance, "This is a drama; this a poem; these, as their titles and divisions indicate, are essays or histories." But in the case of the Bible "the literary form is that of a scrap book," broken up into numbered texts, and, till our own day, without any distinction between prose and verse. A very simple example will make clear the value of literary form. The first three petitions of The Lord's Prayer are usually arranged as independent sentences. But arrange them in what is termed an "envelope figure"—thus,

Our Father which art in heaven:
  Hallowed be Thy name,
  Thy kingdom come,
  Thy will be done,
In earth as it is in heaven—

and the sense becomes quite a new thing: Hallowed be Thy name in earth as it is in heaven; Thy kingdom come in earth as it is in heaven, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Or read the fifth chapter of Judges—"Then sang Deborah and Barak the son of Abinoam on that day, saying"—first in the form in which it is printed in our Bibles, and then in the antiphonal arrangement into which it has been divided by Professor Moulton. Then for the first time it is made clear that we have a Chorus of Men led by Barak and a Chorus of Women led by Deborah, and the full significance of this outburst of lyric emotion comes home to us. A single instance too will suffice to show that a clear understanding of the literary form is essential to the right interpretation of the matter and spirit. In the seventh chapter of Micah, Wellhausen finds that between verses 6 and 7 "there yawns a century"; but according to Professor Moulton, "to one who does not ignore literary structure it will be evident that what yawns between the verses is nothing more than a change in dramatic speakers." Had the text been edited and printed like an ordinary classic, we should have been aware that at the critical verse it is the "Man of Wisdom" who speaks. Obviously then this matter of the study of literary form is not something technical, artificial and remote in interest, but, on the contrary, a fresh light cast upon the actual meaning of the text. As such we cannot too eagerly welcome it.

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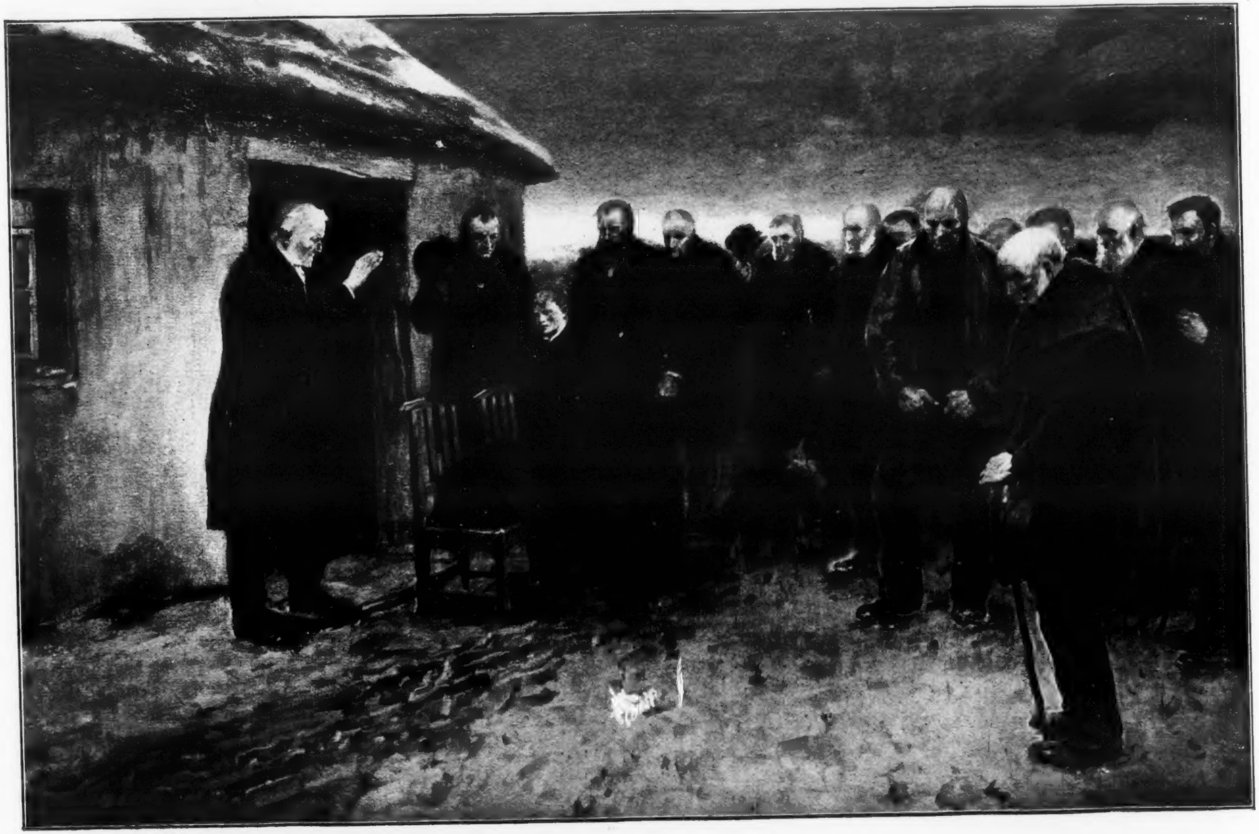
* "A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible." By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., author of "The Literary Study of the Bible," &c. Isbister and Co. Ltd. 3s. *6d.*



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A HIGHLAND FUNERAL

By James Guthrie, R.S.A.

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE

By NEIL MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XVIII

I MAKE IT UP WITH MADAME AND MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF

"WELL, Bernard," she said to the Swiss as we entered, "any news?"

He informed her there was none.

"What! no one called?" said she with manifest disappointment.

"*Personne, Madame.*"

"No letters?"

Nor were there any letters, he replied.

She sighed, paused irresolute a moment with her foot on the stair, her hands at the fastening of her coat, and looked at me with a face almost tragic in its trouble. I cannot but think she was on the brink of a confidence, but ere it came she changed her mind and dashed up the stair with a tra-la-la of a song meant to indicate her indifference, leaving me a while in her parlour while she changed her dress. She came back to me in a little attired in a pale primrose-coloured paduasoy, the cuffs and throat embroidered in a pattern of roses and leaves, her hair unpowdered and glossy, wantoning in and out of a neck beyond description. The first thing she did on entrance was odd enough, for it was to stand over me where I sat on her settee, staring down into my eyes until I felt a monstrous embarrassment.

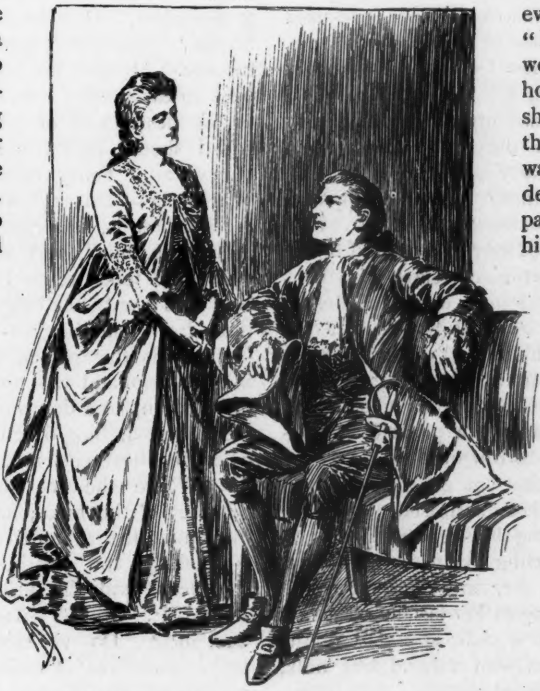
"I am wonderin'," said she, "if ye are the man I tak' ye for."

Her eyes were moist; I saw she had been crying in her toilet room.

"I'm just the man you see," I said, "but for some unco' troubles that are inside me and are not for airing to my friends on a fine day in Dunkerque."

"Perhaps, like the lave of folks, ye dinna ken yoursel'," she went on, speaking with no sprightly humour though in the Scots she was given to fall to in her moments of fun. "All men, Mr. Greig, mean well, but maist o' them fa' short o' their ain ideals; they're like the women in that, nae doot, but in the men the consequence is mair disastrous.

"When I was a girl in a place you know," she went on even more soberly, "I fancied all men were on the model of honest John Walkinshaw—better within than without. He was stern to austerity, demanding the last particle of duty from his children, and to some he might seem hard, but I have never met the man yet with a kinder heart, a pleasanter mind, a more pious disposition than John Walkinshaw's. It has taken ten years and acquaintance with some gentry not of Scotland, to



"'I am wonderin',' said she, 'if ye are the man I tak' ye for'" mak' it plain that all men are not on his model."

"I could fancy not, to judge from his daughter," I said, blushing at my first compliment that was none the less bold because it was sincere.

At that she put on a little mouth and shrugged her shoulders with a shiver that made the snaps in her ears tremble.

"My good young man," said she, "there you go! If there's to be any friendship between you and Clementina Walkinshaw, understand there must be a different key from that. You are not only learning your French, but you are learning, it would seem, the manners of these gentlemen you know here. It was that made me wonder if you could be the man I took you for the first day you were in this room and I found I could make you greet with a Scots sang, and tell me honestly about a lass you had a notion of and her no' me. That last's the great stroke of honesty in any man, and let me tell you there are some women who would not like it. But you are in a company here so ready with the tongue of flattery that I doubt each word they utter, and that's droll enough in me that loves my fellow creatures, and used to think the very best of every one of them. If I doubt them now I doubt them with a sore enough heart, I'll warrant you. Oh! am I not sorry that my man of Mearns should be put in the reverence of such creatures as Clancarty and Thurot, and all that gang of worldlings? I do not suppose I could make you understand it, Mr. Paul Greig, but I feel motherly to you, and to see my son—this great giant fellow who kens the town of Glasgow and dwelt in Mearns where I had May milk, and speaks wi' the fine Scots tongue like mysel' when his heart is true—to see him the bon comrade with folks perhaps good enough for Clementina Walkinshaw but lacking a particle of principle, is a sight to sorrow me."

"And is it for that you get me away with the priest?" I asked, surprised at all this, and a little resenting the suggestion of youth implied in her feeling like a mother to me. Her face was lit, her movement free and beautiful, something in her fascinated me.

She dropped in a chair and pushed the hair from her ears with a hand like milk, and laughed.

"Now how could you guess?" said she. "Am I no' the careful mother of you to put you in the hands o' the clergy? And whatna' a clergy, laddie, whatna' clergy! I doot this play-acting rhetorician o' a man frae Dixmunde is no great improvement on the rest o' your company when all's said and done, but you'll be nane the waur o' seein' the world at his costs, and being in other company than Clancarty's and Thurot's and Roscommon's. He told me to-day you were going with him, and I was glad that I had been of that little service to you."

"Then it seems you think so little of my company as to be willing enough to be rid of me at the earliest opportunity," I said, honestly taking a little offence at her readiness to clear me out of Dunkerque.

She looked at me oddly. "Havers, Mr. Greig!" said she, "just havers!"

I was thanking her for her offices, but she checked me. "You are well off," she said, "to be away from here while these foolish manœuvrings are on foot. Poor me! I must bide and see them plan the breaking down of my native country. It's a mercy I know in what a fiasco it will end, this planning. An old story we can afford to laugh at nowadays. Hearken! Do you hear the bugles? That's Soubise going back to the caserne. He and his little men are going back to eat another dinner destined to assist in the destruction of an island where you and I should be this day if we were wiser than we are. Fancy them destroying Britain, Mr. Greig!—Britain, where honest John Walkinshaw is, that never said an ill word in his life, nor owed any man a penny: where the folks are guid and true, and fear God and want naething but to be left to their crofts and herds. If it was England—if it was the palace of St. James—no, but it's Scotland too, and the men ye saw marching up and doon to-day in red breeks are to be marching over the moor o' Mearns when the heather's red. Can ye think of it? Where the wee thack hooses are at the foot o' the braes, and the bairns playing under the rowan trees; where the peat is smelling, and the burns are singing in the glens, and the kirk-bells are ringing. Poor Mr. Greig! Are ye no' wae for Scotland? Do ye think Providence will let a man like Thomond ye saw to-day cursing on horseback—do ye think Providence will let him lead a French army among the roads you and I ken so well, affronting the people we ken too, who may be a thought dull in the matter of repartee, but are for ever decent, who may be hard-visaged, but are so brave?"

She laughed herself half bitterly, half contemptuously, at the picture she drew. Outside, in the sunny air of the afternoon, the bugles of Soubise filled the streets with brazen cries, and nearer came the roar of pounding drums. I thought I heard them menacing the sleep of evening valleys far away, shattering the calm of the hearth of Hazel Den.

"The cause for which—for which so many are exile here," I said, "has no reason to regret that France should plan an attack on Georgius Rex."

She shook her head impatiently. "The cause has nothing to do with it, Mr. Greig," said she. "The cause will suffer from this madness more than ever it did, but in any case 'tis the most miserable of lost causes."

"Prince Charlie——"

"Once it was the cause with me, now I would sooner have it Scotland," she went on, heedless of my interruption. "Scotland! Scotland! Oh, how the name of her is like a dirge to me and my heart is sore for her! Where is your heart, Mr. Greig, that it does not feel alarm at the prospect of these *crapauds* making a single night's sleep uneasy for the folks you know? Where is your heart, I'm asking?"

"I wish I knew," said I impulsively, staring at her, completely bewitched by her manner, so variable and intense, and the straying tendrils of her hair.

"Do you not?" said she. "Then I will tell you. It is where it ought to be—with a girl of the name of Isobel Fortune. Oh, the dear name! oh, the sweet name! And when you are on your travels with this priest do not be forgetting her. Oh yes! I know you will tell me again that all is over between the pair of you, and that she loved another—but I am not believing a word of that, Mr. Greig, when I look at you—(and will ye say 'thank ye' for the compliment that's there?)—you will just go on thinking her the same, and you will be the better man for it. There's something tells me she is thinking of you though I never saw her, the dear! Let me see, this is what sort of girl she will be."

She drew her chair closer to the settee and leaned forward in front of me, and, fixing her eyes on mine, drew a picture of the girl of Kirkillstane as she imagined her.

"She will be about my own height, and with the same colour of hair——"

"How do you know that? I never said a word of that to you," I cried, astonished at the nearness of her first guess.

"Oh, I'm a witch," she said triumphantly, "a fair witch. Hoots! do I no' ken ye wadna hae looked the side o' the street I was on if I hadna put ye in mind o' her? Well, she's my height and colour—but, alack-a-day, no' my years. She'll have a voice like the mavis for sweetness, and 'll sing to perfection. She'll be shy and forward in turns, accordin' as you are forward or shy; she 'll can break your heart for ten minutes wi' a pout o' her lips or mak' ye fair dizzy with delight at a smile. And then" — here Miss Walkinshaw seemed carried away herself by her fancy portrait, for she bent her brows studiously as she thought, and seemed to speak in an abstraction—"and then she'll be a managing woman. She'll be the sort of woman that the Bible tells of whose value is over rubies; knowing your needs as you battle with the world, and cheerful when you come in to the hearth-stone from the turmoil outside. A witty woman and a judge of things, calm but full of fire in your interests. A household where the wife's a doll is a cart with one wheel, and your Isobel will be the perfect woman. I think she must have travelled some, too, and seen how poor is the wide world compared with what is to be found at your own fire-end; I think she must have had trials and learned to be brave."

She stopped suddenly, looked at me and got very red in the face.

"A fine picture, Miss Walkinshaw!" said I, with something drumming at my heart. "It is not just altogether like Isobel Fortune, who has long syne forgot about me but to detest me, but I fancy I know who it is like."

"And who might that be?" she asked in a low voice and with a somewhat guilty look.

"Will I tell you?" I asked, myself alarmed at my boldness.

"No! no! never mind," she cried. "I was just making a picture of a girl I once knew—poor lass! and of what she might have been. But she's dead—dead and buried. I hope, after all, your Isobel is a nobler woman than the one I was thinking on and a happier destiny awaiting her."

"That cannot matter much to me now," I said, "for, as I told you, there is nothing any more between us—except—except a corp upon the heather."

She shuddered as she did the first time I told her of my tragedy, and sucked in the air through her clenched teeth.

"Poor lad! poor lad!" said she. "And you have quite lost her. If so, and the thing must be, then this glass coach of Father Hamilton's must take you to the country of forgetfulness. I wish I could drive there myself this minute, but wae's me, there's no chariot at the *remise* that'll do that business for John Walkinshaw's girl."

Something inexpressibly moving was in her mien, all her heart was in her face as it seemed; a flash of fancy came to me that she was alone in the world with nothing of affection to hap her round from its abrasions, and that her soul was crying out for love. Sweet beyond expression was this woman and I was young; up to my feet I rose, and turned on her a face that must have plainly revealed my boyish passion.

"Miss Walkinshaw," I said, "you may put me out of this door for ever, but I'm bound to say I'm going travelling in no glass coach; Dunkerque will be doing very well for me."

Her lips trembled; her cheek turned pale; she placed a hand upon her breast, and there was I contrite before her anger!

"Is this—is this your respect and your esteem, Mr. Greig?" she asked brokenly.

"They were never greater than at this moment," I replied.

"And how are they to be manifested by your waiting on in Dunkerque?" she asked, recovering her colour and some of her ordinary manner.

How indeed? She had no need to ask me the question, for it was already ringing through my being. That the Spoiled Horn from Mearns, an outlaw with blood on his hands and borrowed money in his pocket, should have the presumption to feel any ardour for this creature seemed preposterous to myself, and I flushed in an excess of shame and confusion.

This seemed completely to reassure her. "Oh, Mr. Greig—Mr. Greig, was I not right to ask if ye were the man ye seemed? Here's a nice display o' gallantry from my giant son! I believe you are just makin' fun o' this auld wife: and if no' I ha' just one word for you, Paul Greig, and it's this that I said afore—jist havers!"

She went to her spinet and ran her fingers over the keys and broke into a song—

Oh, what ails the laddie, new twined frae his mither?
The laddie gallanting roun' Tibbie and me?—

with glances coquettish yet repelling round her shoulder at me as I stood turning my *chapeau-de-bras* in my hand as a boy turns his bonnet in presence of laird or dominie. The street was shaking now with the sound of marching soldiers, whose platoons were passing in a momentary silence of trumpet or drum. All at once the trumpets blared forth just in front of the house, broke upon her song and gave a heaven-sent diversion to our comedy or tragedy or whatever it was in the parlour.

We both stood looking out at the window for a while in silence, watching the passing troops, and when the last file had gone, she turned with a change of topic.

"If these men had been in England ten years ago," she said, "when brisk affairs were doing there with Highland claymores, your Uncle Andrew would have been there too and it would not perhaps be your father who was Laird of Hazel Den. But that's all by with now. And when do you set out with Father Hamilton?"

She had a face as serene as fate; my heart ached to tell her that I loved her, but her manner made me hold my tongue on that.

"In three days," I said, still turning my hat and wishing myself elsewhere, though her presence intoxicated.

"In three days!" she said, as one astonished. "I had thought it had been a week at earliest. Will I tell you what you might do? You are my great blate bold son, you know, from the moors of Mearns, and I will be wae, wae, to think of you travelling all round Europe without a friend of your own country to exchange a word with. Write to me; will you?"

"Indeed and I will, and that gaily," I cried, delighted at the prospect.

"And you will tell me all your exploits and where you have been and what you have seen, and where you are going and what you are going to do, and be sure there will be one Scots heart thinking of you (besides Isobel, I daresay), and I declare to you this one will follow every league upon the map, saying 'the blate lad's there to-day,' 'the blate lad's to be here at noon to-morrow.' Is it a bargain? Because you know I will write to you—but oh! I forgot; what of the priest? Not for worlds would I have him know that I kept up a correspondence with his secretary. That is bad."

She gazed rather expectantly at me as if looking for a suggestion, but the problem was beyond me, and she sighed.

"Of course his reverence need not know anything about it," she said then.

"Certainly," I acquiesced, jumping at so obvious a solution. "I will never mention to him anything about it."

"But how will I get your letters and how will you get mine without his suspecting something?"

"Oh, but he cannot suspect."

"What, and he a priest, too! It's his trade, Mr. Greig, and this Father Hamilton would spoil all if he knew we were indulging ourselves so innocently. What you must do is to send your letters to me in a way that I shall think of before you leave and I shall answer in the same way. But never a word, remember, to his reverence; I depend on your honour for that."

As I was going down the stair a little later, she leaned over the bannister and cried after me.

"Mr. Greig," said she, "ye needna' be sae hainin' wi' your red shoes when ye're traivellin' in the coach. I would be greatly pleased to be thinkin' of you as traivellin' in them a' the time."

I looked up and saw her smiling saucily at me over the rail.

"Would you indeed?" said I. "Then I'll never put them aff till I see ye again, when I come back to Dunkerque."

"That is kind," she answered, laughing outright, "but fair reediculous. To wear them to bed would be against your character for sobriety."

CHAPTER XIX

A RAP IN THE EARLY MORNING WAKENS ME AND I START IN A GLASS COACH UPON THE ODDEST OF JOURNEYS

It was the last, for many months, I was to see of my country-woman. Before the crow of the cock next morning I was on the unending roads, trundling in a noisy vehicle through pitch darkness, my companion snoring stertorous at my side, his huge head falling every now and then upon my shoulder, myself peering to catch some revelation of what manner of country-side we went through as the light from the swinging lanthorn lit up briefly passing banks of frosted hedge or sleeping hamlets, on whose pave the hoofs of our horses hammered as they had been the very war-steeds of Bellona.

But how came I there? How but by my master's whim, that made him anticipate his departure by three days and drag me from my bed incontinent to set out upon his trip over Europe.

I had been sleeping soundly, dreaming I heard the hopper of the mill of Driepps at home banging to make Jock Alexander's fortune, when I awakened, or rather half-wakened, to discover that 'twas no hopper but a nieve at my door, rapping with a vigour to waken the dead.

"Come out! Sir Secretary, come out! or I shall pull thy domicile about thine ears," cried the voice of Father Hamilton.

He stood at the door when I opened, wrapped over the chin in a muffler of multitudinous folds, and covered by a roquelaure.

"*Pax!*" he cried, thrusting a purple face into the room, "and on thy boots like a good lad. We must be off and over the dunes before the bell of St. Eloi knocks another nail in the coffin of time."

"What!" I said, dumbfoundered, "are we to start on our journey to-day?"

"Even so, my sluggardly Scot; faith! before the day even, for the day will be in a deuce of a hurry an it catch up on us before we reach Pont-Opoise. Sop a crust in a jug of wine—I've had no better *petit déjeuner* myself—put a clean cravat and a pair of hose in thy sack, and in all, emulate the judicious flea that wastes no time in idle rumination but transacts its affairs in a succession of leaps."

"And no time to say good-bye to any one?" I asked, struggling into my toilet.

"La! la! la! the flea never takes a *congé* that I've heard on, Master Punctilio. Not so much as a kiss o' the hand for you; I have had news and 'tis now or never."

Twenty minutes later, Thurot's landlord (for Thurot himself was from home), lit me to the courtyard and the priest bundled me and my sack into the bowels of an enormous chariot waiting there.

The clocks began to strike the hour of five; before the last stroke had ceased to shiver the darkness we were thundering along the sea front and my master was already composed to sleep in his corner, without vouchsafing me a sentence of explanation for so hurried a departure. Be sure my heart was sore! I felt the blackest of ingrates to be thus speeding without a sign of farewell from a place where I had met with so much of friendship. Out at the window of the coach I gazed, to see nothing but the cavernous night on one side, on the other, lit by the lanthorn, the flash-past of the grey houses all shuttered and asleep.

It was dry and pleasant weather, with a sting of frost in the air, and the propinquity of the sea manifest not in its plangent voice alone but in the odour of it that at that hour dominated the natural smells of the faubourgs. Only one glimpse I had of fellow creatures; as we passed the fort, the flare of flambeaux showed an enormous body of soldiers working upon the walls of Risebank; it but added to the poignance of my melancholy to reflect that here were my country's enemies unsleeping, and I made a sharp mental contrast of this most dauntening spectacle with a picture of the house of Hazel Den dreaming among its trees and only crying lambs perhaps upon the moor to indicate that any life was there. Melancholy! oh, it was eerie beyond expression for me that morning! Outside, the driver talked to his horses and to some one with him on the boot; it must have been cheerier for him than for me as I sat in that sombre and close interior, jolted by my neighbour, and unable to refrain from rehabilitating all the past. Especially did I think of my dark home-coming with a silent father on the day I left the college to go back to the Mearns. And by a natural correlation, that was bound to lead to all that followed—even to the event for which I was now so miserably remote from my people.

Once or twice his reverence woke, to thrust his head out at the window and ask where we were. Wherever we were when he did so, 'twas certain never to be far enough for his fancy, and he condemned the driver for a snail until the whip cracked wickedly and the horses laboured more strenuously than ever, so that our vehicle swung upon its springs till it might well seem we were upon a ship at sea.

For me he had but the one comment—"I wonder what's for *déjeuner*." He said it each time solemnly as it were his matins, and then slid into his swinish sleep again.

The night seemed interminable, but by-and-by the day broke. I watched it with eagerness as it gradually paled the east, and broke up the black bulk of the surrounding land into fields, orchards, gardens, woods. And the birds awoke—God bless the little birds!—they woke, and started twittering and singing in the haze, surely the sweetest, the least sinless of created things, the tiny angels of the woods, from whom, walking in summer fields in the mornings of my age as of my youth, I have borrowed hope and cheer.

Father Hamilton wakened too, and heard the birds; indeed, they filled the ear of the dawn with melodies. A smile singularly pleasant came upon his countenance as he listened.

"*Pardieu!*" said he, "how they go on! Has't the woodland soul, '*Sieur Croque-mort?* Likely enough not; I never knew another but myself and thine uncle that had it, and 'tis the mischief that words will not explain the same. 'Tis a gift of the fairies"—here he crossed himself devoutly and mumbled a Romish incantation—"that, having the said woodland spirit—in its nature a Pagan thing perchance, but *n'importe!*—thou hast in the song of the tiny beings choiring there something to make the inward tremor that others find in a fiddle and a glass of wine. No! no! not that, 'tis a million times more precious; 'tis—'tis the pang of the devotee, 'tis the ultimate thrill of things. Myself, I could expire upon the ecstasy of the thrush, or climb to heaven upon the lark's May rapture. And there they go! the loves! and they have the same ditty I heard from them first in Louvain. There are but three clean things in this world, my lad of Scotland—a bird, a flower, and a child's laughter. I have been confessor long enough to know all else is filth. But what's the luck in waiting for us at Azincourt? and what's the *pot-au-feu* to-day?"

He listened a little longer to the birds, and fell asleep smiling, his fat face for once not amiss, and I was left again alone as it were to receive the day.

We had long left the dunes and the side of the sea, though sometimes on puffs of wind I heard its distant rumour. Now the land was wooded with the apple tree; we rose high on the side of a glen, full of rolling fog that streamed off as the day grew. A tolerable land enough; perhaps more lush than my own, with scarce a rood uncultivated, and dotted far and wide by the strangest farm steadings and pendicles, but such steadings and pendicles as these eyes never before beheld, with enormous eaves of thatch reaching almost to the ground, and ridiculous windows of no shape; with the yokings of the cattle, the boynes, stoups, carts, and ploughs about the places altogether different from our own. We passed troops marching, peasants slouching with baskets of poultry to market towns, now and then a horseman, now and then a caleche. And there were numerous hamlets, and at least two middling-sized towns, and finally we came, at the hour of eleven, upon the place appointed for our *déjeuner*. It was a small inn on the banks of the only rivulet I had seen in all the journey. I forget its name, but I remember there was a patch of heather on the side of it, and that I wished ardently the season had been autumn that I might have looked upon the purple bells.

"'Tis a long lane that has no tavern," said his reverence, and oozed out of his side of the coach with groanings. The innkeeper ran forth, louted, and kissed his hand.

"*Jour, m'sieu, jour!*" said Father Hamilton hurriedly. "And now, what have you here that is worth while?"

The innkeeper respectfully intimated that the church of Saint-Jean-en-Greve was generally considered worth notice. Its vestments, relics, and windows were of merit, and the view from the tower——

"*Morte de ma vie!*" cried the priest angrily, "do I look like a traveller who trots up belfrys in strange villages at the hour of *déjeuner?* A plague on Saint-Jean-en-Greve! I said nothing at all of churches; I spoke of *déjeuner*, my good fellow. What's for *déjeuner?*"

The innkeeper recounted a series of dishes. Father Hamilton hummed and ha'd, reflected, condemned, approved, all with an eagerness beyond description. And when the meal was being dished up, he went frantically to the kitchen and lifted pot-lids, and swung a salad for himself, and confounding the ordinary wine for the vilest *piquette*, ordered a special variety from the cellar. It was a spectacle of gourmandise not without its humour; I was so vastly engaged in watching him that I scarce glanced at the men who had travelled on the outside of the coach since morning.

What was my amazement when I did so, to see that the servant or valet (as he turned out to be) was no other than the Swiss, Bernard, who had been in the service of Miss Walkinshaw no later than yesterday morning!

I commented on the fact to Father Hamilton when we sat down to eat.

"Why, yes!" he said, gobbling at his vivours with a voracity I learned not to wonder at later when I knew him more. "The same man. A good man too, or I'm a Turk. I've envied Miss Walkinshaw this lusty, trusty, secret rogue for a good twelvemonth, and just on the eve of my leaving Dunkerque, by a very providence, the fellow gets drunk and finds himself dismissed. He came to me with a flush and a hiccough last night to ask a recommendation, and overlooking the peccadillo that is not of a nature confined to servants, Master Greig, let me tell thee, I gave him a place in my *entourage*. Madame will not like it, but no matter! she'll have time to forget it ere I see her again."

I felt a mild satisfaction to have the Swiss with us just because I had heard him called "Bernard" so often by his late employer.

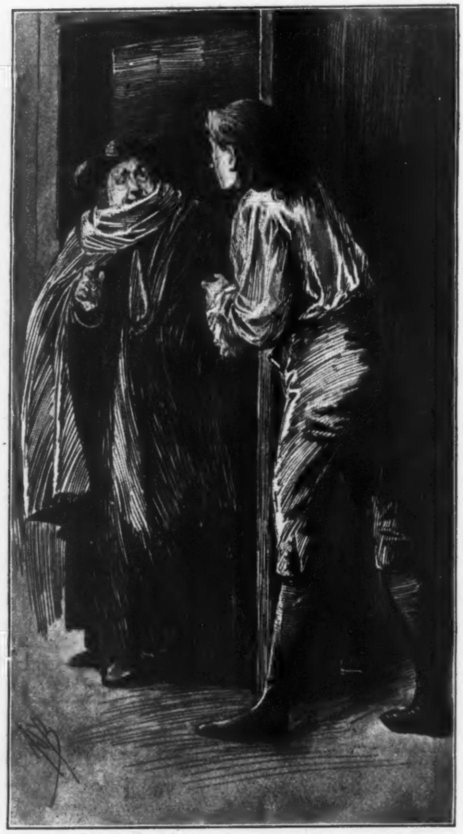
We rested for some hours after *déjeuner*, seated under a tree by the brink of the rivulet, and in the good humour of a man satisfied in nature, the priest condescended to let me into some of his plans.

We were bound for Paris in the first place. "Zounds!" he cried, "I am all impatience to clap eyes again on Lutitia, the sweet rogue, and eat decent bread and behold a noble gown and hear a right cadenza. And though thou hast lost thy Lyrnessides—la! la! la! I have thee there!—thou canst console thyself with the Hoemonion lyre. Paris! oh, lad, I'd give all to have thy years and a winter or two in it. Still, we shall make shift—oh yes! I warrant thee we shall make shift. We shall be there, at my closest reckoning, on the second day of Holy Week, and my health being so poorly we shall not wait to commence *de faire les Paques* an hour after. What's in a *soutane*, anyhow, that it should be permitted to mortify an honest priest's œsophagus?"

I sighed in spite of myself, for he had made me think of our throwing of Easter eggs on the green at Hazel Den.

"What!" he cried. "Does my frugal Scot fancy we have not enough trinkgeld for enjoyment. Why, look here!—and here!—and here!"

He thrust his hand into his bosom and drew forth numerous roleaux—so many that I thought his corpulence might well be a plethora of coin.



"'*Pax!*' he cried"

"There!" said he, squeezing a roleau till it burst and spreading out the gold upon the table before him. "Am I a poor parish priest or a very Crœsus?"

Then he scooped in the coins with his fat hands and returned all to his bosom. "*Allons!*" he said shortly; we were on the road again!

That night we put up at the Bon Accueil in a town whose name escapes my recollection.

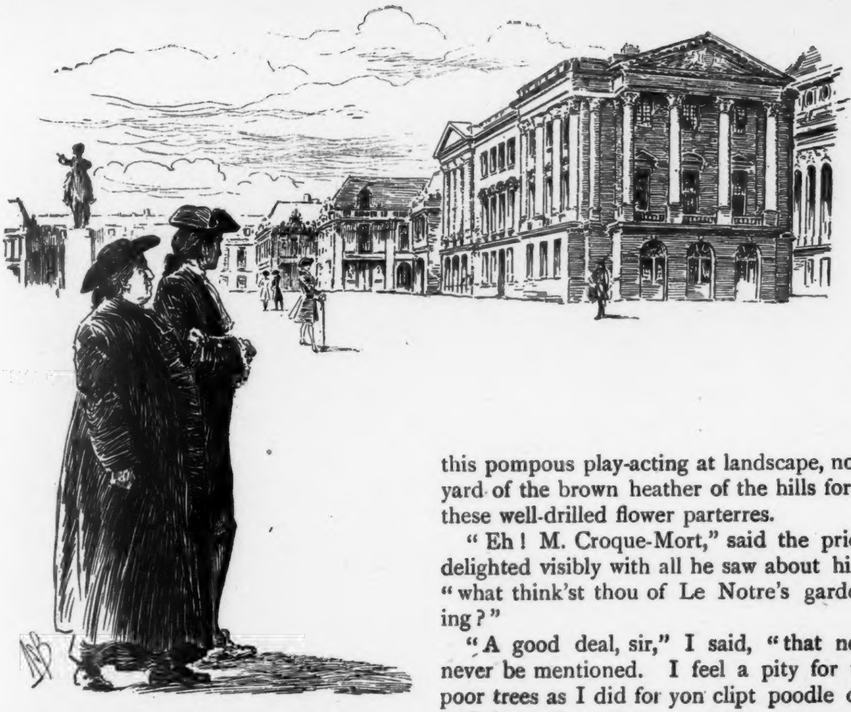
He had gone to bed; through the wall from his chamber came the noise of his sleep, while I was at the writing of my first letter to Miss Walkinshaw, making the same as free and almost affectionate as I had been her lover, for as I know it now, I was but seeking in her for the face of the love of the first woman and the last my heart was given to.

I had scarcely concluded when the Swiss came knocking softly to my door, and handed me a letter from the very woman whose name was still in wet ink upon my folded page. I tore it open eagerly, to find a score of pleasant remembrances. She had learned the night before that the priest was to set out in the morning: "I have kept my word," she went on. "Your best friend is Bernard, so I let you have him, and let us exchange our billets through him. It will be the most Discreet method. And I am, with every consideration, Ye Ken Wha."

CHAPTER XX

LEADS ME TO THE FRONT OF A COFFEE-HOUSE WHERE I AM STARTLED TO SEE A FACE I KNOW

THE occasion for this precaution in our correspondence was beyond my comprehension; nevertheless I was too proud to have the patronage of so fine a woman to cavil at what system she should devise for its discreet conduct, and the Swiss that night got my first letter to frank and dispatch. He got one next evening also, and the evening after that; in short, I made a diurnal of each stage in our journey and Bernard was my postman—so to name it—on every occasion that I forwarded the same to Miss Walkinshaw. He assured me that he was in circumstances



'We had come upon the front of the Palace"

to secure the more prompt forwardation of my epistles than if I trusted in the common runner, and it was a proof of this that when we got, after some days, into Versailles, he should bring to me a letter from the lady herself informing me how much of pleasure she had got from the receipt of the first communication I had sent her.

Perhaps it is a sign of the injudicious mind that I should not be very mightily pleased with this same Versailles. We had come into it of a sunny afternoon and quartered at the Cerf d'Or Inn, and went out in the evening for the air. Somehow the place gave me an antagonism; its clipt trees all in rows upon the wayside like a guard of soldiers; its trim gardens and bits of plots; its fountains bawling, as it seemed, for attention—these things hurt me as a liberty taken with nature. Here, thought I, is the fitting place for the raff in ruffles and the scented wanton; it should be the artificial man and the insincere woman should be condemned to walk for ever in these alleys and drink in these "bosquets"; I would not give a fir planting black against the evening sky at home for all this pompous play-acting at landscape, nor a yard of the brown heather of the hills for all these well-drilled flower parterres.

"Eh! M. Croque-Mort," said the priest, delighted visibly with all he saw about him; "what think'st thou of Le Notre's gardening?"

"A good deal, sir," I said, "that need never be mentioned. I feel a pity for the poor trees as I did for yon clipt poodle dog at Griepon."

"La! la! la! *sois raissonable*, Monsieur," cried the priest. "We cannot have the tastes of our Dubarrys and Pompadours and Maintenons so called in question by an untravelled Scot that knows but the rude mountain and stunted oaks dying in a murrain of climate. Art too ingenuous, youth. And yet—and yet"— here he paused and tapped his temple and smiled whimsically—"between ourselves, I prefer the woods of Somme where the birds sang together so jocund t'other day. But there now—ah, *quelle gloire!*"

We had come upon the front of the palace, and its huge far-reaching masonry that I learned later to regard as cold, formal, and wanting in a soul, greatly discomposed me. I do not know why it should be so, but as I gazed at this—the greatest palace I had ever beheld—I felt tears rush irrestrainably to my eyes. Maybe it was the poor little poet in MacGibbon's law chamber in Lanark town that used to tenant every ancient dwelling with spirits of the past, cropped up for the moment in Father Hamilton's secretary, and made me, in a flash, people the place with kings—and realise something of the wrench it must have been and still would be to each and all of them to say adieu at the long last to this place of noisy grandeur where they had had their time of gaiety and splendour. Anyhow, I well-nigh wept, and the priest was quick to see it.

"'Fore God!" he cried, "here's Andrew Greig again! 'Twas the wickedest rogue ever threw dice, and yet the man must rain at the eyes like a very woman."

And yet he was pleased, I thought, to see me touched. A band was playing somewhere in a garden unseen; he tapped time to its music with his finger tips against each other and smiled beatifically and hummed. He seemed at peace with the world and himself at that moment, yet a second later he was the picture of distress and apprehension.

We were going towards the Place d'Armes; he had, as was customary, his arm through mine, leaning on me more than was comfortable, for he was the poorest judge imaginable of his own corpulence. Of a sudden I felt him jolt as if he had been startled, and then he gripped my arm with a nervous grasp. All that was to account for his perturbation was that among the few pedestrians passing us on the road was one in a uniform who cast a rapid glance at us. It was not wonderful that he should do so, for indeed we were a singularly ill-assorted pair, but there was a recognition of the priest in the glance the man in the uniform threw at him in passing. Nothing was said; the man went on his way and we on ours, but looking at Father Hamilton, I saw his face had lost its colour and grown blotched in patches. His hand trembled; for the rest of the walk he was silent, and he could not too soon hurry us back to the Cerf d'Or.

Next day was Sunday, and Father Hamilton went to Mass, leaving me to my own affairs, that were not of that complexion perhaps most becoming on that day to a lad from Scotland. He came back anon and dressed most scrupulously in a suit of lay clothing.

"Come out, Master Greig," said he, "and use thine eyes for a poor priest that has ruined his own in studying the Fathers and seeking for honesty."

"It is not in the nature of a compliment to myself, that," I said, a little tired of his sour sentiments regarding humanity, and not afraid in the least to tell him so.

"Eh!" said he. "I spoke not of thee, thou savage. A plague on thy curt temper; 'twas ever the weakness of the Greigs. Come, and I shall show thee a house where thy uncle and I had many a game of dominoes."

We went to a coffee-house and watched the fashionable world go by. It was a sight monstrously fine. Because it was the Easter Sunday, the women had on their gayest apparel, the men their most belaced *jabots*.

"Now look you well, Friend Scotland," said Father Hamilton, as we sat at a little table and watched the stream of quality pass, "look you well and watch particularly every gentleman that passes to the right, and when you see one you know, tell me quickly."

He had dropped his Roman manner as if in too sober a mood to act.

"Is it a game?" I asked. "Who can I ken in the town of Versailles that never saw me here before?"

"Never mind," said he, "do as I tell you. A sharp eye, and——"

"Why," I cried, "there's a man I have seen before!"

"Where? where?" said Father Hamilton, with the utmost interest lighting his countenance.

"Yonder, to the left of the man with the velvet breeches. He will pass us in a minute or two."

The person I meant would have been kenspeckle in any company by the splendour of his clothing, but beyond his clothing there was a haughtiness in his carriage that singled him out even among the fashionables of Versailles, who were themselves obviously interested in his personality, to judge by the looks that they gave him as closely as breeding permitted. He came sauntering along the pavement swinging a cane by its tassel, his chin in the air, his eyes anywhere but on the crowds that parted to give him room. As he came closer I saw it was a handsome face enough that thus was cocked in haughtiness to the heavens, not unlike Clancarty's in that it showed the same signs of dissipation, yet with more of native nobility in it than was in the good enough countenance of the French-Irish nobleman. Where had I seen that face before?

It must have been in Scotland; it must

have been when I was a boy; it was never in the Mearns. This was a hat with a Dettingen cock; when I saw that forehead last it was under a Highland bonnet.

A Highland bonnet—why! yes, and five thousand Highland bonnets were in its company—whom had I here but Prince Charles Edward!

The recognition set my heart dirling in my breast, for there was enough of the rebel in me to feel a romantic glow at seeing him who set Scotland in a blaze, and was now the stuff of songs our women sang in milking folds among the hills, that heads had fallen for, and the Hebrides had been searched for in vain for weary seasons. The man was never a hero of mine so long as I had the cooling influence of my father to tell me how lamentable for Scotland had been his success had God permitted the same, yet I was proud to-day to see him.

"Is it he?" asked the priest, dividing his attention between me and the approaching nobleman.

"It's no other," said I. "I would know Prince Charles in ten thousand, though I saw him but the once in a rabble of caterans coming up the Gallowgate of Glasgow."

"Ah," said the priest, with a curious sighing sound. "They said he passed here at the hour. And that's our gentleman, is it? I expected he would have been—would have been different."

When the Prince was opposite the café where we sat he let his glance come to earth, and it fell upon myself. His aspect changed; there was something of recognition in it; though he never slackened his pace, and was gazing the next moment down the vista of the street, I knew that his glance had taken me in from head to heel, and that I was still the object of his thoughts.

"You see! you see!" cried the priest, "I was right, and he knew the Greig. Why, lad, shalt have an Easter egg for this—the best horloge in Versailles upon Monday morning."

"Why, how could he know me?" I asked. "It is an impossibility, for when he and I were in the same street last, he rode a horse high above an army and I was only a raw laddie standing at a close-mouth in Doig's Land in the Gallowgate."

But all the same I felt the priest was right, and that there was some sort of recognition in the Prince's glance at me in passing.

Father Hamilton poured himself a generous glass and drank thirstily.

"La! la! la!" said he, resuming his customary manner of address. "I daresay his Royal Highness has never clapt eyes on thy *croque mort* countenance before, but he has seen its like—ay, and had a regard for it too. Thine Uncle Andrew has done the thing for thee again, the mole, the hair, the face, the shoes—sure they advertise the Greig as by a drum tuck, and Charles Edward knew thy uncle pretty well as I supposed he would know thee. And this is my gentleman, is it? Well, well? No, not at all well; mighty ill indeed. Not the sort of fellow I had looked for at all. Looks a harmless man enough, and has tossed many a goblet in the way of company. If he had been a sour whey-face now——"

Father Hamilton applied himself most industriously to the bottle that afternoon, and it was not long till the last of my respect for him was gone. Something troubled him. He was moody and hilarious by turns, but neither very long, and completed my distrust of him when he intimated that there was some possibility of our trip across Europe never coming into effect. But all the same, I was to be assured of his patronage, I was to continue in his service as secretary if, as was possible, he should take up his residence for a time in Paris. And money—why, look again! he had a ship's load of it, and 'twould never be said of Father Hamilton that he could not share with a friend. And there he thrust some roleaux upon me and clapped my shoulder and was so affected at his own affection for Andrew Greig's nephew that he must even weep.

Weeping indeed was the priest's odd foible for the week we remained at Versailles. He that had been so jocular before was now filled with morose moods, and would ruminate upon his bottle by the hour at a time.

He was none the better for the company he met during our stay at the Cerf d'Or—all priests, and to the number of half-a-dozen, one of them an abbé with a most noble and reverent countenance. They used to come to him late at night, confer with him secretly in his room, and when they were gone I found him each time drenched in a perspiration and gulping spirits.

Every day we went to the café where we had seen the Prince first, and every day at the same hour we saw his Royal Highness, who, it appeared, was not known to the world for that, though known to me. The sight of him seemed to trouble Father Hamilton amazingly, and yet 'twas the grand object of the day—its only diversion; when we had seen the Prince we went back straight to the inn every afternoon.

The Cerf d'Or had a courtyard, cobbled with rough stones, in which there was a great and noisy traffic. In the midst of the court there was a little clump of evergreen trees and bushes in tubs, round which were gathered a few tables and chairs whereat—now that the weather was mild—the world sat in the afternoon. The walls about were covered with dusty ivy: here sparrows had begun to busy themselves with love and house-keeping; lilacs sprouted into green, and the porter of the house was for ever scratching at the hard earth about the plants, and tying up twigs and watering the pot. It was here I used to write my letters to Miss Walkinshaw at a little table separate from the rest, and I think it was on Friday I was at this pleasant occupation when I looked up to see the man with the uniform gazing at me from the other side of the bushes as if he were waiting to have the letter when I was done with it.

I went in and asked Father Hamilton who this man was.

"What!" he cried in a great disturbance, "the same as we met near the Trianon! O Lord Paul, there is something wrong, for that was Buhot."

"And this Buhot?" I asked.

"A police inspector. There is no time to lose. Monsieur Greig, I want you to do an office for me. Here is a letter that must find its way into the hands of the Prince. You will give it to him. You have seen that he passes the café at the same hour every day. Well, it is the easiest thing in the world for you to go up to him and hand him this. No more's to be done by you."

"But why should I particularly give him the letter? Why not send it by the Swiss?"

"That is my affair," cried the priest testily. "The Prince knows you—that is important. He knows the Swiss too, and that is why I have the Swiss with me as a second string to my bow, but I prefer that he should have this letter from the hand of M. Andrew Greig's nephew. 'Tis a letter from his most intimate friend."

I took the letter into my hand, and was amazed to see that the address was in a writing exactly corresponding to that of a billet now in the bosom of my coat. What could Miss Walkinshaw and the Prince have of correspondence to be conducted on such roundabout lines? Still, if the letter was hers I must carry it; perhaps it was one in my own interest.

"Very well," I agreed, and went out to meet the Prince.

The sun was blazing; the street was full of the quality in their summer clothing. His Royal Highness came stepping along at the customary hour more gay than ever. I made bold to call myself to his attention with my hat in my band.

"I beg your Royal Highness's pardon," I said in English, "but I have been instructed to convey this letter to you."

He swept his glance over me; pausing longest of all on my red shoes, and took the letter from my hand. He gave a glance at the direction, reddened, and bit his lip.

"Let me see now, what is the name of the gentleman who does me the honour?"

"Greig," I answered. "Paul Greig."

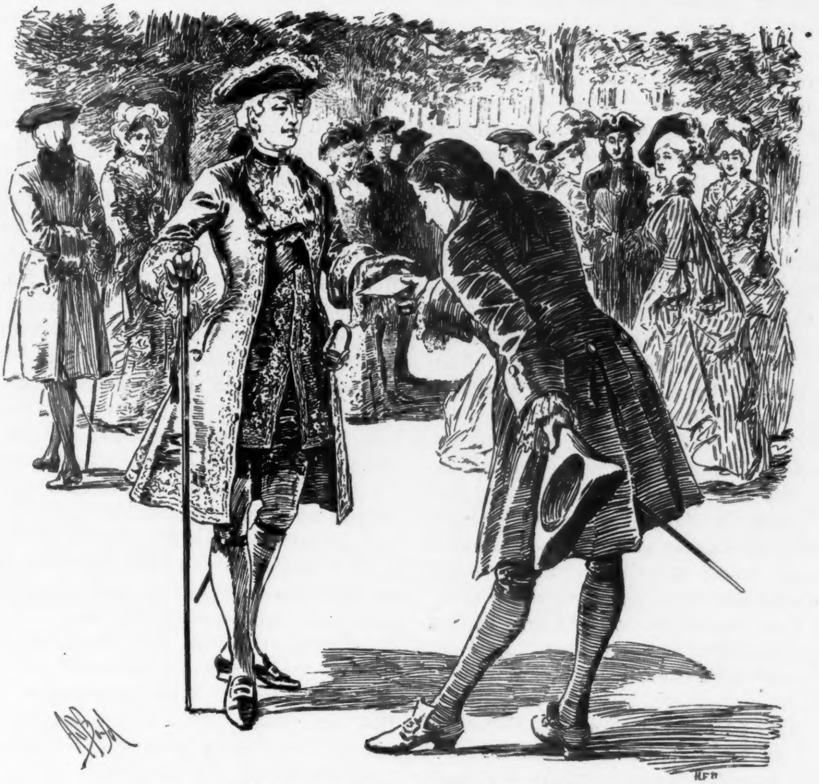
"Ah!" he cried, "of course: I have had friends in Monsieur's family. *Charmé, Monsieur, de faire votre connaissance.* M. Andrew Greig——"

"Was my uncle, your Royal Highness."

"So! a dear fellow, but if I remember rightly, with a fatal gift of irony. 'Tis a quality to be used with tact. I hope you have tact, M. Greig. Your good uncle once did me the honour to call me a—what was it now?—a gomeral."

"It was very like my uncle, that, your Royal Highness," I said. "But I know that he loved you and your cause."

"I daresay he did, Monsieur; I daresay he did," said the Prince, flushing, and with a show of pleasure at my speech. "I have learned of late that the fair tongue is not always the friendliest. In spite of it all I liked M. Andrew Greig. I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing Monsieur Greig's



"'I beg your Royal Highness's pardon'"

nephew soon again. *Au plaisir de vous revoir!*"

And off he went, putting the letter, unread, into his pocket.

When I went back to the Cerf d'Or and told Father Hamilton all that had passed, he was in a curious mixture of satisfaction and melancholy.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ATTEMPT ON THE PRINCE

AND now I come to an affair of which there have been many accounts written, some of them within a mile or two of the truth, the most but sheer romantics. I have in my mind notably the account of the officer Buhot printed two years after the events in question, in which he makes the most fabulous statement as to the valiancy of Father Hamilton's stand in the private house in the Rue des Reservoirs, and maintains that myself—*le fier Eccossais*, as he is flattering enough to designate me—drew my sword upon himself and threatened to run him through for his proposition that I should confess to a complicity in the attempt upon his Royal Highness. I have seen his statement reproduced with some extra ornament in the *Edinburgh Courant* as bearing upon my evidence against Daniel Risk in the trial of him for the scuttling of the ship *Seven Sisters*, and the result of all this is that till this day my neighbours give me a credit, of which I am loth to advantage myself, for having felled two or three of the French officers before I was overcome at the hinder-end.

The matter is, in truth, more prosaic as it happened, and if these memorials of mine leave the shadow of a doubt in the minds of any interested in an old story that created some stir in its time, I pray them see the archives of M. Bertin, the late Lieut.-General of the police. Bertin was no particular friend of mine that had been the unconscious cause of great trouble and annoyance to him, but he told the truth in the deposition I made and signed prior to my appointment to a company of the d'Auvergne regiment.

Well, to take matters in their right order, it was the evening of the day I had given the letter to the Prince that Father Hamilton expressed his intention of passing that night in the house of a friend.

I looked at him with manifest surprise, for he had been at the bottle most of the afternoon, and was by now more in a state for his bed than for going among friends.

"Well," he cried peevishly, observing my dubiety. "Do you think me too drunk for the society of a parcel of priests? *Ma foi!* it is a pretty thing that I cannot budge from my ordinary habitude of things without a stuck owl setting up a silent protest."

To a speech so wanting in dignity I felt it better there should be no reply, and instead I helped him into his great-coat. As I did so, he made an awkward lurching movement due to his corpulence, and what jumped out of an inner pocket but a pistol? Which of us was the more confused at that it would be hard to say. For my part, the weapon—that I had never seen in his possession before—was a fillip to my sleeping conscience; I picked it up with a distaste, and he took it from me with trembling fingers and an averted look.

"A dangerous place, Versailles, after dark," he explained feebly. "One never knows, one never knows," and into his pocket hurriedly with it.

"I shall be back for breakfast," he went on. "Unless—unless—oh, I certainly shall be back." And off he set.

The incident of the pistol disturbed me for a while. I made a score of speculations as to why a fat priest should burden himself with such an article, and finally concluded that it was as he suggested, to defend himself from night birds if danger offered; though that at the time had been the last thing I myself would have looked for in the well-ordered town of Versailles. I sat in the common-room or *salle* of the inn for a while after he had gone, and thereafter retired to my own bedchamber, meaning to read or write for an hour or two before going to bed. In the priest's room—which was on the same landing and next to my own—I heard the whistle of Bernard the Swiss, but I had no letters for him that evening, and we did not meet each other. I was uncommon dull on the occasion, feeling more than usually the hame-wae that must have been greatly wanting in the experience of my Uncle Andrew to make him for so long a wanderer on the face of the earth. But there is no condition of life so miserable but what one finds in it remissions, diversions, nay, and delights also, and I was—of all things in the world to be doing when what followed came to pass—inditing a song to a lady, my quill scratching across the paper in spurts and dashes, baffled pauses where the matter would not attend close enough on the mood, stopping altogether at a stanza's end to hum the stuff over to myself with great satisfaction. I was, as I say, at the midst of this; the Swiss had gone downstairs; all in my part of the house was still, though vehicles moved about in the courtyard, when unusually noisy footsteps sounded on the stair, with what seemed like the tap of scabbards on the treads.

It was a sound so strange that my hand flew by instinct to the small sword I was now in the habit of wearing and had learned some of the use of from Thurot.

There was no knock for entrance; the door was boldly opened and four officers with Buhot at their head were immediately in the room.

Buhot intimated in French that I was to consider myself under arrest, and repeated the same in indifferent English that there might be no mistake about a fact as patent as that the sword was in his hand.

For a moment I thought the consequence of my crime had followed me abroad, and that this squat dark officer watching me with the scrutiny of a forest animal partly in a dread that my superior bulk should endanger himself, was in league with the law of my own country. That I should after all be dragged back in chains to a Scots gallows was a prospect unendurable; I put up the ridiculous small sword and dared him to lay a hand on me. But I had no sooner done so than its folly was apparent, and I laid the weapon down.

"*Tant mieux!*" said he, much relieved, and then an assurance that he knew I was a gentleman of discretion and would not make unnecessary trouble. "Indeed," he went on, "*Voyez!* I take these men away; I have the infinite trust in Monsieur; Monsieur and I shall settle this little affair between us."

And he sent his friends to the foot of the stair.

"Monsieur may compose himself," he assured me with a profound inclination.

"I am very much obliged to you," I said, seating myself on the corner of the table and crushing my poor verses into my pocket as I did so, "I am very much obliged to you, but I'm at a loss to understand to what I owe the honour."

"Indeed," he said, also seating himself on the table to show, I supposed, that he was on terms of confidence with his prisoner. "Monsieur is Father Hamilton's secretary?"

"So I believe," I said; "at least I engaged for the office that's something of a sinecure, to tell the truth."

And then Buhot told me a strange story.

He told me that Father Hamilton was now a prisoner, and on his way to the prison of Bicetre. He was—this Buhot—something of the artist and loved to make his effects most telling (which accounts, no doubt, for the romantical nature of the account aforesaid), and sitting upon the table-edge he embarked upon a narrative of the most crowded two hours that had perhaps been in the priest's lifetime.

It seemed that when the priest had left the Cerf d'Or, he had gone to a place till recently called the Bureau des Carrosses Pour la Rochelle, and now unoccupied save by a concierge, and the property of some person or persons unknown. There he had ensconced himself in the only habitable room and waited for a visitor regarding whom the concierge had his instructions.

"You must imagine him," said the officer, always in the fastidiousness of an artist for his effects, "you must imagine him, Monsieur, sitting in this room all alone breathing hard, with a pistol before him on the table, and——"

"What! a pistol!" I cried, astounded and alarmed.

"*Certainement*," said Buhot, charmed with the effect his dramatic narrative was creating. "Your friend, *mon ami*, would be little good, I fancy, with a rapier. Anyway, 'twas a pistol. A carriage drives up to the door; the priest rises to his feet with the pistol in his hand; there is the rap at the door. '*Entrez!*' cries the priest, cocking the pistol, and no sooner was his visitor within than he pulled the trigger; the explosion rang through the dwelling; the chamber was full of smoke."

"Good heavens!" I cried in horror, "and who was the unhappy wretch?"

Buhot shrugged his shoulders, made a French gesture with his hands, and pursed his mouth.

"Who did you invite to the room at the hour of ten, M. Greig?" he asked.

"Invite?" I cried. "It's your humour to deal in parables. I declare to you I invited no one."

"And yet, my good sir, you are Hamilton's secretary and you are Hamilton's envoy. 'Twas you handed to the Prince the *poulet* that was designed to bring him to his fate."

My instinct grasped the situation in a second; I had been the ignorant tool of a madman; the whole events of the past week made the fact plain, and I was for the moment stunned.

Buhot watched me closely, and not unkindly, I can well believe, from what I can recall of our interview and all that followed after it.

"And you tell me he killed the Prince?" I cried at last.

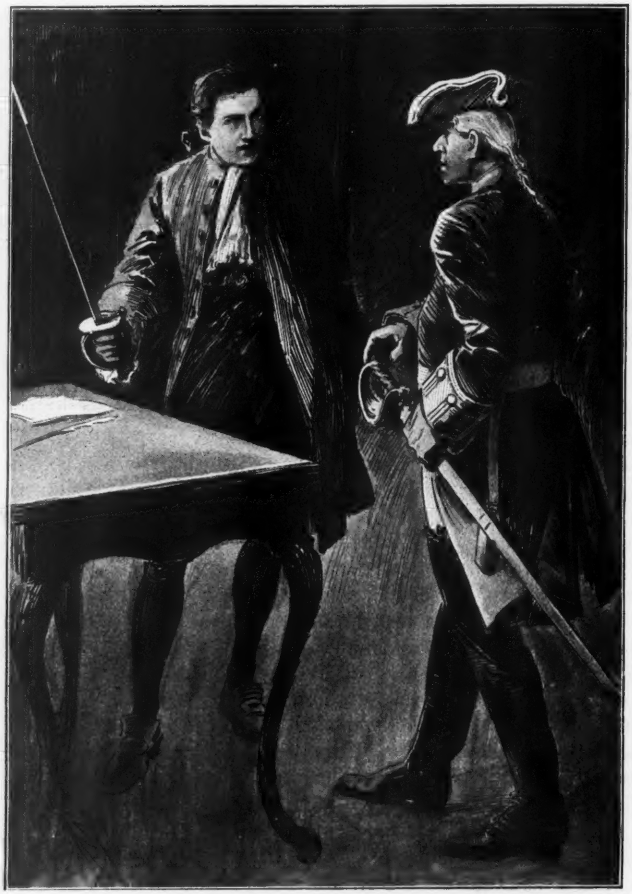
"No, Monsieur," said Buhot; "I am happy to say he did not. The Prince was better advised than to accept the invitation you sent to him."

"Still," I cried with remorse, "there's a man dead, and 'tis as much as happens when princes themselves are clay."

"*Parfaitement*, Monsieur, though it is indiscreet to shout it here. Luckily there is no one at all dead in this case, otherwise it had been myself, for I was the man who entered to the priest and received his pistol fire. It was not the merriest of duties either," he went on, always determined I should lose no iota of the drama, "for the priest might have discovered before I got there that the balls of his pistol had been abstracted."

"Then Father Hamilton has been under watch?"

"Since ever you set foot in Versailles last



"'Then let it be Galbanon'"

he is one of a great movement and the man we seek is his master—one Father Fleuriau of the Jesuits. Hamilton's travels were but part of a great scheme that has sent half a dozen of his kind chasing the Prince in the past year or two from Paris to Amsterdam, from Amsterdam to Orleans, from Orleans to Hamburg, Seville, Lisbon, Rome, Brussels, Potsdam, Nuremburg, Berlin. The same hand that extracted his bullets tapped the priest's portfolio and found the wretch was in promise of a bishopric and a great sum of money. You see, M. Greig, I am curiously frank with my prisoner."

"And no doubt you have your reasons," said I, but beat, myself, to imagine what they could be save that he might have proofs of my innocence.

"Very well," said M. Buhot. "To come to the point, it is this, that we desire to have the scheme of the Jesuits for the Prince's

Friday," said Buhot complacently. "The Damien affair has sharpened our wits, I warrant you."

"Well, sir," I said, "let me protest that I have been till this moment in utter darkness about Hamilton's character or plans. I took him for what he seemed—a genial buffoon of a kind with more gear than guidance."

"We cannot, with infinite regret, assume that, Monsieur, but personally I would venture a suggestion," said Buhot, coming closer on the table and assuming an affable air. "In this business, Hamilton is a tool—no more; and a poor one at that, badly wanting the grindstone. To break him—phew!—'twere as easy as to break a glass, but

assassination, and other atrocities shocking to all that revere the divinity of princes, crumbled up. Father Hamilton is at the very roots of the secret; if, say, a gentleman so much in his confidence as yourself—now, if such a one were, say, to share a cell with this regicide for a night or two, and pursue judicious inquiries——"

"Stop! stop!" I cried, my blood hammering in my head, and the words like to choke me. "Am I to understand that you would make me your spy and informer upon this miserable old madman that has led me such a gowk's errand?"

Buhot slid back off the table edge and took his feet.

"Oh," said he, "the terms are not happily chosen. 'Spy'—'informer'—come, Monsieur Greig; this man is in all but the actual accomplishment of his purpose an assassin. 'Tis the duty of every honest man to help in discovering the band of murderers whose tool he has been."

"Then I'm no honest man, M. Buhot," said I bitterly, "for I've no stomach for a duty so dirty."

"Think of it for a moment," he pressed, with evident surprise at my decision. "Bicetre is an unwholesome hostelry, I give you my word. Consider that your choice is between a night or two there and—who knows?—a lifetime of Galbanon that is infinitely worse."

"Then let it be Galbanon," I said, and lifted my sword and slapped it furiously, sheathed as it was, like a switch upon the table.

Buhot leaped back in a fear that I was to attack him, and cried his men from the stair foot.

"This force is not needed at all," I said. "I am innocent enough to be prepared to go quietly."

LIFE IN A LONDON WORKHOUSE

By DUNCAN CUMMING

IT is not given to every one to realise by experience what parish relief actually means. The rich are content to believe it to be a wise provision of a beneficent nation for the comfort and well-being of its poor, while those for whom it is intended look upon it with such horror and loathing as occasionally to die of starvation rather than avail themselves of its benefits. The latter view arises from regrettable ignorance and prejudice, for even the average workhouse enables a man to live a cleanly life, while a well-ordered institution, such as that in which my circumstances compelled me to take refuge for a time, is quite unlike the popular idea of the workhouse. On that bleak January afternoon when, my last sixpence gone, I found myself destitute and friendless in the streets of London, I knew no more about the workhouse than that whenever I had heard it mentioned it was with the sneer of contemptuous pity. And now when I found myself face to face with dire poverty, I shrank from getting closer to it. At last, after wandering aimlessly about the streets for a whole miserable afternoon, a friendly police-serjeant whom I accosted encouraged me to make my way to the door of the relieving office, where he left me with the words:

"You go in now, and get admitted. You can live a cleanly life there till you have time to pull yourself together. Answer all their questions plain and truthful, and don't mind their bluff, they have to be on their guard against frauds and loafers. Good-day, and good luck to you."

With those encouraging words he left me at the door of the relieving office of the Strand Union, in Maiden Lane. On entering, I was confronted by a stern-faced gentleman, who asked me, in succession, a number of questions, and finally, in a hesitating manner, handed me an order for admittance. The workhouse of the Strand Union is situated in Edmonton, some ten miles north of London, and thither I was conveyed with about a dozen others, men and women, in a large closed van, driven by a uniformed official.

Some of the women, who had been taking on quantities of their favourite "four ile" after getting their orders, began to sing and weep when we were well on our way; they kissed and sympathised with each other, and finally fell to quarrelling in a pompous, subdued fashion, which dwindled down to an air of cowed submission when we reached our destination.

At the gate or receiving ward, we males were bathed, and received each a clumsy, ill-fitting suit of corduroys. This was but a temporary garb, however, for I may mention here that no one at this institution is condemned to permanent corduroys except the young able-bodied men on task-work. In a day or two afterwards, when I was "put on a job," I was supplied with a good suit of ordinary citizen's clothes, the male inmates of the Strand Union Workhouse wearing no uniform, but being provided with clothing as varied in colour and cut as that worn by the people in the streets.

While we were eating our supper of tea, bread and butter, the house doctor came in, and looking us over with rapid, scrutinising glance, asked each of us in turn, "Are you all right?" Supper over, we were dismissed to our several dormitories, a pasteboard card, inscribed with the name of each man and of the ward and bed number, enabling us easily to find our way to our respective quarters. Crossing the space between the lodge and the main house, I came to a long corridor leading to a flight of stone stairs, which I ascended as far as the second storey, where my particular ward or dormitory was located. Figure to yourself a long, many-windowed apartment, painted in vivid green and brown colours, with two square chimney shafts at some distance apart along the middle of the room, which had two great roaring fires on each side of them; and four rows of beds running from end to end, with two wide matted passages separating the outer from the inner rows, the whole gleaming in the light of the bright fires below and of the gas jets overhead, and you have an outline of the strange scene that greeted my eyes as I entered the place which was to give me nightly shelter for many months to come.

There were nearly eighty men of all ages, from youth to decrepit old age, in this large dormitory, some already in bed, others leisurely shaking down their mattresses, and others standing chatting round the big fires. The bed itself was a very good one, a flock mattress, with two white sheets, two pillows, three heavy blankets, and a brown counterpane. Everything was fresh and clean, for cleanliness is the dominant note of workhouse life. Opening off this dormitory there were two lavatories, with hot and cold water taps, bath, roller towels, and every other convenience. At 8 P.M. the retiring bell clanged loudly outside, and in another quarter of an hour the wardsman turned off the gas, leaving, however, a safety lamp hanging at each end of the room to afford a dim light during the night. Some desultory talk was carried on here and there till nine o'clock, when all became still, and it became the wardsman's duty to see that silence was preserved after that hour; and in case of serious disturbance he had only to touch an electric button in the wall beside his bed to receive assistance from the night-watch on duty in the regions below.

The rising bell woke me up smartly next morning at 6.45 A.M., breakfast was served at 7.30, and at 9, the daily office hour, I and the other "fresh admissions" were brought before the master to answer a few stereotyped questions, after which we were handed over to the tender mercies of the labour-master. This official has usually a difficult course to steer, and in a free-and-easy community like the inmates of this workhouse—largely composed of men of Hibernian extraction—particularly so. In the present case he was a very tall young North-countryman, who, having a will of his own and standing squarely on the prerogatives of his office, evidently made it his aim to treat every inmate alike, without partiality or prejudice. After a momentary glance at me he ordered me to go and report myself to the laundress. This female officer, whom I found to be a buxom, alert-looking, middle-aged person, clad neatly in nurse's costume, after eyeing me over critically, set me at once to work *vis-à-vis* with an exceedingly lively and active grey-bearded septuagenarian, at the sliding drying-horses with which the laundry was fitted. The laundress, I soon came to know, had the reputation of being a choleric and tyrannical personage among the men and women, about thirty in all, under her orders, but during the four months I worked under her I saw nothing to justify such a reputation. It is true that her manner was at times abrupt and scathing to the careless or the idlers, but she was by no means ill-natured at bottom. She had a good deal to try her patience: in charge of the washing for over one thousand inmates, as well as for the officers and the master's family—washing that must, at all hazards, be ready at the appointed hour—she could never count with certainty from day to day on the services of her most efficient hands, who, whenever the chance of outside work presented itself, naturally took their discharge.

One of the anomalies of workhouse life is that all the male inmates up to sixty years of age are booked as "young men," and so are liable to be assigned to "task-work," at the discretion of the doctor or the master. Now this same task-work is worthy of brief notice, inasmuch as the regulations concerning it are carried out to the letter in many workhouses, and in these life can hardly be worth living for most of the able-bodied men who are so unlucky as to fall short, if only by a few weeks, of the arbitrary age-limit of 60 years. These regulations, issued by the Board of Guardians, are posted up on the walls of the inmates' day-rooms and read as follows: "The task-work indoors required to be done under the superintendence of the labour-master by able-bodied males under 60 years of age, in return for their food, clothing, and lodging, is to break from 5 to 10 cwts. of stone per day, at the discretion of the master, or, to pick not less than 4 lbs. of unbeaten oakum. Able-bodied males and females over 60 years of age to be put to such work as the medical officer may sanction, according to their capacity and strength."

There was very little stone-breaking or oakum-picking going on at this institution while I was there, and that little fell into the hands of the right persons, sturdy young fellows who had no business to be in the workhouse, and whom a tolerably stiff application of this kind of pressure was usually successful in driving away. But there was plenty of other kinds of work, and almost everybody had something to do. The impression seems to prevail that the workhouse is the paradise of the idle and lazy, and that when an inmate has reached an advanced age, or has lost an arm or a leg, he is thereby exempted from labour. Never was there a greater mistake. Almost everybody (and the exceptions are doctor's cases) that can stand on two legs or on one, or who can see with one good eye or with two bad ones, has to do some kind of work in the workhouse, which, in fact, well deserves its name.

Setting aside the task-work already mentioned, workhouse labour is divided as follows: Field-work and gardening, conducted under the supervision of a special officer, and at which men used to outside work are chiefly employed; and, secondly, domestic work—the kitchen, bakery, dining-hall, laundry, sick wards, artisan shops, and the stairs, passages and windows. During my sojourn at "the Strand," work seemed to go on just as at some well-ordered factory or commercial house, without any friction or petty tyranny, for the master himself, a humane and considerate gentleman, abhorred fussiness or injustice in a subordinate, and though there were one or two officers of the bumptious, Bumble-minded type who would have doubtless preferred a more arbitrary *régime*, they were constrained, willy-nilly, to follow the lines laid out by their chief. I worked not only in the laundry, but also, in turn, as attendant in a sick ward, as waiter and cleaner in the dining-hall, and as assistant cook, and in no case did I ever find the yoke a galling one, though the monotony of it made it often tiresome enough.

During leisure hours the men dispersed to their various day-rooms, of which there were six, including a comfortable reading-room, with wall pictures, and tables well supplied with old magazines and illustrated papers. There was also a library, from which books were issued twice a week, but these also consisted only of bound volumes of old magazines, and a few defunct three-volume novels of aristocratic flavour. There was not a poet, or a historian, or a scientist, or a standard novelist represented in the whole collection.

All labour was over by 5 P.M., most of it much earlier, and after tea, which was served shortly after that hour, we were our own masters till bed-time, which was eight o'clock all the year round. The dormitories, however, were thrown open immediately after tea-time, and anybody who chose could retire then. Many availed themselves of the opportunity, and often have I heard some worn-out old fellow murmur, as he carefully made down his bed for the night, "Thank God for this bed! It is the best thing in the house." For myself, when work was over, and I had been somewhat refreshed by the large bowl of hot tea served with the evening meal, I was glad of the solace of a book and a pipe, seated in some corner amid a babel of voices, before retiring to rest. Sunday was the day when I felt most depressed in spirits, for then I had time to realise most acutely the blank hopelessness of my position. There was a tidy little chapel at which Anglican services were held twice on Sundays and once during the week, the Roman Catholics being accommodated in one of the larger day-rooms. Presbyterian though I am, I joined the worshippers in the chapel pretty regularly, though I could never rid myself of the painful feelings caused by the sight of the poor old women on the left of the aisle, in white caps and blue striped cotton dresses, with their wan sad faces mutely speaking in unavailing protest against the pitiable lot of their declining years.

Three times a day, at the tolling of a bell, we all flocked to the common dining-hall, a long and rather bleak-looking apartment, one end of which was reserved for the female inmates, who entered from their own quarters by a separate door. Leaving out the gruel, or "skilly" table, occupied by the few task-men in corduroys, breakfast and supper invariably consisted of a pint of tea, with a six ounce loaf of white bread and a pat of margarine. Dinner consisted, for all on Sunday, of five ounces of boiled beef, with half a pound of potatoes, or, rarely, cabbage or parsnips; on Monday, the men on the labour side had this diet repeated, while those excused from work or employed only on light labour were served with four ounces of bread and a pint of pea-soup, the latter more or less thickened with vegetables and scraps of meat; on Tuesday, boiled bacon and cabbage for all; on Wednesday, Irish stew, a humorous libel on that well-known dish, for it consisted only of a thin potato-soup, with a few cubes of tough and desiccated beef floating in it—it was, in fact, the least satisfactory dinner in the whole week's menu; on Friday, baked fish and potatoes, a dinner from which, though, as a rule, it was good in quality and abundant in quantity, many of the inmates unaccountably absented themselves; on Saturday, the labour men dined as on Monday, while the others were regaled on a kind of suet pudding, with molasses sauce, which when served hot enough was palatable and nutritious. It must be confessed that in this diet the beef was sometimes very tough and horny; the Tuesday bacon—the dinner the inmates seemed to like best of all—was often insufficiently cooked, as were often, also, the whole potatoes (when there were any) in the so-called Irish stew; and that the bread sometimes came in either over-baked or carelessly kneaded. But, on the whole, the diet was a fairly sufficient and nourishing one, and for those whose appetites it did not satisfy there was always plenty of left-over bread knocking about with which they could make good the deficiency.

All men on labour were allowed by the Guardians an extra two ounces of tea and half a pound of sugar per week, which was served out to them every Saturday afternoon in brown paper bags, in the dining-hall, and as there was a stock of kettles and tea-pots in the different day-rooms, a man could brew himself a mug of tea whenever he wanted it. Further, all men over sixty, and younger men on responsible or skilled work, received an ounce of shag tobacco every week; while inmates in charge of shops, such as the tailor, the shoemaker, and a few others, drew special rations and a pint of beer daily, and they were understood also to be in receipt of a small weekly pittance of money (2*s.* 6*d.*).

On my first Friday in "the house," I was summoned with others before the weekly committee of the Board of Guardians, and, after answering a few questions, told I might remain for a month, at the end of which time, if I had not meanwhile taken my discharge, I was to present myself again before them. Still another ordeal had to be gone through before I could consider myself a *bonâ fide* inmate. One evening, after tea, I was sent for by the "pass-master," name of ill omen to him who, on his admission, has not given a truthful account of his antecedents. This official, in the present instance, was a gentleman of suave and insinuating address, who after courteously bidding me to be seated near him, began to talk to me in the tone of one's family solicitor pleasantly breaking to his client the news of some unexpected windfall of fortune. The pass-master is the ratepayer's watch-dog, for his duty it is, by judicious wheedling and skilful cross-questioning, to discover whether a new-comer has any claims to the shelter of the Union, and to pass on interlopers either to their native parishes or to those in which they have been in continued residence for a period of three years or more.

There are all sorts of people to be met with in a large workhouse like that of the Strand Union. Besides the ordinary day-labourer and street-hawker, you may find among the crowd that throngs the day-rooms at night, walking about in listless vacuity, or sitting at the long tables reading or playing at draughts—decayed actors, journalists, lawyers, many old soldiers and a few sailors, commercial men, yes and, I grieve to say it, a broken-down clergyman or two. The rough and foul-mouthed graduate of the slums is also to be met there, especially during the winter months, but his life is not made too easy for him, and when he would disport himself in his natural choice way, he is promptly extinguished by the better element around him, always in preponderance even in such a society as this of the workhouse. But these young roughs do not stay long; a diet of gruel, with the hardest work thrown in, is not to their taste, and as soon as they think they have been in the "lump" (as they term the workhouse) long enough to warrant them in asking the master for a coat or a pair of trousers, or, more often, a pair of shoes, they quickly take their flight back to their London rookeries. If the Local Government Board took away from the younger men who thus make a convenience of the workhouse the absurd privilege of taking their discharge after giving twenty-four hours' notice, to return the very same day if they like, there would not be such a run on its resources, at times, by the young victims of improvidence and drink.

Drink! The word suggests another and more painful reflection. Men over sixty are allowed to go out every other Wednesday, from 1 P.M. to 8 P.M. On any other day but that one would be inclined to infer from their bearing and conversation that not their fault but their misfortune was responsible for their incarceration, in their declining years, in the pauper's prison-house. But the eagerness with which they rush out with the few shillings sent to them periodically by poor, kind-hearted friends outside, to squander them noisily over the dingy, greasy bars of the neighbouring public-houses, and the maudlin, semi-imbecile condition in which many of them return at night, tell all too plain a story of the influence that strong drink has wielded over their past lives. There are, doubtless, many exceptions, but that drink has been one of the most potent factors in the evolution of the workhouse pauper, who that is thoroughly acquainted with him can deny?

THE VIRGIN FORESTS OF THE PARANÁ

By J. BARNARD JAMES

TO the untravelled man there is always a sort of fascination in the idea of Virgin Forest. This is, perhaps, due to the fact that he has but a hazy notion of the meaning of the term. He is acquainted with the charms of rustic scenery at home—in Devonshire woods and lanes, maybe—and his soul has been stirred within him by the voice of Nature as he passed through the refreshing shade of some Surrey copse; but in these he recognises certain limitations. The hand of man is evident on this side or on that, and the keen observer is made conscious at every turn that here is no true solitude, that others have preceded him along the leafy alleys, that others will one day—if not to-morrow—tread the same ground again, and that, should he open his lungs in a reverberant shout, others of his kind will in all probability be within hearing, and the glades will resound with their answering cries.

Far different is his conception of the Virgin Forest, and in many respects he is justified. He imagines trackless immensity, solitude—unless Nature herself be his companion—almost palpable; reckless growth and still more ruthless decay. All these enter into his conception, but necessarily in the vaguest form. And though these qualities undoubtedly characterise the Virgin Forest, how far they fall short of representing the true idea, of portraying the grandeur, the majesty, and, indeed, the wondrousness of the primeval backwoods!

Nevertheless—be it confessed as a proof of sincerity—there are charms in English sylvan scenery that are lacking in that of tropical climes. The softness of colour that we know so well, the dainty graces that appeal so tenderly to the British heart, are replaced by more lurid hues, expressive rather of passion than of innocence. Where tints of brown and green here harmoniously blend, contrast is there the chief feature of Nature's art; and the fair dame is figged out in gaudy raiment and flaunting airs, and one looks suspiciously at the glaring ruddiness of her cheeks. But there is no deception about Nature, and though one may at times question her good taste, one can never find fault with her ingenuousness; for, despite appearances, her ladyship is, like the forest, a virgin.

Some years ago I had occasion to penetrate a portion of the Virgin Forest that lies along the higher reaches of the Paraná River. It has long been my wish to describe the experience; but hitherto a realisation of the futility of such an endeavour, of the inadequacy of words to convey a genuine impression, has induced me to refrain from assuming the task. Yet, if I now fail to impart a full conception of those noble forests, I may succeed, perchance, in adding something to the reader's knowledge of them, or, at least, in awakening his interest.

On the river border, as a rule, the vegetation reaches no great height, but a thick undergrowth often renders landing difficult. From the outset the axe must be plied, to prepare a footing on the bank, and thenceforward every step must be fought for by the vigorous exercise of its keen edge. The soil underfoot is soft and swampy—a rich alluvium, deposited by the sluggish stream, and having scarcely sufficient consistency to support the weight of the giant trees of the inner forest.

Gradually, however, the undergrowth becomes less dense; gradually the leafy dome rises higher and higher above our heads. By degrees, too, the tree-trunks become straighter and more destitute of branches; and presently we enter upon another atmosphere. Outside, on the river-bank, the sun was bright and dry and hot; brilliant birds and butterflies of marvellous size and beauty fluttered and flickered along the woodland fringe; while the air tingled with the vibration of divers sounds—a chattering, a humming, a chirping, a buzzing.

But here all is changed; before us we now behold the nave of a stately cathedral, its roof supported by lofty columns sixty feet in height. The light is strangely subdued, sometimes almost dying into darkness; and the atmosphere, though hot, is dank and oppressive, more like the air of crypt or charnel-house than an abode of Nature. The outer noises, too, have ceased, save for an occasional echo, or when one of the few denizens of this sepulchral gloom gives voice, and proclaims that he, the jaguar, is monarch of the ghostly realm. The jaguar's claim to sovereignty is, however, disputed by the alligator, who lies sleeping in the mud of an *arroyo* (streamlet) till awakened rudely by the incautious tread of some passer—man or beast—who steps upon his back, mistaking it in the obscurity for the trunk of a fallen tree. Then—if the intruder be a jaguar—ensues a battle royal, in which the recognised monarch is lucky if he comes off with merely the loss of a limb. Other inmates of this Nether World are the larger serpents and vast batlike creatures, which, as they circle round one's head, give rise to a feeling of loathing horror.

But the true wonder of this Virgin Forest as yet remains unrevealed. There is an upper region left to be explored, and to this we now ascend. In the faint, mysterious light, which seems to come from any direction save from overhead, there may be discerned now and again creepers or dead parasites, that have either descended from above into this hot-air bath and grown downwards nearly to the ground, or are remnants of a prehistoric vegetation that grew when the trees grew, in the forgotten past, but have long since lost their vitality, and hang loose from their foster-parent. By the aid of these—often of the thickness of a man's wrist, and tough enough to blunt an axe-edge—we climb aloft, as up the rigging of a ship. As we approach the summit, here and there a glimpse of light becomes visible; and when transverse branches at length afford a means of progression, we direct our course towards one of these spots. There, by renewed wielding of the axe, we break through dense vegetation, and presently emerge upon a new world.

A new world in truth—a Jack and the Bean-stalk kingdom; a new terra firma, new vegetation, a new atmosphere, new living creatures—in fine, a new forest perched upon the top of the old one. Ages ago, when those stately trees beneath had already reared their heads proudly aloft and had intertwined their arms in indissoluble friendship, an epoch of decay set in. But the high columnar trunks stood firm, bound each to each by their matted crests. So, when the upper branches became detached, and boughs fell athwart boughs, the basis of a platform was created; and as leaves and twigs fluttered from the summits, they were arrested in their downward course, they filled the chinks and crevices, became massed together, and gradually formed a solid stratum. To this the wind and other agents no doubt contributed portions of dust and earth, which, mingling with the vegetable matter, provided a fertile soil; and the weeds, which would grow first, tended to bind this together in a coherent whole. Seeds of larger plants at length taking root in this aerial garden, a forest in course of time arose, supported by the ancestral skeleton.

But, in spite of its beauty and the charm of its gaily-plumaged inmates, and the pleasant warmth of the sun filtering through a leafy canopy, it is a treacherous land to walk in; and the unwary wayfarer may suddenly find himself sinking into the yawning abyss below. At times, as one stands on apparently solid ground and peers admiringly amid the trees, it is difficult to persuade oneself that this forest is really held aloft some fifty or sixty feet. The feeling of doubt is sustained when one observes that ants here make their roads in orthodox fashion, and that the same birds and insects abound that were noticed by the river's margin. But the wise man proceeds cautiously through this realm of faery—alert for pitfalls, or, perhaps, some unbridged chasm. And in places the supporting piles have sunk from decay and the superincumbent weight, and a sloping valley leads down again to the Nether World and appalling gloom.

Such are the features of the South American Virgin Forest that present themselves most strikingly to my mind. These things I have seen; much more I have heard about. But I am reluctant to mention here those weird and gruesome stories that our European civilisation proclaims to be merely unauthentic imaginings. Still, I have met men in the backwoods, men whose word I have found in all else to be reliable, who vow they have seen the Lamparagua, and have but narrowly escaped its encompassing toils. For this awesome tree has the reputation of subsisting, at least by preference, on animal diet; and in the damp atmosphere of night uncoils long tendrils which sway gropingly in the air and encircle any living creature that comes within their reach. Then, hugged in an invincible embrace, the victim dies a lingering death, as its vital fluids are sucked out to give nourishment to its captor. Men, even, are said to have met this terrible fate, and bleached skeletons have been found in piles about the roots or still suspended from the branches. Some there are who maintain that the Lamparagua is no tree, but a creature of the animal kind, possessing the power of locomotion. Of this, however, I have discovered but little evidence; while of the former assertion—well, without having seen it with one's own eyes, it is impossible to believe; and yet—I dare not say I entirely disbelieve. Surely there are more things in nature than have come within the ken of our philosophy.

THE WATER OUSEL

Beneath the brook, with folded wings
  The Ousel walks; and one may hear,
In happy hour, the song he sings,
  Submerged yet elfin-sweet and clear.

Oh, heart of life, thy flitting cease!
  Beneath the glittering show of things
Sink down, sink deep, and find thy peace
  In happy song and folded wings!

W. V. Taylor.

SIR GEORGE GABRIEL STOKES, F.R.S.

By R. T. GLAZEBROOK, F.R.S.

A STUDENT'S life is almost of necessity uneventful, and the career of one who has spent well over sixty years in a great University, even though, like Professor Stokes, he has taken a prominent part in its growth and development, can hardly be marked by many striking episodes to which a biographer can call attention.

And yet, if we reflect, how much of the progress of mathematical and physical science, which has taken place during the last century, is due to Sir George Stokes, the thought may well arouse a wish to know more of him and of his work.

George Gabriel Stokes was the son of the Rev. Gabriel Stokes, Rector of Skreen, a small country village twelve miles south of Sligo. He was born on August 13, 1819, and was the youngest of a family of eight children. Up to the age of thirteen he was educated at home, and in his early days showed the natural bent of his mind by his fondness for arithmetic. In 1832 he was sent to Dublin, and remained for three years at the school of the Rev. Dr. Wall. During this period he lived with an uncle, attending school as a day boy; his solutions of geometrical problems attracted the attention of his mathematical master. From Dublin he went to Bristol to a school known as the Bristol College. Here he used to attend mathematical lectures given by Professor Francis Newman, and was again distinguished in mathematics, though he had not read so far as some of the senior boys.

In 1837, at the age of eighteen, he entered Pembroke College, Cambridge. A College tradition states that he wished to join Trinity, but the tutors' lists were full, and the Master declined to sanction the admission of even one more than the usual number of undergraduates. At this time he had just read analytical conics, but had not begun the differential calculus. In comparison with the reading of a man who now goes up with the hopes of taking a high place on the Tripos list, his list of subjects was but a small one. In his second year he became a pupil of Hopkins, the great mathematical coach, who was the Senior Wrangler maker of the day. About this time Hopkins was accustomed to have portraits taken of his more distinguished pupils by a well known artist in pastels, then settled in Cambridge. This collection is now in Trinity Lodge, and Stokes' portrait is not the least interesting of the series. In 1841 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts as Senior Wrangler.

The list of Cambridge mathematicians of about that time is a most brilliant one. In 1839, Cowie of St. John's, the late Dean of Exeter, was senior, and Percival Frost, to whose teaching so many generations of Cambridge men are indebted, was second.

Next year, 1840, the two first names in the list are those of Leslie-Ellis, of Trinity—a man whose early death was a serious blow to Science, and whom his contemporaries looked upon as the most brilliant of his time—and of Harvey Goodwin, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle. In 1841 Stokes was senior; to be followed in 1842 by Cayley, the great pure mathematician; and, in 1843, by Adams, the astronomer and discoverer of Neptune.

Hemming, afterwards one of the University Commissioners, was senior in 1844, while in 1845 the first two names are those of Parkinson, well known as tutor of St. Johns and author of several text-books, and Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, who still delights to remind his friends of the time when he was practically a pupil of Stokes. Truly it was an age of giants, giants who with two exceptions have now all been laid to their long rest.

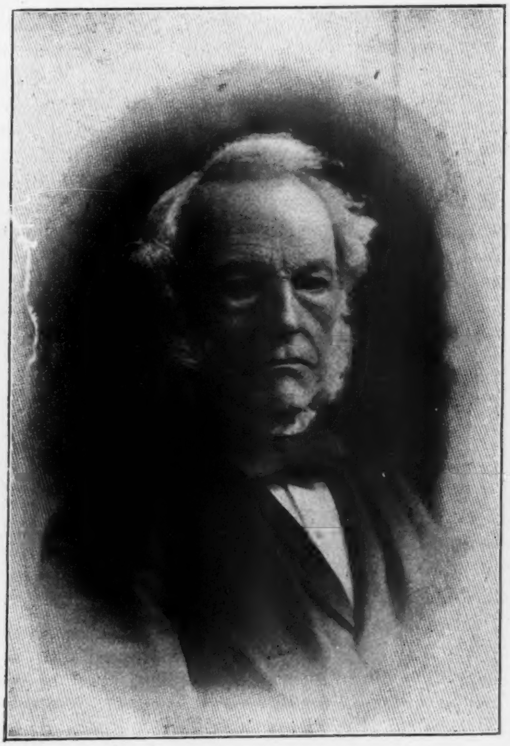
In Stokes' case original research began at once. Following a suggestion made by Hopkins he took up the subject of hydrodynamics, which was then, in spite of the work done by George Green, at a low ebb in his University, and the first of his long series of papers was published by the Cambridge Philosophical Society in 1842. But before attempting to discuss his work, it will perhaps be best first to give briefly the more prominent events of his life.

In the Smiths Prize Examination, which in those days followed the Tripos, he was placed first, and was immediately afterwards elected to a Fellowship at Pembroke; he remained in Cambridge writing, and took pupils until 1849, when he was elected to the Lucasian Professorship, the chair which nearly two hundred years previously had been held by Isaac Newton.

A few years later he became lecturer at the Royal School of Mines, and in this capacity used to reside in London part of the year; this post he held till 1858 when he was appointed additional secretary to the University Commissioners of 1856; the endowments attached to most of the Cambridge chairs were in those days very small—even now the £700 to £800 which constitutes the usual stipend of a professor is little enough—and it was too often necessary for the holder of a chair to supplement his income in some other way.

His Fellowship was vacated in 1857 by his marriage with Mary Susanna, daughter of the late Dr. Robinson, of Armagh, and next year he settled in Cambridge in Lensfield Cottage, which remained his home for forty-three years. Ten years later he was again elected to a Fellowship under a special statute.

His long connection with the Royal Society began in 1851, when he was elected a Fellow. The following year he received the Rumford Medal for his work on Fluorescence. In 1853 he became a member of the Council, and in 1854 was appointed Secretary; this office he held till 1885, when he succeeded Huxley as President. On retiring from the chair in 1890, he was again elected to the Council and served until 1892. Thus for thirty-nine years he had continuously a seat at the Council table of the Society. In 1893, the earliest date possible, he was awarded the Copley Medal, the greatest of the distinctions conferred by the Society, and one which he had earned long previously, but the statutes provide that the medal may not be awarded to any person who is a member of the Council at the time when the award is made.



(Elliott & Fry, photographers, 55 Baker Street, W.)

SIR GEORGE STOKES

In 1877 he became one of the Commissioners for Cambridge, under the Oxford and Cambridge Act, and took part in framing the statutes which now govern the University.

On the death of Mr. Beresford Hope in 1887, he was elected one of the representatives of the University in Parliament, a post which he retained until the General Election of 1892. In 1889 he was created a Baronet.

In 1899 the University most wisely and fittingly celebrated the jubilee of his election to the Lucasian chair, and delegates were present from all the leading Universities and Scientific Societies in the world.

The scene in the Senate House when the addresses were presented to Professor Stokes was a most striking one, and no one who was present can ever forget the luminous and beautiful Rede Lecture, "La Théorie des ondes lumineuses; son influence sur la Physique moderne," delivered in the most perfect manner by a man most capable of appreciating Stokes' work, Professor Cornu, of Paris. It closes thus:

"L'étude des propriétés des ondes envisagées sous tous leurs aspects est donc, à l'heure actuelle, la voie véritablement féconde. C'est celle qu'a suivie dans sa double carrière de géomètre et de physicien Sir George Stokes, à qui nous allons rendre un hommage si touchant et si mérité. Tous ses beaux travaux, aussi bien en Hydrodynamique qu'en Optique théorique ou expérimentale, se rapportent précisément aux transformations que les divers milieux font subir aux ondes qui les traversent. Dans les phénomènes variés qu'il a découverts ou analysés, mouvements des fluides, diffraction, interférences, fluorescence, rayons Röntgen, l'idée directrice que je vous signale est toujours visible, et c'est ce qui fait l'harmonieuse unité de la vie scientifique de Sir George Stokes. Que l'Université de Cambridge soit fière de sa chaire Lucasienne de Physique mathématique, car depuis Sir Isaac Newton jusqu'à Sir George Stokes elle contribue pour une part glorieuse au progrès de la Philosophie naturelle."

This lecture has been published by the Cambridge Philosophical Society, together with a series of memoirs presented to the society on the occasion of the jubilee, and the volume forms a fitting record of a memorable occasion.

The pleasure of the day was enhanced greatly, both for Professor Stokes and for his numerous friends, by the fact that Lady Stokes, who for some time had been an invalid, was able to be present at some of the ceremonies; since then Sir George has had to mourn the loss of one who for over forty years had shared his life and entered into all his work.

But to turn now to that work; let us look at it in the light shed by Professor Cornu's words just quoted: "the study of the properties of waves regarded from every aspect."

The Cambridge University Press are now publishing, under Professor Stokes' own editorship, a collected edition of his papers, and it is thus easy for the student to consult them.

His earliest work, as has already been mentioned, was on Hydrodynamics, the study of the Motion of Fluids," a subject which had already fascinated many eminent men, from Newton to Poisson, Cauchy, and Green, but about which but little was known. The nature of a solid is a comparatively easy matter; its particles retain their relative positions practically unchanged, but it requires a being endowed with the properties of Clerk Maxwell's sorting demon to track the path of each molecule in a mass of moving liquid, and to follow its mazy motions. Stokes at once did much to advance the problem by his analysis of the motion. It was known that the theory was greatly simplified if a certain mathematical condition was satisfied. Stokes showed the meaning of the condition; it expresses the fact that each particle of fluid is simply streaming onwards without rotation; there are no whirls or vortices formed in the fluid; the fluid particles are like curling stones on a sheet of ice sliding along without rotation. If the condition is not satisfied each particle, in addition to its sliding motion, possesses a motion of rotation. They are like billiard balls rolling and turning as well as sliding, and the problem is more complex; whirls and vortices are produced; vortex motion has been established in the liquid.

Stokes' papers deal in the main with the first class of motion, irrotational motion, as it is called; but the first rigid proof of the fundamental theorem of vortex motion is due to him. The theorem in question was stated by Lagrange, but his proof of it is defective; the same is true of proofs given by Poisson and by Cauchy. The theorem tells us that if a state of irrotational motion exist at any given time in a mass of fluid moving under given forces, then that mass of fluid will always be free from rotational motion. The complement of this, which tells us that a vortex is always composed of the same particles of fluid, and moves through the fluid with these particles, is due to Von Helmholtz, and forms the basis of Lord Kelvin's vortex atom theory of matter.

But the fluid of the mathematician differs from a real fluid in one very important respect, it is supposed to be frictionless. When set in motion it would go on moving for ever even if there were no force acting to maintain the motion. Any real fluid does not behave thus, though of course the effects of friction or viscosity vary greatly in different fluids. Navier and Poisson had shown, by the aid of certain hypotheses as to the nature of the mutual action between the particles of the fluid, how the equations became modified if fluid friction were taken into consideration. Stokes was able to arrive at the same results without any assumption as to the ultimate nature of the molecular forces in the fluid.

The value of gravity at any place is found by observations on the time of vibration of a pendulum, which is usually allowed to swing in the air, and has its motion modified by the viscous resistance of the air. Stokes showed how this could be allowed for, and thus rendered the results of the observations more exact, and reconciled discrepancies which had previously been unexplained.

Wave motion in a fluid is another case of this irrotational or simply streaming motion, and this is very fully dealt with by Stokes in a paper on the Theory of Oscillatory Waves, read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society in 1847, and printed in the eighth volume of their Transactions. This and the succeeding volume teem with important papers due to him.

In 1849 he became Lucasian Professor, and at Professor Challis' desire began to lecture on Hydrostatics and Optics.

For many years these continued to be the subjects of his professional lectures, and generations of Cambridge men retain a vivid recollection of the course. As a natural result Optics, and particularly Physical Optics, became his special subject of research, and papers of the utmost importance followed each other in a rapid succession. The luminiferous ether was then generally supposed to have the properties of an incompressible elastic solid. Green in 1838 had solved the problem of the reflexion and refraction of light at the interface of two transparent media in a completely rigid manner and had discussed the laws of double refraction on the same theory adopting Fresnel's views as to the nature of polarisation. The same problem had been solved by Neumann and MacCullagh, and according to their theories the relation between the plane of polarisation and the direction of vibration differed from that given by Fresnel. Stokes set himself to discuss this point, and his paper on the dynamical theory of diffraction is a most important contribution to the mathematical theory of the propagation of waves in an elastic medium. Not content, however, with the theory he tested it by well-planned experiments, and decided in favour of Fresnel's hypothesis as against that of Neumann and MacCullagh.

Another most valuable research was that which led to the discovery and explanation of Fluorescence. When light falls on a solution of sulphate of quinine a beautiful blue shimmer is observed, which appears to penetrate but a little way below the surface; many other bodies are now known to produce the same effect, but it was Sir John Herschel's papers in 1845 which first drew attention to it, and he observed it in quinine. He had however left the phenomena unexplained. Stokes showed that the blue light was due to the rays of higher refrangibility in the incident light. These rays, invisible to our eyes, shake up as it were the molecules of the quinine, and cause them to emit radiations of a less frequency, which are visible. The very rapid vibrations of the ultra-violet rays are absorbed by the quinine, and part of their energy is again emitted as radiation of a greater period; in this way it becomes possible to render evident the presence of rays of a high refrangibility, and thus investigate the invisible part of the spectrum.

The mechanical cause of this, which is intimately connected with that of the dark lines of the solar spectrum, was stated by Stokes, about 1852, in conversation with Lord Kelvin. Kirchhoff in 1859 showed that many of the dark lines in the solar spectrum coincide with the bright lines produced by artificial flames or incandescent gases when examined through a spectroscope; and Lord Kelvin, writing to Kirchhoff in 1860, gives Stokes' explanation of the coincidence of the dark D lines and the bright lines of sodium vapour thus: "Vapour of sodium must possess by its molecular structure a tendency to vibrate in the periods corresponding to the degree of refrangibility of the line D. Hence the presence of sodium in a source of light must tend to originate light of this quality. On the other hand, vapour of sodium in an atmosphere round a source must have a great tendency to retain in itself, *i.e.*, to absorb and have its temperature raised by light of the precise quality in question. In the atmosphere round the sun, therefore, there must be present vapour of sodium, which, according to the mechanical explanation thus suggested, being particularly opaque for light of that quality, prevents such of it as is emitted from the sun from penetrating to any considerable distance through the surrounding atmosphere."

This explanation is now so well known that an apology is almost needed for giving it here. It is important to recollect that we owe it to Sir George Stokes, and we have only to think of the knowledge which has come to us through the modern developments of spectrum analysis to realise how great our debt is.

One other great piece of optical work must be mentioned. The British Association met at Cambridge in 1862, and Stokes was President of the Mathematical Section and presented a Report on Double Refraction. He had been asked to prepare a report on Physical Optics, and Science is the poorer in that that report is still unwritten. For the part of it which was completed thirty years ago every student of Optics is most grateful.

Enough perhaps has been written to show the importance of Professor Stokes' direct contributions to Science. They are all marked by a wonderful clearness and simplicity of style and expression, by extreme accuracy, and by the grace of the methods employed, and place their author in a very high position indeed among those who have contributed to the promotion of Natural Knowledge.

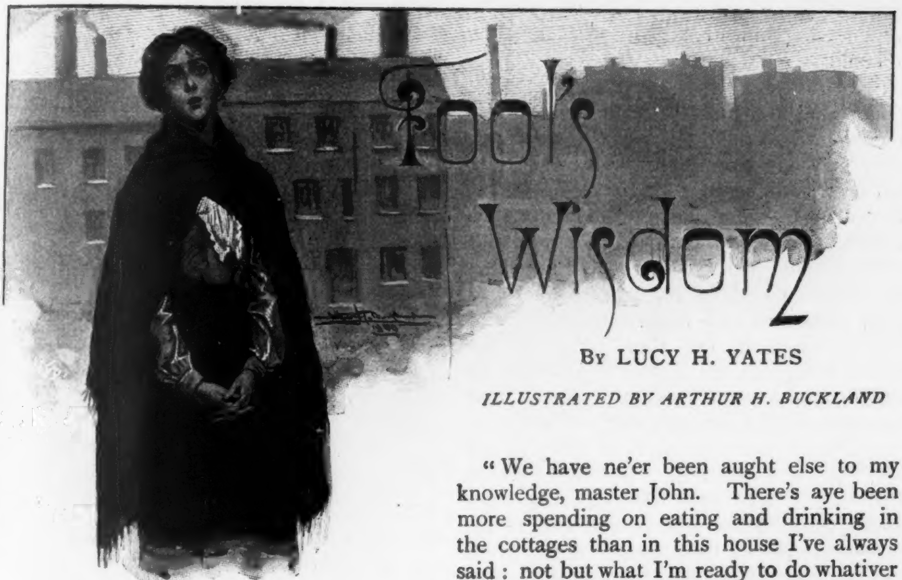
But they constitute only a small portion of what he has done for Science. The post of Secretary of the Royal Society is a most responsible one, and Stokes made it his business to assume the responsibility to the full, and to render the publications of the Society as useful as it was possible for him to make them. There can be few among those who contributed Physical or Mathematical papers to the Society during his long period of office who does not feel that their work was benefited, and the value of their communications increased, by his friendly criticism and advice. He was ever ready to help in case of difficulty, to suggest an improvement, or to encourage a beginner. Had he published nothing himself he would still have a right to a position as a distinguished man of Science through the works of the men who are proud to call themselves his pupils.

Many of those friends have often wished that he had written more; we might then have had a book on Physical Optics to rank with Rayleigh's "Sound"; or some great memoir linking together the phenomena of Light and of Electricity, making an epoch in the history of Science. Instead of doing this he has given much, perhaps too much, of his time to removing imperfections from the work of others in a matter which only one gifted with his great powers could do.

Of late years he has been greatly interested in the Röntgen and other similar rays. There was a large meeting at the British Association at Liverpool in 1896 to listen to Professor Lénard speak on the difference between the Lénard and the Röntgen rays, and Stokes was induced by the chairman, Professor J. J. Thomson, to take part in the discussion. It was then that he propounded his theory of the nature of these rays, and held an audience of many hundred men and women for well over an hour while he spoke to them in simple language on this most difficult subject. But few of those present could follow all he said; it was clear, however, to all how intensely those few appreciated what Stokes was saying, and his enthusiasm communicated itself to all. He was seventy-seven at the time and his energy and youthful vigour delighted all his friends.

He was President of the British Association at the Exeter Meeting in 1869, and has been Burnett Lecturer in the University of Aberdeen and Gifford Lecturer in the University of Edinburgh. The Burnett Lectures, published by Macmillan, are an admirable example of the style of his teaching. He has been made an honorary or corresponding member of the Institute of France and all the most distinguished foreign Societies, and has received the Honorary Doctors Degree from the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, from Trinity College, Dublin, and from the Victoria University. He is also the recipient of the Prussian Order Pour le Mérite and has lately been awarded the Wilde Medal of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society.

Readers of GOOD WORDS will join with his many friends in the wish that he may still live to enjoy the honours he has so richly deserved, and to fill the place he so worthily occupies as one of the leading exponents of British Science.



Fool's Wisdom

By LUCY H. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND

THE light was just broadening to the full of a winter's day when John Braithwaite entered the room where his morning meal was laid. A lamp made a pleasant glow on the table and the small fire in the grate looked cheerful, but he regarded both as though doubting his right to either. As the staid serving-woman brought in his breakfast, one plain almost to frugality, he said in a quiet voice:

"Let me do without these to-morrow, Jean."

Jean gave her master a keen look; she had served him many years and knew all his moods, and knew him too not as the hard man others said he was, but as one always less merciful to himself than to them.

"Is't worse news, master John?" she asked, glancing at the paper he held in his hand.

"There is no news, absolutely none. The markets are empty, and there is no prospect of obtaining any more cotton until this war is ended one way or another. Jean, I shall have come to my last hundred pounds when the wages are paid this day; I dare nor open the mills again on Monday, and I must tell the hands the truth. We must be extremely careful if we are not to get into debt ourselves."

"We have ne'er been aught else to my knowledge, master John. There's aye been more spending on eating and drinking in the cottages than in this house I've always said: not but what I'm ready to do whativer thou sayst has to be done." There was a touch of indignation in her voice, for it had long been a sore point with her that her master had the name for being over-exact in his dealings, while she knew that not one of the workers would have denied themselves as he had done. Some had not hesitated to call him mean because there was no coming and going of guests, no carriage kept, and only herself with a young lass for the serving staff in the big stone house.

John's face softened. "What we do ourselves concerns no one but ourselves, does it Jean? I'd rather have a clean conscience and an empty pocket than have all true that may be said of me."

"I wish some o' the other masters had thy conscience, that's all: they've not been slow to speak agen thee, if all be true that I hear."

Something of a smile crept round the corners of John's mouth. "Some of them have had to have my conscience lately, whether they would or no, Jean; they couldn't close for very shame as long as Braithwaite's mill kept going, and very angry they've been about it. But they'll do it now, I fear," and he sighed heavily, for it would mean starvation for nigh upon four thousand people, as he well knew. A gloom settled down on his face, and, seeing he had no inclination to say more, Jean wisely withdrew, leaving him to eat with what appetite he could.

Down at the mill the men and women went silently to their places and their work; every Saturday morning for weeks past they had been haunted by a fear of being told it was the last time, and the reductions to half-time and quarter-time had been accepted with a dogged patience that dared not rebel lest worse should follow. Long weeks of short commons had made faces gaunt and figures shrunken, but they clung to the forlorn hope that the master would hold on until supplies came through again or find some way out of the difficulty. Though in prosperous times they had been ready to call him hard and mean they had never found him unjust, and even the most ignorant among them knew that it was due to his determination to have justice done to all that they had had work for so long. The bigger mills would have closed weeks ago, and have saved their capital, had he agreed to do the same. Still it might happen even yet, and while the men talked together in furtive whispers the women shed silent tears.

John Braithwaite realised the tension of feeling perfectly as he passed through the mill, and as the hour for dismissal drew nearer his heart sank within him. He knew there was in every mind a vague belief in his power to do something, and it grieved him to the core to have to destroy this trust. He looked at them as they massed up in front of the pay-desk, and tears filled his eyes. There was a thrill of passion in his voice when he spoke that carried conviction with it as no explanation could have done.

"Men and women, I have come to the last of my resources. I have kept going as long as I could buy cotton at any price to go on with, I can buy no more. God knows it's the truth."

There was no outcry; they took his words quietly, and, though tears fell down some cheeks, there was no murmuring and no blame. Where was the use of blaming when no blame was due? Silently they filed past the desk and received the scant wage that was all that now stood between them and destitution. But their pain was nothing to that which John Braithwaite felt, and his heart cried out within him for a word of sympathy or understanding, which none seemed to have to offer.

The yard outside filled as they passed through the door; all alike seemed loth to leave the place where they had worked so long, yet none ventured to be the first to speak a word of gratitude. Many of the women were sobbing, more in self-pity and despair than for the general distress.

Left alone at last, John's head fell on his desk and he hid his face in his hands. It was a bitter hour for him, and his faith in humanity as well as in divinity was sorely strained.

Suddenly a voice, clear and sweet and strong, rose on the air. The familiar words of a Methodist hymn rang out distinctly—

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  In blessing on your head.

John raised his head and looked out; a stray gleam of wintry sunshine had struggled through the clouds and seemed to linger lovingly on the bright hair of the Lancashire lass who with upturned face was singing blithely as a bird. Ere she got to the last line other voices had joined in, and they went through the hymn together. It seemed to put courage into them all, and to John's astonishment he heard the sound of a cheer, faint, it is true, but it spoke volumes to him. It was renewed as he opened the door and smiled his thanks. He beckoned the singer to him.

"Come in here, lass, I have a word to say to thee."

As Bess Warren stood in the doorway, hesitatingly, it dawned upon him that she was possessed of a beauty and dignity of more than common order. The emotion that had filled her and caused her to break out into song still shone in her face, and there was a self-reliance about her that singled her out as one to be entirely trusted. John Braithwaite felt this at once.

"Sit down, lass," he said kindly, "I want you to help me. You heard me tell the folk I could buy no more cotton, nor indeed can I, there is none to be had; but I have just one hundred pounds in the bank, it's every penny I possess, and I will not hold it back from them, but you must tell me how I can best give it."

For answer Bess looked him straight in the eyes, saying:

"And what of yourself, master?"

"Never mind me If others starve, so can I. Tell me how I can lay this money out to the most advantage—a man can't manage these things without a woman's help. Shall I give it to the women, a few shillings at a time?"

Bess thought quietly for a minute, then she said, "Nay, I wouldn't do that. They're but feckless and ken little how much a few shillings may be made to do, and a hundred pounds is a great deal—yes, a great deal!"

John laughed. "Indeed then it's but like the five barley loaves and the two small fishes among so many." But Bess answered him quickly, with heightened colour, "Ye mind that they were more than enough for all the multitude though, when they were put into the right hands!"

"Bess, if I give this hundred pounds into your hands what will you do with it?"

"I'd give thanks, first of all, and then—well then I'd buy food and make a good meal for the folk myself, every day as long as there was a penny left."

"What sort of a meal?"

"Oh, just a good warm dinner, maybe, of broth and the like; there's a power o' good for both body and soul in a warm meal, there is that."

"Bess, the hundred pounds is yours from this day; if you give me my portion with the rest I shall ask no more, and you are free to do as you will with everything else; when you need my help, ask it."

Bess's colour mounted again—this was a great responsibility to thrust upon her, and she did want his help.

"I can work, master, as thou knows, but I have no house and no fire——"

"And I have both, is that it? Very well then you shall come and lay your head with Jean's—if the two of you cannot get over any difficulty, I am mistaken in you." And so it was settled.

In a few days the news was spread abroad that a meal was to be had at "the house" for all who came for it, and John's name was linked with a blessing in every one's mouth. But he disclaimed all thanks.

"This is Bess's doing, not mine," he said, and if his heart grew softer and his manner more kindly with every day that passed—well, perhaps that also was Bess's doing—who shall say? Certainly the busy house-place when Jean and Bess worked together there in the mornings was very attractive to him, and he found plenty to occupy him when the bell rang to say that all was ready for serving. The little children watched for him and the old people blessed him with their gratitude, but it was not this that was brightening his eyes and making his face shine. In spite of his anxiety as to the future, in spite of the awful silence that reigned down in the valley, and the meagre, conflicting news in the papers, these days were some of the happiest John Braithwaite had ever known.

One morning John Braithwaite drew out his last ten shillings and brought it in his outstretched palm to Bess. Sorrowfully he said:

"When that is gone where shall we look for more, lass?"

"The Lord has some that He can give us, master, hast thou asked *Him?*" John coloured. No, he had not.

She read his answer and smiled. "Then I've been before thee, master, and the thought has come to me that help is nigh, this day, doan't thou fear."

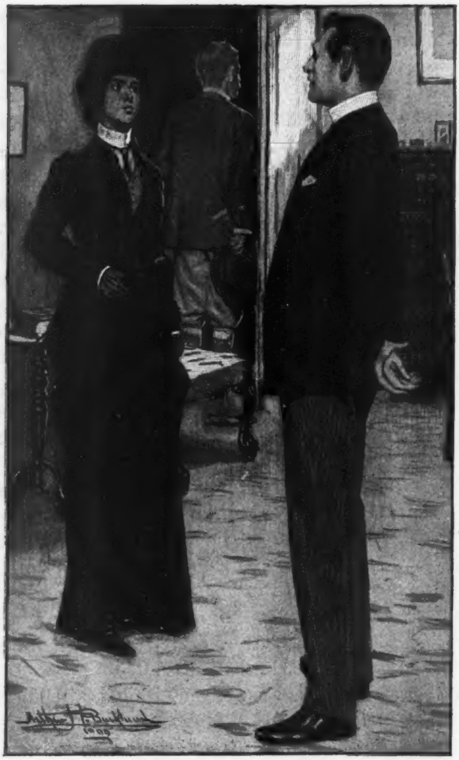
"Bess," he said tenderly, and his voice thrilled with feeling as he laid his strong hand over her thin one, "Bess, thou hast been my courage-giver ever since the day the mill closed, wilt thou stay with me for life, dear lass?"

But Bess turned away sadly. "Thou shouldst not ask me that at this time, master, I, a mill-girl . . . there'll be better days come for thee, and thou wouldst wish that unsaid."

"Thou art no mill-girl now, and I am no master either, Bess. It is as a man who has found the one woman in the world that he can love with all his heart that I speak to thee. God knows I have nought but love to offer thee."

For answer Bess's eyes shone into his for a moment, but that was all the recognition she would give to the love between them, and a call came for John that obliged him to be content and leave the rest.

In the drawing-room he found Squire



"'Couldn't you humour him at first and then alter by degrees, Mr. Braithwaite?'"

Hartopp waiting, and with him a pretty girl, his daughter, whom John had ridden with at the last hunt and danced with at her first ball. She looked exquisitely bonny in her brown riding-habit, and greeted him cordially. The big, grave mill-owner had been excellent company, and his attentions pleased her well.

The Squire, too, was hearty in his greeting, though inclined to patronise a little.

"Glad to see you so well, Braithwaite. I see your mill is closed now, but you made a grand stand and, what's more, obliged others to do the same. They have some strong things to say about you. You've made a few good enemies, John B."

"I have a friend in my own conscience, Squire, and I count that against a host of enemies."

"Right, John, right, of course. But now I hope you saved something to begin again with, there is such a thing as prudence, John, and a business man can't do without it. And now's your chance; you know, I suppose, that cotton is coming from India, and that orders are being taken in London for it?"

"Yes, I know it."

"And you've sent an order, I hope, John? I'd like to see you start the first, I would that, 'pon my word I would. If you're a bit short I don't mind backing you up."

"I thank you kindly, Squire, but I have sent no order, nor shall I send one. I have come to my last shilling to-day."

"All because you've been trying to keep beggars alive, eh? I've heard a bit about that too. But you're a fool, John Braithwaite, all the same, and they'll be the first to tell you so some day. You should have looked ahead and left them to shift for themselves. It's bad judgment that only looks at the present, John."

"There is only one judgment that I fear, Squire, and I do not think that will condemn my course of action."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"Put my mill and my house into the market, and go out as a working-man under the new owner, if he will have me."

"Um. And have you found an owner yet?"

"No, but I do not anticipate much difficulty. Rickards, for one, has long wanted to swallow up my small concern."

"I dare say. But you needn't look for very partial treatment from Rickards, I fancy. Mind you, John Braithwaite, I think your wisdom has been fool's wisdom, but as I don't like to see good business ability wasted I am inclined to offer you a chance if you like to come to my terms. You can guess, I dare say, that it's likely the cotton trade will be uncommonly brisk when the war is over, and that fortunes will be made easily by those who are first on the scene?"

"I haven't the slightest doubt about it," John answered drily.

"Well, I've no objection to try my own hand at fortune-making; agriculture is a delusion and a snare in these days, but though I know nothing about manufacture and spinning, and should want some one for the practical part, I should also want to know that my money was not being fooled away in driblets."

"Do I understand that you want to enter into business and require a manager for it?"

"Say partnership, John. I'd join you to a fair figure and give you full control, providing as I say there was no foolish squandering, and that money-making was kept first in mind."

"What should you call squandering, Squire?"

"Perhaps that's hardly the term. What I mean is that labour ought to be cheaper now than it was before; there's been too much pandering to the working classes. They've had thrift and self-denial thrust down their throats this time—let 'em profit by the lesson, and let masters have a chance to profit in their pockets. Keep down expenses, John, that's my idea of business."

"So is it Rickards', and Thornton's, and the Staleybridge folk think the same," John said in the same dry tone, "but they have sometimes overreached themselves."

"Or been overreached, eh? You had the best of it for a few weeks I grant you, John, but you see now where it has landed you, while they can any of them open again to-morrow as far as capital goes."

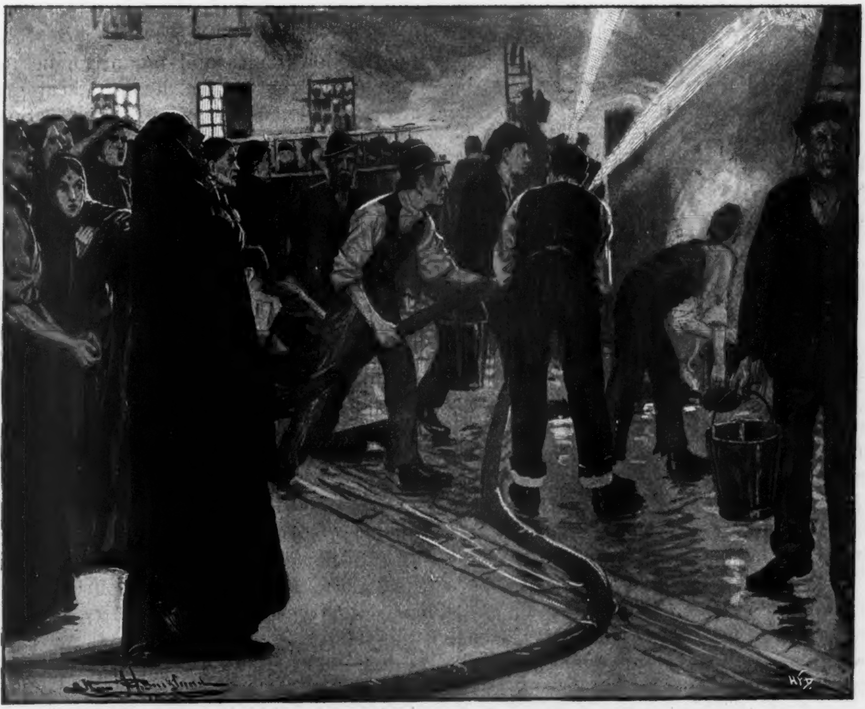
"I know. But I know, too, that some of the Staleybridge mills are complete wrecks, the looms will be good for nothing but old iron, and not one of Rickards' or Thornton's hands have willingly done a turn to keep things right for them."

"And what about yours?"

"The fires could be lit to-day had I the coal for them and cotton to spin; every frame and every bit of iron is in perfect condition, and the place is ready for starting at a moment's notice," John said proudly.

"Good. . . . Well, now, John, will you have me for a partner, and make a straight bid for fortune?"

John hesitated. The prospect of im-



"Hoarse voices from the crowd and the roar of flames over the way made a deafening commotion" mediate salvation was exceedingly tempting, and he knew Squire Hartopp was as good as his word. But his reply was firm.

"Not if it has to be sweated out of the people, Squire."

"Oh, pshaw! call things by their right names, John, and let business be business; philanthropy can come in when you are a rich man again. Folks will be thankful to work for you at any price, I wager."

But John stood his ground; he had not called Bess his courage-giver for nothing, and while her bright face stood between him and the people to whom she belonged, he would not betray them.

"I open again on the same terms as before, or not at all, Squire," he said.

The Squire picked up his riding-whip, and anger sharpened his tongue. "You'll live to repent your folly yet, John Braithwaite," he declared, and strode out of the house.

A pair of soft brown eyes looked up at John as their owner tendered him a small hand. "Couldn't you humour him at first, and then alter by degrees, Mr. Braithwaite?" she asked.

John smiled at her diplomacy, but shook his head. "No," he said, "I couldn't even do that!"

He watched them ride away, and at the same time watched the stream of people coming up the road for their daily dole. "And after to-morrow that, too, will stop. Am I really a fool?" he questioned.

II

John sat with some account-books spread out on the table before him, trying, as he had tried many times before, to find an outstanding debt that might be called up, but there were none, as he knew well.

Jean opened the door. Her face was scared and pale.

"Foxall's be afire, sir, they say, and the wind be due west."

He understood her thought instantly and rose at once; his own buildings were within a stone's throw of Foxall's mills.

Quickly as he went he could see men and women thronging before him. When he reached his mill the yard was full, and the men were getting out the hose. "Fetch us buckets," they cried, and the women scattered to get them.

"How did it begin?" he asked of a man who crept into shelter beside him.

"Ask that of the wind, master," the man said, with a curl of the lip, and there was a sinister light in his eye.

Hoarse voices from the crowd and the roar of the flames over the way made a deafening commotion; burning spars and beams fell perilously near; at any moment some of them might set alight to the roof, still, at danger to life and limb, the men worked bravely on, pouring water over roofs and walls wherever they could reach. It was a fight between the human and the superhuman, and the wind favoured the latter.

"Come away, men," John called at last, unable to see them endangering themselves any longer, and very reluctantly they obeyed. "Fate is too strong for us," he said sadly. and just then a whirling beam crashed through a window and fell inside. A groan rose simultaneously from all lips.

"That'll be among my bobbins!" shrieked a woman's voice, and fell to sobbing.

A leaping tongue of flame answered her, and the women clung miserably together as they watched it lap round the woodwork of the window-frames and mount to the roof. The men brought the hose to bear on it again, and waged war as for dear life. Sometimes they seemed to gain an advantage, and then a fresh outburst mocked their feeble efforts. The roof caught alight and blazed right merrily, but so far the ground floors remained unhurt. Over the road the blaze had considerably died down. "Foxall's be nigh burnt out," some said, and others answered with a smothered "Curse him!"

"God be thanked!" John said when he heard that danger from that side was lessened, and he spurred on the workers afresh, until at last there was nothing but black smoke to tell the tale here too.

But it was dreary and sad enough when at last they could get inside the building, though "it might ha' been worse," as everyone declared, Only the upper floors had suffered to any great extent, but water had played havoc with the machinery, and John might well sigh as he locked the doors again.

There would be the insurance; happily he had not let that lapse; but what it might amount to he could not tell.

He was utterly spent with the trials of the day when he reached home at last, and Jean's solicitudes almost angered him, though her coffee was welcome. He longed greatly for a sympathy Jean knew not how to give.

"Is Bess gone?" he asked. Where was she, his courage-giver? and a keen shaft of disappointment went through him when he learnt she was not there. He was heart-weary as well as tired, and craved the love that only one could give.

"I will have her, I must have her, come what will," he murmured; and his soul leapt out towards this as the greatest prize life had to give him now. What was all else in comparison to this?

* * * *

A few days of busy and anxious work with agents and inspectors, and then John learnt that deliverance had come. The insurance would be sufficient to cover all needful repairs and give him a chance of starting work again if the Indian cotton was at all reasonable in price. Moreover the war news promised a speedy cessation of hostilities and an opening of the ports. Once more John felt he might lift up his head.

"God helping me, I'll start in a humble way, but it shall be a fair start and a righteous one," he said to his men, and to himself he added another whisper of a dearer hope.

When at last the news was carried round that Braithwaite's would start again the next Monday, there was an outburst of joy.

"Thou'rt first, after all, master," they cried, for it was well known that others were holding back waiting for the cotton to come down in price.

Again John was denounced as a fool for his pains, but he held on his way nevertheless and asked help of none.

In his going about amongst the people he rather frequently came across a brown-habited figure, and learnt that the Squire's daughter was a constant visitor at the cottages. No doubt his doings reached the Squire's ears safely enough, but be wondered somewhat at the interest of the little lady in his people's affairs, not being vain enough to surmise the reason.

He wondered still further when one morning the Squire himself walked into his office and under a metaphorical flag of truce renewed his former offer, without conditions.

"I'll trust your wisdom, John," was all he had to say, and to his amazement John found himself left with twenty thousand pounds to his credit, and unfettered power to lay it out according to his discretion.

So busily was he kept employed day after day looking after repairs, getting things into working gear and communicating with the markets, that he had no opportunity of seeing Bess, and indeed she kept carefully out of his way. On Sundays she had a sick friend to visit at a distance, and on week-days there was no meeting possible.

But at last John grew desperate; once he had formed a purpose he was not one to be turned from it, and when he had realised how large a place in his heart Bess had filled he could not rest until he had got her safely enshrined there.

Bess in the meantime had been going through a bewildering crisis in her experience: John had become a hero to her, and revealed himself in a thousand ways during the weeks of their daily contact under his roof. She had thrilled to the very fibre of her being at the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand. Nevertheless, as she had said, a mill-girl was no wife for him, and he would find it out later, but it should not be when it was too late! While it had seemed not unlikely that he would step back into the working-man's place her fancy had dared to dwell on the vision of a simple home shared with him, but this had vanished. The future now spelt progress for John, and she tried to rejoice that all was going well with him. Then gossip began to carry tales of the Squire's interest in his business, and the Squire's daughter's name was coupled with another in meaning fashion. "He'll be soon forgetting," Bess said to herself sadly, but she could not add "and so will I." There was no forgetting for her. When trying to forget and be forgotten became unbearable she resolved to go away. There were none who needed her here now, and her place would readily be filled. So she slipped quietly out of their midst, saying nothing save to one or two, and then only that her sick cousin needed her care, and when John sought for her, making inquiries high and low, this was all the clue he could glean. Information of another kind there was in abundance; she had nursed this one when sick, sat up with that child many nights, tended and fed the starving children whose mother had died, and her name was a household word.

So months wore away. One stormy winter's day John found himself in Liverpool for a meeting of merchants on the exchange, but when the business was done he betook himself to the docks, for to a landsman the ships were a great fascination. An American brig was just being unloaded and the great steam cranes were at work lifting the bales with an ease, and swinging them round with a lightness as though they had been no weight at all. Another onlooker stood watching them too, but with a less careful regard for machinery, this one attempted to cross over the open space of quay, heedless of the warning cry of the men at work, and the next turn of the crane sent the great chain with all its force against him, before any one could interfere. He was thrown violently to the ground, and when at last he could be reached his head was found to be badly cut, so much so that John himself called a cab and took him off to the hospital. It was no new experience to him to be mixed up with accidents, and he possessed some little surgical skill, so to take charge of the stranger seemed but a matter of course. Even at the hospital itself his ready helpfulness was gladly taken advantage of, for there had been a bad scaffolding accident a short time before, and nurses and doctors were all alike thronged.

"I'll send you some bandages and a nurse to help presently," the surgeon said when he had made a hasty examination, and found this case less urgent than others, so John waited. After a time he went forward and called a nurse himself, thinking the doctor had forgotten him. She responded, and came forward at once, and then John's heart leapt for very gladness.

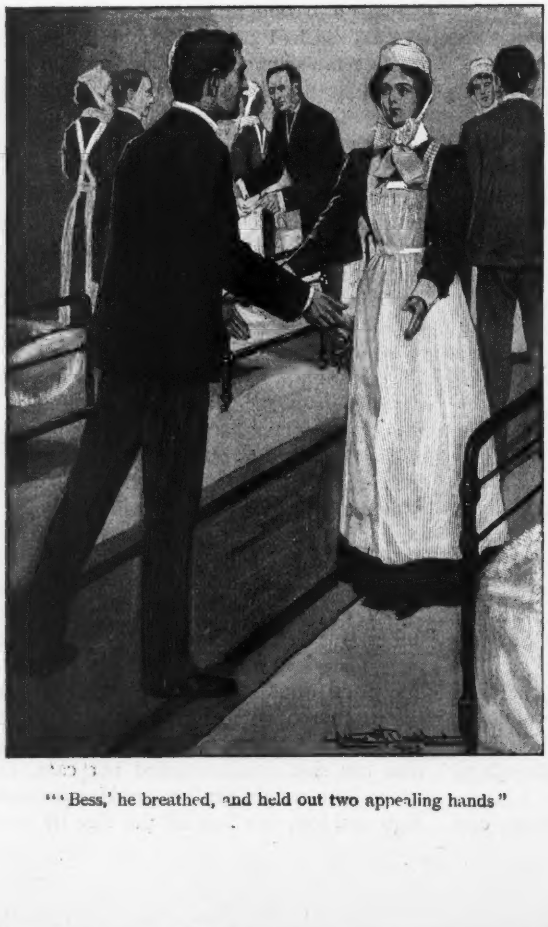
"Bess!" he breathed, and held out two appealing hands.

A deep colour-wave went over Bess's face and tears filled her eyes, but she could not keep out of them the light that responded to his passionate appeal.

It was a strange meeting-place, but in the midst of the hospital ward they were as completely alone as on the moor above the mill at home, and heart spoke to heart as their fingers met in ministration to the wounded man who had been the unconscious means of bringing them together.

Not all the business in the world would have taken John from Liverpool while there was a daily excuse for seeing Bess and getting a touch of her hand, and when there was no longer any excuse available, still he lingered.

The blessed Christmastide drew near, and he vowed



"'Bess,' he breathed, and held out two appealing hands" he would not face another year without his courage-giver by his side, and though Bess was still inclined to doubt the wisdom of his choice where herself was concerned, she could not long withstand him when to all objections he had but one answer ready.

"John Braithwaite has been a fool many times, but he has never yet repented his folly, and he never will!"

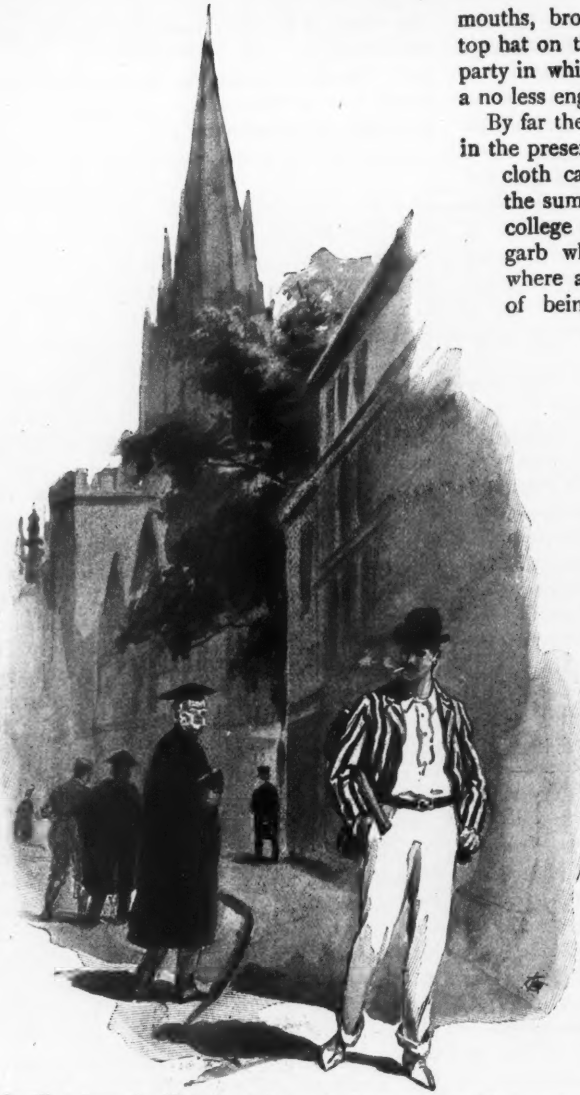
UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT OXFORD

By CLIFFORD HAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

THE first duty a freshman has to perform, as soon as he has discovered where his rooms are, and obtained a cap and gown—which last, if he would be in the fashion, should be rendered as short and tattered as possible—is to repair with his fellow-novices to the Old Schools, there to be enrolled as a member of the University and to be presented with a copy of the "University Statutes" done into Latin, of which the only one he is likely to read and remember is that forbidding him to play marbles on the steps of St. Mary's Church. He must see his tutor and arrange with him as to lectures and the course of reading he is to pursue. The majority of men take their degrees either in three years (that is, of course, if we shelve the unknown factor of possible "ploughs"—there are weird tales told of men who live to see their sons take a B.A. degree while they themselves are still striving to satisfy the examiners) by means of a "pass" at the end of three terms and an honour school to wind up with, or else in four years with two honour schools, one at the end of five terms and the other two years and a term later. It has been said that a second class in any honour school is a moral certainty for any man if he chooses to read regularly for two hours a day during his stay at the 'Varsity. Unfortunately for the virtue of that "if," there is no place on earth where procrastination is so successfully practised as a fine art. With so many sociable friends in close proximity, and the obviously superior attractions of a wine club meeting, of the theatre, of an impromptu "rag" in college, of billiards, whist, *et hoc genus omne*, compared to an evening "among my books," it may almost certainly be predicted that the general run of students (?) crowd their reading into a space of a dozen weeks or so. When one considers the many temptations to take a day off, one can understand the mournful plaint uttered to the writer by a popular friend on the eve of his schools: "If they'd only let me stay down for a term, I could have walked through it; as it is, I couldn't even set myself a paper that wouldn't plough me!"

There is, we believe, a prevailing impression outside the charmed circle that the 'Varsity code of etiquette is as stringent and intricate as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Times change rapidly, of course, but in our day we do not remember that anything more than a certain amount of intuition was required to avoid giving offence. A freshman soon picks up, and even exaggerates, the use of the copious vocabulary of words ending in "er" at present in vogue: "brekker" and "lekker" for "breakfast" and "lecture," "Quagger" for "Queen," "Rugger," "Socker," and so forth. He soon finds out that one does not shake hands except at the beginning and end of a term, and that if a senior leaves a card on him he must not leave one in return. Ignorance of the time and place to wear a cap and gown or to carry a walking-stick is due rather to a lack of intellect or taste than to any bewildering mystery on the part of the usual etiquette in such matters. We have seen strange men canoeing on the Isis in cap and gown; we have marked them strolling down the High Street in tennis-shoes, a



"Strolling down the High Street in tennis shoes, a college blazer, and a black felt hat"

college blazer, and a black felt hat; we have observed many a one hurrying to lectures with a stick in the hand where the gown should be, and a gown on the back where (in our opinion) the stick should be; but we never for a moment supposed that the culprits were responsible for their actions. The same individuals would, no doubt, walk down Bond Street with a pipe in their mouths, brown boots on their feet and a top hat on their heads, or attend a garden-party in white flannels and kid gloves, with a no less engaging disregard of propriety.

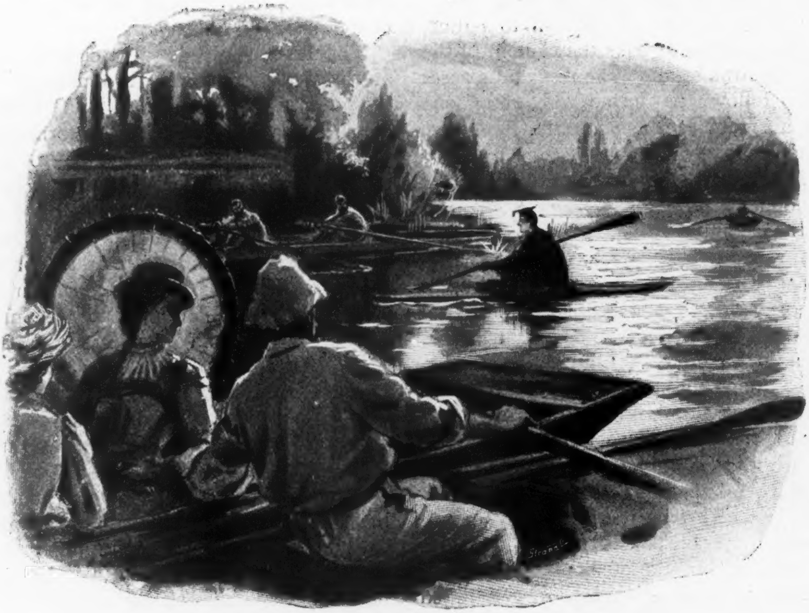
By far the most popular dress in Oxford in the present day is a Norfolk jacket and a cloth cap, the latter being changed in the summer term for a straw hat with a college or cricket-club ribbon. It is a garb which can be worn almost anywhere at any time, and has the merit of being both becoming and economical. The "dressy" man is almost an extinct type at the 'Varsity nowadays; nor, to judge from all accounts, is there half as much hard drinking indulged in by the present generation as in days gone by. We do not mean it to be inferred that the tailors and wine companies are as yet tottering on the verge of bankruptcy—there is still a demand for wonderful garments and execrable port—but the palmy days of both are passed, we sincerely trust never to return.

During the first three or four weeks of the term the freshman finds his digestive capacities put to a severe test. The old method by which senior men got to know "freshers"—that is, by leaving a card on them when they were out, an act of courtesy which the latter were obliged to repay by calling on their visitors until they found them in—has been, in most colleges, almost entirely superseded by the custom known as giving a "freshers' brekker." Usually, two or three seniors combine to ask some ten or a dozen freshmen to breakfast in one of their rooms. The ordeal that follows is somewhat trying in several respects to both parties. The meal itself is a ponderous affair, consisting generally of three courses—fish, meat, and eggs in some form or another. The conversation is probably still more ponderous, though occasionally ludicrous, as when some luckless freshman suddenly discovers he is laying down the laws of football to a Blue, or another innocently asks the captain of the boats if he rows at all! Smokes and glasses of beer follow the meal, and every one heaves a sigh of relief when the hosts rise and mendaciously assert that they must be off to a lecture. One must not imagine that the undergraduates' daily *menu* is planned on this Gargantuan scale. When he does entertain he makes exceedingly lavish preparations, but his ordinary bill of fare is no richer or better, very probably a good deal worse, than what he would get at home. That it costs more is quite possible, for, with all due deference to the great minds which govern the University, it must be confessed that college economics are practised with a supreme disregard of the elementary principles of that science, which would disgrace even a newly-married bride.

These huge breakfasts are at least an improvement on the tedious process of "calling," in that a whole covey is killed with one stone, and that it is as good a way as any other that can be devised for getting over what is so distasteful to Englishmen, the formality of introduction. Once the ice is broken the acquaintanceship thus begun soon ripens, and the freshman who at the end of the term finds himself still a stranger in the land has probably only himself to thank for it, as the attitude of senior men is, as a rule, eminently friendly. Before very long the new-comers will have settled into their places, and chosen the "set" to which their tastes incline them to adhere. Either they will retire into comparative obscurity into the hard-reading set, the quiet men whose utmost dissipation is a Union Debate or a cup of cocoa in a friend's rooms before going to bed, who finally emerge in a blaze of triumph at the Final schools; or they will cut a dash in the "fast" set and join the "bloods," abjure all books, drive tandems and coaches, scour the country-side for race-meetings, and possibly depart before their time under a cloud; or they will give their allegiance to the great middle-class of "sportsmen" who avoid either extreme, who read spasmodically and encourage athletics vigorously, who are sometimes in hot water, sometimes in low water, who are not unknown in bars and billiard rooms, and yet who do not spend their lives there—who are, in fact, really representative of the spirit of the place.

The three most prominent clubs in Oxford at the present day are the Union, which is the largest, the Gridiron, and Vincent's, which is the most select. The former is off the Corn Market, and election to it is a simple matter. It is said that only one man has ever been "pilled" for it, owing to an unfortunate resemblance in manners and appearance to the billiard marker, for whom it was feared he might be mistaken. But this is probably a libel on that excellent club, which provides good accommodation, famous debates, and infamous breakfasts on Sunday mornings for its numerous *clientèle*. Vincent's is the home of the Blue and other notorious characters up to the number of a hundred or so. A man is not supposed to get himself "put up" for this club, but must wait until the glad tidings are conveyed to him that he has been duly proposed, seconded, and elected. By this arrangement he remains in blissful ignorance should his name have been "blackballed." Both Vincent's and the Gridiron (the latter, as its name implies, chiefly a dining-club) are in the High; they are well managed, very comfortable, and exceedingly popular institutions. Besides these, there is, of course, the famous Bullingdon Club, which is, however, almost entirely confined to Christchurch men, as well as numerous college wine-clubs —the Phœnix and Octagon at Brazenose, the Claret Club at Trinity, the Adelphi at Exeter, &c. These have a membership of a dozen or so, and exist for the purpose of entertaining friends from other colleges. They meet, as a rule, once a fortnight, and after dinner and dessert, the latter a very lengthy but pleasant affair, the company adjourns for an hour to play "pool" by special leave of the proctor. After "pool," the play in which is usually of a suicidal nature, a return is made to college, and the evening is rounded off with cards—whist, loo, and poker being the favourite games.

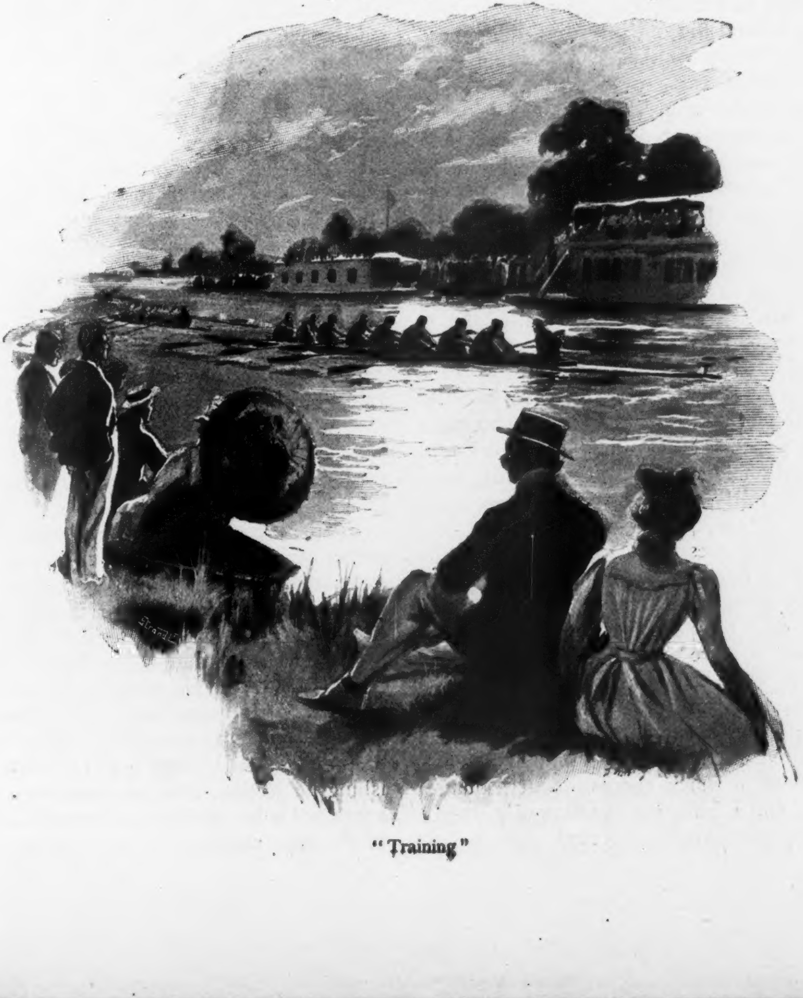
The river undoubtedly stands *facile princeps* at the head of all resources in the way of out-door amusement at Oxford, nor is the reason far to seek, when one takes into consideration the almost endless variety of its charms. For those who seek cool shade or the peace which a pipe and a yellow-back



"Strange men canoeing on the Isis in cap and gown"

alone can procure the narrow Cherwell steals softly under its arch of green trees. The broad shallows of the Upper River afford boundless scope for the eccentricities of the tyro, whether he disport himself in a skiff, a punt, or a sailing-boat, while grim slaughter may be perpetrated by the wary saloon-gunner among the water rats which abound in any of the numerous backwaters. Little wonder then that reading man, cricketer, footballer, and all the other "ers," at times forsake their household gods, to pay their homage to the great presiding deity of Oxford. To the boating man proper, who seeks fame in the broad reach from Salter's Boathouse to Iffley Lock, they may indeed appear as so many trifling interlopers, to be assailed with fierce shouts of "Look ahead," "Confound you, sir!" &c., should they presume to passage across his path, but in his heart he must be secretly gratified that his element has such a power of universal attraction.

The freshman will be called upon, in the first week of residence, to make what is in the eyes of the community a most momentous choice. Should he be a man of thews and sinews, there will be a fight waged over his body by the respective champions of the football field and the towing-path. The latter will refer in glowing terms to the precedence in respect both of time and honour which his craft possesses over all others, and to the superior joys of a "bump" as compared to those of a "try" or "goal." The former will point the finger of scorn at the galling servitude of the oar, and its cramping influence on the deportment and intellect of its votaries. There is something to be said for each of these contentions. Rowing is undoubtedly the most ancient and distinguished branch of athletics at Oxford, and the fierce excitement of the racing itself is not surpassed in any other form of sport, but it can scarcely be denied that a rowing man is at times more or less in the position of a galley-slave, or that in many cases his wits and his manners are of a somewhat barbaric order. He who would become an oarsman must worship the oar with all his heart and strength. He must be prepared, wet or fine, to cheerfully go down to the barges at 1.15 every day, to be "tubbed" in a pair- or four-oar; to hear without flinching the gravest accusations, couched in the most blood-curdling language, levelled at his muscles and his morals by coaches who, although mild-mannered enough on *terra firma*, appear to be lashed into an ungovernable frenzy by the smell of water; to return home sore in mind and body, with the painful consciousness that, although he has made a couple of journeys to Iffley and back, he himself did more to retard the progress of the boat than to urge it on its way, and dimly aware that his rooms contain no cushions soft enough to ease his aching limbs. Sympathy and praise are almost unknown quantities on the river. There is a good tale told in illustration of this fact of a coach who was heard to address his crew as follows: "Every man in the boat is rowing badly except two"— imagine with what lofty scorn two began to eye the row of backs in front of him, imagine also his intense desire to sink through the bottom of the boat as after a pause the ruthless mentor finished his sentence—"and two's rowing —— badly!" But let no one be discouraged by the multiplication of hard words—let him remember that his coaches themselves will catch it just as hot as soon as they begin practice for the Eights, and that even the deathless heroes who represent the 'Varsity sometimes get abused like pickpockets. If he perseveres he will advance gradually from the grub to the chrysalis stage, from the "tub" to the Torpids. The Torpid Races are rowed early in March on fixed seats, which may be filled by any one who did not row in the summer races of the previous year. After a further period of tubbing on sliding seats, he is ready to burst forth into the full glory of the butterfly, with a seat in the College Eight, a special

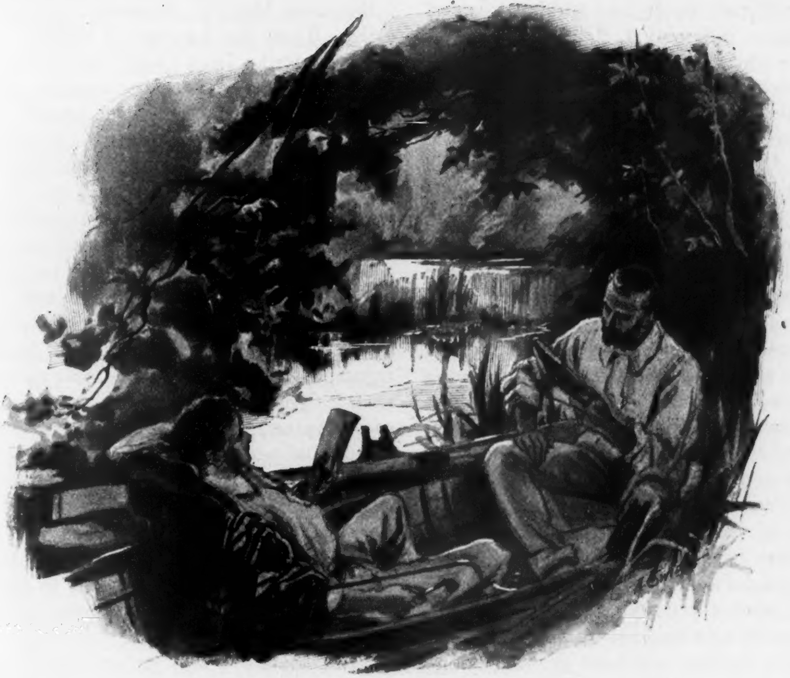


"Training"

ribbon for his hat, prospects of Henley Regatta, a Trial Cup, and, who knows, perhaps even a thwart in the 'Varsity boat. But for the latter crowning bliss many are called, few chosen. The service of the oar requires, as we have said, a long and faithful apprenticeship; the hero of fiction, who finds himself suddenly called upon to pull an oar for the honour of the University some fine morning, and to wield, may be, a bat in its defence in the afternoon, is a myth in these competitive days. The elect few are either men who have learnt to row at Eton or elsewhere before they come up, or else are specially favoured by Dame Nature. The crews for both Torpid and May Races enter into training a fortnight or three weeks before the momentous event. Early hours are kept and smoking forbidden, while the food, though plentiful, is plain, and the amount of liquid refreshment strictly regulated. The races are rowed in divisions from Iffley to Oxford, each boat starting two lengths behind the one in front, the object being to "bump" it, that is, to touch or strike either boat or oars, or else to row past it. The cox of the bumped boat must acknowledge the bump by holding up his hand, and the two boats change places on the following day. The scene at the start is a most impressive one, and cannot fail to live in the memory of all who have been present at it. Each boat has a timekeeper standing by it, and is kept in its place from a punt moored to the bank, the cox at the stern holding a line fastened to a post on shore and a man holding off the bows with a pole. After the first two guns, fired respectively five minutes and one minute before the start, an ominous silence prevails, broken only by the voices of the watch-holders. "Fifty seconds, forty seconds, thirty, twenty"— the men come forward—"ten, nine, eight, three, two, one"—bang goes the last gun, crash into the water go a hundred oars, the crowd begins to surge along with tumultuous yells, and the boats are off. Preconcerted signals are arranged to give the crews an idea of the position of the boat in front, which of course only the cox can see. A rattle is usually sprung when a length has been gained, a pistol fired when they are within half a length, two shots in quick succession at a quarter length, and a bell rung continuously when a bump is momentarily expected.

The connecting link between the divisions, of which there are three in the Torpid and two in the May Races, is supplied by the "sandwich boat," which rows head of one division and brings up the rear of the next, an hour and a half later. It is, therefore, possible for a boat to make seven bumps in the six days. For seven, six, five, or even four bumps sometimes, the College gives a bump supper, at which the rowing man makes ample amends for past privations, and which usually culminates in bonfires, fireworks, sore heads, general rowdiness and considerable damage to College property. The Torpids and Eight Weeks share with Commemoration the distinction of being the events at which the undergraduate's sisters, cousins and aunts lend their charming assistance, and he must indeed be unimaginative and hard to please who does not feel himself inspired to pile spurt on spurt as his boat shoots past the 'Varsity boat house; while in his fancy he sees himself the cynosure of every sparkling eye upon the barge tops, and hears, as in a trance, the frenzied shouts and vociferous applause of the stream of men running along the opposite bank. For once, too, the coaches discard the use of censorious or abusive epithets, and shower forth indiscriminate praise and encouragement; with, it is true, many a mental reservation and picturesque "aside"; but, alas! by a cruel irony, the recipient, with his head reeling, his heart pounding away at his ribs, and his hands mechanically driving his blade through the water, is probably far too cooked to be aware of anything save the gigantic strides with which the pursuing boat, by a curious optical delusion that afflicts all but old stagers, appears to be devouring the intervening space.

Football, cricket, tennis and other games are all carried on at Oxford under much the same conditions as elsewhere, so there is no need to discuss them further in this article. Music in all forms, even in the streets, has great charm for the savage breast of the undergraduate, and most colleges can boast of a few performers considerably above the average amateur standard. Nor is the drama neglected. The O.U.D.S. is a flourishing institution, at whose annual performances not a few well-known actors have first made their mark.



"The narrow Cherwell steals softly under its arch of green trees"

The police arrangements of the University are in the hands of the Proctors. One may, of course, be proctorised at any hour of the day, but as a rule they confine their operations to the evening. At nine "Great Tom" of Christchurch peals forth his hundred and one strokes, the college gates are closed, and those who enter after that hour must pay a small fine. Then does the Proctor, clad in his robes of office, begin to patrol the streets, attended by his "bulldogs," men fleet of foot and skilled in topography. At a corner, perchance, he meets an undergraduate not in academic dress, that is to say, without his cap and gown. "Are you a member of the University, sir?" blandly inquires the Proctor. The victim having owned to the soft impeachment, is then politely troubled for his name and College, and requested kindly to call the following morning at nine o'clock to contribute five shillings to the 'Varsity chest. Bars and billiard-rooms are also carefully drawn; it is well-nigh useless to get under the table or to attempt to impersonate the billiard marker; with the same inimitable courtesy and consideration for one's feelings it is permitted to finish the drink or game, but, alas! eventually another sovereign goes to swell the countless hoard.

Any infraction of College discipline is dealt with by the College authorities, of whom the Junior Dean is deputed to "haul" men for cutting chapels, ragging, or other irregularities, and to guard, as far as he can, on great occasions such as a bump supper or a Fifth of November, against destruction of college property. It is, as may be imagined, a post requiring very considerable tact and character. The man who knows what to do and how to do it will get a bonfire put out and comparative peace restored whenever he chooses. The man who is not quite in touch with the college may threaten to "gate" or "send down" every man present, he may rush hither and thither in an agony of entreaty or rage, but the flames will mount higher and the noise grow louder, until the company considers that it has had enough. Individually the undergraduate is more or less open to reason; collectively he is liable, like the British public, to sudden gusts of prejudice or indignation, if he imagines his feelings or his privileges are being trampled upon, with this difference from his great prototype, that, recognising the futility of mere words, his protests generally take the form of deeds. Many will, no doubt recall a recent instance in which alleged despotism led to reprisals, coercive measures, open rebellion and wholesale sentences of banishment, until the appropriate climax to the sequence of events was reached—an appeal to the columns of the *Times*. In that case the dispute originated in a difference of opinion as to the necessity of attending a certain ball. The men who had been bidden to the feast were not allowed to go, or rather were requested to return at such a time that going was out of the question. The uninitiated might have mistaken the ominous stillness of that night for the hush of grief rather than the silence of revenge. But the college awoke next morning to find its walls literally painted red, and not a trace of the artists could be found except a row of empty paint-pots down a lane hard by. The dons, however, with a patient skill worthy of Sherlock Holmes himself, at length discovered tell-tale spots of vermilion on a pair of trousers, and ultimately the renowned "Blenheim Martyr" departed into glorious exile. Then the banners of sedition were unfurled across Peck Quad, the millennium dawned for the glazier, and anarchy stalked through a "House" divided against itself, and finally a string of hansoms conveyed the devoted band who had fought for freedom's cause, defeated but defiant still, to the railway stations. Great demonstrations such as this are, however, of rare occurrence. As a rule the relations between the two parties are cordial and sympathetic, and even when war is declared hostilities are conducted with a mutual understanding that it is for a principle and not for personal spite that each is fighting. And here, let us take leave of our subject, hoping we have succeeded in faintly delineating a few of the features of undergraduate life. He must indeed be dull of soul and misanthropic by nature who does not look back upon the years spent in Oxford with a feeling of affectionate regret for good friends scattered to the four corners of the earth, for halcyon days that can be lived over again nowhere save in the memory, who cannot cherish some pleasant recollections of his academic career that he will carry with him to the grave.

AUSTRALIA IN THE FIFTIES

By SOPHIA BEALE

IN the Melbourne *Argus* some months ago, a very interesting series of articles appeared upon this subject, entitled, "Gold-seekers of the fifties: the romance of diggings life." It describes many of the burglaries and desperate fights of those times, when the gold-waggon had an escort of mounted troopers, and "Cobb and Co's red coach rolled on its leathern braces like a ship in a cross sea." The main escort left Bendigo every week or fortnight, the output from other fields being picked up *en route*. The gold was at first put into sealed wooden boxes; but the labour of loading and unloading was so great that, later on, a round iron box was adopted. The escort consisted of smart young fellows who were good riders and good shots. On dangerous parts of the road scouts were employed to "guard against an ambush, and the troopers rode with their carbines at the hip ready for action." As the treasure carried was often valued at from £80,000 to £100,000, it is surprising that more robberies were not committed. The diggings held numbers of vagabonds only too ready to risk freedom and life for such a haul, and scores of murders naturally occurred whose authors were never "found." The "Missing Friends" column was the most important part of the newspapers of those days, as there was more danger in attacking a convoy than in murdering an individual digger for his private collection of gold. Sometimes these latter conveyed the precious metal hidden away in cavities dug out of the wood of their own waggons.

While we in Europe were rejoicing over the opening of the 1851 Exhibition, the outward and visible sign, as the optimists thought, of a universal state of peace and brotherhood, Bendigo was attracting gold seekers of all nationalities. "Round about the Porcupine Inn the scene beggared description. Diggers were drinking liquor from all kinds of utensils, drunken fights were in progress on every side, and hundreds fought and clamoured to get to the bar." This is the testimony of Mr. J. A. Panton as quoted in the *Argus*. "The riotous blackguardism before us was so repellent that we decided to keep clear of it, and so we turned our steps towards Expedition Pass, and started for Forest Creek." But later on the party returned to Golden Gully, Bendigo. The country must have been beautiful with its "box forest, its towering red gums, bordered with golden wattle." "The ranges and banks of the gullies were covered with ironbark timber, the flats with a box forest, the park-like trees, beautiful in shape and foliage. . . . Through this wide prospect the workings showed only in streaks of yellow and brown ochre, or brown sienna, that were a pleasant contrast to the forest green. How rapidly the one tone grew and the other dwindled! One day there was a belt of box-trees, on the next it had disappeared utterly, and the white tents shone in its stead."

The methods adopted by the diggers of those days prove the richness of alluvial Bendigo. The sinkings were from eight to ten feet. The diggers wore "large sheath knives, and, sitting in a hole, they used the blade of the knife to flip out the bits of gold." On Ironbank and Eaglehawk from three to four ounces a day per man was the average gain. But some men had richer finds. Imagine taking thirty-two pounds weight of gold from a hole before breakfast; £1280 for the morning's work! One of the largest nuggets, the "Darcombe," was sold in London for £1500; and another, encrusted with quartz and oxide of iron, was purchased by the Victorian government for £1650 and sent as a present to the Queen.

One day, when a man named Emmett was gathering twigs to boil the billy, he perceived gold shining in the quartz—a pleasant surprise! "It was spread like a pat of butter on a loaf of bread, as though it had been squeezed between two faces of quartz. Yet even with this evidence of richness no one was tempted by the reefs; they preferred digging in the red alluvial. For a time this part was a visiting place for idlers, and a year later was being worked by a nigger, who broke off the pieces of gold-studded quartz, built them up into little pyramids, and sold them as curiosities to visitors." The pioneers of the Bendigo reefers were two boys who afterwards sold their property to a German, one Ballerstedt, who, knowing the value of ore at sight, made some £40,000 by his purchase.

The rush to a new field was like the road to Epsom on the Derby day; every conceivable kind of vehicle might be seen, from waggons to wheelbarrows. The diggers were clustered on a favourite piece of land "like ants on a mound. Hundreds lay upon their backs, with outstretched arms, gripping perhaps a pistol in one hand, a sheath knife in the other, and claiming to own at least all the ground they could encompass." Others were filling bags with the surface stuff. The din was tremendous, and to reduce all this excited chaos to order in the allotment of eight feet claims, was the difficult task of the commissioners.

Some of the adventures of gold-finding were curious. Two friends taking a walk one Sunday, sit down to rest, and find a nugget at their feet. They resolve to work the gully, so mark some trees on the way home. Next day they start; but alas! in the meantime a rush has taken place in the neighbourhood, and the trees have been felled. Where is their rich claim? They cannot find it. They found the nugget on April 17, and by May 8 the diggers were "shovelling gold from beneath each other's feet." The two friends joined the rush, but could not get nearer than within a mile and a half of the rich ground. The gold was found at a depth of 2 ft. 6 in., and soon the friends left, under the impression that it had been worked out. Another party took possession, worked it deeper, and sent 40,000 ounces of gold to Melbourne by the escort. May 26 being wet, the friends strolled to the surface hills where the best gold was being found; and there, in the centre of it, was the log they had sat upon and the tree they had marked five weeks before! In that short time it had changed from an unknown gully in the bush to the celebrated Eaglehawk, where 90,000 men were at work, and 120,000 ounces of gold were being carted away per week! This was bad luck for the friends; but they went on to German Gully, and in ten weeks' time had £800 a piece.

One of the curious phases connected with gold-finding was the Sabbatarianism of the diggers. The men who did not scruple to settle disputes by a fight, the men who would rob others, the men who drank and gambled, would not dig on Sundays. They cooked, and travelled, and washed their clothes; they did all manner of work, but from digging they abstained; and the bad feeling displayed towards some Italians at Fiery Creek had its origin in the fact that the foreigners employed their Sundays in digging. It was a superstitious bowing to convention, to the customs of the Old World, an acknowledgment of an unwritten law of what the digging population was pleased to call morality.

THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE NEW

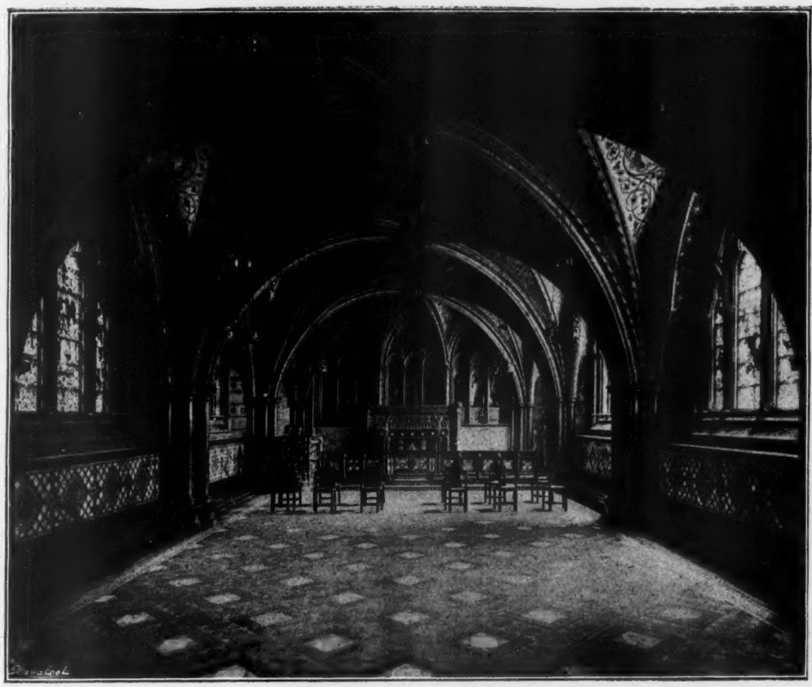
By MICHAEL MACDONAGH

As William Pitt lay dying at his villa on Putney Heath in January 1806, the news of the complete rout of the Austrians and Russians by Napoleon at Austerlitz in December cast a shadow over the nation's rejoicing for the victory at Trafalgar. The success of the French emperor preyed also upon the mind of the dying statesman. It counterbalanced, in his opinion, the destruction by Nelson of the combined French and Spanish fleets a month before. "Roll up that map," said he, pointing to a map of Europe, "it will not be wanted these ten years." The end came on January 23. "Oh, how I leave my country!" he cried in anguish with his last breath.

So died Pitt of a patriot's broken heart. The Whigs averred at the time that he died of port wine. Half a century later Disraeli used to tell a humorous story which gives a different version of the last words of the dying statesman. "Late one night," said an old waiter at the House of Commons to Disraeli, shortly after he first entered Parliament, "I was called out of bed by a messenger in a post-chaise, shouting to me outside the window. 'What is it?' I said. 'You're to get up and dress and bring some of your pork-pies down to Mr. Pitt at Putney.' So I went; and as we drove along the messenger told me that Mr. Pitt had not been able to take any food, but had suddenly said, 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork-pies.' And so I was sent for post-haste. When we arrived Mr. Pitt was dead. Them were his last words: 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's pork-pies.'"

Bellamy was caterer to the Houses of Parliament for more than half a century, embracing the last decade of the eighteenth century, and the first forty years of the nineteenth. He kept a hostelry in Old Palace Yard, almost directly opposite St. Margaret's Church, to which a passage gave access from the old House of Commons.

St. Stephen's Chapel, in which the Commons held their conclaves for centuries, was totally destroyed in the fire of 1834. It was an oblong building attached to Westminster Hall, at its south-east angle, and extending towards the river. St. Stephen's Hall, the public entrance to Westminster Palace, with its splendid marble statues of famous Parliamentarians, occupies the exact site of the old House of Commons, and a brass plate set into the tessellated pavement close to the swing-doors leading to the Central Hall marks the place where stood the Speaker's chair and the Clerk's table. The old House was much smaller and narrower than the present Chamber. Its ceiling and



(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

ST. STEPHEN'S CRYPT

its sides were lined with wainscot of a dark brown hue which gave it a gloomy appearance in the dim light provided in the day by high windows at each side, and at night by three chandeliers, filled with candles, hanging from the ceiling. The benches, as in the present Chamber, rose on each side, tier above tier, from the floor to the wall, and were divided by gangways. The Strangers' Gallery faced the chair. Admission to this gallery was obtained on an order from a member, or by payment of *2s. 6d.* to the attendants. The last of the five rows of seats in the Gallery was allotted to the reporters—when after a long struggle the right of the Press to admission was acknowledged—and each newspaper paid three guineas a session for its seat. These fees were also distributed among the officers of the House connected with the Gallery. Ladies were not admitted into the House, but they had access to a loft between the ceiling and the roof, and through a grating in the centre of the ceiling, for the purpose of ventilation, above the principal chandelier, a dozen might see with discomfort the scene below and a few more could hear the speeches. It was not, however, an uncommon practice for ladies to frequent the Strangers' Gallery disguised as men. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall mentions in his "Memoirs" that he saw the Duchess of Gordon habited as a man in the Gallery. The story is also told that the beautiful Mrs. Brinsley Sheridan attended in a similar dress in order to hear a speech by her husband.

Beneath the old House, or St. Stephen's Chapel, was a crypt, in which were stoves for heating the Chamber. It was also used by the Speaker as a dining-room when he entertained members of the House to dinner. It happily survived the destructive fire of 1834; and is now a beautiful Chapel.

The House of Commons, from the union with Ireland in 1801, consisted of 658 members until the Reform Act of 1884, when the number was increased to 670, at which it at present stands. Not more than 400 members could be packed into the old Chamber. The accommodation outside was also very meagre. Besides the library, there were only two rooms—one for writing and the other for smoking—at the disposal of members. For refreshments they had to resort to Bellamy's. A staircase from the lobby of the Chamber led to a corridor giving access to the tavern. Tea was served in the corridor, and here also members sat and chatted over a bottle of wine. In what was known as "the kitchen" dinners and suppers were served. A few tables covered with damask tablecloths were scattered about its bare floor. A huge fire blazed in the grate, with a roasting-jack hanging before it for joints, and on it a gridiron for steaks. At the top of the staircase leading from the Chamber stood a waiter, who called out the name of each speaker addressing the House.

"Mr. Bumbleton upon his legs," cried the waiter; and the eating and drinking went on undisturbed. But if it were "Mr. Pitt upon his legs"; or "Mr. Brinsley Sheridan upon his legs"; or—in times nearer to our own—"Sir Robert Peel upon his legs" or "Mr. Daniel O'Connell upon his legs," members hurriedly finished their steak, their bottle, or their pork-pie, and proceeded to the House. The division-bell created even more confusion in the kitchen of Bellamy's. At the first note of the bell members jumped up from their seats, leaving bottle and pie and steak unfinished, and rushed downstairs headlong into the House, fearful lest they might be shut out from giving their votes upon a question which they had not heard debated. But in those days, as in these, our representatives are guided more by the Whips than by their own reason into the division-lobbies.

(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

THE ORATORY

Richard Lalor Sheil, the Irish politician and orator, who came over to London to hear a debate on Catholic Emancipation in 1825, wrote a sketch for a magazine, in which he gives us an interesting glimpse of Bellamy's. He writes:

> The scene which Bellamy's presents to a stranger is striking enough. Two smart girls, whose briskness and neat attire made up for their want of beauty, and for the invasions of time, of which their cheek showed the traces, helped out tea in a room in the corridor. It was pleasant to observe the sons of dukes and marquises and the possessors of twenties and thirties of thousands a year, gathered round those damsels, and soliciting a cup of that beverage which it was their office to administer. Those Bellamy bar-maids seemed so familiarised with their occupation that they went through it with perfect nonchalance, and would occasionally turn with petulance, in which they asserted the superiority of their sex to rank and opulence, from

(From a photograph by C. Grard, London)

MINISTERS' DINING-ROOM

> the noble and wealthy suitors for a draught of tea, by whom they were surrounded. The unfortunate Irish Members were treated with a peculiar disdain, and were reminded of their provinciality by the look of these Parliamentary Hebes, who treated them as mere colonial deputies should be received in the purlieus of the State.

Writing of the scene in "the kitchen" he says:

> Nearly opposite the door sat two English County Members. They had disposed of a bottle each, and, just as the last glass was emptied, one of them called out to the annunciator at the end of the passage for intelligence. "Mr. Foster on his legs!" was the formidable answer. "Waiter, bring another bottle!" was the immediate effect of this information, which was followed by a similar injunction from every table in the room. I perceived that Mr. Bellamy owed great obligations to Mr. Foster. But the latter did not limit himself to a second bottle. Again and again the same question was asked, and again the same announcement returned—"Mr. Foster upon his legs!" The answer seemed to fasten men in inseparable adhesiveness to their seats. Thus two hours went by; when, at length, "Mr. Plunket on his legs" was heard from the end of the passage, and the whole convocation of compotars rose together and returned to the House.

Charles Dickens, close on ten years after Sheil, refers to Bellamy's in one of his "Sketches by Boz." He tells us that "Nicholas," the chief butler, had been a reformer, but after the passing of the Reform Act of 1832 he became an inveterate Tory. The clauses of the Act which gave members to the metropolitan districts of London were especially obnoxious to the honest old servitor. "We discovered the secret at last," writes Dickens. "The metropolitan members always dined at home! The rascals! As for giving additional members to Ireland, it was even worse—decidedly unconstitutional. Why, sir, an Irish member would go up there and eat more dinner than three English members put together. He took no wine; drank table-beer by the half-gallon, and went home to Manchester Buildings or Millbank-street for his whisky and soda. And what was the consequence? Why, the concern lost—actually lost—by their patronage." Tea was still served by two waitresses. If they were not the same girls that Sheil saw ten years before they certainly were quite as impudent. "That female in black—not the one whom that Lord's Day Bill Baronet has just chucked upon the chin, the shorter of the two—is 'Jane,' the Hebe of Bellamy's. Jane is as great a character as Nicholas in her way. Her leading features are a thorough contempt for the great majority of her visitors; her predominant quality, love of admiration, as you cannot fail to observe if you mark the way with which she listens to something the young member near her mutters somewhat unintelligibly in her ear (for his speech is rather thick from some cause or other), and how playfully she digs the handle of a fork into the arm by which he detains her, by way of reply."

Bellamy's was famous for its cellar of port. Pitt, who, as is well-known, had a weakness for that wine, probably cracked many a bottle of it—like other members—in "the kitchen," during the dull intervals of debate. An epigram of the time gives the following dialogue between Pitt and his colleague and boon companion Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville—

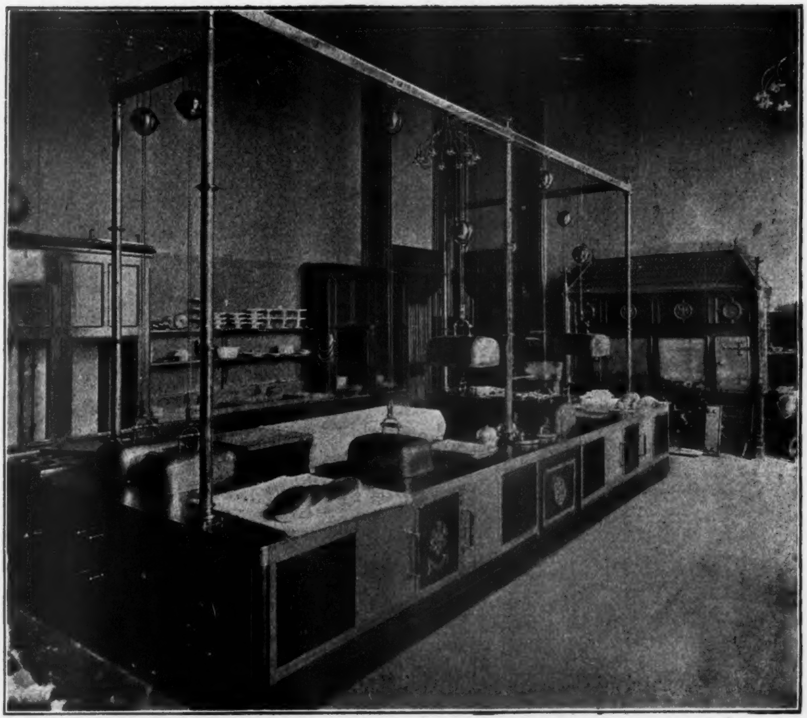
> PITT—I can't see the Speaker, Hal, can you?
> DUNDAS—Not see the Speaker, Billy? I see two!

On one occasion Pitt was so manifestly under the influence of wine as he sat on the Treasury Bench, that one of the clerks at the table, in his distress at the spectacle, got a violent headache. "An excellent arrangement," remarked Pitt, when he was told of the condition of the clerk, "I have the wine and he has the headache."

But sometimes Pitt had the headache as well as the wine. On February 21, 1783, he was assailed by Fox for the terms of peace

(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

THE MEMBERS' DINING-ROOM



(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

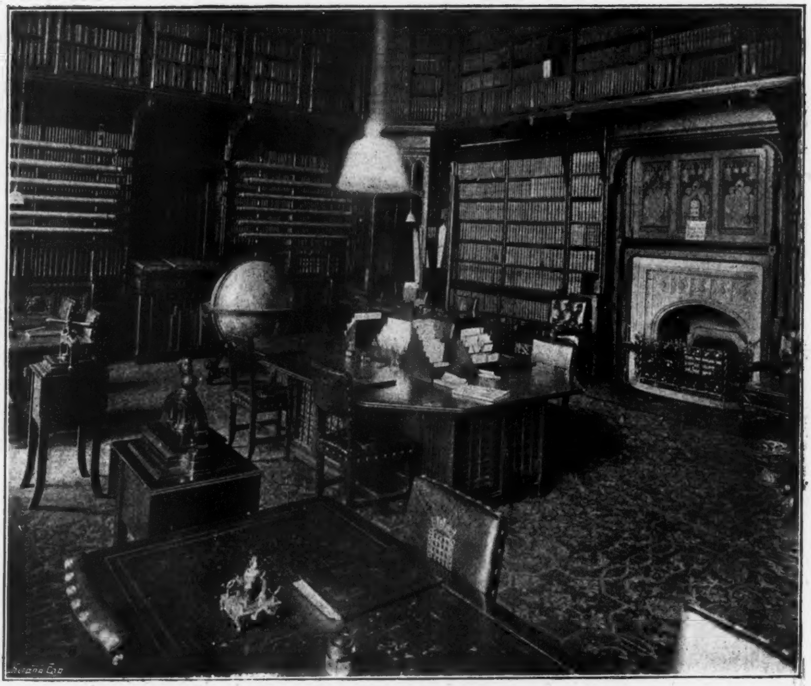
THE COMMONS KITCHEN

arranged with France, Spain, Holland and the United States, who had been combined in war against England, on the ground that they were too favourable to the enemy. Unfortunately Pitt was that evening sick from over indulgence in port. Immediately behind the Speaker's chair there was a door, leading to Solomon's Porch, a lobby overlooking the gardens of the Speaker's residence, on the banks of the river. In the midst of Fox's speech Pitt had to retire to the porch. He held the door open with one hand, and while he vomited into the garden turned his ear to the House so that he might not miss any of the arguments of Fox. "Never," writes William Wilberforce, who was a spectator of the incident, "do I recollect to have witnessed such a triumph of mind over physical depression. When Fox sat down he replied to him with great ability though with less brilliancy than usual."

One or two passages in the speech of Fox as recorded by "Hansard," seem to point to Pitt's inebriation. "I do not envy him the triumph of his situation this day," said Fox. Pitt, too, in the course of his reply made some veiled allusions to his own condition. He said, for instance:

> I will never engage in political enmities without a public cause. I will never forego such enmities without the public approbation: nor will I be questioned and cast off, in the face of this House, by one virtuous and dissatisfied friend. These, sir, the sober and durable triumphs of reason over the weak and profligate inconsistencies of party violence; these, sir, the steady triumphs of virtue over success itself, shall be mine, not only in my present situation, but through every future condition of my life—triumphs which no length of time shall diminish, which no change of principle shall ever sully.

Of course, in those days it was the custom



(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

THE MAP-ROOM

of all classes of Society to drink deeply rather than wisely. Still it was a common practice in the House of Commons for members to find in the sucking of an orange a sufficient stimulant! On February 7, 1828, Henry Brougham delivered a famous speech on law reform, which lasted over six hours, and filled ten columns of the *Times*, and sixty pages of "Hansard." On the bench beside the orator was his hat full of oranges, and to these he resorted for refreshment during the trying physical and mental ordeal of the speech. In the first reformed Parliament William Cobbett and Daniel O'Connell were probably the most intemperate members—as regards language. The speeches of both were invariably inebriated with the exuberance of their fiery and combative temperaments. But O'Connell was noted for his abstemiousness at table, and Cobbett was a strict teetotaler. Probably Nicholas, the butler, was wrath with them because they never spent a crown on a bottle of Bellamy's port; but at the same time he could not complain as an additional grievance that they helped themselves to the free table-beer of "the Kitchen." In the House they might be seen sitting together on the Opposition benches sucking oranges and telling stories, discussing political questions, or rudely scoffing or interjecting embarrassing comments during a speech by Peel. Their brother-in-arms, Joseph Hume, preferred pears. That stern financial reformer, that rigid stickler for economy in all branches of public expenditure, was never absent from a sitting of the House of Commons, from the moment the Speaker took the Chair to the adjournment. No matter how dry or uninteresting the debate might be, Hume was to be seen at all times sitting against one of the posts supporting the gallery on the Opposition side. "There is Joseph, always at his post," was a common saying. He was never known to have a steak even in Bellamy's kitchen—not to speak of port or table-beer —but he came down to the House every day with his pockets stuffed with pears, and these he munched in the Chamber for dinner and supper.

In the noble pile of buildings erected on the site of the Old Palace, swept away by the fire of 1834, the accommodation for members, outside the Chamber, was greatly increased. There are now three dining-rooms. One of them is reserved, by custom, to the leading members of the Government and the Opposition. In this room there is a table for Cabinet Ministers and another for ex-Cabinet Ministers. For a time the culinary department in the new palace was looked after by Bellamy, or his successors. Then the provision of meals to members was let out by contract. But for several years now a special Committee of the House, known as "The Kitchen Committee," has supervised the department; and it enjoys a subsidy of £2600 a year from the public funds. During the Session over £500 a week is paid by members for meals and refreshments. The amount of money spent by individual legislators of course varies considerably; but as a rule M.P.s are now noted for their abstemiousness when dining in the House. They are able to obtain a two-shilling dinner consisting of soup, joint and two vegetables; bread, butter, cheese, salad and biscuits, and this modest repast is in good demand throughout the Session. The wine cellar of the House contains, it is said, something like £5000 worth of wines; there is also an immense vat of Scotch whisky; and the cigar-room contains about £2000 worth of stock, the prices of the weeds ranging from 3*d.* to 3*s.* each.

There are smoking-rooms, of course, and tea-rooms, in some of which the quiet games of chess and draughts and dominoes may be played to while away the dull hours between divisions when, as Disraeli says in "Sybil," "Wishy is down and Washy is up," and

(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

THE COMMONS LIBRARY

(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

THE COMMONS READING-ROOM

by means of "annunciators" in the smoking-rooms members can tell who is speaking in the Chamber. Mr. Herbert Gladstone signalised his filling of the office of First Commissioner of Works in the last Liberal Government—1892–95—by providing members with bath-rooms. A short time ago the division bell rang out its summons to the Chamber while a member was enjoying the luxury of the parliamentary tub. For a moment the hon. gentleman was dismayed to find that Mr. Herbert Gladstone had neglected to provide dressing-gowns to meet an emergency such as this, but, being a faithful follower of the Government, he was determined to sustain their majority at all risks to his sense of propriety and dignity, and so, hastily donning a tall hat, a bath towel and his boots, he dashed for the division lobby, arriving just in time to record his vote. Then, his duty done, amid the laughing cheers and good-humoured banter of his colleagues he went back and finished his bath.

The report of the annual cost of the Chamber of Deputies of France shows that French representatives are not satisfied with hot and cold water, soap and towels for their toilets like the members of the House of Commons. The year's bill for eau de Cologne amounts to over 1500 francs, and other toilet appliances cost yearly about the same amount.

But the appetite of our legislator for comforts and recreations at Westminster Palace apparently grows by what it feeds on. The House is no longer regarded as "the best Club in London." Members grumble often about the discomforts attending the discharge of their legislative duty—recording their votes in the division lobbies, for to that the functions of a private or unofficial member of Parliament are practically now reduced. There are several directions in which the amusements of M.P.s at Westminster might be developed. The public gardens near the Victoria Tower might, for instance, be appropriated, and laid out in tennis-courts, for members. Billiard-rooms might also be provided for the long winter evenings. In the summer months, band performances on the terrace during "five o'clock tea" would be most enjoyable; and at night when the Palace is crowded with "strangers"—ladies and gentlemen who have come down to dine with members—a light variety entertainment on the terrace by artists from "the Halls" would relieve the tedium, should the Nationalist members fail to provide the more exciting entertainment of a row in the House.

But while the old, frivolous members pine for tennis-courts and band performances the young, serious representatives with political ambitions, and personal and professional interests to serve, are quite content with the excellent library of the House. The books are housed in a series of rooms, five in number, overlooking the Thames, and comprise a most useful collection of Parliamentary records, historical and political works for a serious student of affairs. There is a map-room for geographical defences; and a newspaper-room with a selection of the leading daily journals of the kingdom.

It is in the quiet rooms of the library, surrounded with books, rather than in the Chamber itself, with its languid, enervating atmosphere, and its oftentimes irrelevant and unprofitable talk, that members think out and prepare their speeches. Some members feel, like Richard Cobden, their reasoning powers in abeyance while in the Chamber. "I don't know whether you feel yourself similarly affected by the air of the House," Cobden wrote to a friend in 1857, "but after sitting there for two or three hours I find my head useless for any other purpose but aching. I find my brain throbbing as though it were ready to burst, and the pain returns upon me as soon as I wake in the morning. It seems as if the air were dried and cooked to such an extent as to rob it of its vital properties."

Members of the two front benches on either side of the table, having note-paper and envelopes, and ink and pens close at hand, often occupy their idle time in the House with a blotting-pad on their knees writing their private correspondence. In the "Life and Times of W. H. Smith" (the leader of the House of Commons during the Conservative Government of 1886–92) by Sir Herbert Maxwell, there are many tender love-letters written by Smith to his wife from the Treasury Bench amid the clamour of party conflict which filled the Chamber. One night in 1887 he wrote to Mrs. Smith, who was at Greenlands, Henley: "I have had a very nice letter from the Queen, which I will show you to-morrow evening, if, as I hope, I am able to get down to you, and this must come to you as my first greeting on the anniversary of that happy day when we became one. . . . God has blessed us, and we do owe very much to Him, for all our trials have brought us closer to each other and to Him, and every day I realise more and more of the strength and guidance which you ask and help me to gain. . . . The debate is going on in a dull way, and Childers is now speaking, but our Irish Attorney-General, Mr. Holmes, made a very good speech, indeed, in opening." On August 22, 1887, he wrote to his wife from the Treasury Bench: "As I grow older I realise that I am getting nearer to the end myself, and while the close of life loses the terror it once had, the duty of being useful to all around me—of so using my powers and my life as to do every day the very best I can under the circumstances in which I find myself—come home to me *every* day with greater strength, so I must not disable myself by fretting, or so entirely turn my thoughts in one direction as to find myself diverted from the daily work of life."

On July 7, 1888, Smith wrote: "Now Harcourt is mouthing, declaiming, and denouncing us in violent language, and the Attorney-General in particular. Good-night! God bless and keep you and my dear children. And pray for me every day that I may have wisdom and strength to do what is right. It is a hard and difficult task." On August 3, 1888, he wrote: "Here I am listening to Arthur Balfour, who is answering Mr. J. Morley, and I have ears for him and thoughts for my very dear one at home at the same time."

What a change in social habits is typified by the striking contrast between the leaders of the House of Commons at the ends of the last two centuries—William Pitt at the close of the eighteenth and William Henry Smith at the close of the nineteenth—the one the worse of liquor on the Treasury Bench, the other writing from the same Bench epistles to his wife full of marital affection and religious devotion!

THE SCOTTISH LABOUR COLONY

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM SUCCESSFULLY SOLVED

By J. ALBINSON

THE AVENUE

FARM or Labour Colonies were first founded by an American, Benjamin Thomson—afterwards Count Rumford—over a century ago, in Bavaria. The movement afterwards spread to Holland, and more recently to Germany (where there are now over thirty colonies), France and England. After years of testing these have all proved to be of inestimable benefit to the colonists themselves, and to the communities at large.

In Germany, for instance, a land formerly infested with beggars, vagrancy is now practically extinct. Their colonies are assisted by grants from Government, an example worthy of imitation in our own Britain, as institutions of this kind are not private but national.

Now Scotland has its colony. A few well-known Glasgow philanthropists, including such men as Sir John Stirling Maxwell, M.P., Sir John Neilson Cuthbertson, Bailie D.M. Stevenson, moved with sympathy for the great army of the unemployed, and having watched with keen interest the progress and success of the Continental colonies, resolved to try the experiment (but not without much preparatory labour, extending over a considerable period, and visits to the German colonies) by leasing Mid-Locharwood's Farm, Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, in 1897. This place, in the opinion of the best agricultural and other authorities, is most admirably suited for its beneficent purpose. It is delightfully situated, having the Solway and the Criffel as near neighbours. For health, seclusion

GENERAL VIEW OF COLONY

and scenery nothing could be better. The nearest town is Dumfries—eight miles distant—and Ruthwell Station is four miles away. There is no public house within five miles, an obvious advantage. The house, formerly a mansion, one would suppose by its appearance, is large and commodious, containing superintendent's apartments, reading, writing and recreation rooms, kitchen and other offices; with sleeping accommodation (including the outside dormitory) for from thirty to thirty-four men. It is indeed a very pleasant sight watching the colonists keenly enjoying the games of carpet balls and bagatelle (gifts of kind friends) during the long wintry evenings.

The out-buildings of the farm, consisting of byres, sheds, stables, &c., are all that any farmer could desire.

The farm consists of one hundred and fifty acres of arable land, forty acres of reclaimed moss, and about three hundred acres of unreclaimed moss-land, and the produce is chiefly consumed on the premises. The peat, of which there is abundance, largely takes the place of coals, an important item in economy.

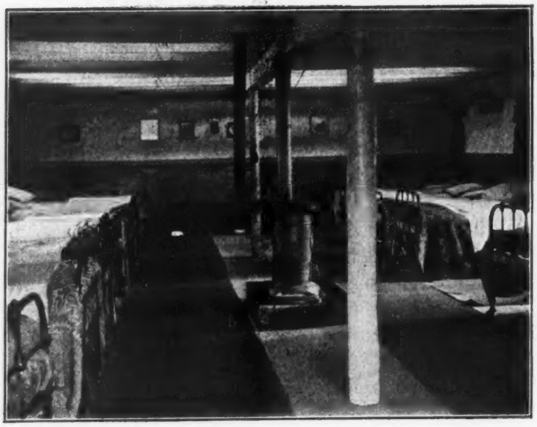
Work in the reclamation of the moss—bringing it under cultivation—could be found for a very large number of men for a considerable time if only the very limited accommodation were increased, which could easily and cheaply be done by the tradesmen colonists, who are at present on the colony. Surely we have here an excellent and ready answer to the question, "What can be done with the unemployed?"

In co-operation with the colony is an industrial shelter situated in Glasgow, under the auspices of the Charity Organisation Society, where, in the first instance, applicants are tested with wood-chopping and other work, for a period, and if found suitable and willing are sent down to the farm. This is found to be the best method. Here the first item in the programme is a bath and change of clothing, and many who feel their position keenly, begin to pour into the superintendent's ear a *résumé* of their sad past. How often the words, "Try to forget the past and begin afresh" are repeated to the new and ever-increasing number of colonists. How dejected they look on their arrival—character, hope, health, independence all gone—just wrecks in many instances, one would almost be inclined to whisper "hopeless," but no, see what a wonderful change a few months stay in the colony has wrought; better clothed, hope regained, health renewed, independence restored, and a permanent situation to go to, thanks to the open, free, healthy life and work, good wholesome food, comfortable bed and regular hours, combined with Christian and cheery companionship—all blending together to give new life and a fresh start, sending them back to again fight life's stern battle and, in not a few instances, to regain their former homes. Many of these poor fellows are of the respectable and hard-working class, and all professions and trades, from a B.A. and schoolmaster down to the ordinary labourer, are represented amongst them.

GROUP OF COLONISTS

In the quiet intervals of conversation, or in association with them in their various games, one gleans a good deal of their history, for each man possesses a peculiar history of his own.

One will tell you that he owned his own house, drove his carriage, kept servants, but lost all his money in a concern which failed. His house and belongings were sold, and to add to his misfortunes, his wife died of a



DORMITORY

broken heart, and he was just about to take away his own life when a kind hand was laid upon him and he was advised to go down to the colony, where he is one of its happiest inmates and is leaving soon to take up permanent work. He has often said that he "thanks God for such a place." Another, that he lost his young consumptive wife and the two bairns—the joy of his life—the strain of which told heavily upon his own health, which eventually gave way. He was obliged to enter a hospital, on leaving which he wandered about for several weeks in a fruitless search for employment, and finally found his way to the colony. He knew not the luxury (as he called it) of a bed and a good meal for many weeks prior to his coming to the farm. One sad-looking fellow, with tearful eyes, states that he had been in business for himself, and was latterly a traveller for a firm, but had lost all through giving way to temptation in a weak moment, and would certainly have ruined himself but for the timely help of this charitable institution, which he looks upon as a place of refuge, safe from temptation and vicious companions. One can at a glance see in him traces of respectability, of business tact, and great energy. He frequently writes to his wife and family.

Several young men will tell you that they left their homes and almost broken-hearted loved ones, in some distant place, in search of work, but failing this, and becoming stranded in a strange city, they heard of the colony, applied and were admitted. After a stay of several months they were assisted back to their homes. One such who was helped to ——, Ireland, has just come into the possession of his late father's farm, and is doing well. He is very grateful for all the colony did for him.

Although "down in the world" these men are most kind to, and considerate of, their fellows. One who was of a vicious temperament has now become so "tamed" that he pleads most earnestly for the admission of others, often saying, "Give him a chance, sir." Another, who is progressing well in his new situation just secured for him by the colony's agency, suggested that as he had now secured better clothes his old clothing might be given to any new comers. A very touching instance of kindly feeling occurred during the recent frosty weather. One morning, one of the colonists, seeing a bird struggling in the snow, lifted it and brought it to the fire, warmed and fed it, and after a time turned it out again with the remark, "I've

RECREATION ROOM

READING-ROOM

saved its life." How very suggestive! In a more important sense his own life and that of others are being saved at this moment.

In the four years of the colony's existence nearly two hundred men have passed through its doors, the majority of whom have been placed into respectable and permanent situations. Others have been restored to relatives, and a few are at the front, nobly serving their king and country.

A close friendship between those in charge and the colonists is formed, which is maintained after they have left, so that by correspondence, as also in visits to their "old home," as they call it, they are followed up, advised, encouraged, or warned, as the case may suggest.

From the large batch of letters received from former colonists many interesting facts are gained, and one sees the word "gratitude" largely written across the whole.

Here are extracts from a few of the most recent ones addressed to the superintendent: "I am about to join my ship as steward. Believe me that I can never forget your kindness to me, and that I fully appreciate your honest endeavour to make all on the colony happy. I will write again soon."

One says: "I can never thank you enough for all you have done for me. I like this place well."

Another: "How are all at 'home'? It was the only place I could call 'home' for many years. I thank you for getting me this situation. God bless you!"

Sometimes it happens that a colonist leaves on his own account, and a considerable time elapses before his whereabouts are known, and then joy takes the place of anxiety, when a letter like the following is received: "I write you these few lines to let you know that I am keeping well, hoping this will find you the same. I am very glad to tell you that I have got a situation at last, after knocking about Glasgow for a long time. I don't know how to thank you for the bother you took with me when I was in the colony, but you will understand that I shall never forget you while I live. The job I have got is in a warehouse in Glasgow and the pay is very small, but it is better than nothing. I will now close with my best wishes."

As to the results with regard to these men (which, after all, is the chief feature of the movement) it is most gratifying to find that a large number are doing well, some "very well." One has kept his situation in the south of England for nearly two years, and is desirous of securing a better position, so anxious is he to rise higher. Another has

KITCHEN

been taken back by his former employers (for whom he wrought twenty years). He has recently joined a mission in the neighbourhood of his lodgings and is giving every satisfaction to the missionary as to his Christian bearing and attendance at the meetings, and is about to join his wife and child from whom he has been for some time separated. A third is completing an eighteen-months engagement on a neighbouring farm in order to pay his fare back to his American home. A fourth who has been in the institution nearly two years, and who has wrought splendidly, is accumulating sufficient bonus (a small weekly bonus is entered to the credit of each colonist, after the first month, as an encouragement, from which clothing and all other necessaries are deducted and balance, if any, handed to them on leaving) to take him to New York where he hopes to join his sisters and to get into permanent work.

A young fellow who entered the colony in a most delicate state of health (often it takes weeks of care and nourishment to restore some to health) and remained twelve months, took up the situation secured for him in a country district, and has shown such steady perseverance that his employers have raised his wages twice in the time. He drove in the other day to see the old spot with every appearance of a gentleman—one scarcely knew him. In conversation he remarked that he was rapidly putting money in the savings bank. He recently wrote this letter and enclosed a 10*s.* postal order in aid of the colony: "I write you a line or two to let you know that I am keeping well and enjoying good health, and hope you are the same. I send a 10*s.* order in aid of the colony. It is a grand thing to have such a place as the colony. If it was not for the colony I would not have been what I am now. I will give more to the colony." Another ex-colonist is now supporting his wife and family whom he had previously neglected. He states in his latest letter that he was regularly sending help to them and hopes soon to rejoin them.

PLOUGHMAN'S COTTAGES

If such magnificent results as these are achieved on so small a scale, and with such economy (for while the Government are prepared to pay 10*s.* weekly for the maintenance of one case under the Inebriates Act, two men can be maintained a week on the colony for a like sum), what may not be done on a larger scale? Nay, more, what if our land was covered with such institutions, providing as they do, honest labour for those requiring it and willing to do it, based upon that splendid principle "If a man will not work neither shall he eat"—then we freely express the opinion that our prisons would be emptier than now, and vagrancy would disappear from our midst, for is it not evident that all around us there are large numbers of willing able-bodied men out of employment, (and the number may any day be greatly augmented in the uncertain condition of trade) only awaiting the opportunity of such an opening as the colony affords, but the scanty funds at the disposal of the directors prevents further admissions, and until the heart of the nation has been moved to see in this "the right method among many wrong ones" as a great authority has said, its doors must remain closed against new comers?

It is obvious beyond doubt that its advantages to the men—to the community, to private residents and to the land—are manifold and ought therefore to be supported by all classes as worthy of the best help we can render.

Impelled by a strong desire to go forward, the directors have wisely purchased the farm

—seeing that many improvements have been made and much money expended—for the sum of £6250, of which only £2250 have been raised, the balance of £4000 remaining as a bond. There is also a considerable sum needed for properly stocking the farm and an annual subsidy of about £600 or more (according to the number of inmates) for the general upkeep, for it can never, in the nature of the case, be self-supporting.

Scotsmen, who have the weal of their nation at heart, ought to help in this splendid work of uplifting their unfortunate kinsmen, for "a man's a man for a' that."

CORPORAL FURROW

By WILLIAM SHIRLAW, Jun.

HE seemed to me at that time to be the strangest and most romantic old man that I had ever known. I cannot remember a time, indeed, when I did not know him. He stumped into my life along with my parents, with a carpet covered all over with red and yellow flowers over which I crawled in pursuit of sunbeams, and a team of horses, gaily painted in red and yellow that galloped steadfastly across the table without moving their legs and reared with a delightful sense of unmanageableness upon its precipitous edge. He appeared to have been waiting, along with an innumerable variety of persons and things, to make my shy acquaintance.

At that time I seemed to look upon the world as from a great distance away. Children live in the world but yet are not of it. I seemed to be closed in, so to speak, with a great case of glass, through which I could observe the moving of the gigantic world without, passing before my vision like a play. I came to look upon Corporal Furrow as though he had been a large hairy doll.

The first time I saw him he was swimming—for this is the most expressive term I can find to describe his manner of walking—around an immense room, and appeared to be advising my father as to some repairs which he was suggesting. I can recall the booming sound his deep voice made.

The room, I remember, had a bright crimson carpet. Upon the walls were black recesses in which, upon the one side, appeared men wearing suits of iron, and upon the other, ladies bright and shining as angels. They wore great wings of feathers in their hands, and their shoulders, covered with them, bore a resemblance to folded wings. These silent beings followed me about with their eyes, and at times I watched for them to unfold their wings and flutter down into the apartment. Often I have awakened with the thunder of their voices in my ears. At night, when nothing but the fire was burning in the room, I was able to behold little gleams of laughter illuminating all the walls.

To a child an old man is the most wonderful and grotesque thing in the world. The Corporal had fought in the wars and been wounded at Waterloo, so that for me there continually played a halo of romance around his shaggy locks. Since his withdrawal from the army he had become the village historian and joiner. He was a very tall old man, dressed in blue, with legs covered with grey stockings descending shakily into a pair of bronze-buckled shoes. He wore a leathern belt, into which were stuck the implements of his trade. These he invested, as he did everything about him, with a semi-military appearance. The saw hung suspended at his left side as though it had been a notched sword, he drew the gleaming hammer as he would a pistol; the pocket of his apron became an ammunition-pouch, and the nails which he produced from it cartridges; planks of wood he carried upon his shoulder like a musket. He ordered himself about in military language, and leapt around the table he was joinering as though he was working a gun.

Standing upright and motionless, he looked to perfection the straight-backed old veteran he was. It was only when he began to move that the deformity of the lower limbs, resulting from the effects of his wounds, made itself visible. He resembled a swan, which is a vision of grace until it begins to walk. Then his legs became seized with the most curious and ludicrous contortions, writhing and waving as serpents do when they rise to strike. The knees knocked together furiously. One would have said that his legs were made of indiarubber and were totally unable to bear the weight of the body. Every moment it seemed as though his calves would be crushed down into his boots. Beholding him coming up the street in a hurry one seemed to survey his limbs through running water. The bust of his body stood erect upon this wavy pedestal. He appeared a strange sort of Centaur—half saint, half drunkard.

His workshop was situated at the extreme end of the village. It was a little building with a very high roof, which was quite dark halfway up. The crossbeams were covered with great planks of wood, which formed a ceiling broken up into long strips of blackness. This ceiling might have been the flooring of a second storey which had suddenly given way and precipitated everything to the earth, transforming the groundfloor into a state of frightful confusion. One might have likened it to a hospital after some great battle had taken place among all descriptions of furniture. In one corner, a massive oaken table lay flat on its back with its legs in the air. One of its limbs, dislocated at the hip, swayed and trembled painfully at a touch, and once, when the old corporal seized it and shook it roughly, an unearthly voice somewhere about it screamed muffled screams. Chairs, which I recognised as having allowed me to sit upon their knees, leant helplessly against the wall, holding their wounded feet up off the ground after the manner of a hen in cold weather. One negro table, very black and dirty, stood upright upon four new white legs, bearing upon its back all the implements of torture, and forming a sort of operating-table for miserable little stools; while, through a little doorway, one was visible covered with a white cloth and looking like a table in its shirt.

Outside the workshop, and stamped upon its white forehead, so to speak, was a gaily painted board. Across the centre of it appeared in greenish-coloured letters the name "Corporal J. Furrow," the letters of which bore a strange resemblance to imps dancing with legs very wide apart. This infernal display was flanked with two designs boldly executed in crimson. The one upon the left represented a saw, which my delightful ignorance of Art transformed into a masterpiece of Realism, depicting a shark swimming open-mouthed at Corporal J Furrow! Upon the right stood an open coffin, slightly tilted up, from which the fifteen impish letters appeared to be waltzing.

Here, one evening, the old man told me a great many stories about the wars in which he had fought, and two of these stories I have never forgotten. It appears strange that these two tales should have remained so undeniably fixed in my memory, while the others were brushed off by passing events. He told them to me in a few minutes, but he seemed to have given me a bit of what might be termed coagulated life. His voice was a chisel sculpturing upon my memory two pictures in bas-relief—pictures in miniature, too. I look upon them from a long distance away.

The first was a tale of a horse with which he had struck up a friendship during the wars. So fond had he become of the animal that its friendship became more to him even than his fellow soldiers. It was a large strong black horse and belonged to a battery. Upon its muzzle a white spot shone with the appearance of a large snowflake. He visited it every morning with a bundle of grass or hay, which at times he was forced far out of his way to obtain. The horse would lick his hands and muzzle with its mouth into his knapsack. He called it Tommy.

Then one day, in the middle of a fierce fight, he found it lying quite dead, with a great red hole in its belly.

The second tale recorded how, in the midst of an engagement, a small cottage became the aim of each contending party—a little white cottage covered all over with red roses, which gave to it a blood-besprinkled appearance. During the firing the windows of the cottage were pierced several times. At length the company of British in which the corporal was engaged secured the point of vantage, which they entered with a great tumult, to find, upon a bed, a little girl lying fast asleep! Her hair was golden-coloured and her pink toes peeped from beneath the bed-clothes.

These are the two stories he related which have hardened instead of melting away with the others. Still those others possessed for me a power of charm which made the old Corporal for me a living fairyland, the workshop, with its mortuary of chairs and tables, a cave of enchantment in which this hoary-headed magician reigned.

Viewing that time, however, from far below the branches on which children cluster, the life of the old man appears to have been a hard one, springing from a herd-boy among our own Red Mountains along a mountainous life, towards that period when we met and separated. From boy to veteran he had fought his way to the very edge of the grave, from the cradle of earth to the cradle of heaven.

In battle he appears to have led a charmed existence, with the single exception of the wound which effectually ended his military career. The bullet from which he finally fell was one of those which, without entering the body, pierce the heart. All the casualties of war are not recorded in the official list.

One morning early a great stir in our village, and joyful exclamations, and the ringing of the solitary bell, and a running of people to and fro in the street, betokened a great victory. Rubbing my nose against a window, I could perceive a black crowd in the street, adorned with a display of flags which fluttered like the wings of some monster with innumerable feet. Upon the steps before the "Golden Eagle," a man with a bald head was reading from a paper, and the cheers sounded a great distance away. I did not pay much attention.

One night I awoke in bed with a voice which sounded as though it was speaking inside my head—a deep booming voice, which said: "Corporal Furrow died to-day. It was very sudden." Opening my eyes, I could perceive a chink of golden light through the black doorway, as though an angel had been pencilling the walls. I heard a voice murmuring:

"He received a letter," said the deep voice. "His son was mortally wounded. The shock killed him. I found him lying upon the floor." Somebody was weeping.

I turned over upon my pillow amid a maze of bewildering fancies. One day, some time after this, I ran to my window at the sound of solemn music in the street, and the beating of a drum, and I remember thinking that some one must have caught the Thunder and was hurting him. Looking down into the street, I beheld a great concourse of the people, all dressed in black and wearing crape upon their hats. Their faces looked very white, and those behind upon the outskirts of the crowd were all talking with red mouths. Marching at their head was a great number of soldiers in the shape of a square, and in the midst, resting upon the shoulders of six men, was borne a great white coffin draped with a flag. The soldiers wore all their glittering weapons and gigantic swords, and marched every foot together. All down the street the windows of the houses had assumed the appearance of portraits covered with glass.

This great crowd of the people took quite a long time to pass, and I remember standing at my window watching the procession moving away along the road, rising up one hill and bending down another, until at length, having assumed the appearance of a caterpillar with a red head crawling up a cabbage-leaf, it reached the summit of Cawdas Brae. This was the edge of the world to me, and I stood and watched until the very last man had fallen over.

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

OUR WRESTLING

"Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places"—Ephes. vi. 12.

IT would be difficult, perhaps, to name any doctrine which holds at once so large a place in the thought of the New Testament and so small a place in the minds of men to-day as that of the existence of evil spirits. In many quarters the belief is treated with open derision, as the fiction of an untutored imagination to be tossed contemptuously aside. And even among those who still remain loyal to the Christian faith the sceptical spirit has penetrated so far that many have come to look upon this article of their creed as a doctrine which need not indeed be denied, but which may safely be ignored. Yet the moment we turn to the New Testament our easy-going indifference receives a severe and sudden shock. The existence of a world of evil spirits, wherein Satan rules as prince, is asserted with the utmost plainness in almost every one of the New Testament writings. Any one who will take the trouble to piece together for himself the many passages in which Paul alludes to the subject will begin to realise something of the Apostle's almost overwhelming sense of the presence of a busy malignant foe, watching that he may work man's overthrow and ruin.

I have no space to set forth in detail here the passages to which I refer. Suffice it to say they are to be found in at least nine out of Paul's thirteen Epistles; in his earliest writings and in his latest. The mere mention of the various names under which the Apostle speaks of the great adversary of souls will show the restless energies for evil which he attributes to him. He is called "Belial," "the evil one," "the tempter," "the serpent which beguiled Eve in his craftiness," "the god of this world," "the prince of the power [or empire] of the air"; and the kingdom over which he reigns is "the power [or empire] of darkness." So far is it from being true that when we read in our New Testament of the "devil" we may quietly drop the "d" and suppose that "evil" is all that is meant, we ought rather to substitute the personal for the impersonal phrase in several passages where in the Authorised Version the latter is employed. This, for the ordinary reader, was one of the surprises of the Revised Version. Thus, *e.g.*, what Paul really wrote was not "the fiery darts of the wicked," but "the fiery darts of the evil one"; not "spiritual wickedness in high places," but "the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places"; not "the Lord shall keep you from evil," but "the Lord shall guard you from the evil one." Similar changes were also effected by the Revisers elsewhere in the New Testament—in the Lord's Prayer, in the great High-priestly intercession (John xvii.) and in other passages. And this leads me to point out, further, that even were we wholly to ignore the Pauline epistles there could still be no doubt as to the New Testament doctrine of evil spirits. It is asserted with equal plainness by all the other Apostles, by Peter and James and John, by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and by our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. With one voice these all declare that "our wrestling" is not merely against "flesh and blood"—the sinful instincts of a disordered nature, the angry hatreds of a hostile world—but against the devil and "the spiritual hosts of wickedness." To explain this language as an accommodation to the vulgar conceptions of their day is only to trifle with us. And Christian teachers as different in their theological standpoint and as sane in their handling of difficult problems as Dr. Dale and Canon Gore agree in concluding that if our Lord is an absolutely trustworthy teacher in the spiritual concerns of life, then temptation from evil spirits is a reality, and a reality to be held constantly in view. To deny this is to break so far with the thought of the whole of the New Testament.

And why should we deny it? What have we to set over against the united testimony of Christ and His Apostles? Nothing save our own ignorance, which still has need of Butler's sharp reminder of its inability to judge what is revealed in Scripture. Would it not be at once more modest and more reasonable to argue that since Christ and His Apostles have proved themselves to be sure and safe guides in matters where our own experience is able to furnish a test, therefore they may also be trusted where, in the very nature of things, experience can add nothing to their testimony?

But, indeed, may not experience here also lend its confirmation to the teaching of Scripture? "Consciousness," says Mark Rutherford, "seems to testify to the presence of two mortal foes within us—one divine and the other diabolic—and perhaps the strongest evidence is not the rebellion of the passions, but the picturing and the mental processes which are almost entirely beyond our control, and often greatly distress us. We look down upon them; they are not ours, and yet they are ours, and we cry out with St. Paul against the law warring with the law of our minds." After all, is there any more reasonable explanation of some of the most distressing of our own personal experiences, or of the terrible catastrophes which we sometimes witness in the social and moral order around us, than the existence of just such a malevolent will and organised kingdom of evil as the Scriptures describe?

SECOND SUNDAY

THE WILES OF THE DEVIL

"His (Satan's) devices"—2 Cor. ii. 11.
"The wiles of the devil"—Ephes. vi.
"The snare of the devil"—1 Tim. iii. 7.
"Even Satan fashioneth himself into an angel of light"—2 Cor. xi. 14.

In the previous reading I have endeavoured briefly to state what appears to me to be the teaching of Scripture concerning those unseen forces of evil which are arrayed against the kingdom of God. But even if we should find it impossible to shape for ourselves such a conception of evil as evidently filled the mind of Paul, it still remains true that we, no less than he, have the spiritual battle to fight. The tempter may or may not be precisely as the Apostle pictured him, but temptation is a terribly real thing, and every man must fight it or die. "The shallowest of mortals," says Mark Rutherford, "is able now to laugh at the notion of a personal devil. No doubt there is no such thing existent; but the horror at evil which could find no other expression than in the creation of a devil is no subject for laughter, and if it do not in some shape or other survive, the race itself will not survive."

It will, I think, serve to impress our minds with a sense of the reality of the spiritual conflict if once more we put ourselves to school with the Apostle Paul. "Your adversary, the devil," says Peter, in his bold, strong metaphor, "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." It is the kind of language that fitted well with the experience of him who used it. We think of Bunyan's "foul fiend," Apollyon: "Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride); he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion." And that is how, sometimes, the tempter comes upon us—as a hateful monster, its hideousness undisguised, open-mouthed to destroy us. And yet, I think, if it were always so the tempter came, we should not fail so often as we do, for we should know him as the tempter and, like Christian, draw our sword and beat him off. It is a deeper view of the matter we get from Paul. Passage after passage reveals his sense of the cunning craft, the serpent-like subtlety of evil, the cleverness—I had almost said, the "slimness"—of the great adversary. He writes and speaks always as one who knows that every moment he must be on his guard, lest his ever-watchful foe gain advantage over him. Thus, *e.g.*, we read of Satan's "devices"; of "the wiles," or stratagems, of the devil; of "the snare," or trap, set by the devil. While to Peter Satan is as "a roaring lion," to Paul he is rather as "the serpent" which "beguiled Eve in his craftiness," and which still first fascinates men with its glittering eye, and then slowly winds its slimy length, coil after coil, about their life. In yet another passage, and this, perhaps, the most striking of all, he declares that "Satan fashioneth himself into an angel of light." What this signifies an illustration will make plain. In the cathedral of Orvieto, in Italy, there is a fresco by a great Italian painter, representing the appearance and triumphs of Antichrist: "Antichrist is no dreadful monster, but a most grand and dignified figure, with just a faint suggestion of Him of whom he is the rival; noble in look and form till you look into the face, and then the wickedness discloses itself." And temptation is never so much to be feared, evil is never so near getting the mastery over us, as when it hides its real self under the mask of virtue, and in the name of righteousness would lead us down to the chambers of death.

Such, then, is our foe; and such is our warfare. The foe has many faces; but, in whatever guise, we have all to meet him, for this is a warfare from which none can escape. The tempter assails us all, and we must either fight or be led captive by him at his will. Nations may keep their standing armies to do their fighting for them; but in this warfare it must be "every man his own soldier." Pay down what ransom-money we will, there is no buying ourselves off. And this is no sham fight, no mimic show. Verily, if there be one real thing on all God's earth it is the war of sense with soul, Christian's bout with Apollyon, the law in the members warring with the law in the mind—call by what name you will that ceaseless strife 'twixt good and evil in every soul of man.

And from this warfare death alone can grant the discharge. It is written of our Lord's temptation, "The devil departed from Him *for a season*." Even to the despatches of the victor there can be no other ending, till the last enemy is under our feet. "We all thought one battle would decide it," said Richard Baxter of the great Civil War; "and we were all much mistaken!" adds Thomas Carlyle. It is the mistake we often make: we think we have driven off the foe for the last time, only to find him swarming upon the fortifications the moment our watchfulness is relaxed. "So when Christian was stepping in [at the wicket-gate], the other gave him a pull. Then said Christian, what means that? The other told him, a little distance from this gate, there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain; from thence both he and them that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they can enter in." And even in our holiest hours, when we are at our holiest work, temptation will thrust sore at us, till we learn, with Samuel Rutherford and all the saints, that while we live temptations will not die.

THIRD SUNDAY

IN DIE MALO

"Wherefore take up the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand"—Ephes. vi. 13.

"While we live temptations will not die." How, then, can we best meet and overcome them? This is the question to which our two last readings naturally lead us. The answer may be put in the form of two or three simple practical suggestions.

(1) "We are not ignorant," Paul says, of Satan's devices. This is the first thing: we must know our enemy. The word translated "devices" is a derivative of the Greek word *νοῦς*, which in its English dress, "nous," colloquial usage has made familiar to us all. From the same Greek word comes, also, the verb in "we are not ignorant of"; indeed, there is something like a play upon the word: "We are not to be caught napping," the Apostle means, "we meet 'nous' with 'nous,' that so no advantage be gained over us by Satan." And as a chess-player watches the moves of his opponent, and a batsman the tricks of the bowler, and a general the stratagems of the enemy, and as Paul watched the foe that was watching him, so have we need to watch, and, as John Wesley used to say, "to have all our wits about us," lest we be trapped and taken. Surely of all the foolish pilgrims to the heavenly city there are none so besotted in their folly as Simple, Sloth, and Presumption who lie asleep, with irons upon their heels, and think there is no danger. Well might Christian cry to them, "You are like them that sleep on the top of a mast, for the Dead Sea is under you, a gulf that hath no bottom."

(2) I shall not be misunderstood, I hope, if I say, that sometimes it is wiser to dodge temptation than to meet it and fight it outright. That is not a counsel of cowardice but of prudence. The battle is not always to the Harry Hotspurs and the Ruperts who make dashing frontal attacks, but often

also to those who know how to maintain a "masterly inactivity," choosing rather to fight at their own time than at the enemy's and themselves to force the struggle than to be forced into it. Which, being interpreted, means that if, *e.g.*, drink or lust or gambling be a snare to a man, then, whenever he can he will give temptation the slip and keep out of its way; and since the stakes are life and death, will play only when he must. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." To overcome some temptations that is at once the simplest and the surest way.

(3) But when the battle must be fought, let us put on the whole armour of God—and fight. When Christian espied the fiend Apollyon coming toward him, his first thought was whether or not he should go back, but when he considered that he had no armour for his back, he judged it best to stand his ground. "Stand, therefore, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; withal taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: with all prayer and supplication praying at all seasons in the Spirit, and watching thereunto in all perseverance."

(4) Study temptation, avoid it when you can, fight it when you must, but do not parley with it. "The devil taketh Him into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; and he said unto Him, 'All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'" Mark well the answer: "Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence"—there is only one word in the Greek, "Begone!"—"Satan." That is how to answer the tempter, in sharp one-word replies, swift and keen as a dagger's thrust. If we stop to parley, if we say, "Let us sit down and talk things over," we are lost.

"Then the devil leaveth Him, and behold angels came and ministered unto Him." Is not that beautiful? There is no conquering soul that lacks the heavenly benediction. "He that overcometh"—still the voice speaks from heaven—"I will give to him to sit down with me in my throne, as I also overcame, and sat down with my Father in His throne." But there is more than this, for it is written "there appeared unto Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him." Yes; God's angels come not only after the struggle to minister to us, they come in the struggle to strengthen us. The crown is for the victor at the end of the day, but help comes to the combatant through all the hours of the day. Look at the Apostle, ringed by foes—tribulation and anguish, persecution and famine, nakedness, peril and sword; yet he hurls defiance against them all: "In all these things, through Him that loved us, we are more than conquerors—we over-overcome" (ὑπερνικῶμεν). And to a like great triumph will Christ lead all them that put their trust in Him.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

"The Holy Spirit which was given unto us"—
Rom. v. 5.

It ought always to be a matter of concern to Christian men and women to discover that they have broken with the thought of the New Testament, and that any religious truth which to the Apostles was "quick and powerful" has for them passed into "the land of the unrealised and the inoperative." Yet must it not be acknowledged that this is what has actually taken place, in the minds of multitudes who profess to call themselves Christians, in regard to the doctrine of which Whitsuntide annually reminds us? Week by week the confession is made, "I believe in the Holy Ghost"; children are baptized into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit; Christian worship closes with the benediction of the same Triune God. Yet, be our words what they may, must not many of us admit that God the Holy Spirit is not in all our thoughts? We pay Him no worthy honour; if we think of Him at all, our thoughts are vague and unreal; we are for the most part in little better case than they who had not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Spirit. The acknowledgment—which is also an indictment—comes from every quarter of the Church to-day.

"I think," says Dean Church, "it must sometimes occur to us to ask why, considering what is said in the New Testament about it [the presence of the Holy Spirit], it is so much, so to say, in the background of our thoughts." Dr. Dale, inquiring whether, "in the culture and discipline of the religious life, we adequately recognise the relation of the Spirit of God to the development and perfection of Christian holiness," goes on to say, "the present relation of the divine Will to the regeneration of man and his restoration to purity and blessedness may be almost forgotten. This subtle form of Atheism is perhaps just now desolating and paralysing the religious thought and life of Christendom." Dr. Denney is not less emphatic: "The Holy Spirit," he writes, "occupies a place in the New Testament, strikingly out of proportion to that assigned to Him in most books of theology. Especially in the theological schools of our own day, there seems to be an incapacity, or an unwillingness to do justice to the Biblical data." Thus, Anglican, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian alike make the sorrowful admission that we are forgetting God the Holy Spirit.

It may not be difficult, perhaps, to explain the neglect. To begin with, even intelligent Christian men and women have grown strangely impatient of all theology—unless it be in the form of theological novels; they simply will not be at the trouble of thinking out for themselves the great themes of the Christian revelation. And, in the case of the particular doctrine I am speaking of now, this original unwillingness readily finds an ally in the undoubted difficulty of the subject itself. We can picture to our minds what Christ was like, for He has lived upon our earth, and the story of His life is in all our hearts. But who, what is the Spirit? We read of His marvellous descent on the day of Pentecost, of the mighty rushing wind and the cloven tongues of fire; yet these are but the symbols of a spiritual Presence which itself eludes us. The mystery of the Spirit's Being who can penetrate? And so, as Dean Church says, because we are unable to realise what He is, we forget what He does.

But, however the neglect of which I have spoken be explained, it cannot fail to inflict the gravest injury upon the Church's thought and life. If it be true, as Canon Gore says, and as all Protestants at least will admit, that "the Church has in Holy Scripture the highest expression of the mind of Christ," then it must be at our peril that we ignore a truth which finds a place on almost every page of the sacred writings. In subsequent readings attention will be drawn to some aspects of the Spirit's work; for the moment I content myself with urging the necessity of a return to the Church's early faith. Open the Apostolic writings where we will, everywhere there meets us "not so much a doctrine as a consciousness, a consciousness of indescribable richness and power. The early Church lived and moved and had its being in the living sense of the Holy Spirit as a present force. The wonderful rush of fulness and power that appears in the experience of the day of Pentecost is a fair symbol of the characteristic experience of the age that gave us the New Testament." It is this rich and vivid consciousness which we must recover for ourselves to-day. And let no one think that this is the language of a blind traditionalism. All experience proves that for the Church whatsoever is not apostolic is not safe. In every true reformation the aim of the reformer has been simply to revive the primitive, to restore the forgotten, to get the Church back again on to the rails of apostolic teaching. And this must be our aim to-day. We must make the doctrine of the Spirit's presence not the hobby of a "school," but the common inheritance of the whole people of God. Then will come the great renewal for which so many faithful souls are waiting when, with heart and voice, the Church can repeat its ancient *Credo*—

"I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST."

O God the King of glory, who hast exalted Thine only Son Jesus Christ with great triumph unto Thy kingdom in heaven; we beseech Thee, leave us not comfortless; but send to us Thine Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

THE thousandth anniversary of the death of Alfred the Great will be celebrated in the autumn; and assuredly history has preserved the record of few men whose character and whose work are more deserving of a national commemoration than those of the patriot king who, to quote his own words, "wished to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave to men who should come after me my memory in good deeds." Among the books published in connection with the millenary Mr. Macfadyen's handsome volume[*] can scarcely fail to take a conspicuous place. As regards externals it sustains the reputation of the Aldine House, while from a literary point of view, if the author somewhat needlessly disclaims any pretension to expert Anglo-Saxon scholarship, he makes it clear that he has spared no pains to do full justice to his subject, and that he has brought to his task both enthusiasm and sound judgment. A special feature of the work is the attention given to the spiritual life of the man, who through many sorrows and cares, temptations and physical sufferings, never flagged in his aspiration to be a faithful Christian and a righteous king. The book belongs to the series of "Saintly Lives," and in relation to it—whatever may have been the case in regard to earlier volumes—the familiar connotation of the word "Saintly" has not suffered violence. Indeed it is not a little curious that Alfred was not enrolled among the royal Saints of Christendom. In this connection it may be well to refer to the brief tribute paid by Mr. Stopford Brooke in his "English Literature from the Beginning to the Roman Conquest," where, by the way, an admirable account of the king will be found. "We do not dwell," he writes, "in a history of literature on the religion of a man, but no account of Alfred could be true which did not say that he rested on God for his support and inspiration, that his incessant works in this world were combined at every point with the life of his spirit in the diviner world;" and by way of emphasising this judgment Mr. Brooke cites the prayer at the end of the king's translation of "Boethius," from which a passage may be given: "Guide me to Thy will to the need of my soul better than I can myself. And stedfast my mind towards Thy will and to my soul's need. And strengthen me against the temptations of the devil, and put far from me foul lust and every unrighteousness. And shield me against my foes, seen and unseen. And teach me to do Thy will, that I may inwardly love Thee before all things with a clean mind and a clean body. For Thou art my maker and my redeemer, my help, my comfort, my trust, and my hope." One could fancy one were reading a page of the "Imitation."

With true literary tact Mr. Macfadyen has allowed the original records to appear in their old simplicity as much as possible; but let it not be supposed that the task of presenting, not "the form and pressure" of Alfred's time, but even the right sequence of events has been an easy one. Many things are obscure, especially in the early years of the story, and facts and dates occasionally run into an inextricable tangle. Alfred, the fifth son of Æthelwulf, King of Wessex, and Osburh his first wife, was born at Wantage in Berkshire in 849. In 853, when about four years old, the child was sent to Rome under the care of Swithun, the Bishop of Winchester, who was afterwards canonised and whose name is still familiar. He was adopted as a spiritual son by Pope Leo IV. and anointed as the future King of the West Saxons. It is more than probable that he remained in Rome till the arrival of his father, two years later; but it seems to me that Mr. Macfadyen attaches too much importance to the experiences of the child both in the Holy City and at the court of Charles the Bald, where he spent some months with his father on their return home. In describing what Alfred saw, or may have seen, the author conveys to the mind of the reader a vivid picture of the age; but, applied to a child of six such phrases as "He could hardly fail to contrast what he remembered of Rome with what he found in England," "Alfred also saw some things in Rome which prevented him from cherishing any illusions about its claims to special sanctity," "In three months' stay at his court [Charles the Bald's] Alfred caught a glimpse of the best traditions of mediæval monarchy," cannot be regarded as more than a rhetorical device. A remarkable event, and one which Alfred may well have remembered all his life, did take place at Charles's court; his father married Judith, Charles's daughter, and lost the crown of Wessex in consequence. Mr. Macfadyen's account of the episode does not appear convincing. It is hard to believe that it was merely on account of "a West Saxon prejudice against queens, which dated from the misdeeds of Eadburg, the wife of Berhtric of Wessex," that Æthelwulf found on his return that his thegns, with Ealhstan the warrior-bishop of Sherborne and Eanwulf the great ealdorman of Somerset at their head, had sworn an oath to set his son Æthelbald on the throne; and one feels very uncertain whether it was solely "the magnanimous instinct characteristic of his house" which impelled Æthelwulf to abandon Wessex and withdraw to the under-kingdom of Kent.

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[*] "Alfred, the West Saxon King of the English." By Dugald Macfadyen, M.A. With portrait and other illustrations. J. M. Dent & Co. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

Another view of the matter strikes me as more intelligible. We have all read with delight the story told of the king by his friend Asser; how "on a certain day his mother was showing him and his brothers a beautiful book of songs, with rich pictures and fine painted initial letters, and she said to them, 'Whichever of you shall first learn this book shall have it for his own'," and how Alfred won the book. The incident has been rejected by various historians on the ground that when Alfred was twelve years old—the age at which, according to Asser, he had not yet learned to read—two of his brothers were dead, and two were men and kings, and his mother must also have been dead, seeing that Æthelwulf married Judith when Alfred was not yet seven. The question naturally arises, however, whether these trenchant critics have not been too hasty. Bishop Asser is not likely to have fabricated the story, though he may have made a slip in giving Alfred's age; and if the king told the story he must have told it of some time subsequent to his return from the court of Charles the Bald, for the incident could not well have happened before he was four, and he was in Rome from his fourth till after his sixth year. If that was the case his mother must have been still alive notwithstanding the marriage of Judith. Indeed Lappenberg sets forth the conclusion that Æthelwulf had separated from Osburh, "though at a later period she took a tender interest in the education of her children;" and that the revolt of the thegns and the loss of the crown of Wessex were attributable, not to any "prejudice against queens," but to the gross indignity cast on Osburh and the injury inflicted on her children by the king's marriage with Judith. Here indeed one finds cause and occasion enough for

> sword and fire,
> Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws.

The obscurity which rests on these events has naturally given rise to ingenious and romantic conjectures, one of which we may pause for a moment to examine. In the introduction to his excellent edition of the Old English epic fragment "Judith,"* Dr. Cook of Yale University suggests that the "mother" who aroused Alfred's interest with the illuminated volume of Saxon poems was not Osburh but his stepmother, Judith. Osburh, he argues, *must* have been dead. "She was 'noble by birth and by nature, and the exemplary king could have had no cause for putting her away;" neither the Pope nor Archbishop Hincmar would have ventured to consent to his marriage with Judith; and, finally, "his nobles and the great body of his subjects" would not have extended to him so hearty a welcome upon his return "if his true and lawful wife had still been living, repudiated and disgraced, to witness the triumph of her successor." No doubt the nobles who were present at the marriage at Verberie gave no sign of dissatisfaction when he placed Judith by his side on the throne, but we have already seen the sort of "welcome" he received from his subjects in Wessex. Quite satisfied with the manner in which he has disposed of Osburh, Dr. Cook proceeds to draw an idyllic picture of the "winsome" Judith turning over the illuminated manuscript, with Alfred at her knee, and to surmise that the very book which Alfred learned to read may have been no other than the epic of "Judith."

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* "Judith: An Old English Epic Fragment." Edited, with introduction, facsimile, translation, complete glossary, and various indexes, by Albert S. Cook, Professor of the English Language and Literature in Yale University. Isbister & Co., Ltd. 6s.

Now we have some knowledge of the poems of the old English people; Mr. Macfadyen gives an interesting glimpse of several of them, and those who are curious in the matter may find a fuller account in Ten Brink's "Early English Literature," or better still, in the volume by Mr. Stopford Brooke to which I have already referred. Likely enough "Judith" was among them, for it may have been written any time in the preceding century. Dr. Cook's reason, however, for supposing that it might be the book of the boy Alfred is at once curious and improbable. Scholars disagree to an astonishing extent as to the date of the poem; Dr. Cook thinks we shall not "go far astray" in ascribing it to Swithun, the Bishop of Winchester, who took Alfred to Rome, and he supposes it to have been composed "in or about the year 856, in gratitude for the deliverance of Wessex from the fury of the heathen Northmen, and dedicated, at once as *epinikion* and *epithalamium*, to the adopted daughter of England, the pride, the hope, the darling of the nation." In this impassioned description it is hardly possible to recognise Judith, the twelve-year-old wife of the Æthelwulf who was ousted from the throne of Wessex, and who feebly declined to the sub-kingship of Kent. But even if it were granted that St. Swithun did compose the poem and dedicate it to Judith, serious difficulties remain. Æthelwulf died two years after his second marriage, and was succeeded on the throne of Kent by his son Æthelbald, who horrified his Wessex subjects by marrying his girlish stepmother. According to one account he was prevailed upon by Bishop Swithun to consent to a separation, and she returned to France; in any case he died after a reign of five years—in 860, according to the Saxon Chronicle, when Alfred was not yet twelve years old. The dates do not confirm Dr. Cook's theory; nor do other facts fit into it. On the whole there does not appear to be sufficient reason to reject the story of the book of poems. On the contrary, if we grant that Asser may have made a mistake in the matter of the child's age, there seems to be good reason why we should accept it; and certainly it is pleasant to know that our acceptance of the legend does not depend on the sacrifice of the true mother.

One cannot but be struck by the appearance of preordination which marks Alfred's career. When he was anointed with the royal chrism at Rome four brothers stood between him and the crown, and the very existence of the realm of Wessex was in jeopardy; yet his way was shaped for him with unerring prescience. In 866, at the age of seventeen, he was co-operating in the affairs of the kingdom with his last surviving brother. In 868 he married Ealhswith, daughter of the Earl of the Gainas, "the folk whose name survives in that of their town, Gainsborough," and in the same year he first met the Danes in the field. In 871 he won the brilliant victory of Ashdown, and was afterwards worsted at Merton with his brother Æthelred, who died of his wounds. So, at the age of two and twenty Alfred found himself burthened with the destinies of the little island which in the centuries to come was to grow into a mighty empire. It is easy to believe the statement of Asser, that he undertook the government of the kingdom "almost against his will, for he did not think that he could alone sustain the multitude and ferocity of the pagans."

It is unnecessary to follow the track of the ancient wars. They are described with spirit and clearness in Mr. Macfadyen's pages, though with respect to the splendid victory of Ethandune (Eddington), which was followed by the surrender of Guthrum and the famous Treaty of Wedmore, it is worth noting that the Rev. Charles W. Whistler has propounded a new and plausible theory of the important campaign of 878.* He transfers the theatre of operations from the familiar Wiltshire sites to a region in Somerset which certainly commends itself to the ordinary reader. Over against Athelney and the marshes from which Alfred was able to flash out on his foes, run the Polden Hills, and there one finds an Edington, which Mr. Whistler identifies with the immortal Ethandune. The details given by the Chronicles as to the strategic points involved do certainly appear to fit these new sites with remarkable accuracy; and those who are interested in matters of this kind will find Mr. Whistler's conclusions, derived from a careful survey of the ground, well worth consideration.

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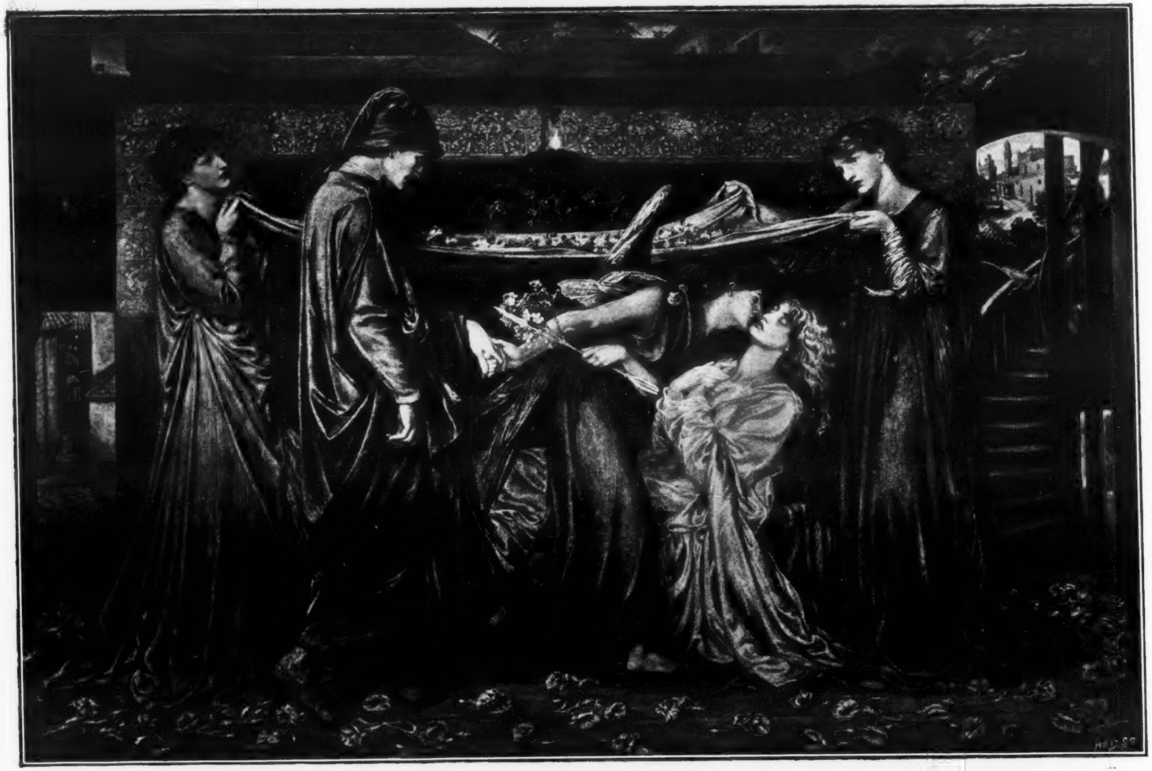
* "Ethandune, 878: King Alfred's Campaign from Athelney." By the Rev. Charles W. Whistler, M.R.C.S., author of "King Alfred's Viking," &c. Reprinted, with maps and discussion, from "The Saga-book (Proceedings) of the Viking Club, 1898." David Nutt. 1s.

Attractive and heroic as is the figure of Alfred the warrior, it is for the careful and comprehensive study of Alfred as the ruler, the statesman, the mystic, and the bookman that Mr. Macfadyen's "Life" is most valuable. "A king's raw material and instruments of rule," wrote Alfred, "are a well-peopled land, and he must have men of prayer, men of war, and men of work"; and as a king must have means to support these, he divided his revenue into two portions so that the portion assigned to the service of the people should provide for the men of war and the men of work, while that assigned to the service of God should provide for the poor, the schools, the houses of religion and the Church. The king's activity was inexhaustible and ubiquitous. He codified the laws of the old independent kingdoms and made it clear that there was an executive force which would compel obedience; he organised the defence of the country, built forts and earthworks and aimed at erecting strongholds round the coast; he constructed ships to meet the sea-rovers on their own element and seems to have perceived that the fleet was England's surest line of defence; he stimulated art to the best of his opportunities, and besides founding and maintaining monasteries he adopted sharp practical courses to raise the character, standing and intelligence of the clergy; he received with open hands the best men of all nations, corresponded with the Patriarch of Jerusalem, sent gifts to the Christians in India, and conversed with keen curiosity with such adventurers as Othere the fur-trader and Wulfstan the traveller. No wonder he needed a candle-clock to regulate his hours and to enable him "to give up to God the half ot his services, bodily and mental, by night and by day, voluntarily and with all his might." Of his work as a bookman much might be said; it was in that character that he seems to have lived his happiest days, though he lived "with a naked sword always hanging over his head by a single thread;" and it is in this work that one obtains the most interesting glimpses of his personality, and learns best to love him. It is pleasant to remember even the smile he raises when he writes of "the bold Roman chief that was called Brutus, and his other name Cassius."

As one groups together a few of these personal utterances of his, one is impressed by the regal spirit of the man, his nobleness and his humility, his clear sense of duty, his strength to endure all that may be appointed as his portion, his consciousness that beyond this fleeting show of existence there is a divine and benignant Power, "the shaper and ruler of all creatures." In his adaptation of St. Augustine's *Soliloquia* he gives a parable of life which bears a beautiful resemblance to St. Paul's "earthly house of this tabernacle" and the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and which at the same time indicates the process whereby in his own times a wattled hut in a clearing of the forest became at last a manor with its charter and privileges. Life he sees as a woodland crowded with goodly trees, and in every tree there is something which is needed at home, wood for spears and stakes, for helves of tools, for the beams and rafters of fair houses wherein men may dwell in peace and joy both summer and winter—which, he adds with a touch of pathos, "I now have not yet done." And there is also, he continues, an eternal "ham" above, and he prays that He who taught him, to whom the forest belonged, may make him to dwell while in this world more softly in his log-hut on laen-land (land granted as a benefice to a thegn for life), and also give him possession of the eternal home promised through the Fathers. It is not then, he goes on to say, a thing for wonder that men should work in felling and carrying timber and in building, for a man hopes that if he has built a cot on laen-land of his lord's, he may, with his lord's help, be allowed to lie there awhile, and hunt and fowl and fish, and occupy the laen in what way soever he will, both on water and land, until through his lord's grace he may some day obtain boc-land (book-land, made over by chapter and deed) and a permanent inheritance. "So grant the Wealthy Giver who wields both these cots of a little time and the everlasting homes! May He who shaped both, and wields both, grant me that I be meet for each, both here to be profitable and thither to come!"

WILLIAM CANTON.



By D. G. Rossetti (*Published by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.*)

"Fair dames were wrapping her in cere-cloth white;
And with her was such true humility,
It seemed as though she said, 'In peace am I.'"

Plumptre's *Dante*. Canz. iv.

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE

By NEIL MUNRO

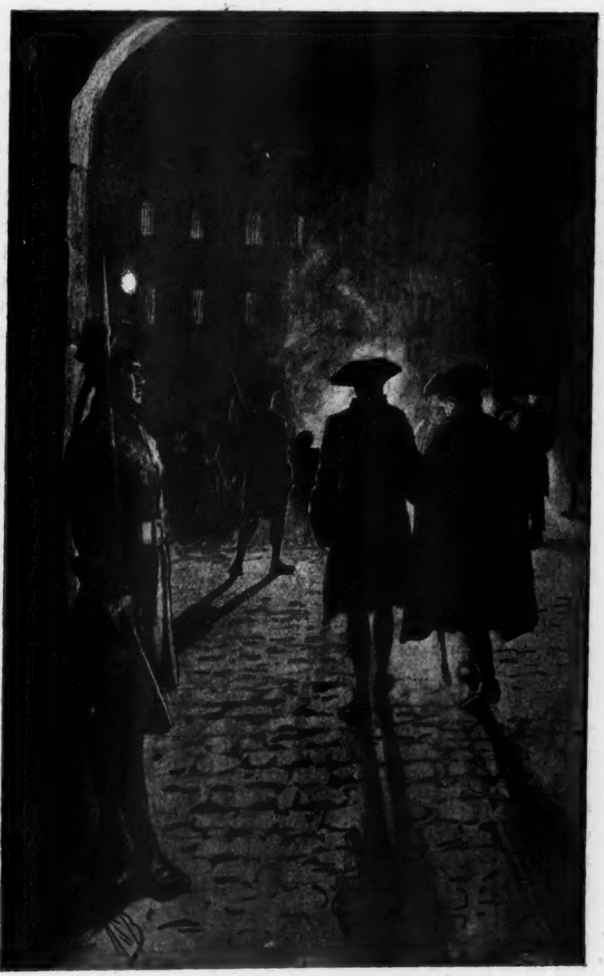
ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XXII

OF A NIGHT JOURNEY AND BLACK BICÊTRE AT THE END OF IT

'TWAS a long journey to the prison of Bicêtre, which is two miles to the south of the city of Paris, a great building that has once (they say) been a palace, but now in the time of my experience was little better than a vestibule of hell. I was driven to it through a black loud night of rain, a plunging troop of horse on either hand the coach as if I were a traveller of state, and Buhot in front of me as silent as the priest had been the day we left Dunkerque, though wakeful, and the tip of his scabbard leaning on my boot to make sure that in the darkness no movement of mine should go unobserved.

The trees swung and roared in the wind; the glass lozens of the carriage pattered to the pelting showers; sometimes we lurched horribly in the ruts of the highway, and were released but after monstrous efforts on the part of the cavaliers. Once as we came close upon a loop of a brawling river, I wished with all fervency that we might fall in, and so end for ever this pitiful coil of trials whereto fate had obviously condemned poor Paul Greig. To die among strangers (as is widely known) is counted the saddest of deaths by our country people, and so, nowadays, it would seem to myself, but there and then it appeared an enviable conclusion to the Spoiled Horn that had blundered from folly to folly. To die there and then would be to leave no more than a regret and an everlasting wonder in the folks at home; to die otherwise, as seemed



"Across the stony yard"

my weird, upon a block or gallows, would be to foul the name of my family for generations, and I realised in my own person the agony of my father when he got the news, and I bowed my shoulders in the coach, below the shame he would feel as in solemn blacks he walked through the Sabbath kirkyard in summers to come in Mearns, with the knowledge that though neighbours looked not at him but with kindness, their inmost thoughts were on the crimson chapter of his son.

Well, we came at the long last to Bicêtre—though indeed I did not know its name then, and I was bade alight in the flare of torches. A strange, a memorable scene; it will never leave me. Often, very often, I remit me there in dreams. When I came out of the conveyance, the lights dazzled me, and Buhot put his hands upon my shoulders and turned me without a word in the direction he wished me to take. It was through a vast and frowning doorway that led into a courtyard so great that the windows on the other side seemed to be the distance of a field. The windows were innumerable and though the hour was late they were lit in stretching corridors. Fires flamed in corners of the yard—great leaping fires round which warders (as I guessed them) gathered to dry themselves or get warmth against the chill of the early April morning. Their scabbards or their muskets glittered now and then in the light of the flames; their voices—restrained by the presence of Buhot—sounded deep and dreadful to me that knew not the sum of his iniquity yet could shudder at the sense of what portended.

It were vain for me to try and give expression to my feeling as I went past these fires across the stony yard, and entered between a guard of two at the other side. At the root of my horror was the sentiment that all was foreign, that I was no more to these midnight monsters round their torturing flames than a creature of the wood, less, indeed, perhaps, for were they not at sworn war with my countrymen, and had not I a share at least of the repute of regicide? And when, still led by the silent officer, I entered the building itself and walked through an unending corridor broken at intervals by black doors and little barred borrowed lights, and heard sometimes a moan within, or a shriek far off in another part of the building, I experienced something of that long swound that is insanity. Then I was doomed for the rest of my brief days to be among these unhappy wretches—the victims of the law or political vengeance, the *forçat* who had thieved, or poisoned, perjured himself, or taken human blood!

At last we came to a door, where Buhot stopped me and spoke, for the first time almost since we had left Versailles. He put his hand out to check a warder who was going to open for my entrance.

"I am not a hard man, M. Greig," said he, in a stumbling English, "and though this is far beyond my duties, and, indeed, contrary to the same, I would give you another chance. We shall have, look you, our friend the priest in any case, and to get the others is but a matter of time. 'Tis a good citizen helps the law always; you must have that respect for the law that you should feel bound to circumvent those who would go counter to it with your cognisance."

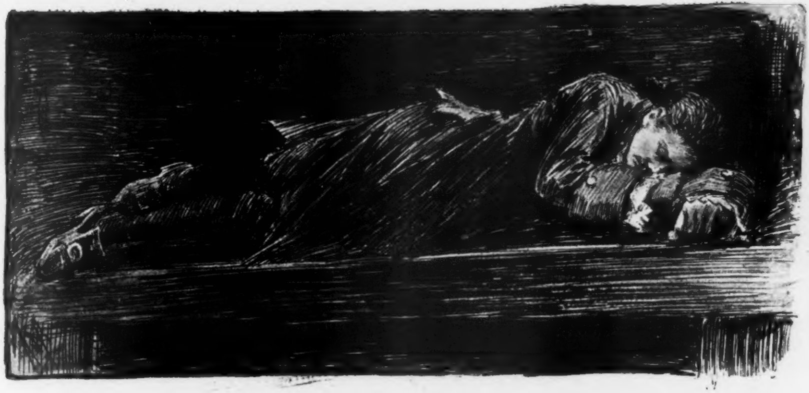
"My good man," I said, as quietly as I could, and yet internally with feelings like to break me, "I have already said my say. If the tow was round my thrapple I would say no more than that I am innocent of any plot against a man by whose family mine have lost, and that I myself, for all my loyalty to my country, would do much to serve as a private individual."

"Consider," he pleaded. "After all this Hamilton may be a madman with nothing at all to tell that will help us."

"But the bargain is to be that I must pry and I must listen," said I, "and be the tale pyat whose work may lead to this poor old buffoon's and many another's slaughtering. Not I, M. Buhot, and thank ye kindly! It's no' work for one of the Greigs of Hazel Den."

"I fear you do not consider all," he said patiently—so patiently indeed that I wondered at him. "I will show you to what you are condemned even before your trial, before you make up your mind irrevocably to refuse this very reasonable request of ours," and he made a gesture that caused the warder to open the door so that I could see within.

There was no light of its own in the cell, but it borrowed wanly a little of the radiance of the corridor, and I could see that it was bare to the penury of a mausoleum, with a stone floor, a wooden palliasse, and no window



"I stretched myself and slept till morning"

other than a barred hole above the door. There was not even a stool to sit on. But I did not quail.

"I have been in more comfortable quarters, M. Buhot," I said, "but in none that I could occupy with a better conscience." Assuming with that a sort of bravado, I stepped in before he asked me.

"Very good," he cried; "but I cannot make you my felicitations on your decision, M. Greig," and without more ado he had the door shut on me.

I sat on the woollen palliasse for a while, with my head on my hands, surrendered all to melancholy; and then, though the thing may seem beyond belief, I stretched myself and slept till morning. It was not the most refreshing of sleep, but still 'twas wonderful that I should sleep at all in such circumstances, and I take it that a moorland life had been a proper preparation for just such trials.

When I wakened in the morning the prison seemed full of eerie noises—of distant shrieks as in a bedlam, and commanding voices, and of ringing metals—the clank of fetters, or the thud of musket-butts upon the stones. A great beating of feet was in the yard, as if soldiers were manœuvring, and it mastered me to guess what all this might mean, until a warder opened my door and ordered me out for an airing.

I mind always of a parrot at a window.

This window was one that looked into the yard from some official's dwelling in that dreadful place, and the bird occupied a great cage that was suspended from a nail outside.

The bird, high above the rabble of rogues in livery, seemed to have a devilish joy in the spectacle of the misery tramping round and round beneath, for it clung upon the bars and thrust out its head to whistle, as if in irony, or taunt us with a foul song. There was one air it had, expressed so clearly that I picked up air and words with little difficulty, and the latter ran something like this:

Ah ! ah ! Pierrot, Pierrot !
Fais toilette.
Voila le barbier, oh ! oh !
Et son charrette—

all in the most lugubrious key.

And who were we that heard that reference to the axe? We were the scum, the *sordes*, the rot of France. There was, doubtless, no crime before the law of the land, no outrage against God and man that had not here its representative. We were not men, but beasts, cut off from every pleasant, every clean and decent association, the visions of sin always behind the peering eyes, the dreams of vice and crime for ever fermenting in the low brows. I felt 'twas the forests we should be frequenting—the forests of old, the club our weapon, the cave our habitation; no song ours, nor poem, no children to infect with fondness, no women to smile at in the light of evening lamps. The forest—the cave—the animal! What were we but children of the outer dark, condemned from the start of time, our faces ground hard against the flints, our feet bogged in hag and mire?

There must have been several hundreds of the convicts in the yard, and yet I was told later that it was not a fourth of the misery that Bicêtre held, and that scores were leaving weekly for the *bagnes*—the hulks at Toulon and at Brest—while others took their places.

Every man wore a uniform—a coarse brown jacket, vast wide breeches of the same hue, a high sugar-loaf cap and wooden shoes—all except some privileged, whereof I was one—and we were divided into gangs, each gang with its warders—tall grenadiers with their muskets ready.

Round and round and across and across we marched in the great quadrangle, every man treading the rogues' measure with leg-weary reluctance, many cursing their warders under breath, most scowling, all hopeless and all lost.

'Twas the exercise of the day.

As we slouched through that mad ceremony in the mud of the yard, with rain still drizzling on us, the parrot in its cage had a voice loud and shrill above the commands of the grenadiers and officers; sang its taunting song, or whistled like a street boy, a beast so free, so careless and remote that I had a fancy it had the only soul in the place.

As I say, we were divided into gangs, each gang taking its own course back and forward in the yard as its commander ordered. The gang I was with marched a little apart from the rest. We were none of us in this gang in the ugly livery of the prison, but in our own clothing, and we were, it appeared, allowed that privilege because we were yet to try. I knew no reason for the distinction at the time, nor did I prize it very much, for looking all about the yard—at the officers, the grenadiers and other functionaries of the prison, I failed to see a single face I knew. What could I conclude but that Buhot was gone and that I was doomed to be forgotten here?

It would have been a comfort even to have got a glimpse of Father Hamilton, the man whose machinations were the cause of my imprisonment, but Father Hamilton, if he had been taken here as Buhot had suggested, was not, at all events, in view.

After the morning's exercise we that were the privileged were taken to what was called the *salle d'épreuve*, and with three or four to each *gamelle* or mess-tub, ate a scurvy meal of a meagre soup and black bread and onions. To a man who had been living for a month at heck and manger, as we say, this might naturally seem unpalatable fare, but truth to tell I ate it with a relish that had been all the greater had it been permitted me to speak to any of my fellow-sufferers. But speech was strictly interdict and so our meal was supped in silence.

When it was over I was to be fated for the pleasantest of surprises!

There came to me a sous-officer of the grenadiers. In French he asks if I was Monsieur Greig. I said as best I could in the same tongue that I was that unhappy person at his service. Then, said he, "Come with me." He led me into a hall about a hundred feet long that had beds or mattresses for about three hundred people. The room was empty as those who occupied it were, he said, at mass. Its open windows in front looked into another courtyard from that in which we had been exercising, while the windows at the rear looked into a garden where already lilac was in bloom and daffodillies endowed the soil of a few mounds with the colour of the gold. On the other side of the court first named there was a huge building. "Galbanon," said my guide, pointing to it, and then made me understand that the same was worse by far than the Bastile, and at the moment full of Marquises, Counts, Jesuits and other clergymen, many of them in irons for abusing or writing against the Marchioness de Pompadour.

I listened respectfully and waited Monsieur's explanation. It was manifest I had not been brought into this hall for the good of my education, and naturally I concluded the name of Galbanon that I had heard already from Buhot with its villainous reputation, was meant to terrify me into a submission to what had been proposed. The moment after a hearty meal—even of *soup maigre*—was not, however, the happiest of times to work upon a Greig's feelings of fear or apprehension, and so I waited, very dour within upon my resolution though outwardly in the most complacent spirit.

The hall was empty when we entered as I have said; but we had not been many minutes in it when the tramp of men returning to it might be heard, and this hurried my friend the officer to his real business.

He whipped a letter from his pocket and put it in my hand with a sign to compel secrecy on my part. It may be readily believed I was quick enough to conceal the missive. He had no cause to complain of the face I turned upon another officer who came up to us, for 'twas a visage of clownish vacuity.

The duty of the second officer, it appeared, was to take me to a new cell that had been in preparation for me, and when I got there it was with satisfaction I discovered it more than tolerable, with a sufficiency of air and space, a good light from the quadrangle, a few books, paper and a writing standish.

When the door had been shut upon me, I turned to open my letter and found there was in fact a couple of them—a few lines from her ladyship in Dunkerque expressing her continued interest in my welfare and adventures, and another from the Swiss through whom the first had come. He was still—said the honest Bernard—at my service, having eluded the vigilance of Buhot, who doubtless thought a lackey scarce worth his hunting, and he was still in a position to post my letters, thanks to the good-will of the sous-officer who was a relative. Furthermore he was in hopes that Miss Walkinshaw, who was on terms of intimacy with the great world and something of an *intriguante*, would speedily take steps, if I cared, to secure my freedom. "Be tranquil, dear Monsieur!" concluded the brave fellow, and I was so exceedingly comforted and inspired by these matters that I straightway sat down to the continuation of my journal for Miss Walkinshaw's behoof. I had scare dipped the pen when my cell door opened and gave entrance to the man who was the cause of my incarceration.

The door shut and locked behind him; it was Father Hamilton!

CHAPTER XXIII

FATHER HAMILTON MANIFESTS A STRANGE SATISFACTION IN THE ODDEST CIRCUMSTANCES

It was indeed Father Hamilton, by all appearance none the worse in body for his violent escapade so weighty with the most fatal possibilities for himself, for he advanced to me almost gaily, and his hand extended and his face red and smiling.

"Scotland! to my heart!" cries he in the French, and throws his arms about me before I could resist, and kisses me on the cheeks after the amusing fashion of his nation. "La! la! la! Paul," he cried. "I'd have wanted three breakfasts sooner than miss this meeting with my good secretary lad that is the lovablest rogue never dipped a pen in his master's service. Might have been dead for all I knew, and run through by a brutal rapier, victim of thine own innocence. But here's my Paul, *pardieu!* I would as soon have my *croque-mort* now as that jolly dog his uncle, that never waked till midnight or slept till the dull, uninteresting noon in the years when we went roving. What! Paul! Paul Greig! my *croque-mort!* my Don Dolorous!—oh Lord, my child, I am the most miserable of wretches!"

And there he let me go, and threw himself upon a chair, and gave his vast body to a convulsion of arid sobs. The man was in hysterics, compounding smiles and sobs a score to the minute, but at the end 'twas the natural man won the bout, else he had taken a stroke. I stood by him in perplexity of opinions whether to laugh or storm, whether to give myself to the righteous horror a good man ought to feel in the presence of a murtherer, or shrug my shoulders tolerantly at the imbecile.

"There!" said he, recovering his natural manner, "I have made a mortal enemy of Andy Greig's nephew. Yes, yes master, glower at Misery, fat Misery—and the devil take it!—old Misery, without a penny in 'ts pocket, and its next trip upon wheels, a trip to La Roquette, to nuzzle at the dirty end in damp sawdust a nose that has appreciated the bouquet of the rarest wines. Paul, my boy, has't a pinch of snuff? A brutal bird out there sings a stave of the *Chanson de la Veuve* so like the confounded thing that I heard my own foolish old head drop into the basket, and there! I swear to you the smell of the sawdust is in my nostrils now."

I handed him my box; 'twas a mull my Uncle Andy gave me before he died, made of the horn of a young bullock, with a blazon of the house on the silver lid. He took it eagerly and drenched himself with the contents.

"Oh la! la!" he cried; "I give thanks.

My head was like yeast. I wish it were Christmas last, and a man called Hamilton was back in Dixmunde parish. But there! that is enough, I have made my bed and I must lie on't, with a blight on all militant jesuitry! When last I had this box in my fingers they were as steady as Mont St. Michel, now look—they are trembling like aspen, *n'est-ce pas?* And all that's different is that I have eaten one or two better dinners and cracked a few pipkins of better wine, and—and—well-nigh killed a police officer. Did'st ever hear of one Hamilton, M. Greig? 'Twas a cheery old fellow in Dixmunde whose name was the same as mine, and had a garden and bee-hives, and I am on the rack for my sins."

He might be on the rack—and, indeed, I daresay the man was in a passion of feelings so that he knew not what he was havering about, but what impressed me most of all about him was that he seemed to have some momentary gleams of satisfaction in his situation.

"I have every ground of complaint against you, sir," I said.

"What!" he interrupted. "Would'st plague an old man with complaints when M. de Paris is tapping him on the shoulder to come away and smell the sawdust of his own coffin? Oh, 'tis not in this wise thy uncle had done, but no matter!"

"I have no wish, Father Hamilton, to revile you for what you have brought me," I hastened to tell him. "That is far from my thoughts, though now that you put me in mind of it, there is some ground for my blaming you if blaming was in my intention. But I shall blame you for this, that you are a priest of the Church and a Frenchman, and yet did draw a murderous hand upon a prince of your own country."

This took him somewhat aback. He helped himself to another voluminous pinch of my snuff to give him time for a rejoinder and then—"Regicide, M. Greig is sometimes to be defended when——"

"Regicide!" I cried, losing all patience, "give us the plain English of it, Father Hamilton, and call it murder. To call it by a Latin name makes it none the more respectable a crime against the courts of heaven where the curse of Babel has an end. But for an accident, or the cunning of others, you had a corpse upon your conscience this day, and your name had been abhorred throughout the whole of Europe."

He put his shoulders up till his dew-laps fell in massive folds.

"'Fore God!" said he, "here's a treatise in black letter from Andrew Greig's nephew. It comes indifferently well, I assure thee, from Andrew's nephew. Those who live in glass houses, *cher ami*—those who live in glass houses——"

He tapped me upon the breast with his fat finger and paused, with a significant look upon his countenance.

"Oh, ye can out with it, Father Hamilton!" I cried, certain I knew his meaning.

"Those who live in glass houses," said he, "should have some pity for a poor old devil out in the weather without a shelter of any sort."

"You were about to taunt me with my own unhappy affair," I said, little relishing his consideration.

"Was I, M. Greig?" he said softly. "Faith! a glass residence seems to breed an ungenerous disposition! If thou can'st credit me I know nothing of thine affair beyond what I may have suspected from a Greig travelling hurriedly and in red shoes. I make you my compliments, Monsieur, of your morality that must be horror-struck at my foolish play with a pistol, yet thinks me capable of a retort so vile as that you indicate. My dear lad, I but spoke of what we have spoken of together before in our happy chariot in the woods of Somme—thine uncle's fate, and all I expected was that remembering the same, thou his nephew, would have enough tolerance for an old fool to leave his punishment in the hands of the constitute authority. *Voila!* I wish to heaven they had given me another cell, after all, that I might have imagined thy pity for one that did thee no harm, or at least meant to do none which is the main thing with all our acts else Purgatory's more crowded than I fancy."

He went wearily over to the fire and spread his trembling hands to the blaze; I looked after him perplexed in my mind, but not without an overpowering pity.

"I have come like thyself, doubtless," he said after a little, "over vile roads in a common cart, and lay awake last night in a dungeon—a pretty conclusion to my picnic!

And yet I am vastly more happy to-day than I was this time yesterday morning."

"But then you were free," I said, "you had all you need wish for—money, a conveyance, servants, leisure——"

"And M. Croque-mort's company," he added with a poor smile. "True, true! But the thing was then to do," and he shuddered. "Now my part is done, 'twas by God's grace a failure, and I could sing for content like one of the little birds we heard the other day in Somme."

He could not but see my bewilderment in my face.

"You wonder at that," said he, relinquishing the Roman manner as he always did when most earnest. "Does Monsieur fancy a poor old priest can take to the ancient art of assassination with an easy mind? *Nom de nom!* I could skip to the block like a ballet-dancer if 'twere either that or live the past two days over again and fifty years after. I have none of the right stomach for murder; that's flat! 'tis a business that keeps you awake too much at night, and disturbs the gastric essence; calls, too, for a confounded agility that must be lacking in a person of my handsome and plentious bulk. I had rather go fishing any day in the week than imbrue. When Buhot entered the room where I waited for a less worthy man and I fired honestly for my money and missed, I could have died of sheer rapture. Instead I threw myself upon his breast and embraced him."

"He said none of that to me."

"Like enough not, but 'tis true none the less, though he may keep so favourable a fact out of his records. A good soul enough, Buhot! We knew him, your uncle and I, in the old days when I was thinner and played a good game of chess at three in the morning. Fancy Ned Hamilton cutting short the glorious career of old Buhot! I'd sooner pick a pocket."

"Or kill a prince!"

"Felicitations on your wit, M. Greig! Heaven help the elderly when the new wit is toward! *N'importe!* Perhaps 'twere better to kill some princes than to pick a pocket. Is it not better, or less wicked let us say, to take the life of a man villainously abusing it than the purse of a poor wretch making the most of his scanty *livres?*"

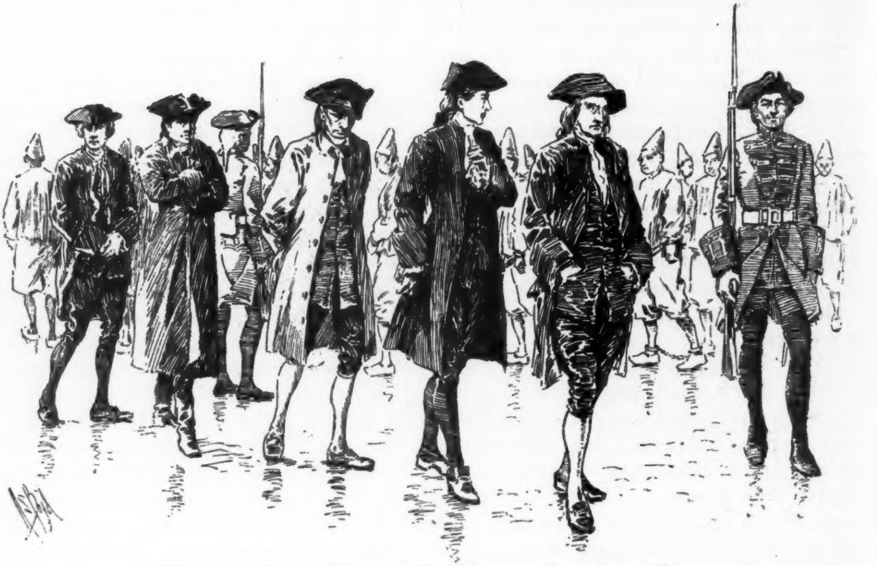
And then the priest set out upon his defence. It is too long here to reproduce in his own words, even if I recalled them, and too specious in its terms for the patience of the honest world of our time. With his hands behind his back he marched up and down the room for the space of a half-hour at the least, recounting all that led to his crime. The tale was like a wild romance, but yet, as we know now, true in every particular. He was of the Society of Jesus, had lived a stormy youth, and fallen in later years into a disrepute in his own parish, and there the heads of his Society discovered him a very likely tool for their purposes. They had only half convinced him that the death of Charles Edward was for the glory of God and the good of the Church when they sent him marching with a pistol and 500 pounds with bills of exchange and letters of credit upon a chase that covered a great part of three or four countries, and ended at Lisbon, when a German Jesuit in the secret gave him ten crusadoes to bring him home with his task unaccomplished.

"I have what amounts almost to a genius for losing the opportunities of which I do not desire to avail myself," said Father Hamilton at this with a whimsical smile.

And then he had lain in disgrace with the Jesuits for a number of years until it became manifest (as he confessed with shame) that his experience of leisure, wealth, and travel had enough corrupted him to make the prospect of a second adventure of a similar kind pleasing. At that time Charles, lost to the sight of Europe and only discovered at brief and tantalising intervals by the Jesuit agents, scarce slept two nights in the same town, but went from country to country *incognito*, so that 'twas no trivial task Father Hamilton undertook to run him to earth.

"The difficulty of it—indeed the small likelihood there was of my ever seeing him," he said, "was what mainly induced me to accept the office, though in truth it was compelled. I was doing very well at Dunkerque," he went on, "and very happy if I had never heard more of prince or priesthood when Father Fleuriau sent me a hurried intimation that my victim was due at Versailles on Easter and ordered my instant departure there."

The name of Fleuriau recalled me to my



"The gang I was with marched a little apart from the rest"

senses. "Stop, stop, Father Hamilton!" I cried, "I must hear no more."

"What!" said he, bitterly, "is't too good a young gentleman to listen to the confession of a happy murderer that has failed at his trade?"

"I have no feeling left but pity," said I, almost like to weep at this, "but you have been put into this cell along with me for a purpose."

"And what might that be, M. Greig?" he asked, looking round about him, and seeing for the first time, I swear, the sort of place he was in. "Faith! it is comfort, at any rate; I scarce noticed that, in my pleasure at seeing Paul Greig again."

"You must not tell me any more of your Jesuit plot, nor name any of those involved in the same, for Buhot has been at me to cock an ear to everything you may say in that direction, and betray you and your friends. It is for that he has put us together into this cell."

"*Pardieu!* am not I betrayed enough already?" cried the priest, throwing up his hands. "I'll never deny my guilt."

"Yes," I said, "but they want the names of your fellow-conspirators, and Buhot says they never expect them directly from you."

"He did, did he?" said the priest, smiling. "Faith, M. Buhot has a good memory for his friend's characteristics. No, M. Greig, if they put this comfortable carcase to the rack itself. And was that all thy concern? Well, as I was saying—let us speak low lest some one be listening—this Father Fleuriau——"

Again I stopped him.

"You put me into a hard position, Father Hamilton," I said. "My freedom—my life, perhaps — depends on whether I can tell them your secret or not, and here you throw it in my face."

"And why not?" he asked, simply. "I merely wish to show myself largely the creature of circumstances, and so secure a decent Scot's most favourable opinion of me before the end."

"But I might be tempted to betray you."

The old eagle looked again in his eyes. He gently slapped my cheek with a curious touch of fondness almost womanly, and gave a low, contented laugh.

"*Farceur!*" he said. "As it I did not know my Don Dolorous, my merry Andrew's nephew!"

His confidence hugely moved me, and, lest he should think I feared to trust myself with his secrets, I listened to the remainder of his story, which I shall not here set down, as it bears but slightly on my own narrative, and may even yet be revealed only at cost of great distress among good families, not only on the Continent, but in London itself.

When he had done, he thanked me for listening so attentively to a matter that was so much on his mind that it gave him relief to share it with some one. "And not only for that, M. Greig," said he, "are my thanks due, for you saved the life that might have been the prince's instead of my old gossip, Buhot's. To take the bullet out of my pistol was the device your uncle himself would have followed in the like circumstances."

"But I did not do that!" I protested.

He looked incredulous.

"Buhot said as much," said he; "he said I had had my claws clipped by my own household."

"Then assuredly not by me, Father Hamilton."

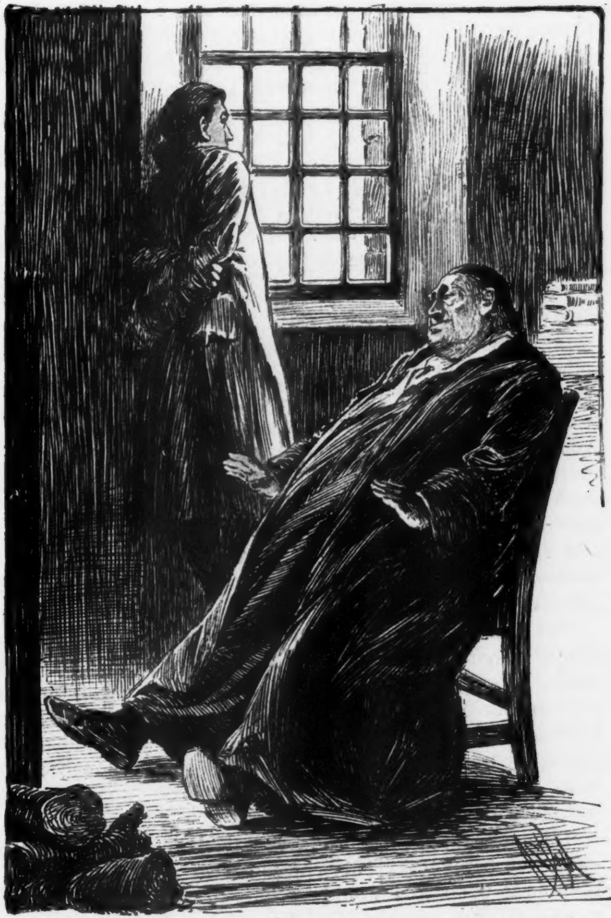
"So!" said he, half incredulous, and a look of speculation came upon his countenance.

CHAPTER XXIV

PHILOSOPHY IN A FELON'S CELL

It seemed for a while as if we were fated to lie forgotten in Bicêtre till the crack of doom; not that we were many days there when all was done, but that in our natural hourly expectation at first of being called forth for trial the hours passed so sluggishly that Time seemed finally to sleep, and a week, to our fancy—to mine at all events—seemed a month at the most modest computation.

I should have lost my reason but for the company of the priest, who, for considerations best known to others and to me monstrously inadequate, was permitted all the time to share my cell. In his singular society there was a recreation that kept me from too feverishly brooding on my wrongs, and his character every day presented fresh features of interest and speculation. He had become quite cheerful again, and as content in the confine of his cell as he had been when the glass coach was jolting over the early stages of what had been intended for a gay procession round the courts of Europe. Once more he affected the Roman manner that was due to his devotion to Shakespere and L'Estrange's Seneca, and "Clarissa Harlowe," which, next to the Scriptures, he counted the first essentials for a polite education. I protest he grew fatter every day, and for ease his corpulence was at last


"I would be looking out there . . . while he went prating on"

saved the restraint of buttons, which was an indolent indulgence so much to his liking that of itself it would have reconciled him to spend the remainder of his time in prison.

"*Tiens!* Paul," he would say, "here's an old fool has blundered through the greater part of his life without guessing till now how easy a thing content is to come by. Why, 'tis no more than a loose waistcoat and a chemise unbuttoned at the neck. I dared not be happy thus in Dixmunde, where the folks were plaguily particular that their priest should be *point device*, as if mortal man had time to tend his soul and keep a constant eye on the lace of his fall."

And he would stretch himself—a very mountain of sloth—in his chair.

With me 'twas different. Even in a gaol I felt sure a day begun untidily was a day ill-done by. If I had no engagements with the fastidious fashionable world, I had engagements with myself; moreover, I shared my father's sentiment, that a good day's darg of work with any thinking in it was never done in a pair of slippers down at the heel. Thus I was as perjink (as we say) in Bicêtre as I would have been at large in the genteel world.

"Not," he would admit, "but that I love to see thee in a decent habit, and so constant plucking at thy hose, for I have been young myself, and had some right foppish follies too. But now, my good man Dandiprat, my *petit maître*, I am old—oh, so old! —and know so much of wisdom, and have seen such a confusion of matters, that I count comfort the greatest of blessings. The devil fly away with buttons and laces! say I, that have been parish priest of Dixmunde—and happily have not killed a man nor harmed a flea, though like enough to get killed myself."

The weather was genial, yet he sat constantly hugging the fire, and I at the window, which happily gave a prospect of the yard between our building and that of Galbanon. I would be looking out there, and perhaps pining for freedom, while he went prating on upon the scurviest philosophy surely ever man gave air to.

"Behold, my scrivener, how little man wants for happiness! My constant fear in Dixmunde was that I would become so useless for all but eating and sleeping, when I was old, that no one would guarantee me either; poverty took that place at my table the skull took among the Romans—the thought on't kept me in a perpetual apprehension. *Nom de chien!* and this was what I feared—this, a hard lodging, coarse viands, and sour wine! What was the fellow's name?—Demetrius, upon the taking of Megara, asked Monsieur Un-tel the Philosopher what he had lost. 'Nothing at all,' said he, 'for I have all that I could call my own about me,' and yet 'twas no more than the skin he stood in. A cell in Bicêtre would have been paradise to such a gallant fellow. Oh, Paul, I fear thou may'st be ungrateful to this good Buhot, who has given us such a fine lodging, and saved us the care of providing for ourselves."

"'Tis all very well, father," I said, leaning on the sill of the window, and looking at a gang of prisoners being removed from one part of Galbanon to another—"'tis all very well, but I mind a priest that thought jaunting round the country in a chariot the pinnacle of bliss. And that was no further gone than a fortnight ago."

"Bah!" said he, and stretches his fat fingers to the fire; "he that cannot live happily anywhere will live happily nowhere at all. What avails travel, if Care waits like a hostler to unyoke the horses at every stage? I tell thee, my boy, I never know what a fine fellow is Father Hamilton till I have him by himself at a fireside; 'tis by firesides all the wisest notions come to one."

"I wish there came a better dinner than to-day's," said I, for we had agreed an hour ago that smoked soup was not very palatable.

"La! la! la! there goes Sir Gourmet!" cried his reverence. "Have I infected this poor Scot, that ate naught but oats ere he saw France, with mine own fever for fine feeding from which, praise *le bon Dieu!* I have recovered? 'Tis a brutal entertainment and unworthy of man, to place his felicity in the service of his senses. I maintain that even smoked soup is pleasant enough on the palate of a man with an easy conscience, and a mind purged of vulgar cares."

"And you can be happy here, Father Hamilton?" I asked, astonished at such sentiments from a man before so ill to please.

He heaved like the mountain in travail,

and brought forth a peal of laughter out of all keeping with our melancholy situation.

"Happy!" said he, "I have never been happy for twenty years till Buhot clapped claw upon my wrist. Thou may'st have seen a sort of mask of happiness, a false face of jollity in Dunkerque parlours, and heard a well-simulated laughter now and then as we drank by wayside inns, but may I be called coxcomb if the miserable wretch who play-acted then was half so light of heart as this that sits here at ease, and has only one regret—that he should have dragged Andrew Greig's nephew into trouble with him. What man can be perfectly happy that runs the risk of disappointment—which is the case of every man that fears or hopes for anything? Here am I, too old for the flame of love or the ardour of ambition; all that knew me and understood me best and liked me most are dead long since. I have a state palace prepared for me free; a domestic in livery to serve my meals; parishioners do not vex me with their trifling little hackneyed sins, and my conclusion seems like to come some morning after an omelet and a glass of wine."

I could not withhold a shudder.

"But to die that way, Father!" I said.

"*C'est egal!*" said he, and crossed himself. "We must all die somehow, and I had ever a dread of a stone. Come, come, M. Croquemort, enough of thy confounded dolours! I'll be hanged if thou did not steal these shoes, and art after all but an impersonator of a Greig. The lusty spirit thou call'st thine uncle would have used his teeth ere now to gnaw his way through the walls of Bicêtre, and here thou must stop to converse cursedly on death to the fatted ox that smells the blood of the abbatoir—oh lad, give's thy snuff-box, sawdust again!"

Thus by the hour went on the poor wretch, resigned most obviously to whatever was in store for him, not so much from a native courage, I fear, as from a plethora of flesh that smothered every instinct of self-preservation. As for me I kept up hope for three days that Buhot would surely come to test my constancy again, and when that seemed unlikely, when day after day brought the same routine—the same cell with Hamilton, the same brief exercise in the yard, the same vulgar struggle at the *gamelle* in the *salle d'épreuve*—I could have welcomed Galbanon itself as a change, even if it meant all the horror that had been associated with it by Buhot and my friend the sous-officer.

Galbanon! I hope it has long been levelled with the dust, and even then I know the ghosts of those there tortured in their lives will habitate the same in whirling eddies, for a constant cry for generations had gone up to heaven from that foul spot. It must have been a devilish ingenuity, an invention of all the impish courts below that placed me at a window where Galbanon faced me every hour of the day or night, its horror all revealed. I have seen in the pool of Earn in autumn weather, when the river was in spate, dead leaves and broken branches borne down dizzily upon the water to toss madly in the linn at the foot of the fall; no less helpless, no less seared by sin and sorrow, or broken by the storms of circumstance were the wretches that came in droves to Galbanon. The stream of crime or tyranny bore them down (some from very high places), cast them into this boiling pool, and there they eddied in a circle of degraded tasks from which it seemed the fate of many of them never to escape, though their luckier fellows went in twos or threes every other day in a cart to their doom appointed.

Be sure it was not pleasant each day for me to hear the hiss of the lash and the moans of the bastinadoed wretch, to see the blood spurt, and witness the anguish of the men who dragged enormous bilboes on their galled ankles.

At last I felt I could stand it no longer, and one day intimated to Father Hamilton that I was determined on an escape.

"Good lad!" he cried, his eye brightening. "The most sensible thing thou hast said in twenty-four hours. 'Twill be a recreation for myself to help," and he buttoned his waistcoat.

"We can surely devise some means of breaking out if——"

"We," he repeated, shaking his head. "No, no, Paul, thou hast too risky a task before thee to burden thyself with behemoth. Shalt escape by thyself and a blessing with thee, but as for Father Hamilton he knows when he is well-off, and he shall not stir a step out of Buhot's charming and commodious inn until the bill is presented."

In vain I protested that I should not dream of leaving him there while I took flight; he would listen to none of my reasoning, and for that day at least I abandoned the project.

Next day Buhot helped me to a different conclusion, for I was summoned before him.

"Well, Monsieur," he said, "is it that we have here a more discerning young gentleman than I had the honour to meet last time?"

"Just the very same, M. Buhot," said I bluntly.

He chewed the stump of his pen and shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, come, M. Greig," he went on, "this is a *bêtise* of the most ridiculous. We have given you every opportunity of convincing yourself whether this Hamilton is a good man or a bad one, whether he is the tool of others or himself a genius of mischief."

"The tool of others, certainly, that much I am prepared to tell you, but that you know already. And certainly no genius of michief himself; man! he has not got the energy to kick a dog."

"And—and—" said Buhot softly, fancying he had me in the key of revelation.

"And that's all, M. Buhot," said I, with a carriage he could not mistake.

He shrugged his shoulders again, wrote something in a book on the desk before him with great deliberation and then asked me how I liked my quarters in Bicêtre.

"Tolerably well," I said. "I've been in better, but I might be in waur."

He laughed a little at the Scotticism that seemed to recall something—perhaps a pleasantry of my uncle's—to him, and then said he, "I'm sorry they cannot be yours very much longer, M. Greig. We calculated that a week or two of this priest's company would have been enough to inspire a distaste and secure his confession, but apparently we were mistaken. You shall be taken to other quarters on Saturday."

"I hope, M. Buhot," said I, "they are to be no worse than those I occupy now."

His face reddened a little at this—I felt always there was some vein of special kindness to me in this man's nature—and he said hesitatingly, "Well, the truth is, 'tis Galbanon."

"Before a trial?" I asked, incredulous.

"The trial will come in good time," he said, rising to conclude the parley, and he turned his back on me as I was conducted out of the room and back to the cell, where Father Hamilton waited with unwonted agitation for my tidings.

"Well, lad," he cried whenever we were alone, "what stirs? I warrant they have not a jot of evidence against thee," but in a second he saw from my face the news was not so happy, and his own face fell.

"We are to be separated on Saturday," I told him.

Tears came to his eyes at that—a most feeling old rogue!

"And where is't for thee, Paul?" he asked.

"Where is't for yourself ought to be of more importance to you, Father Hamilton."

"No, no," he cried, "it matters little about me, but surely for you it cannot be Galbanon?"

"Indeed, and it is no less."

"Then, Paul," he said firmly, "we must break out, and that without loss of time."

"Is it in the plural this time?" I asked him.

He affected an indifference, but at the last consented to share the whole of the enterprise.

CHAPTER XXV

WE ATTEMPT AN ESCAPE

FATHER HAMILTON was not aware of the extent of it, but he knew I was in a correspondence with the sous-officer. More than once he had seen us in the *salle d'épreuve* in a manifest understanding of each other, though he had no suspicion that the gentleman was a mercury for Miss Walkinshaw, whose name seldom, if ever, entered into our conversation in the cell. From her I had got but one other letter—a brief acknowledgment of some of my fullest budgets, but 'twas enough to keep me at my diurnal on every occasion almost on which the priest slept. I sent her (with the strictest injunction to secrecy upon so important a matter) a great deal of the tale the priest had told me—not so much for her entertainment as for the purpose of moving in the poor man's interests. Especially was I anxious that she should use her influence to have some one communicate to Father Fleuriau, who was at the time in Bruges, how hazardous was the position of his unhappy cat's-paw, whose state I pictured in the most moving colours I could command. There was, it must be allowed, a risk in entrusting a document so damnatory to any one in Bicêtre, but that the packet was duly forwarded to its destination I had every satisfaction of from the sous-officer, who brought me an acknowledgment to that effect from Bernard the Swiss.

The priest knew, then, as I say, that I was on certain terms with this sous-officer, and so it was with no hesitation I informed him that, through the favour of the latter, I had a very fair conception of the character and plan of this building of Bicêtre in which we were interned. What I had learned of most importance to us was that the block of which our cell was a part had a face to the main road of Paris, from which thoroughfare it was separated by a spacious court and a long range of iron palisades. If ever we were to make our way out of the place it must be in this direction, for on two sides of our building we were overlooked by buildings vastly more throng than our own, and bordered by yards in which were constant sentinels. Our block jutted out at an angle from one very much greater, but lower by two storeys, and the disposition of both made it clear that to enter into this larger edifice, and towards the gable end of it that overlooked the palisades of the Paris road, was our most feasible method of essay.

I drew a plan of the prison and grounds on paper, estimating as best I might all the possible checks we were like to meet with, and leaving a balance of chances in our favour that we could effect our purpose in a night.

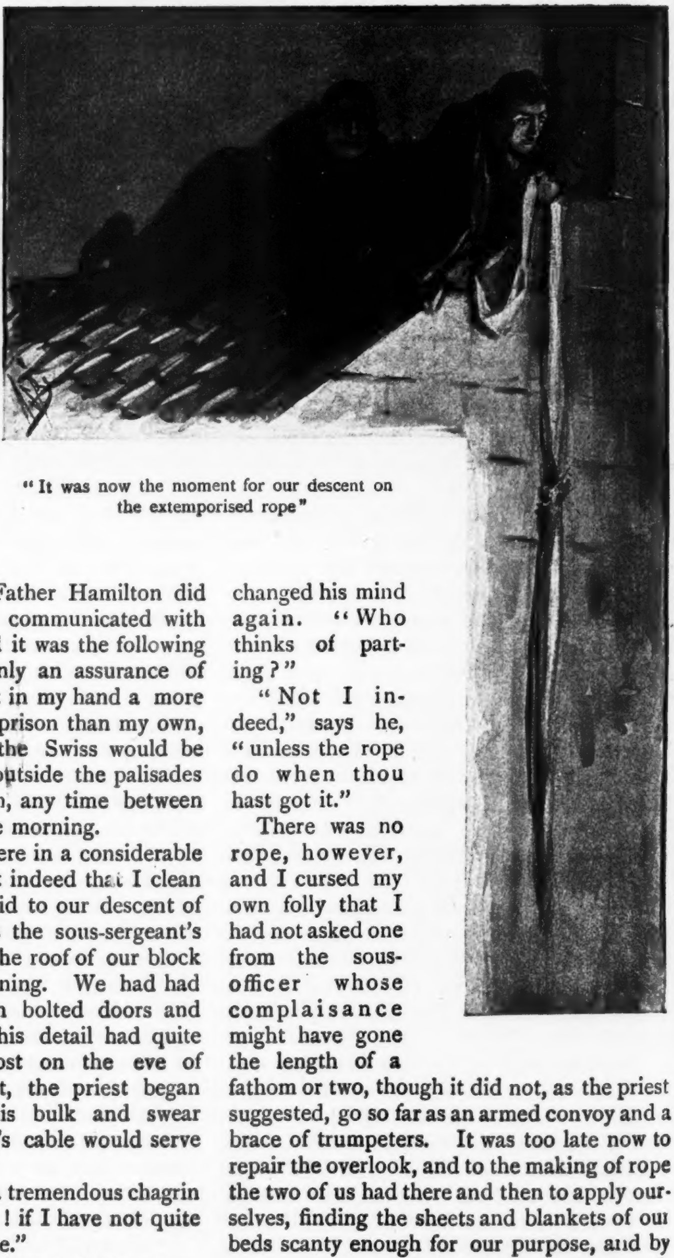
The priest leaned his chin upon his arms as he lolled over the table on which I eagerly explained my diagram, and sighed at one or two of the feats of agility it assumed. There was, for example, a roof to walk upon—the roof of the building we occupied—though how we were to get there in the first place was still to be decided. Also there was a descent from that roof on to the lower building at right angles, though where the ladder or rope for this was to come from I must meanwhile airily leave to fortune. Finally, there was—assuming we got into the larger building, and in some unforseeable way along its roof and clear to the gable end—a part of the yard to cross, and the palisade to escalade.

"Oh, lad! thou takest me for a bird," cried his reverence, aghast at all this. "Is thy poor fellow-prisoner a sparrow? A little after this I might do't with my own wings—the saints guide me!—but figure you that at present I am not Philetas, the dwarf, who had to wear leaden shoes lest the wind should blow him away. 'Twould take a wind indeed to stir this amplitude of good humours, this sepulchre of twenty thousand good dinners and incomputible tuns of liquid merriment. Pray, Paul, make an account of my physical infirmities, and mitigate thy transport of vaultings and soarings and leapings and divings. Unless, indeed, thou meditatest sewing me up in a sheet, and dragging me through the realms of space."

"We shall manage, we shall manage," I insisted, now quite uplifted in a fanciful occupation that was all to my tastes, even if nothing came of it, and I plunged more boldly into my plans. They were favoured by several circumstances—the first, namely, that we were not in the uniform of the prison, and, once outside the prison, could mingle with the world without attracting attention. Furthermore, by postponing the attempt till the morrow night I could communicate with the Swiss, and secure his co-operation outside in the matter of a horse or a vehicle, if the same were called for. I did not, however, say so much as that to his reverence, whom I did not wish as yet to know of my correspondence with Bernard. Finally, we had an auspicious fact at the outset of our attempt, inasmuch as the cell we were in was in the corridor next to that of which the sous-officer had some surveilliance, and I knew his mind well enough now to feel sure he would help in anything that did not directly involve his own position and duties. In other words, he was to procure a copy of the key of our cell, and find a means of leaving it unlocked when the occasion arose.

"A copy of the key, Paul!" said Father Hamilton; "sure there are no bounds to thy cheerful mad expectancy! But go on! go on! 'art sure he could not be prevailed on—this fairy godfather—to give us an escort of cavalry and trumpeters?"

"This is not much of a backing-up, Father



"It was now the moment for our descent on the extemporised rope"

Hamilton," I said, annoyed at his sceptic comments upon an affair that involved so much and agitated myself so profoundly.

"Pardon! Paul," he said hastily, confused and vexed himself at the reproof. "Art quite right, I'm no more than a croaker, and for revenge I shall compel myself to do the wildest feat thou proposest."

We determined to put off the attempt at escape till I had communicated with the sous-officer (in truth, though Father Hamilton did not know it, till I had communicated with Bernard the Swiss), and it was the following afternoon I had not only an assurance of the unlocked door, but in my hand a more trustworthy plan of the prison than my own, and the promise that the Swiss would be waiting with a carriage outside the palisades when we broke through, any time between midnight and five in the morning.

Next day, then, we were in a considerable agitation; to that extent indeed that I clean forgot that we had no aid to our descent of twenty or thirty feet (as the sous-sergeant's diagram made it) from the roof of our block on to that of the adjoining. We had had our minds so much on bolted doors and armed sentinels that this detail had quite escaped us until almost on the eve of setting out at midnight, the priest began again to sigh about his bulk and swear no rope short of a ship's cable would serve to bear him.

"Rope!" I cried, in a tremendous chagrin at my stupidity. "Lord! if I have not quite forgot it. We have none."

"Ah!" he said, "perhaps it is not necessary. Perhaps my heart is so light at parting with my *croque-mort* that I can drop upon the tiles like a pigeon."

"Parting," I repeated, eyeing him suspiciously, for I thought perhaps he had changed his mind again. "Who thinks of parting?"

"Not I indeed," says he, "unless the rope do when thou hast got it."

There was no rope, however, and I cursed my own folly that I had not asked one from the sous-officer whose complaisance might have gone the length of a fathom or two, though it did not, as the priest suggested, go so far as an armed convoy and a brace of trumpeters. It was too late now to repair the overlook, and to the making of rope the two of us had there and then to apply ourselves, finding the sheets and blankets of our beds scanty enough for our purpose, and by no means of an assuring elegance or strength when finished. But we had thirty feet of some sort of cord at the last, and whether it was elegant or not it had to do for our purpose.

Luckily the night was dark as pitch and a high wind roared in the chimnies, and in the numerous corners of the prison. There was a sting in the air that drew many of the sentinels round the braziers flaming in the larger yard between the main entrance and the buildings, and that further helped our prospects; so that it was with some hope in spite of a heart that beat like a flail in my breast, I unlocked the door and crept out into the dimly-lighted corridor with the priest close behind me.

Midway down this gallery there was a stair of which our plan apprised us, leading to another gallery—the highest of the block—from which a few steps led to a cock-loft where the sous-officer told us there was one chance in a score of finding a blind window leading to the root.

No one, luckily, appeared as we hurried down the long gallery. I darted like a fawn up the stair to the next flat, Father Hamilton grievously puffing behind me, and we had just got into the shadow of the steps leading to the cock-loft when a warder's step and the clank of his chained keys came sounding down the corridor. He passed within three feet of us and I felt the blood of all my body chill with fear!

"I told thee, lad," whispered the priest, mopping the sweat from his face, "I told thee 'twas an error to burden thyself with such a useless carcase. Another moment or two—a gasp for the wind that seems so deuced ill to come by at my years, and I had brought thee into trouble."

I paid no heed to him, but crept up the steps and into the cock-loft that smelt villainously of bats.

The window was unfastened! I stuck out my head upon the titles and sniffed the fine fresh air of freedom as it had been a rare perfume.

Luckily the window was scarcely any height, and it proved easy to aid his reverence into the open air. Luckily, further, it was too dark for him to realise the jeopardies of his situation for whether his precarious gropings along the tiles were ten feet or thirty from the yard below was indiscoverable in the darkness. He slid his weighty body along with an honest effort that was wholly due to his regard for my interests because 'twas done with groans and whispered protestations that 'twas the maddest thing for a man to leave a place where he was happy and risk his neck in an effort to discover misery. A rime of frost was on the tiles, and they were bitter cold to the touch. One fell, too, below me as I slid along, and rattled loudly over its fellows and plunged into the yard.

Naturally we stopped dead and listened breathless, a foolish action for one reason because in any case we had been moving silently at a great height above the place where the tile should fall so that there was no risk of our being heard or seen, but our listening discovered so great an interval between the loosening of the tile and its dull shattering on the stones below that the height on which we were perched in the darkness was made more plain, more dreadful to the instincts than if we could actually measure it with the eye. I confess I felt a touch of nausea, but nothing compared with the priest, whose teeth began to chitter in an ague of horror.

"Good Lord, Paul!" he whispered to me, clutching my leg as I moved in front of him, "it is the bottomless pit."

"Not unless we drop," said I. And to cheer him up, I made some foolish joke.

If the falling tile attracted any attention in the yard it was not apparent to us, and five minutes later we had to brace ourselves to a matter that sent the tile out of our minds.

For we were come to the end of the high building, and twenty feet below us, at right angles, we could plainly see the glow of several skylights in the long prison to which it was attached. It was now the moment for our descent on the extemporised rope.

ALL BUT

"He hath saved a thousand lives!" they cried.
"Such feats should be requited!"
"Friends, so they shall," the king replied,
"This worthy shall be knighted.

"A jewelled belt and rapier bring,
Plumed cap and cloak of scarlet!
And now your name, sir?" said the king.
"All but," replied the varlet.

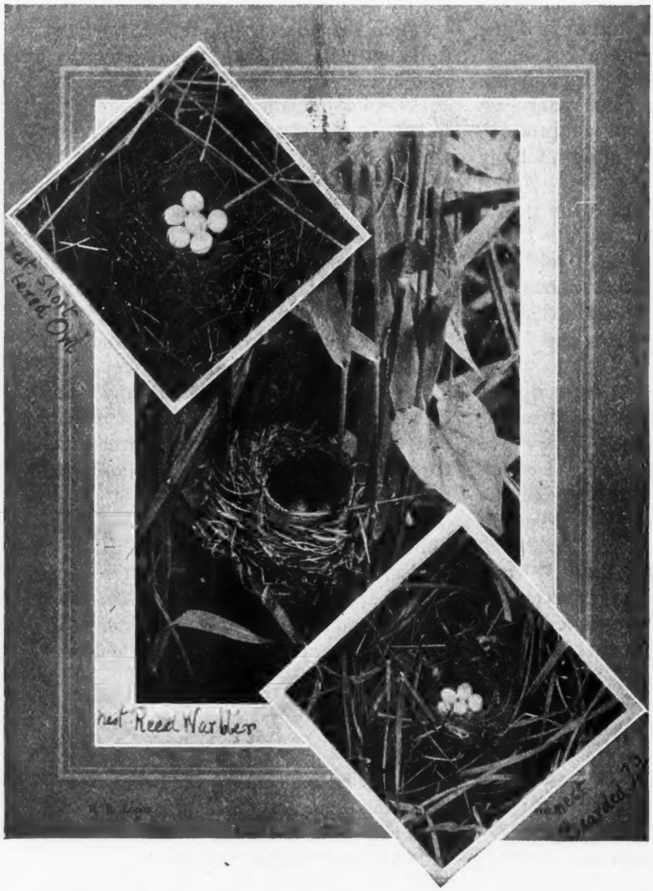
W. V. Taylor.

IN SEARCH OF RARE BIRDS IN THE BROADS

By R. B. LODGE

THE "Broad" district is now almost the only bit of natural marsh and fen left to us in England, and it is naturally here that we expect to find our fast-dwindling marsh-birds and insects making their last stand against the encroaching tide of cultivation, drainage and population, which is sweeping them slowly but surely from their ancient fastnesses. Some have already gone, never to return. That glorious butterfly, the Large Copper, has vanished, as Kingsley says, not only from England, but from the whole world, for the Continental form of this insect is entirely different in appearance from our native butterfly. It is somewhat anomalous, I believe, that a country like this, only separated from the Continent by a mere ditch of twenty miles of sea, should have any indigenous forms of life quite peculiar to itself and found nowhere else.

We had nevertheless two such forms. Now that the Large Copper has gone, as it has within living memory, but one remains, *i.e.*, the red grouse which is found nowhere else in the wide world. Another marsh butterfly, *Papilio Machaon*, the swallow-tail, practically extinct in the rest of England, is still found in great abundance in the Broads and in one Cambridgeshire fen. A splendid sight it is to see dozens of this magnificent insect flitting from flower to flower across the reed ronds. The Broads are now so easily accessible that every naturalist should make a point of going there, if only to see this superb butterfly in its native haunts. The caterpillar is handsomely ringed and spotted, and furnished with curious retractile horns, which have the power of emitting a strong smell. It feeds on hog's fennel, spending the winter months in the chrysalis state, suspended in an upright position to the stem of a reed.



LAPWING

MALLARD

LITTLE GREBE

TUFTED DUCK

The perfect insect appears in the early summer. I have found it extremely abundant in the first part of May, and it appears to have a predilection for settling on ragged robin, which is so fond of wet and marshy soils. There are many other finds of great interest to the entomologist and also to the ornithologist and botanist in this district.

It is the last English home of the beautiful and unique bearded tit. Any naturalist wishing to see this exceptionally graceful and interesting little bird on English soil should lose no time in doing so, for it is a fast-vanishing species, and once exterminated here will never be replaced by fresh individuals from the Continent. It is a very stationary and resident species.

This bird furnishes one of the proofs quoted in his inimitable essay on the Fens, by Kingsley, in support of the theory that a great part of the German Ocean was once dry land, through which flowed our East Anglian rivers from Thames to Humber, and those of Northern Europe from the Elbe to the Seine. Other proofs were the coarse fish of these waters, and also the curious eel-pout, or burbot, which still lingers in the Cam, the edible frog found in Cambridgeshire, and the fresh-water tortoise, two shells of which he reports as having been found in Whetham Mere, and which is common enough in the meres of Eastern Europe. Curiously enough a correspondent from the Broads last year makes mention of a living specimen having been taken by an eel-dabber.

I should say that more rare birds are to be seen in Norfolk than in any two other English counties put together, but enough has been said to show that there is plenty of attraction for the bird-lover. Accordingly, last year a party of four, all interested in birds, beasts, and insects, resolved on a short visit to explore the district, and more especially to see something, if possible, of the bearded tit, the reed pheasant of the marshmen.

In order to be more independent, and to be able to spend our whole time with the birds, we hired a small cutter yacht, with a man to attend to our wants, and here we lived and slept for ten days.

Nor was it long before we made acquaintance with the object of our expedition. The very first morning a pair of these perfectly charming birds was discovered close to our anchorage, which had been selected mainly because I had known of a nest hard by two years previously. Eventually a nest was found containing young birds, and shortly afterwards we discovered two more nests, each with five eggs. We saw besides in different places around other birds, which may of course have been the birds belonging to our nests.

All these nests were in sedge, not in the reeds; they were in what the natives call a sedge-bush, a thick tangled clump of wiry sedge, generally on the edge of a small lagoon-like pool set in the waste of sedge and reeds, and were all low down amongst the thick undergrowth, not more than a foot from the surface of the water. One nest, the one containing young birds, was on dry land, close to a path leading to a boat-house; but generally speaking, wading is absolutely necessary if you want to find bearded tits' nests—sometimes deep wading too, and it is as well to provide oneself with an oar or quant, not only to open out the thick aquatic vegetation in the search, but to help to recover one's footing in case of getting out of one's depth. For the bottom is very uncertain, not to say tricky. It sometimes suddenly deepens, as in some of the round pools of open water surrounded by reeds. Several times, while wading in from two to three feet of water with a firm bottom, I have suddenly plunged through a circular hole up to my armpits, and been unable to touch bottom then. Luckily the edges of these trap-holes are firm and strong, and I found with a quant I could kneel on the edge and help myself up out of them safely, but anybody wading alone unprovided with this means of support might easily come to grief.

The nests are very rough-looking outside, but the hollow is beautifully lined with the flower of the reed, and in one was a small coot's feather. I fancy some of the nests were the second laying, for an empty nest was found close at hand, from which young had evidently been hatched, and a brood of young birds were haunting the neighbourhood. As this was in early May, they must begin to nest very early. Before the start of our expedition we agreed among ourselves not to take any eggs of those birds, which suffer grievously from the greed of collectors and dealers.

They are the most persistent sitters I ever saw among small birds, and the cock does his fair share and more, both in building and in sitting. In fact he appears to do most of the incubating. One day a whole morning was spent squatting in the same sedge-bush, with the male bearded tit constantly in the nest. The rich orange colour and jet-black moustaches, long-tail and graceful attitudes make this bird quite unique among our feathered gems, and pity it is that the native race is so surely doomed. The wild musical note, "ching-ching," like a banjo string struck sharply, is also quite unmistakable, and had a great charm to our ears. After the young are hatched the hen bird appeared to do most of the feeding, and so bold was she that she would insist on brooding over her young, though I stood but a yard away, and to get her out to photograph her it was necessary to rattle my foot against the sedge at the side of the nest—in fact I had almost to kick her out. The unfledged young has the most gorgeously coloured and marked palate.

Many hours were spent watching and photographing these birds, as they flitted about and clung in their characteristic fashion to the swaying reeds, and crept along in search of food at the edges of the pools. I sat once for half a day on an old swan's nest watching one pair that had a nest close to. One of these birds, the cock, had no tail.

Sometimes we could sit and watch a great crested grebe, and occasionally a pair of these birds, accompanied by a single young one. We could watch her dive and after a long interval reappear with a small fish, which after splashing and knocking about with her beak she would offer to the young one. A pair of shovellers were also nesting near the boat, the duck being often seen in early morning and evening, while overhead a snipe would bleat, rising and falling for hours at a time.

Every afternoon too, strings of black-headed gulls would wend their homeward way to an adjoining Broad where they were nesting. Herons would fly over, and one evening a peregrine flew straight over my head near enough for me to see the markings of her plumage quite distinctly. Later in the evening the curious reeling note of the grasshopper warbler was regularly heard all round us, as we ate our supper on the deck of our boat, but all our search failed to reveal a nest.

The reeds were full of young coots and water-hens, with their curious cry of "Joey-Joey," but the commonest bird on the ronds was my favourite, the reed bunting, there known as the "black-cap." They were to be seen in every direction flitting from stem to stem, and sedge-warblers were also plentiful. The reed-warbler hardly appeared to have started nesting, for we found but two nests. They were probably waiting for the reeds to grow higher and afford them better shelter.

But by far the greatest rareties were nests of the Montague's harrier and short-eared owl, which we were enabled to photograph by the assistance of a local ornithologist, who piloted us to them one memorable day. Both these birds nest, or attempt to nest, in this district every year, but seldom, I fear, succeed in rearing any young. The short-eared owl had been disturbed by sedge-cutters, and though a circle had been left round her nest untouched, it was too much for her, and she deserted after laying seven eggs. The nest was a carefully and neatly made structure on the ground, as is always the case with this owl, and arched over with the surrounding vegetation, so that the bird would have been well hidden from view. The white eggs, of course, were conspicuous enough. Some castings thrown up by the birds were picked up about the marsh. The harrier's nest was also carefully made, and well concealed in a forest of tall sedge, in which a man standing erect was completely hidden at a short distance. It held four dirty white eggs. A half-eaten leveret was found on our way there, and the liking of these birds for leverets and chickens generally brings about their deaths, as I believe it did in the present case. The marsh and hen harriers also were accustomed to breed here, but have not done so now for some years; the Montagues have dwindled down to one pair, or, perhaps, two pairs in the whole district, and a few more years will probably see the last of these fine birds also.

WATERHENS AT HOME

WONDERFUL WATCHES

By HAROLD MACFARLANE

A NOBLE earl, who a few months ago was summoned by a cabman for sixpence, the balance of a fare, on winning his case advised the plaintiff, to whom he made over a free gift of three shillings, to purchase a seven-and-sixpenny watch such as he himself carried. In view of the price and the mechanism of the timepiece affected by the nobleman in question, it is a moot point whether similar cheap watches of the present day are not the most wonderful watches in existence, but it cannot be said that they vie in interest with the freaks in time-measurers that it was for the most part the delight of our predecessors to purchase and for some of us to collect.

The inventor of the elaborate pantomime connected with the clock tower at Berne, which draws the attention of thousands who are personally conducted to Switzerland, and rivals in interest the inmates of that city's celebrated bear pits, if he happened to be alive at the time of the coronation of that gentle sovereign the Lady Catherine of Russia, must have experienced one of the most unhappy quarters of an hour ever indicated by his mechanical cock that crows so naturally and the rest of the entertaining circus he grafted on to the famous timepiece, for that dame of high degree was the recipient of a watch that quite put in the shade, so far as its supplementary attributes were concerned, those he invented. By the ingenuity, exercised for several years, of the inventor of this remarkable freak in horology, there was shown an exact reproduction of the Holy Sepulchre, with a number of figures that were put into motion when the rocks closing the aperture were rolled away, which movements were accompanied by sweet music in the shape of familiar Russian hymns appropriate to Easter. Perhaps the most surprising feature of the watch to those accustomed to the proportions of the everyday timepiece of the era, lay in the fact that it weighed but seven ounces, which was probably not more than the weight of the timepiece having the shape and size of a small hen's egg with an engraving of Worcester on the dial, that was once the property of the Protector of these realms which attracted great attention when exhibited in the Great Exhibition of 1851.

A year or so ago, on the occasion of a sale of antique watches, there was put up to auction a timepiece that in many respects affected the same style of eccentricity as that fashioned for Catherine's, but in place of the single elaborate performance of the latter, in the former were enacted two Biblical scenes, one of them being "The Building of the Tower of Babel" with movable figures, but in the absence of a phonograph no exhibition of language, whilst the reverse side showed Noah's Ark, so valiantly breasting the waves that it would be impossible to withhold one's sympathy from the skipper, who perhaps was not a particularly good sailor; the parallel was further emphasised by the fact that this entertaining watch also gave a musical performance each hour. Needless to say, the individual who became the owner of this timepiece had, in view of the pretty figure it was capable of cutting, to pay a pretty figure for it, the actual price at which it was figuratively knocked down being one hundred and ten pounds, or fifty pounds more than a half-chronometer, boasting—doubtless a very mild parade of vanity was made on its part—a miniature of Sultan Mahomed, and more remarkable still, an enamelled map of Turkey, which was also included in the sale.

At the same auction a French repeater in a gold case with an enamelled back which was studded with pearls, and possessing a miniature painting on the dial, fetched the not extravagant price of £15, a sum that would have purchased one of two other chronometers in engraved cases set with rubies and enamelled with flowers in colours. The mention of "repeaters" recalls the ingenious watch presented to the Duke of Wellington by the King of Spain, which was, before the era of M. Sivan of Geneva, one of the most remarkable specimens of its kind in existence. The hour by the Duke's watch, we gather, was indicated not by the sense of sound, as was customary yesterday, but through the sense of touch, and was indeed marked by studs. The mechanism appears to have been simple and effective, judging from the published description of the timepiece, the principal feature consisting of an index in the back of the case which, when moved forward, stopped at a position corresponding to that of the hour-hand, which position could be gauged by counting the number of studs preceding or following the index. The repeater that would be presented to the conqueror of to-day, if that form of gift had not gone out of fashion, would doubtless be fashioned on the lines of that invented by the afore-mentioned M. Sivan some years ago, in which, in place of hammering out the hour, the time of day is repeated in so many words in the language affected by the wearer, and in as dulcet a tone as the phonograph is capable of giving utterance to. The springs and internal economy of the repeater of yesterday are replaced in the new century "reiterater" by a disc of vulcanised rubber and a pointer through whose and other complicated mechanisms' agency articulate sounds denoting the hour are emitted: the fact that these sounds can be heard at some considerable distance would perhaps militate against the universal adoption of the watch except by those whose neighbours look back with regret to the good old days when the watchman on his rounds supplied at frequent intervals the functions of a repeater together with those of a meteorological office; were the desired information given in less strident tones the invention would be vastly welcome to those sleepy individuals who object to disturb themselves to the extent of striking a light to see the time on a dark winter's morning. By the aid of phonography, cinematography and the microscope, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that the watch of the future will assist to while away a few hours of its owner's spare time by providing him with a performance of a three-act comedy or a variety entertainment, a repertoire of films, &c., being sold with each watch, but hitherto the necessarily restricted size of a timepiece intended to be carried about has precluded anything more elaborate than a single turn, except as in the case of a highly talented chronometer that cost £500 to make some little time ago, which, in addition to being a repeater, a chimer of the quarters and a striker of the hours, further shows the day of the week and month of the year, the phase of the moon, and does not allow the 29th of February to pass unnoticed.

Since the Cromwellian era the proportions of watches have undergone a species of banting until, if report speaks true, a Russian Princess, desirous perhaps of emulating the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, who is credited with possessing the only crystal watch in existence having transparent works, made for the most part of rock crystal, had the works removed from a miniature watch and placed inside a magnificent diamond having a diameter not exceeding the depth of four lines of ordinary type. Small as this timepiece was, it is surpassed in diminutiveness by what was justly described as the "smallest watch in the world" which was exhibited at the watch exhibition in Berlin recently. Made of fine gold, this microscopic watch had the dimensions of a pea, that is to say, its diameter of 6½ millimetres, which is practically a quarter of an inch, would equal in depth three lines of type: four hundred and eighty of these watches would weigh about one pound avoirdupois, if there existed any one possessing a heart sufficiently adamant to permit so brutal a weight as avoirdupois to be applied to so delicate a mechanism. Made of gold and valued at £400, this dainty watch boasts a minute-hand as long as an ordinary sized letter "l" and a half, an hour-hand less than an "n" and a half in length, and a second-hand one-sixteenth of an inch long that would demand an incursion into the nonpareil fount to supply a suitable illustration. Very different to the afore-mentioned timepiece is that which is in the course of construction for the St. Louis Exhibition of 1903, tidings of which recently came to hand, a destination the watch, in view of its size, will never attain. The chronometer, which will lie on its back, will have a polished metal case, notwithstanding the fact that its diameter will be twenty-five yards, which will make it almost too large for ordinary wear, and its height forty feet: a small restaurant and a promenade will also be contained within the works, separate items of which will alone weigh over a ton. As the mainspring will equal in length the height of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court, one trembles to think of what would happen if the owner in a careless moment overwinds it and the ten spring steel bands, each two inches thick, which comprise it, are suddenly released. It is disappointing, perhaps, to find that the opportunity of incorporating in the balance-wheel a moving platform was not seized upon, but as approximately two minutes will be occupied by it in swinging backwards and forwards, notwithstanding that it is pivoted on huge agate blocks, the utilitarian mind clings to the hope that it is the intention of the projectors to utilise it as a switchback.

LORRAINE'S AWAKENING

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY LANCELOT SPEED

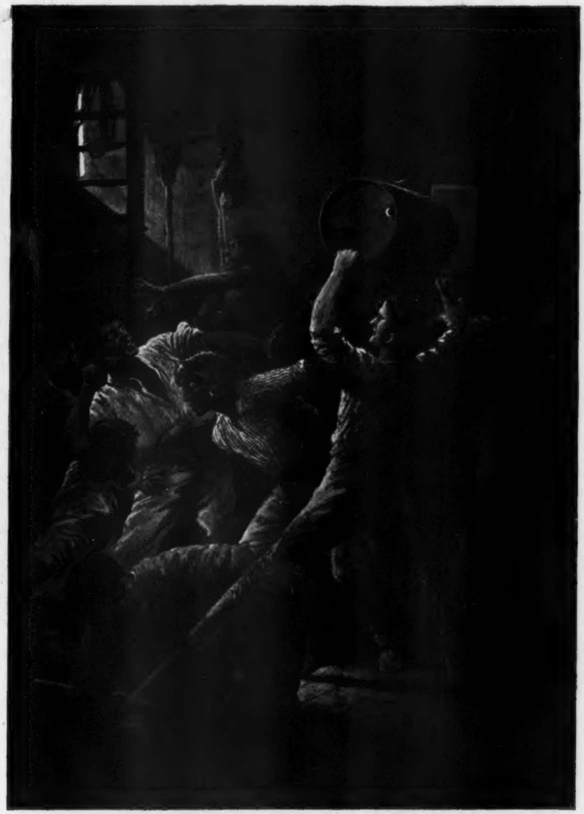
It was a muggy night in the time of the monsoon when two white men kept watch in the little pile-built lighthouse on Ormulai. It still stands above fretted ledges swept by swirling tides, under a volcanic peak in the lukewarm seas not far from the Line. All round lie reefs and islands veiled in silver spray, and inhabited by little men of Malay origin with an hereditary weakness for wrecking. Still, the skippers of east-bound steamers occasionally pass that way because it forms a short cut to Chinese waters.

Kemp, the grizzled master of the light, lay in a hammock, weak from jungle fever, while beach-coamer Lorraine lounged close by smoking the bitter native tobacco. There was nothing remarkable about Kemp except his steady bloodshot eyes, which had in them the melancholy of the sea as he gazed at his companion, who quoted odd paragraphs from an old newspaper. Lorraine, however, was different. His hard brown hands and feet were bare, loose native fabric partly concealed the remnants of European garments he wore; and there was a stamp of reckless abandonment upon his handsome face which was not that of the average castaway. Also, he read in excellent English, until flinging down the paper he stared blankly across the room.

On the white-painted iron wall opposite a nickelled clock ticked drowsily above the barometer. Beside these, a framed photograph, printed rules, a few tools, and oil-drums, there was little in the room. It was very hot, spotlessly clean, and its contents suggested strict utility, with no hint of the romance which lies hidden in the most commonplace things. Kemp lived there with one white companion, who, crippled by rheumatic agonies, had just been carried through the dripping jungles to their sanatorium hut high up on the peak. Sometimes a steamer whistled in salute; the old *Pegu*, which passed at regular intervals, always did so, and Kemp would ring his bell. Then the smoke-trail vanished, and there was once more utter loneliness. Lorraine lived native fashion among the wild men on a neighbouring atoll, which is a dangerous experiment for any European, and occasionally sailed across the swirling tides in a light canoe.

Now he flung the door open, and stood bareheaded on the gallery in the rain. Below, the current frothed among the piles, and, dimly seen ashore, the black palm tufts were thrashing under the monsoon. Seawards, a fan-shaped blaze beat through the sliding vapour across a waste of tumbling ridges, for the currents were racing white-streaked through the reef-girt passage, while out of the blackness rose the boom of breakers crumbling on a barrier of stone. It lay broad in the fairway, and the steamboat skippers avoided it by steering for the flash from Ormulai. Still, he did not see a native craft wallowing down wind just outside the illuminated sector. Something in the sound-filled darkness soothed him, and returning he said, "I'm sorry I broke off, but those papers always trouble me. They set me remembering when I want to forget. And what have I, Lorraine the outcast, to do with such things now?"

"I've been wondering why you stay here,"



"Hurled it suddenly full into the speaker's face"

said Kemp. "You're a man of education—you haven't the forecastle stamp — and you know the end of it: a thrust from a crooked knife or a leap from the reef after an overdose of arrack."

"You are right," said Lorraine with bitterness, "but it's a good life. Is it better to toil for a pittance in a swarming town branded with unearned shame, or lounge, fed by bountiful nature, under warm sunlight with the things some sell their souls for—freedom, power, and wine—to be had for the asking? Also, why do you stay here?"

"You're forgetting the murder and sudden death," said Kemp gravely. "It's a heavy responsibility to fling away one's birthright. For the sake of a widowed daughter I keep this light, and because for colour blindness they cancelled my certificate, but after a few more fevers I'll go back to end my days on English soil."

"You're a lucky man," said Lorraine, glancing at the photograph. "Kemp, since I read that paper the things of other days will come back. English meadows, elms, and hedgerows, you know, and a girl with happier eyes than those; she must be dead or married long ago."

"It's your white blood speaking," was the answer. "Maybe it's your last warning. But there's a nervous Queenslander hailing us. Tell him he's right."

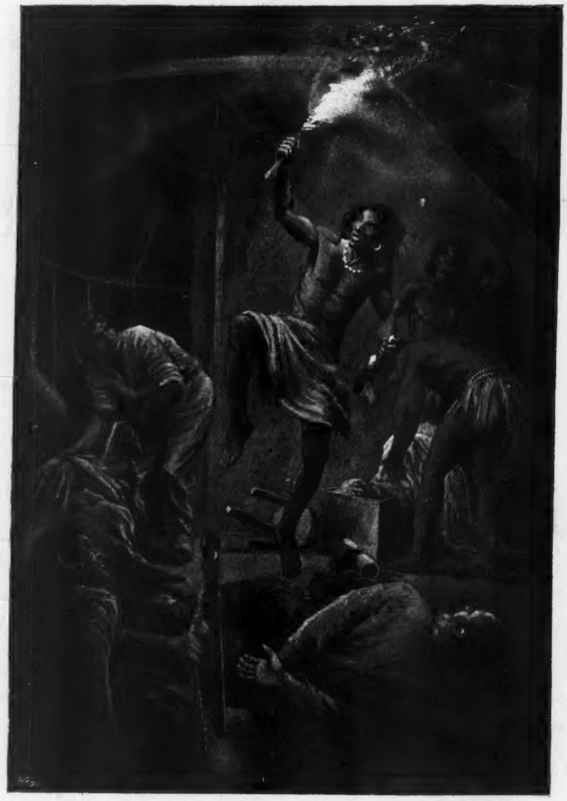
A fizzling screech came out of the night, and when Lorraine stood on the gallery ringing the bell a misty halo reeled towards him. A blinking red eye followed and a blur of half-seen hull went by; then the whistle shrieked out thanks, and there was silence again. He came back, and Kemp, who shook with an ague fit, said, "I can't keep my eyes open, and there's a numbing pain in my head. Pump up the starboard tank presently—she burns better full, and the old *Pegu* is due. It's at full speed, trusting blindly in me, that Johnson brings her through. You'll rouse me if I actually sleep; monsoon's piling the current at five knots into this strait to-night."

Kemp said no more, but if he dozed Lorraine refrained from awakening him. He sat with brown hands clenched across his knees, while a struggle commenced within him. That whistle seemed to call him back from the sensuous tropics, where, instead of primitive innocence, there was only blood-lust and passion, to a life of effort and care again. By right of reckless valour Lorraine had become a power among the wild men, and he shrank from beginning life once more with a blighted reputation, penniless, in an Australian colony. Besides, even before his resentment at the wrong done him died away, the spell of the tropics had closed about him, and now he wondered if he could ever break free, or if, after all, the material present was not better than the essence of an intangible idea.

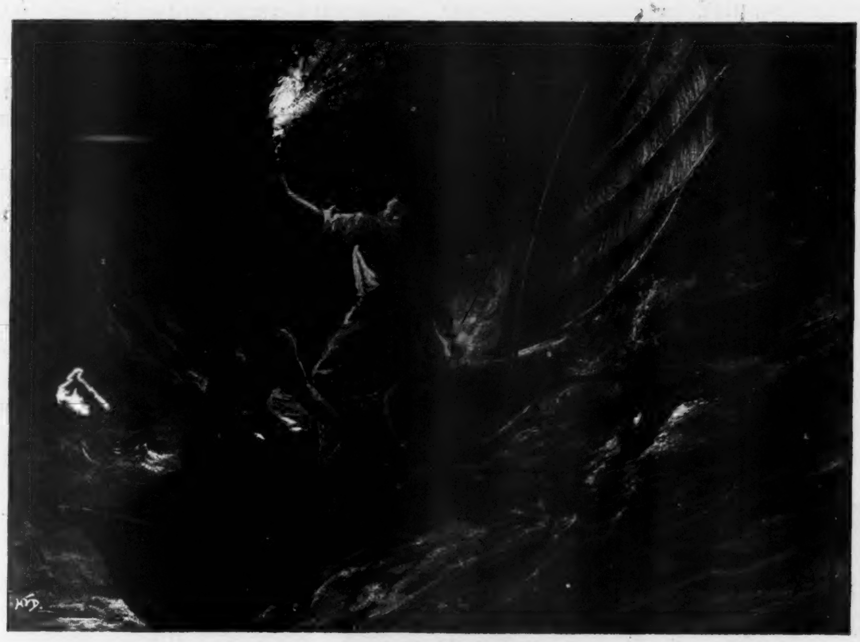
Meantime, Kemp slept on, and the beachcoamer's native follower had swum ashore through the eddies on some business of his own; so presently Lorraine rolled an oil-drum towards the tank and, screwing in the nozzle, commenced to pump. He stopped with a creepy feeling that somebody was watching him, and listened intently, but, though his hearing was good, there was only the fret of the tide, and he continued, until again some instinctive perception warned him of a hostile presence near. This was as well, for outside the threshold a pair of narrow eyes watched him furtively, and, as he turned, with a swift patter of feet half-naked dripping men poured in through the door. Swimming down-stream from the native craft they had softly climbed the ladder, while by their twisted knives he recognised them as members of a predatory tribe. Also it flashed upon him they knew the *Pegu* was due, and intended to wreck and plunder her.

But, by means of commonplace trifles, an influence was working out a great change in his destiny. It commenced with a newspaper paragraph, the blast of a steamer's whistle had its meaning, and now by the mouth of a half-breed Malay the final call had come, and Lorraine awaking only remembered he was an Englishman. "We want this light put out," the Malay said in his own tongue. "You are but half a white man; the Ormulai fishers told us so. Or"—he touched the kriss blade—"we do it ourselves, without you."

The veins swelled on Lorraine's forehead and corded arms. Stealthy figures crept towards Kemp's hammock, while others gathered between him and the door. Then, clenching his hands on the heavy oil-drum, he swayed himself upright, and hurled it suddenly full into the speaker's face. Its steel-hooped foot bit deep, and the wrecker went down; there was a howl of wrath and rush of naked feet, and leaping for his life Lorraine just clutched a handspike on the wall when a lean wet arm closed round his throat from behind. Still, he whirled the heavy bar aloft, and the lantern-room was filled with sound as little dusky men, screaming and hissing, strove to slip in past the stout ash handspike which was swinging like a flail. But the odds were too heavy for that struggle to last, and presently Lorraine lay with wrists and ankles securely lashed on the gallery, expecting each moment to feel the cold touch of steel, while one of the wreckers grinned sardonically as he said, "Now we know this is all a white man, and it may happen that by morning the Ormulai fishers will want another leader." Then a hoarse voice came out of the lantern-



"'The villains have me helpless'"



"'Flare right ahead, sir! Some one signallin' in a canoe'"

room. "The villains have me helpless. If you're alive, Lorraine, remember the *Pegu*."

At first this hardly appealed to Lorraine, who lay half-dazed with throbbing head on the cool iron, for the words, "He is all a white man," repeated themselves over and over again. Then, as the rain revived him, he began to picture with horror the vessel driving towards the deadly reef, and almost fancied he could hear the strident crash of iron on stone. His bonds proved immovable, biting into his sun-darkened skin, and he ceased struggling, while the wreckers commenced to ransack each locker in search of plunder. Then, as after a smashing of glass the glare of light diminished, Lorraine strained at his bonds furiously again, while the blood spurted from his wrists, until a wet hand touched him, and the face of his native follower looked up through the gratings. The dusky fingers gripped a knife, and when Lorraine, comprehending, moved his wrists the lashings fell away, those on his ankles followed, and he wriggled nearer the edge of the platform, because the ladder was too near the door. It stood at no great height above tide level, and his canoe lay moored in an eddy close by. If he could reach her there might be yet a chance of saving the *Pegu*. He moved another foot or so—no one noticed him—then, gripping a pile-head with his knees, slipped from the platform. But a slimy stay-rod jerked one foot away, the pile was draped in weed, and he was dizzy; so, clutching at the iron, he fell backwards from it and plunged down into thick obscurity.

Lorraine had learned the art of natation from primitive men who said they were born of the sea, and the splash into lukewarm water only refreshed him; so, rising again, he laughed when the native stretched out an assisting arm and swam sturdily down stream. Presently a streak of wallowing hull appeared, and, slinging his left arm forward with hollowed palm, he shot across with the swing of an eddy and gasped with triumph as he clutched the stem. The blaze of the lantern had vanished, there was no warning-light on Ormulai, and Lorraine's perplexity had vanished with it, for the spell of the tropics was broken. They set the whole small mat-sail—there was no time to reef—and Lorraine drove the frail craft out through the frothing tide, lee gunwale down, with phosphorescent brine breaking solidly over her weather side, until, wrapped in luminous sea-smoke as the breakers roared across it, the reef lay close abeam. Then they cast over the clumsy anchor, and straining at the coyar cable the canoe lurched with streaming bows through the rush of broken seas. Lorraine had fibre and cocoa-nut oil ready, but there were reasons why he did not light it with a gun-flint now.

It was about this time that Captain Johnson leaned over the rails of the *Pegu's* bridge, while two or three privileged passengers lounged under the wheel-house, from which lukewarm water trickled upon them. They had dined well in the saloon, and one calculated when the voyage would end, omitting the important factor of peril on the sea. Ahead there was only murky rain, the atmosphere resembled a Turkish bath, and presently the skipper said, "Either our patent log is wrong or something has happened to the light. We should have seen it some time ago, and I'm not happy with that reef in the fairway."

He grasped a lanyard, and the whistle boomed across the strait, then the telegraph tinkled, and save for the patter of the rain and song of the rigging there was sudden silence as the engines stopped. Rolling distressfully, with scuppers spouting as they drained the sloppy deck, the *Pegu* drifted on for another ten minutes until Johnson spoke again. "There is something wrong," he said bewilderedly. "No holding for an anchor with this stream; and I'd give a month's pay gladly to know the bearings of the reef. Forward there, try your deep-sea lead."

"No bottom at ten fathom, sir!" rose the sing-song hail, and there was anxious silence until hoarse voices went up: "Flare right ahead, sir! Some one signallin' in a canoe!"

The whistle roared a solo, and low down on the water a light danced fantastically, while, following the clang of a gong, the slow pounding of engines recommenced. "We'll see what it means any way," said the skipper. "Hallo, the wretched thing has gone!"

Suddenly, as it appeared, the light vanished, and Johnson paced his bridge in fierce impatience until a cry came aft from the dipping forecastle: "Stop her, sir. Canoe close ahead. Hard astern; we're running right over them!"

The whole vessel trembled as the reversed propeller whirled, there followed a dull crunch beneath the bows, a shouting in the foam that seethed along the side, and amid a clamour ropes were flung down. Two objects were dragged in over the bulwarks, and Johnson stared blankly when a wild figure in brine-soaked garments with bare feet and long hair, followed by another which

"Scrambled madly to the bridge"

wore no clothes at all, scrambled madly to the bridge. "Will you tell me what this means?" he gasped. "No light where a light should be, and half-drowned maniacs boarding me! What are you, any way?"

"I'll explain later," shouted Lorraine, springing through the wheel-house door. "If you don't want to drown every soul on board, give me charge of your steamer for the next ten minutes, and drive her ahead full-speed. The reef's waiting for you close abeam."

"Quartermaster," said Johnson, "you'll follow this—this stranger's conning; I believe he is an Englishman"; and hardly had he jammed the telegraph down than a cry went up: "Breakers broad on the port bow!" Then through the throb of hard-pressed engines there broke a vibratory growl, growing steadily louder, until with bated breath the listeners could distinguish the crash of smoking seas that burst upon the reef, and Lorraine said sharply, "Port; give her more steam. You couldn't reverse in time; current's setting us bodily on to the barrier."

The steering-engine panted, and no one spoke, though there was an inarticulate murmuring when, dimly seen, a phosphorescent seething appeared. It resolved itself into a tumultuous upheaval of green sea-flame, apparently rushing towards them abeam, and Johnson's bronzed face turned grey in the glimmer from the binnacle as he drew in his breath. For the next few minutes no one on board all the steamer stirred, save the quartermaster, who, following Lorraine's hand, span the steering-wheel; then a hoarse shout of relief broke out as the spouting barrier passed clear astern.

"Much obliged!" gasped Johnson, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead; "thought the reef had us sure! Isn't there an eddy somewhere we could anchor in? I've had enough of this passage; we'll wait for daylight," and presently, under Lorraine's direction, the anchor plunged down. Then, and because he agreed that no boats could reach the island that night across the inshore stream, Johnson took him into the saloon, saying, "You owe it to the passengers to explain what has happened. Tell us also if we can do anything in return for the lives you certainly saved. You remind me of the supercargo's story about some half-wild white beach-coamer."

Lorraine stood upright, a fantastic, brine-soaked object with red stains on his forehead, before the gaping passengers, and telling his story briefly said, "I am that beach-coamer, and I didn't do it for reward, but because I remembered I was a white man in time. Still, I would accept three things from you—a suit of European clothes, a passage to Australia, and, if any one would venture to give it me, an introduction to some trading firm with an opening for a man who knows the ways of the South Seas."

"You shall have them all," said the skipper, "and that won't cancel our obligation by a long way. Go into my room and dress yourself. Do you know your head is cut open?"

That night Lorraine slept once more in a comfortable berth, and going ashore at dawn found the wreckers had vanished, leaving Kemp unharmed in his hammock. Besides stripping the place of sundries, and smashing several burners, they had done little serious damage, and when a gunboat afterwards steamed five hundred miles to investigate, all her commander could do was to burn a few rickety huts whose inhabitants had departed swiftly at her approach. So it happened that a man with curiously darkened skin left the *Pegu* quietly in an Australian port, and presenting a letter was given an appointment. Only his employer knows his whole story, and his salary is small, but he waits hoping that some day his innocence may be made plain and restitution follow. Meanwhile he looks back with a shudder to his manner of life on the atoll, and is thankful he heard the call. It came through the brazen mouth of a whistle and the red-stained teeth of a Malay, but the power was there. Its message was "Awaken," and Lorraine took up his burden again.

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HOOLIGANS AT HOME AND ABROAD

By ROSA M. BARRETT

THE strength of a chain is that of its weakest link, and when we find that lads under twenty-one years of age form a third of all our burglars, while others make some parts of London a terror after dark, we may be sure that some weak link in our educational, reformatory and punitive methods has given way. To find out what that weak link is, and how to strengthen it, can best be done by learning the history of the so-called Hooligans and by finding whether any, and if so what, methods have been successfully employed in other countries to check the increase of these undesirable youths.

It will be found that few of this class have attended school with any regularity, and fewer still know any trade. Most are lads of much vitality, who have had but little of the discipline of school life, and whose spirits have not the safety-valve of regular hard work. It has, it is true, been repeatedly stated that education has not reduced crime, but this depressing statement is happily not borne out by facts. Such persons, perhaps, take it for granted that every child in Great Britain is now educated, whereas the truth is that one child in eight has so far successfully evaded the educational net, and of those supposed to be at school, about one in five never attend with any regularity. The figures are suggestive—one in eight of our children are still uneducated:—is it not significant that there are also one in eight of our criminals who are under twenty-one years of age? This is not all, but even in this twentieth century, only about three in every hundred of our prisoners can read and write well—one in five can do neither, and the rest but very little! Thus illiterate or almost wholly illiterate prisoners are many times more numerous than the educated, since 97 out of every 100 prisoners come from the ignorant classes, though no one would claim the proportion of illiterate to educated persons to be as 97 to 3 in the general population. The same fact holds good as regards technical as well as general education, for of skilled and unskilled workmen among prisoners, the proportion is about one skilled workman to five unskilled.

A further proof of the effect of education upon crime is seen in the fact that seven out of every ten children who come before the London police courts for various offences are those whose school attendance has been the worst. Yet, though the national expenditure upon elementary education has happily quadrupled in the last thirty years, even more is still spent upon crime and its repression than upon education, its best preventive. It is, however, a happy omen that one gaol has actually been turned into a school in Ireland, while a large Board school stands upon the site of another in London! This is good from another point of view—each child's education in a Board or voluntary school costs the country £2 8*s.* a year—while each prisoner costs the country over £30 a year.

That education has checked crime is further shown by the fact that, since the Compulsory Education Act was passed, the children at school in England and Wales have multiplied nearly four times (between 1870 and 1899), while the average daily number of prisoners has decreased by nearly one-half in the same period—the chief decrease being in those under sixteen years of age. In 1870 the proportion of the population attending school was one in fifteen, while one in 853 was in prison; in 1899 the proportion attending school fairly regularly had risen to one in six, while those in prison fell to one in 1775 of the population. But it must not be forgotten that instead of one in six, about one in five ought to be at school. It is our laxity as regards this missing number that forms the weak link in the chain to which I referred at the beginning of this article.

Ireland furnishes a further striking example of the truth that as schools are opened, prisons are emptied: prisoners there decreased 23 per cent. in the twenty years from 1876 to 1895, while the totally uneducated decreased by nearly one-half during the same period. In Belgium the same results are recorded;

both the totally uneducated and the persons accused of crime having decreased considerably more than one-half since 1850.

The effect of education in lessening crime having thus been proved, it remains to find the chief cause of our failure hitherto to reduce crime among lads. As a matter of fact, the meshes of our educational net are still too wide, and the danger of allowing large numbers of tramps, tinkers, unskilled labourers, and vagrants to multiply unchecked, and to bring up their children as ignorant, degraded and too often vicious as themselves, has never been sufficiently recognised in England. Comparatively few people realise the fact that these children and the children of other homeless wanderers are as yet wholly untouched by our otherwise comprehensive Compulsory Education Act. How many of them there may be altogether, it is difficult accurately to say, since they are constantly on the move, without any fixed quarters, sleeping out of doors, in low lodging-houses or (less frequently) in the casual wards of workhouses. Efforts, however, have been made to count them, and in reply to circulars sent to the workhouses, it was found that no less than 14,189 children were relieved in one year in the casual wards of eighty-five workhouses;—these may not, however, all be different individuals, since no doubt the same children were frequently taken from one workhouse to another. In one comparatively small union, 1400 tramp children were relieved during the year; and in Coventry, where statistics were very carefully kept, 852 children of tramps—of whom nearly half were under eight, passed through the casual wards in a year. Many, however, took alarm at this careful counting, and no less than 11,245 tramps resorted to lodgings in and about Coventry rather than to the casual wards! The Local Government Board has also had returns made on the same subject, and these show that while on one day, viz., Jan. 1, 1891, 5552 tramps were relieved in the casual wards of workhouses in England, almost every year since then there has been a steady increase in their number until they have actually more than doubled, for in 1896 no less than 13,239 were relieved on the same day (Jan. 1) of the year—that is, on one single day alone! Not only have we not succeeded in reducing the number of this unproductive and more or less dangerous class, but it is increasing with extraordinary and lamentable rapidity.*

Judging from these and other facts, that have been laboriously and for some time past collected, it is probable that there are something like 50,000 children constantly "on the road," born and reared tramps, growing up for the most part in utter ignorance, with more or less vicious and depraved tendencies, and, moreover, when brought up to this roving, irresponsible way of living, scarcely ever capable in after life of settling down to hard work or honest industry. The late George Smith believed that all but about two per cent. grew up in entire ignorance. Members of this class, even if they do not become criminals, are a constant source of expense to the country, since large numbers come upon the rates for relief.

Various bills have been drafted with the object of reaching these ignorant, nomad children, but none have as yet passed into law in England. The Local Government Board has suggested that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should be notified whenever tramps with children leave a workhouse (and the notice had a wonderfully speedy effect in reducing the numbers of those who resorted to the workhouses that adopted this plan), but as yet this society can only interfere and take proceedings, when the conditions are such that any physical injury or suffering is likely to be caused to the children. The moral injury is unnoticed—legally—as yet. If actual physical injury or cruelty can be proved (and in this nomad class proof is hard to obtain) then, and then only, may the children, if under sixteen, be removed to better guardianship.

Nor can the children be taken up and charged under the Industrial Schools Act, since children are not, technically speaking, "found wandering" or "homeless" when tramping with their parents. To grapple with the difficulty it is necessary to make the act of tramping with children punishable in itself, as it is in many countries—or to add a clause that shall include in the class of "homeless" those children who are growing up without proper guardianship, as is now done in Canada. The need of some such protection is very evident, when one learns that two poor little orphan girls picked up by tramps and utilised for begging (to save them the trouble of working) received in three days £2 3*s.*! No doubt this money was mostly given by people who imagined they were doing a charitable act, forgetting that, since it was the miserable and starved appearance of the children that appealed to their charity, the unfortunate little things were purposely underfed and badly clothed, since this system pays best. As one man put it, to whom warm clothes had repeatedly been given, but in vain, for his children, "I cannot afford to clothe them well, for then I should not get any more money or presents." Money, therefore, given in this careless way merely prolongs the misery of the children and is an encouragement to other idle people to go and do likewise.

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* It is true the number relieved in a particular year recently is not quite so high, for the L.G.B. returns show that 9841 vagrants received relief on Jan. 1, 1900, and these were not all different individuals.

The same heedlessness of child-life is the main reason why our streets are thronged, even till late at night, with shivering little children selling papers, matches, &c., while their parents are too often idling or drinking. The need for some restriction upon street-trading and other forms of wage earning among young children may be judged from the facts just collected and published by the London County Council. These show that no less than 144,000 young children are employed—for payment—in one way or another in England; of these many are actually under seven years old and no less than 38,489 are under eleven. The chief occupations of these wage-earning children are the very ones that most unfit them for steady future work, and those that lead to no improvement in the future: such as selling papers, running errands for small shops, hawking goods, &c. The average payment is only 1*s.* a week and the hours often incredibly long. Not only is it impossible for children to gain much benefit from attending school, even when they do go, while working hard at the same time to earn a living, but it is an established fact that street-hawkers and similar casual workers rarely settle as they grow up to any productive or useful labour. Owing to this fact and to the interference caused to school attendance a restriction is now placed upon the street trading of children in some towns such as Liverpool and Manchester; but in some countries abroad they have gone a step farther and either prohibited street trading altogether or at least for girls.

Truants, street-hawkers, and loafers* also provide the largest proportion of those committed to industrial schools and there supported at the expense of the country. In towns such as Manchester and Leeds, for example, it has been found that these children form from sixty to sixty-eight per cent. of the total admissions to the industrial schools.

The difficult problem of the workhouse nomads, the "ins and outs," who rarely remain in any one union long enough to be sent to school, has also to be faced. One such family were in and out of one London workhouse sixty-two times in a single year, and other families have an equally bad record. Can it be right to allow parents to do just as they like with their unfortunate, helpless children who thus have no chance of rising above this hopeless, profitless life?

Even in Scotland, in spite of its educational zeal, there are at least 725 "tinker" children (there would be many more, but that half the children born to these people die in infancy), who are growing up without religion or education. Out of 232 who were arrested in one year for various offences, only three or four of the whole number could read at all! Here again the education officers cannot interfere because the people are always on the move. It certainly seems very bad policy that exempts tramps and vagrants from the necessity of sending their children to school; though it is quite possible that, at all events for a time, such children would need to be sent to special schools, since too often they are extremely dirty and very degraded. Indeed, where careful records have been kept —as in France where the numbers of beggars and tramps, as with us, have more than doubled during the last decade—it has been found that the children of tramps and habitual beggars are more degraded and difficult to deal with than even juvenile criminals.

England then has failed to bring any elevating influence to bear upon a certain section of her population. The education of the streets,

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* A novel and most interesting experiment for dealing with this lawless class of youths is now being made near New York, as described in *Munsey's Magazine* (February 1901) under the title of The George Jr. Republic.

(M. Sacré, photographer)

RUYSSELEDE, JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

of public-houses, low lodging-houses and the casual wards of the workhouses, is all we have as yet given these children.

Our present laws are, as I have shown, totally inadequate to cope with this evil, and are largely responsible for the growth of Hooliganism. Have any successful attempts been made elsewhere to check the increase of this class or to reform its members?

In Canada, children without proper homes or guardianship may be apprehended and placed under the guardianship of the Children's Aid or similar incorporated society. These children, if it is found advisable to remove them from their parents, are, as a rule, placed out in families; if depraved or unsuitable, the child may be sent to an industrial or other school or society. Since this law, which contains other most valuable sections dealing with neglected and delinquent children, was passed in 1893, there has been a marked decrease in juvenile crime, and an even more rapid decrease in vagrants—in three years the latter have, in fact, diminished by more than one-half in the province of Ontario, in Canada.

But to come nearer home—in Austria, tramping is punishable, and juvenile beggars and vagrants may be detained under State authority, and placed in special establishments, where they are educated and taught a trade. But perhaps the most astonishing progress—in this direction—has been made by Belgium; and, although recent events have proved some parts of their criminal law to be defective, and their prisons often too little punitive,* yet it is worth studying those clauses of the law that deal with tramps and beggars, since their effect is such that this class actually diminished by one-half in three years after the passing of this law in 1891! At the same time the Belgian law as regards juvenile offenders was also changed, and imprisonment almost abolished; while the former reformatory, agricultural, or other schools for juveniles under State care are now no longer under prison administration, but are all under one single authority, "*la bienfaisance*," and are all called "*écoles de bienfaisance de l'état*"; that is, State charity schools. As far as children are concerned —whether they are criminals, vagrants, or beggars—reformatory and educational efforts have largely replaced imprisonment. But vagrancy and a mendicant life, both among adults and juveniles, is now a punishable offence, the culprit being placed under State care for a longer or shorter time, as the judge may deem advisable. Any one over fourteen years old found begging or wandering may be arrested, and, if this is proved to be habitual, detained. This law, which was passed in 1891, appears to have had excellent results.

There are totally distinct institutions for adults and juveniles, the "*dépôts de mendicité*," or labour colonies, being for adult beggars and tramps; many of whom are, however, too old and habituated to an idle, wandering life to improve and change their method of living. It was calculated, when the law was changed, that some five thousand persons were passing their life alternately in prison and in a liberty more or less abused. It is not to be expected that this class would greatly

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* For example, tariff cards may be seen hanging in the prison cells; prisoners having the option of purchasing luxuries such as coffee, cutlets, cigars, &c.

(M. Sacré, photographer)

RUYSSELEDE SCHOOL, TAILORS' CLASS

benefit by new laws, however admirable; but, since they are unprofitable and injurious when free, they are now kept under control for longer periods than formerly. The judge, however, has power to release any mendicant as soon as he appears reformed and has proved willing to work.

Belgian statistics are, unfortunately, only published triennially, and the last, published in 1897, only gives figures for the years 1892 to 1894; but even in that time a remarkable decrease in the admissions to these colonies for beggars is seen—a decrease of close upon one-half—or from 16,571 in 1891, to 8752 in 1894. At Bruges, the depôt for women, the admissions also decreased by nearly one-half—or from 1674 in 1891 to 860 in 1894.

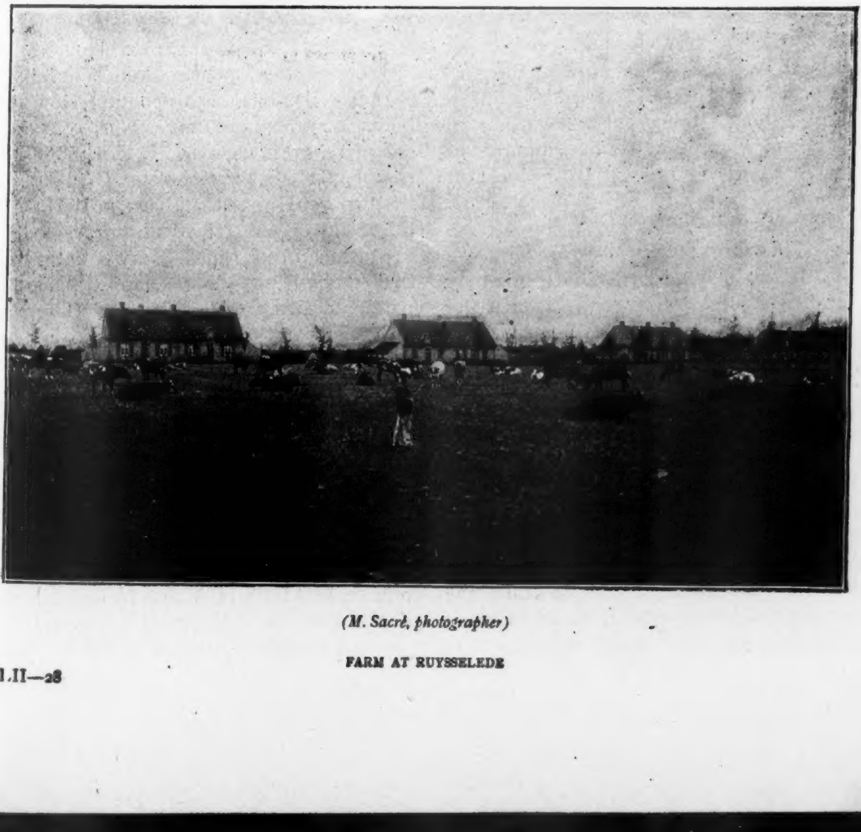
It is, however, the regulations as they affect children that chiefly concern us now. The whole law as regards delinquent children was changed in 1891; now all children under eighteen, who have committed any offence, are divided into two classes; those who acted with, and those who acted without, sufficient knowledge of their deed. The latter class are not imprisoned at all, but are dealt with according to various methods as the judge, who has almost absolute discretion, may decide. Some are released entirely; others are released, but placed under the supervision, not of the police, but of a special body, the "*comité de patronage*"; others are placed in one of the "*écoles de bienfaisance*"—of which there are six, four for boys and two for girls. Of these the largest and oldest, since it was for many years previously a reformatory, is at Ruysselede, in Flanders, between Ghent and Bruges. It has room for nearly 600 boys, and contained at the end of 1899, 497 inmates. Those sent here are truants or beggars under fifteen years old, or boys who require disciplinary treatment under State care, and are, therefore, committed by the judge or communal authority; also juvenile delinquents under eleven years of age. The boys are carefully classified and separated when committed; those under thirteen are in one department, and are kept entirely apart from older offenders during the whole term of their committal; those from thirteen to sixteen are in another section; those over sixteen are kept apart from the others also. The buildings at Ruysselede are very extensive; and there is a large model farm worked by the boys, as well as various workshops for the teaching of trades, all very efficiently managed. Unfortunately Roman Catholic institutions generally tend to become too large and machine-like; the very perfection of the arrangements and machinery necessitated by large establishments not being that best adapted to turn out boys fit for ordinary everyday life. As a rule also too little oversight and care is exercised over the boys when they first receive their liberty on leaving these large institutions, naturally a very critical period.

The school for girls, of a similar character, is at Beerneem, not far distant from Ruysselede, and opened only four years later, in 1853. It is under the care of nuns—the Sisters of Nôtre Dame—and the whole place is beautifully clean, bright, airy and spacious, and the situation very healthy. The management here seems excellent, there is sufficient discipline, but the girls are kindly treated and are both happy and busy. They are chiefly occupied in house-work, needle-work, and the care of a small farm. A creamery, which has lately been started, is proving very successful, especially as a help in starting the girls in remunerative work when they leave school. This school is for girls under thirteen when committed; those over thirteen are sent to another school at Namur, which has two divisions—a disciplinary quarter, and one for more hopeful offenders.

There are also special disciplinary quarters in the schools at Bruges and at Ghent, only used for children transferred from the other schools for bad conduct, or when they are likely to be injurious to their companions.

The admissions to these schools did not increase nearly as much as was expected after the passing of the law of 1891. The admissions in 1891 were 849 boys, 79 girls; in 1894, 1024 boys, 227 girls. At the end of 1899 there were altogether 1588 boys in the four schools.

The inmates of the schools, though remaining under supervision, if necessary till their



(M. Sacré, photographer)

FARM AT RUYSSELEDE

(M. Sacré, photographer)

BEERNEEM SCHOOL SEWING-CLASS

majority, can be placed out, apprenticed, or returned to their parents after six months' detention in the schools.

Thus, although the admissions have increased somewhat, the average number of inmates has decreased, owing to the work of the *comités de patronage*, which place out an increasing number of children—boys especially. They are nearly all—three-fifths—sent to the country as farm-hands, but may be recalled if ill, for bad conduct, or if the work or home or employer prove unsuitable.

It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that in most countries juvenile crime, more especially among lads from sixteen to twenty-one years of age, is sadly on the increase; but Canada, South Australia, New Zealand, and a few of the States in America are exceptions to this rule. For example, the State of Massachusetts can point to a quite remarkable diminution of juvenile crime; and it is worth while trying to learn the reason for this improvement, so as to see if any of their methods could be utilised in this country. Some of the excellent laws and methods now adopted in Massachusetts are already well known in this country, such as the release on probation, the reformatories for first offenders, even when much older than those eligible for reformatories in England; but the two provisions that have proved so successful in checking juvenile crime, not only in Massachusetts, but in every country where they have been adopted, are still, unfortunately, foreign to English law. These two important and most useful provisions are, first:—the separate trial of young offenders (and this includes separate confinement while awaiting trial, and separate conveyance to prison) and secondly,—the supervision by a special body of those first and juvenile offenders who are conditionally released. This special body—usually called probation officers or State agents—is absolutely essential to the successful working of conditional release, and both in Massachusetts and New Zealand, where the system is carried to its greatest perfection, a great saving of expense has been effected and excellent results obtained in the after-conduct of the offenders. Thus, in Massachusetts, imprisonment is only found necessary in the case of nine out of every hundred first offenders, and although over three-quarters of the children arrested are convicted, not more than a fifth of these are sent to institutions; fewer still to reformatories; fewer still—those only who prove incorrigible—to prison.

In New Zealand, 94 per cent. of those released on probation turn out well, and never need to be re-arrested; the warning accomplishes its purpose, and thus the inevitable contamination and disgrace, not to mention the expense, of imprisonment is avoided in more than nine out of ten cases. Not only is the imprisonment of juveniles almost abolished, but the numbers in reformatory and industrial schools have greatly decreased, and far fewer children are dependent on the State now than formerly, and even of these half the cost in New Zealand is recovered from their parents. It has been estimated that the saving effected in New Zealand is fully £8000 a year, and even more in Massachusetts, through this conditional release of offenders, now applied in both these countries to adults as well as to juveniles. It certainly seems strange that England, a country supposed to be so enlightened, so anxious for the welfare of the poor and helpless, should still allow children, however young, to be tried in ordinary police courts, to be confined in police cells, or to be sent to prison.

One main evil of imprisonment apart from its inevitable contamination and disgrace, is that a child loses its dread of prison. Possibly for the first time in his life, he finds himself, when in prison, safe from blows, with a comfortable bed to sleep in, warm clothing and sufficient food. Then, on his release, he is more or less a hero among his companions. Is it any wonder if the saying proves true that "once a gaol-bird always a gaol-bird"; or that, unfortunately, "the oftener you go, the hardener you get," as one man put it?

The countries that have adopted the law of separate trial for the young, and those where juvenile crime is diminishing, are—in Europe, Belgium only, as far as I know; in America, Canada since 1894; New York since 1896 (the decrease in crime and in vagrancy among juveniles, especially girls, in this State is very marked); Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. The law has proved to have such excellent results that it was adopted in 1899 in Illinois, where hitherto all efforts have proved unavailing to check the increase of crime. The same law also holds good in South Australia—which, indeed, set the example to other countries; and in New Zealand.

In England we have no special officers appointed to act as counsel for, and to inquire into the difficult problem of, delinquent children, with the exception of those officers who deal with offences against the Compulsory Education Act. We have no special officers (again with the above exception) to see that children growing up without restraint or control—ignorant of the laws of right and wrong—are committed to industrial or other schools: there are happily some who undertake this work from philanthropic motives, but these have no official standing in the eyes of the law. The inevitable result is that hundreds of the very children who most need the discipline of industrial school training are never committed to these schools. Nor have we any officials to exercise supervision over juveniles and first offenders released on probation—except the police. Why should we remain so far behind other countries as regards these matters and in the protection of child life, from moral as well as from physical injury?

Surely it cannot be long before England adopts measures that have proved so beneficial elsewhere, more especially as regards the separate trial of children and the reclamation of that nomad class who have hitherto evaded nearly all educational and elevating influences.

CHILD MEMORIES

JUST two little pattering feet,
  Just two big bright blue eyes;
And a smile like the April sunshine,
  Chasing the clouds from the skies.

Just a little warm hand in mine,
  Just a sweet little mouth to kiss;
Just a sound of merriest laughter,
  And a cup running over with bliss.

Just two little shoes in a drawer,
  Laid by with reverent care;
Just a faded old childish portrait,
  And a lock of golden hair.

Just a few broken toys in a cupboard,
  Just a dollie all tattered and torn—
But a stab through my heart when I see them,
  And a pain too deep to be borne.

Just two little feet run on before,
  Swift to the happy home;
Just a child on the threshold waiting,
  And calling to "mother" to come.

Just a dream of a joyous meeting,
  And an eager "welcome home";
Just two little outstretched arms,
  And a glad cry: "Mother is come!"

M. R. L.

THE MAN-O'-WAR'S LAST BERTH

BY LEONARD W. LILLINGSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR TWIDLE

THE glories of Vauxhall have departed. Sir Roger de Coverley no longer takes boat at the Temple Stairs upon a visit to the famous gardens. Vauxhall can no longer be described as "that excellent place of amusement which must ever be an estate to its proprietor, as it is peculiarly adapted to the taste of the English nation: there being a mixture of curious show, gay exhibition, music, vocal and instrumental, not too refined for the general ear, for all of which only a shilling is paid; and, though last but not least, good eating and drinking for those who choose to purchase that regale." Who but the Great Lexicographer could have written that? Who but he could have described, in his sprightly way, cold chicken and punch as "that regale"? Goldsmith, Fielding, Horace Walpole, and, in our time, Thackeray and Dickens visited the gardens. The Iron Duke and the Allied Sovereigns were to be seen there after Waterloo. The grand entrance to this "Mahometan paradise," as Addison called it, was a little to the north of the Vauxhall Bridge Road.

From the present-day aspect of that dreary thoroughfare Vauxhall would seem to have but little to offer in place of its vanished paradise. Yet not far from the site of the gardens there are sights to be seen more interesting even than a *ridotta al fresco*, balloon ascents, theatrical performances, and tight-rope dancing. There is the ship-breaking yard of Castle & Sons. The gateway is flanked on either side by two huge figureheads of the *Princess Royal* and *Orion*. Within are more figureheads, and a park of old carronades or signal guns. Stacks of ship's timber are on every hand, gangs of men are bringing it up from the river and hauling it into place. The saw and the hammer are hard at it, the note of the carpenters' workshop and the stithy commingled. Everything is of wood. The quaint low-browed offices are built of the beams and planks of old sea-rovers, and resemble nothing so much as a ship's cabin. The clock is a ship's clock; the lockers are ships' lockers; the logs burning in the grate are ships' logs. This is the everyday atmosphere of the ship-breakers' yard. But in an inner room are to be seen naval relics of a more special character, most of them unique, all of them interesting. The walls are hung with pictures of famous sea fights: Knell's "Battle of Toulon," a painting by Seaforth, and Mr. Charles Wyllie's "The Mighty Fallen." The sea fights serve to recall how Britain's sea power was made; Mr. Wyllie's picture is still more in keeping with the genius of the place; it represents H.M.S. *Albion* in course of demolition. There is the mantelpiece of the *Fighting Téméraire*, supported at either end by an Atlas, the two figures from the stern of the vessel, broken up in 1838. The actual mantelpiece of the room is made of mahogany from the *Royal Albert*, one of the last of the three-deckers, and is inlaid with oak from the ill-fated *Royal George*. There is no doubt as to the genuineness of this particular inlay, though it is true that enough copper and timber, in the shape of relics, has been sold to build two *Royal Georges*. Replicas of the *Téméraire's* gong-stand, one of which was presented to and accepted by her Majesty at the Jubilee of 1887, are here also, each inscribed *Nemo me impune lacessit*.

There were, by the way, two *Téméraires:*

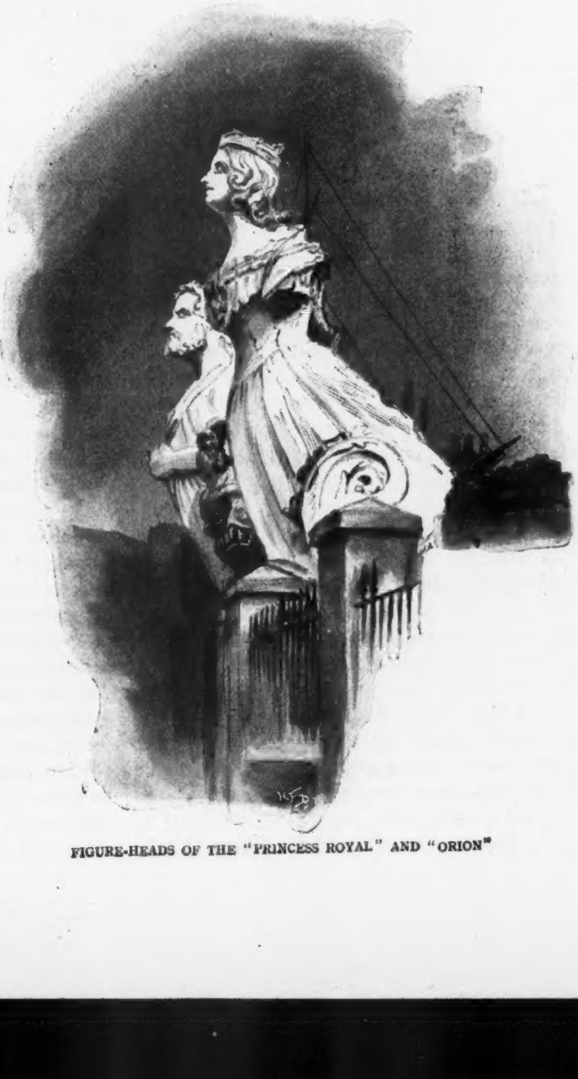
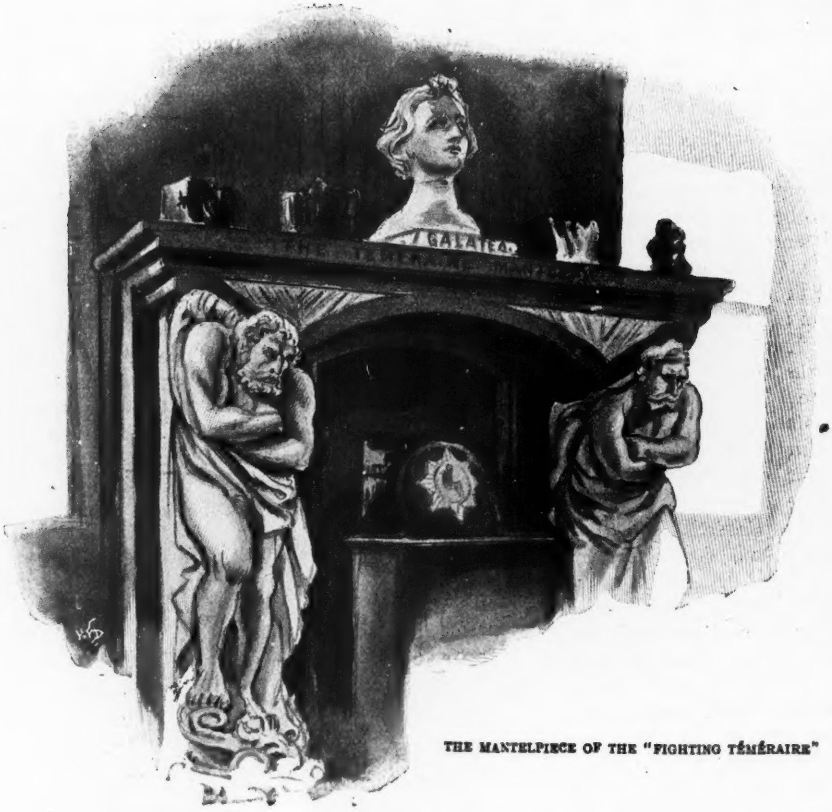


FIGURE-HEADS OF THE "PRINCESS ROYAL" AND "ORION"



THE MANTELPIECE OF THE "FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE"

the first, a seventy-four taken from the French by Admiral Boscawen. The second, the *Fighting Téméraire*, was a ninety-eight, built at Chatham, and was in the thick of the fight at Trafalgar, where she followed Nelson's *Victory* into action. It has been suggested that Turner was in doubt as to the identity of the two ships when he painted "The *Téméraire* Towed to her Last Berth." The picture provoked criticism in naval quarters, for Turner had drawn the ship jury-rigged; but Admiralty records prove that he was correct. Though the masts, yards and rigging, as a rule, are taken out of a vessel before selling her to the ship-breaker, the *Téméraire* was sold with them standing. It was improbable that Turner, whose house at Chelsea faced the river, who had a boat himself and spent a good deal of his leisure among the watermen, would have blundered in such a particular.

At Messrs. Castle's yard Mr. Stacey Marks painted his "Old Friends." In the picture two old Greenwich pensioners are looking up at the figurehead of H.M.S. *Edinburgh*. This, in essentials, is not merely an imaginary incident, for it is by no means unusual for the yard to receive a visit from an old sea-dog, wishful to see the last of the old ship. There is a pathos about these leave-takings which it is impossible for the landsman to enter fully into. He has himself felt a twinge at leaving for good and all the house which has sheltered him for the greater part of a lifetime; but a ship is a thing alive; it responds to your affection as mere bricks and mortar cannot do. One can in fancy see the old salt watching the work of demolition, every stroke of the hammer going to his heart.

The actual work of breaking up the ships is done for the most part at a second yard at Woolwich, close to the jetty where the trim boats of the Submarine Postal Telegraph

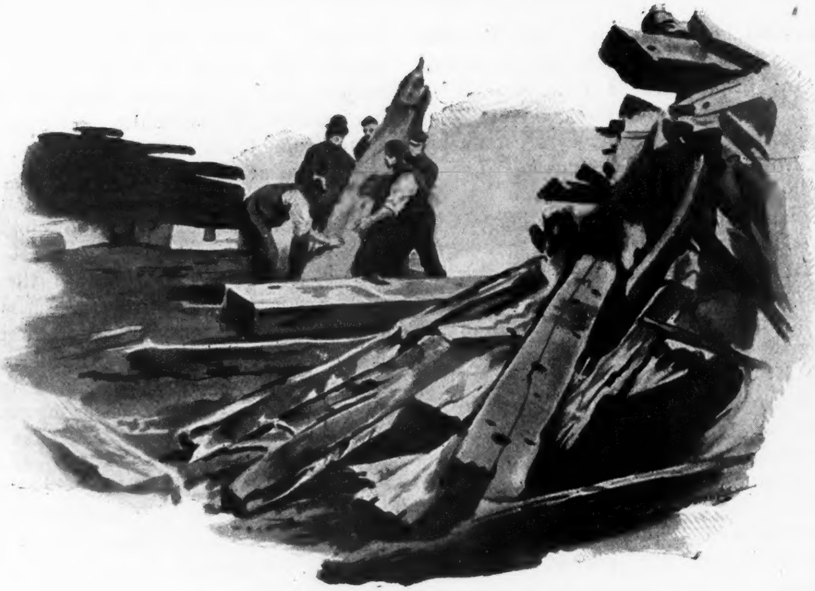
Department lie at anchor. The *Warspite* training-ship, an old man-o'-war, is moored hard by, respited for a time, though the sight of so many of her old comrades being pulled to pieces before her eyes cannot but be harrowing to her feelings. When I visited the yard H.M.S. *Grampian* was the immediate victim. She is, or rather was, an old wooden line-of-battle ship of 3729 tons burthen; a two-decker, carrying eighty-one guns, built at Devonport in 1860. She was, it will be seen, a mere youngster; even the doings of Lord Lyons and the *Agamemnon* in the Black Sea during the Crimean War were before her time. The *Grampian* was, in fact, only in commission for a few years, and was known as H.M.S. *Gibraltar*, and then, as already out-of-date, was relegated to the humdrum duties of a training-ship in Belfast Harbour. Though her name had been changed, she evidently retained her original figurehead. The gilt keys on either side the prow were clearly the keys of the Mediterranean, whilst the figure itself was probably intended for the Governor, Sir George Eliot, whose feat in keeping the British flag flying during the three years' siege by the combined fleets of France and Spain, is one of the most remarkable in our naval annals. The last voyage of the *Grampian*, from Belfast to Woolwich, was probably the most exciting of her experiences. She was caught in a gale; the tug towing her broke loose, and there was a danger for a time not only that the old boat might be lost but all hands on board. She had a decided list to one side as we scrambled aboard, but the tide was gradually righting her. Destruction had already claimed her for its own. We entered through a hole cut through the vessel's side. The decks were littered with cabin fittings. A single cabin only was still standing: a ship's scullery.

The men were not at work at the time, and I was not sorry. A ship in course of being broken up is not the safest place in the world for the onlooker; bolts and splinters fly through the air in an unpleasantly haphazard way. The boiler and engine-rooms had already disappeared; they were merely huge chasms half filled with riven timber. There was a model vessel on deck, with which the lads were taught the first principles of seamanship. This is to take its place among the naval curiosities at Vauxhall. There were further gaps in the vessel's side where a dozen or more steel wedges were in position, driven home into her timbers. A prodigious amount of wood there is in these old men-o'-war. About twenty-five acres of land would have been required to grow the *Grampian*, and no less than fifteen tons of copper to clothe her sides.

It is a skilled trade, that of the ship-breaker, for there is an art in destroying as well as in creating. Piling the timber is, however, done by ordinary dockside labour. At Woolwich, as at Vauxhall, mammoth stacks of teak and oak tower upwards on every side. There was formerly at Woolwich a memorable stack which took seventeen years to build. In this, as in the actual ship-breaking, there is a sense of frustration: the men-o'-war seem built only to be destroyed; the pile raised only to be brought to earth again. Huge steam cranes supplement the hand labour and swing backwards and forwards ceaselessly between the vessel and the shore, now empty, now with a baulk of timber or a boiler-plate in their talons. The boiler-plates, by the way, must be converted into scrap-iron before they become saleable. The ship-breaker's method seems primitive enough. The plates, as they lie upon the ground, are nicked across with a diamond-pointed chisel. Then a huge ball of solid iron is attached to a crane, raised and dropped on to them. One of these balls weighs two and a half tons.

How many ships have been broken up there? Whole fleets of them; merchant vessels, as well as men-o'-war. Nor is the supply likely to give out for years to come. There are still a score or two of our old wooden walls, in use as training-ships, naval depôts or lying up in harbour, and for some reason not yet given over to the ship-breaker.

The *Chesapeake* was broken up here. The people of Boston lined the harbour cliffs as the *Chesapeake* sailed out to meet the Britisher. It is said that preparations had been made to celebrate her return with the conquered *Shannon* in her wake. But though the metal of the British vessel was lighter, the fortune of war was with her, and so the *Chesapeake* came to be broken up in a British port. The timbers of the *Chesapeake*, scored with shot, are now doing duty



AMONG THE TIMBER

as a mill somewhere in Hampshire. Heroic material, as we know, has come to even baser uses. The famous Indian troopships the *Serapis* and *Euphrates* were also broken up here. They were triumphs of ship-building in their day, but that day soon passed. Their demolition marks the time when the Government first began to subsidise as transports the boats of the great Atlantic companies.

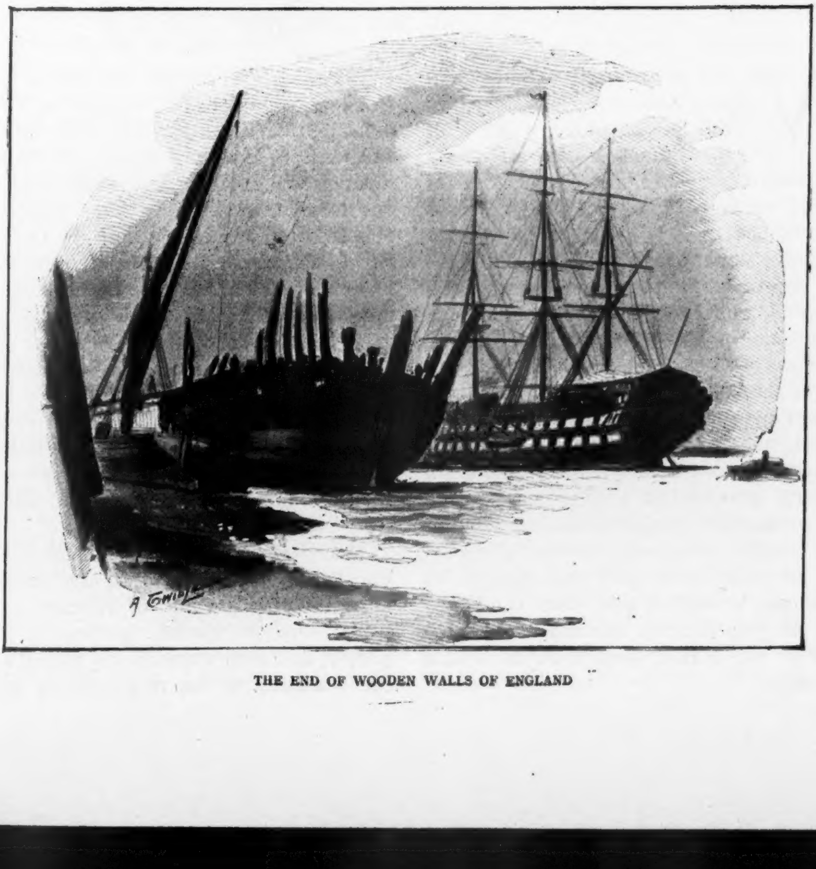
There is but little of the unexpected or romantic in ship-breaking. So many cubic feet of timber, so many tons weight of copper and iron: these are the results. But occasionally the men light upon the secret hiding-place of some person who proposed to defraud the revenue. Perhaps he lost his nerve at the last moment, or was too closely watched by the excise officers. For he sometimes leaves his booty behind him. Formerly, not only traces of shot and shell were found, but sometimes an actual projectile or two embedded in the timbers. One reason for the use of oak in ship-building was that it does not splinter so much as other woods: a ball in passing through it leaves a comparatively small hole at the point of entry. I asked the manager at Vauxhall whether they ever met with any evidence of attempts at scuttling. He replied that if existent it would be difficult to distinguish them from the ordinary repairs of the ship's carpenter.

What becomes of the parts of these old vessels? First, the cabin furniture is sold for what it is worth, if worth anything. The better kinds of wood pass to the cabinet-makers. Much of the teak is converted at Vauxhall into garden seats. They are used in the public parks as well as in private demesnes. Ship's timber is peculiarly suitable for the purpose, for it has been seasoned by service till it is practically impervious to the effects of sun or rain. A proportion of the seats in Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and the other open spaces controlled by her Majesty's Commissioners, were made from our old men-o'-war. Why not attach a plate bearing the name and date of the vessel, and her achievements? The timber is also made into summer-houses, stillions for casks, and gong-stands. The rough wood is cut up into logs and fetches a high price as fuel for drawing-room use. It is a new distraction for those who love to linger by the hearth gazing into the fire. Instead of a yellow flame there are leaping lights of red, blue and green—due to the salts in which the timber was "pickled." The sale of old ships' relics, in

London at any rate, appears to be inconsiderable. At Blackpool, I believe, where the *Foudroyant* was broken up, a thriving trade is still done in book-cases and copper trays made from her remains. The trays have an embossed portrait of Nelson on the obverse, and on the reverse, one of the famous ship, with an inscription.

The figureheads at Vauxhall and Woolwich are not to be bought with money. Their owner has grown to have a sentimental regard for them. And indeed one can hardly conceive more interesting and fascinating objects for the collector. They belong to the past. In the long peace which followed the downfall of Napoleon they were already less elaborately carved, the gilding and colouring, too, had become more subdued in tone. With the introduction of the ironclad they went clean out of fashion. The *Warrior*, the first ironclad laid down in this country, however, had a striking figurehead. It is related that whilst manœuvring under sail one day she made an involuntary present of it to the *Royal Oak*, depositing it in the gun-room of that vessel. Accidents of this kind seem to have been fairly common when the figurehead was in vogue. But it gave them another value, for the captain of the vessel would carefully preserve the gift as evidence of the identity of the vessel collided with. In the fighting ship the figurehead was so contrived that, when the vessel went into action, the arms, wings, or weapons, of the god, saint or hero, could be unshipped. Thus the danger of their being broken away or damaged was removed. The coasting collier, as a rule, still mounts a figurehead and it is generally more or less articulated. In the crowded roads and at the wharf when unloading there would be considerable risk of damage to the presiding genius of the vessel, so the captain generally keeps her limbs or other projecting parts carefully stowed away.

The merchant shipowners of the early part of the century were not mythologically minded. Gods and goddesses, with other fanciful personages, had often to abdicate in favour of an effigy of the owner himself, a typical British merchant, with a highly complacent expression and a tremendous expanse of waistcoat. Sometimes



THE END OF WOODEN WALLS OF ENGLAND

the worthy man waived his claim in favour of his wife. The stout little north country housewife is still a familiar sight on brigs plying from Newcastle, Sunderland and other northern ports.

The Chinaman paints an eye on the prow of his junk. This eye plays the part of the look-out man; thus collisions are prevented. It has been suggested that this is the primal form from which the European figurehead was evolved. John Chinaman does not appear to have cultivated to any great extent the taste for going down to the sea in ships; that would account for the elementary character of the Chinese figurehead. The figurehead of the New Zealander, on the other hand, is most elaborate. Captain Cook found them already addicted to lions' heads. This is curious because there were no lions in New Zealand at any time, so far as we know. Probably they were copyists and the original was a figurehead from a wreck of a sixteenth or seventeeth century vessel. At that time almost all the European navies affected a lion's head. Some of these old boats had a figurehead not only on the true prow, but a second on the false, or inner prow. The *Sovereign of the Seas*, built for Charles I., had on the true prow a figure of King Edgar on horseback; beneath his horse's feet were the seven petty Saxon kings subject to his sway. On the false prow was Cupid riding upon a lion. Heywood, who designed the second figurehead, explains that it was meant to symbolise "the Higher Power whose majesty is over all and rules over all his work." Nor were the prows of these old vessels the only part decorated. The parts of the vessel known as the "cat heads" and the "knight heads" derive their names from the carvings of helmed knights and cats' heads with which they were once adorned.

A MODERN EXODUS

By G. CLARKE NUTTALL, B.Sc.

We are accustomed to look upon the Exodus of the Israelites out of Egypt as a kind of event which belongs essentially to a remote period of history, the kind of event of which we could not imagine news being flashed over telegraph wires, or published with sensational headlines in the pages of a nineteenth-century newspaper. Such an exodus, we feel sure, could only happen in the days of long ago. And yet at the very end of our nineteenth century very much a parallel case has happened. Again we have a group of people set apart by their religion, standing out against a background of those alienated from them in belief, again a strong government oppresses, again we have persecution brought to bear upon them. Then leaders arise who persuade a great ruler to "let them go," and though no waters of a sea divide that they may pass, yet they traverse unscathed a mighty ocean in the search once more of a land of promise.

Yet all this is part of the history of the Doukhobors here to be set down in brief.

More than a century and a half ago in a village in the southern frontier of Russia, a small group of men separated themselves out as holding views, in some respects, in opposition to the doctrines of the Orthodox Greek Church. They called themselves Doukhobors, that is, "Spirit Wrestlers" or Members of the Universal Brotherhood, and their beliefs were in many ways not unlike those held by the Society of Friends in England. They not only repudiated all the religious ceremonies and outward ritual of the Greek Russian Church, but even did not accept the outward baptism by water and the Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ in the bread and wine.

Moreover they had a conscientious objection to any appeal to force, and refused to enter upon any form of military service. They were an earnest, godfearing set of people, and their ideas rapidly spread among the peasantry of the neighbouring villages, but, as may be imagined, they quickly came into conflict with the Government of their country since compulsory military service was a law of the land. The Orthodox Church too, naturally disapproved of their heterodoxy, and persecution accompanied by terrible abuses and outrages fell to their lot. Then as this all failed to re-convert the Brotherhood, the sect was raided and many of its members banished to Siberia.

But though dispersed it was not stamped out and it gradually gathered itself together again, and made converts so rapidly that later on it was judged the wisest thing to put apart a certain district, "Milky Waters" on the north of the Sea of Azof, where all the Doukhoborski could be sent, there to found an isolated settlement of their own (practising agriculture for a living), and so be prevented from contaminating their neighbours. This was brought about at the beginning of the nineteenth century because the true peaceable nature of the people was placed before the kindly notice of Alexander I.

For fifty years the little community flourished under the beneficent guidance of a leader named Kapustin, a man who apparently had a marked genius for government. But the authorities found to their dismay, that in spite of all precautionary measures still the sect grew and grew, until probably twenty thousand souls in the south of Russia called themselves Members of the Universal Brotherhood. So once more the heavy hand of persecution fell upon them, and they were driven out of their prosperous, comfortable homes. But all repression seemed to be in vain, so great is the vitality of the sect. Not once, but many times, have they been "moved on," and each time they settle down quietly to peaceful occupations and appear as a thrifty, industrious people who prosper anywhere. Once indeed it seemed as if they had found a permanent resting place for, in the middle of the nineteenth century, they were banished to the regions of the Caucasus Mountains and there left unmolested to live their own quiet lives. For nearly forty years all went well and then the increasing military need of the country stirred up the Government to enforce the Conscription laws. It was a bad moment for the Doukhoborski, the Government was determined to insist, they equally determined to resist. Matters began to look very serious, and the position of the Brotherhood was no enviable one under the stern measures that the Government was bringing to bear upon it. Cavalry was sent down to attack the villages, large numbers of the members were sent into banishment into Siberia, men were murdered in cold blood, and unspeakable horrors fell on the women and children. Then powerful friends were raised up to help them, and it was suggested that the Doukhobors should, as a body, leave their country and set out to find a new country and new homes in some land where freedom of thought and action is allowed, where there is no conscription to jar on their ideas of right and wrong, and no paramount religious body which could have any power to call in question their own peculiar views. But like the Israelites of old they could not go without the ruler of the land "let them go," his permission was a necessity of the case.

It was a happy day for this people when the Dowager Empress, the mother of the Czar, went down for a visit to the country where the Doukhobors were then settled. Influential allies managed to interest her in this peaceful body of people who were so religious, so inoffensive, whose lives were above reproach, and yet who had fallen on a point of conscience under the heavy whip of the military officials. She promised to do her best for them and with such success that in the spring of the year 1898—barely three years ago—she obtained the coveted permission from the peace-loving Czar, who must have felt a fellow sympathy for a war-abhorring people. So the "Spirit Wrestlers" were free to leave the land of oppression and some eight thousand of them elected to make the experiment. But it is no light thing to transplant a clan of such magnitude, nor is it every desirable country that can see its way to suddenly receiving and arranging for such an influx of new-comers. Cyprus was first thought of, but finally the rich virgin lands of Manitoba, with their promise of boundless plenty, attracted their attention and they fixed their hopes and aspirations there.

There are two sides to every question and the Canadian Government on its part, when approached on the matter, desired to know something about the character and status of these people before it definitely decided to receive them. It was easy to satisfy the

Canadian authorities, nay, to change satisfaction into heartiest welcome, for all who knew the members of the Universal Brotherhood gave them a good word. The great Russian philanthropist, Count Leo Tolstoi, wrote warmly in their behalf and his words naturally carried great weight. The Doukhobors, he said, are the best farmers in Russia, they would use seed and land given to them in the best way and their family life is above reproach. The British Consul at Batown could say nothing but good. "The Doukhobors," he wrote, "since their settlement in the Trans-Caucasus have by their good behaviour, diligence, sobriety and hard-working qualities, brought nothing but prosperity to the bare localities in which they originally settled." Others wrote too in a similar strain, so the Canadian Government sent a warm invitation, which invitation was as warmly accepted.

Then the Doukhobors, like the Israelites of old, sent out two "spies" to view the land, only these visitors were welcomed by all in the new country, and they came back with reports of a land flowing with milk and honey, a land of abundance, of a country which would set aside £1 a head to help its immigrants on their first arrival and which would map out land where each family might eventually have a homestead of its own. The Doukhobors, on their part, did not go empty-handed: they had already put aside and collected some £6000 towards their expenses, and they had, moreover, promises of further help from the Society of Friends in England. Also there was nearly £10,000 belonging to members of the community.

And then began the great exodus.

English friends chartered two steamers and, amid great preparations, the first huge party of some two thousand souls started on their long journey to the land of promise. The second started a month later with almost an equal number on board, and they both arrived, one shortly after the other, in the early days of the New Year, 1899, at Winnipeg. Here they landed and were received by a number of the best known citizens of the place, who for a long time had been making all kinds of preparations for their kindly welcome, for it is no small matter to have 4000 people, all needing board and lodging, suddenly put down into a town. Some were housed in schools, some in Immigration Hall, others had lodgings found elsewhere in and out of the town, and then when the Reception Committee had time to look round, they were able to congratulate themselves that the visitors, whom they had been expecting with such curiosity and interest, came up to their hopes. For the newcomers were men and women of fine physique and honest bearing, just the sort of people whose introduction into a new country would be wholly to the benefit of that country.

As soon as possible the best men among them were sent on, under the guidance of skilled Canadian foremen, to the lands marked out for them, while the rest of the people waited patiently until houses could be put up for them, the women and children meantime receiving many kindly attentions from the women of Winnipeg.

During the next few months the members of the Brotherhood still poured in until nearly eight thousand had arrived who hoped to make Canada their future home. Aided by willing helpers in every direction they were soon all settled in, much sooner than might have been expected. Nearly eight hundred houses were built for them (the number is increasing weekly) and fifty-seven villages were formed, so, as may be imagined, the task of settling them in has been a very onerous one for the Canadian officials, a task, however, thoroughly well met.

Already several visitors and representatives of the friends who have done so much for them, have driven long distances to visit their settlements, and most interesting are the reports they bring back. Here is a description of one of the simpler homes built by the ordinary Doukhobor immigrants. A framework is made of spruce logs, the walls are plastered neatly inside and out with clay in which is mixed a quantity of cut straw and hay. The roof is formed of poles on which are carefully laid slabs of soil, some four inches thick, thus rendering it warm and rainproof. If we looked inside we should see a single room containing, as its most noticeable feature, the large characteristic Russian oven. A few rough stools are there, some benches with longer legs are the tables, and our attention would be at once attracted to the curious bed arrangements. Along one side of the house (or it may be two sides of the house according to the size of the family) strong poplar poles laid close together and some six feet long, stretch out into the room. Over the poles hay is spread and over the hay again is a layer of thick felt, the whole forming a bed of very fair comfort. The occupants of the house, when bedtime has come, get up on to the pole-layer and lie with their heads against the wall and their feet pointing outwards into the centre of the room. When the family is exceptionally large and the space limited these beds are placed in two tiers one above the other like the berths in a ship, the upper tier being reached, as in a steamer, by a short ladder. In this one large room all the living, cooking, eating and sleeping are done, and whatever may be the disadvantage of this plan it has at least the merit of being a warm one.

Some of the houses of the "better off" members of the community have the sleeping part curtained or divided off, and these also indulge in feather beds instead of the hay and felt, but always the large oven diffuses a grateful warmth throughout the building.

And very happily have they settled down in their new homes, thoroughly contented with their adopted country; the land is fertile, the water is good, and the Government friendly. Drinking no alcohol, crime is almost unknown among them. They desire no tobacco and are vegetarians, though abstinence from meat is no part of their religion, but is the result of a vow made years ago, and it is not unlikely they may go back to a flesh diet, since vegetarianism is a distinct disadvantage to them in a country where the best food is the wild game so plentifully abounding. Fish is indulged in by some, that apparently not coming under their ban; indeed, certain of their villages are specially pitched by the sides of lakes well supplied with fish. Butter, eggs and cheese are extremely difficult to get yet, so at present they are living on the plainest fare; dry bread made from a coarse flour, and broth made of flour, water, vegetables (such as cabbages, beet, onions) is their staple food, supplemented largely by potatoes of which they are almost as fond as is an Irishman.

Although they are pre-eminently men of peace and unwilling to appeal to violence in any form, yet one of their visitors remarked with interest that they will stand no nonsense, and are well able to defend themselves when necessary. This remark was occasioned by the fact that he saw a Doukhobor well thrash a blackguard who thoroughly deserved it. It is really very noticeable how unanimous is the admiration expressed by all who have come into contact with these people in their little colonies in the new world. On every hand their praises are sung, so honest, so industrious, so moral are they. As the Canadian Year Book says of them, they are "characterised by simplicity of manners, fervent religion, and scrupulous cleanliness. Religion with them is not an incident, but enters into their daily lives. Every act is done in the name of God, in whom they have the strong and simple faith of a child in his father. Their life is extremely moral, their religious services consist of singing Psalms, reading the Bible, and extemporary prayer. Their marriage is an assent of the man and woman to live together but, as the vow is made in the name of God, they believe it is irrevocable, and no law or church can annul the agreement."

All sections of the community are equally thrifty and hard-working; the young and strongest men among them leave their homes for the summer, and hire themselves out to farmers, or to contractors on the railways, from all of whom they have won golden opinions. Indeed, one of the large railway companies has had a scheme on hand of inducing them to leave their present lands and settle in a fresh district so that the company might have the benefit of their services. With the money they thus earn they purchase horses, waggons, ploughs, provisions and clothing for the future. The older men and boys stay at home building new houses, and looking after the homes and land generally, while even the women and children do their best to help, and in one case at least we know they went on the prairie and gathered no less than 1800 pounds of Seneca root which they were able to sell for over £70. Moreover, if the men are exceptionally handy with axe and tools of every description, the women are not behindhand with their needle and spinning-wheel. They spin their own wool and weave it into cloth, which cloth they afterwards make up into clothes for themselves, their husbands and their children; in fact, they make everything they wear from its very beginning. The education of their children is encouraged, and steps are being taken to teach them English. Men and women alike are remarkably fine, healthy and strong. They love their homes, they love the land they live by, they are peaceful and law-abiding. In fact, in encouraging the Doukhobors to settle in Canada, the Minister of the Interior, Mr. Sifton, has accomplished a work that will rebound to his credit for all time to come. And, continues the Canadian Year Book, "It is not alone that he has brought into our North-West a large body of most desirable settlers, but he has advertised to the world the possibilities of our country, and shown that we have millions of acres capable of the highest wheat cultivation, and that the persecuted and poor of the world can find in our lands a safe asylum and a prosperous heritage." And there is no doubt in the minds of those who know that this modern exodus of the Doukhobors has been wholly to the loss of their own native country, and wholly to the gain of the country of their adoption.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

By MRS. ALFRED BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BROCK

THE new Rector of Polpendle preached his first sermon at St. Culdac's to as critical and unsympathetic a congregation as ever glared up at a stranger in the pulpit who had had the temerity to come among them. The most aggrieved parishioners admitted it was not the Rev. Hubert Hartland's fault that he happened to have been born and lived in the north of England. But he was responsible for having left it. He had no business to intrude where he was not wanted, among people of whose ways and customs he knew nothing, and who regarded him as a foreigner.

What could have induced Hubert Hartland, at five-and-thirty years of age, to come so far for so very little? A hundred a year and a large house, with large dilapidations to pay, would be no temptation to a rich man, and prohibitive to a poor one. The parish was too small to find work for a man in the prime of life and strength, and the population too sparse to provide him with congenial society. Had he possessed wife and family this might not have mattered greatly, but he had come into a neighbourhood where he was likely to be very lonely. Hubert Hartland jumped at the offer of a living too meagre to maintain a church mouse in reputable sleekness, and had given up a good income and position in a large town to bury himself in a remote Cornish village.

The new Rector was an old young man with pale face and stooping shoulders; time only changed him into a young old man, still keeping the brown hair and enthusiasm of his youth. And that enthusiasm was for the violoncello. To him it was wife and child, friend and companion, and he held delightful converse daily with the beloved 'cello, drawing from its melodious strings pulse-quickening tones vibrating with passion and yearning, that never yet found utterance in human speech.

Mr. Hartland's housekeeper, Priscilla Pentire, remembered the day of her master's arrival at the Rectory, and how his master, the violoncello, in its big green case, was respectfully lifted from the cart and reared on end in the empty hall. The first night in his new home the Rector sat up playing the 'cello till dawn broadened into daylight, and the candles showed mere red points of flame in the sunshine.

Priscilla feared that sleep would become one of the lost arts, owing to her master's habit of rising in the night for an undisturbed interview with the beloved instrument. But she proved less sensitive than she imagined, and was able to snore continuously while Mr. Hartland rendered with all his strength and the 'cello's a gallant aggressive measure of Sabastian Bach's, with a heavy lilt and melodious thump, like a dance for Cornish giants.

When fugues on the 'cello were heard booming from the open windows of the Rectory, the parishioners decided that the new Rector was mad. And eventually the word was applied as a term of affection, summing up the total of oddities that, in the eyes of his neighbours, set Hubert Hartland apart from his fellows. His persistent goodwill, his unworldly simplicity, won their way among the people, and before many years were past they hardly knew of which they were prouder, their Rector or his music.

Farmer Pasco, crossing the churchyard in the dusk, heard the deep, vexed tones of the 'cello resound, mourning with inarticulate longing, and he hastened home perturbed by the sound.

"Susan," he said to his wife, "something's wrong with passon to-night. The big fiddle's just crying aloud like old Jonathan Trethewey when he saw the boat go down wi' his two sons aboard. A man can't bring a sound like that wi' a stick and a yard o' catgut scraped on a hollow box, but it's in his own vitals first. Send 'en some clotted cream and whortleberries; maybe he's got a craving and can't put it into words!"

The first thing that helped to break down the prejudice against the Rector was the discovery that he could handle a boat in workmanlike style. But the alien was not received as one of themselves till he took the place of a sick man in the lifeboat to make up the crew, and went out with them through seas such as seldom devour even that iron-bound coast. Ever afterwards it was admitted, though Hubert Hartland was not a Cornishman, he was worthy to be treated as one, and henceforth he had no difficulty in persuading men to come to church on Sunday.

The women in the parish were grieved and astonished that the Rector remained unmarried. They resented the fact as a slight, individual and collective. In ten years he had made no sign; he was mute as the fishes about his affairs past or present. He had an old-world chivalrous courtesy towards women. He was deferential and kind to them, young and old, was placidly happy without their society, so that he seemed to them a being strayed from another planet, and obviously losing his way in this.

The country parson is incomplete without his garden. The man of peace should cultivate the gentlest of the arts, with his own sacred hands sow and plant, and cause the wilderness to blossom as the rose. In his garden he should be monarch of a tranquil and well-ordered state, where beauty and utility, flowers and vegetables, aptly express the sweetness and practicality of his mind.

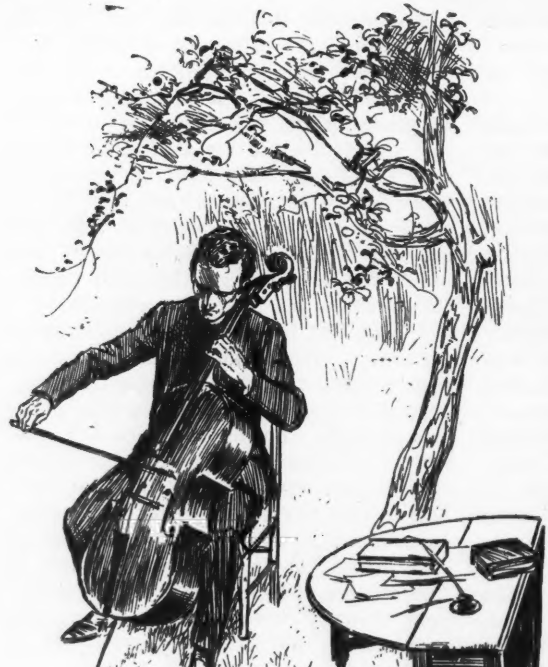
But Hubert Hartland knew nothing about gardening. He was aware that seed must be sown if plants are to spring from the earth; beyond this ignorance wrapped him about as a garment. For him a garden in winter, instead of being a treasury of hope for the coming year, was a damp tract of soil to be hurried over to gain the shelter of the porch. In summer it became a pleasant open-air sitting-room, where he sat under a tree in fine weather, like Deborah judging Israel, going through church accounts and winding up his work with a rousing country jig on the 'cello.

Mr. Hartland kept no gardener; the superannuated sexton, whose deep-digging days were long over, raked the surface of the beds and committed to the earth a selection of seeds of his own choosing, A few weeks later, and unexpected seedlings had sprung up everywhere. Bulbs pushed their green spears up through the soil, and he explored the garden in a cheerful "who'd-have-thought-it" frame of mind, that lasted till the new growths reached a stage where surprise was merged in recognition.

"The Rector be a most amaz'n' man," said his housekeeper. "He have a knowledge of the sea, and stars, and fishes, and sick folks' insides; but he knows less about growing things than a babe! If Adam had been like him, he'd ha' been turned out o' the garden for not knowing his business afore he'd had time to give offence wi' stealin' the fruit!"

None of his poor parishioners sent for the doctor till they had sent for the Rector, the only call he and the 'cello obeyed instantly, though he drew from it a sonorous groan over the interruption before he threw down the bow.

The Rector treated all sick folk alike, with a newspaper, a bowl of soup and a shilling,



"Sat under a tree in fine weather"

and after ministering to the threefold needs of mind, body, and estate, he did not hesitate to offer spiritual counsel.

When Mr. Hartland came to Polpendle St. Culdac's Church was closed from Sunday to Sunday. Not a soul penetrated its musty interior, except the woman whose duty it was on Monday with duster and broom to remove every trace of Sunday from the building. But with the revival of daily prayers St. Culdac's doors were flung hospitably open. Attracted by curiosity, a handful of parishioners attended Evensong, to try if the church smelt as much like a mushroom-bed on week-days as on Sundays; but very few repeated the visit when they had settled the point to their satisfaction.

Eight o'clock Matins resolved itself into a duet between the Rector and little Nancy Hoskins, who was ten years old and a most imperfect scholar, though making up in assurance for what she lacked in knowledge. When she came to a word she did not know, she dashed at it without hesitation and with remarkable results, but she never let the Rector down. In the same gallant spirit she attacked the alternate verses of the Psalms, apparently reading them from an astonishing revised version of her own.

The Rector had won the affection of all by loving service and sympathy. And the hardest to conquer, the middle-aged, preoccupied by the absorbing affairs of active life, sought his counsel and listened with approval, if not with conviction, to his teaching, which some, however, considered monotonous.

"There he is, at it again," said a critical member of his congregation. "The Rector's at it hammer and tongs, about forgiving your enemies and them that's done you ill turns, whether they're sorry for it or not. I want no one's forgiveness myself, and I'm not one to force it on others against their will—the way to pick a quarrel and the short cut to a row, I consider."

"You're right, Mrs. Hoskins, the Rector don't deal wi' sinners as they deserve. There's many cursings on 'em in the Bible I could join in hearty, but he chooses them soft parts about forgiving them that's offended you. All very good, but don't tell me that's the whole gospel!"

"I always think, Mrs. Pasco, he means it for Jonah Tregaskin, rubbing it in about forgiving them that's sinned against you. I see 'en pretending he's asleep when the Rector looks his way. For it isn't pleasant to be told constant to do what's beyond flesh and blood. Do you think he's likely to forgive his wife that's gone away with another man? Not if she was to come home again crying salt tears on his doorstep!"

"And what does a lone man know about such-like things? There the Rector lives by himself, without wife or child, preachin' to them that's driven near mad wi' both ot 'em!"

So thought the fisherman, Jonah Tregaskin, whose home tragedy had often been discussed by his neighbours. He resented the way in which he thought the Rector in his sermons slurred over the sinner's guilt, to appeal more forcibly to the one sinned against, and to insist on the bounden duty of forgiveness.

Tregaskin was a handsome black-haired man of forty, with a sorrowful, defiant expression, as though he had a quarrel with God and man. His life had been laid waste by his young wife, and he had neither forgotten nor forgiven.

Tregaskin waylaid the Rector in the churchyard after service to expostulate with him. They stood alone among the graves, and the fisherman's face hardened as he poured forth his bitter words.

"What I say, sir, is, knowing what has spoilt my life, it's unreasonable to keep on dinning in my ears to forgive as I would be forgiven. I've done nothing that needs forgiveness. A better husband never lived than I was for five years, till that worthless hussy threw love and faith and honour back in my face! And after that you tell me in my ruined home—thank God, there's no little ones there—and here in church— O, it's too much! I wonder I've listened twice to your words!"

"My words, Tregaskin? I am a man with a message to deliver. The words are not mine but my Master's. He bids me say to you, to myself, to every tried and troubled soul that hears me, 'If you do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive you your trespasses.' And so long as you withhold forgiveness from your sinning, unhappy wife, you shut the door of God's mercy against yourself."

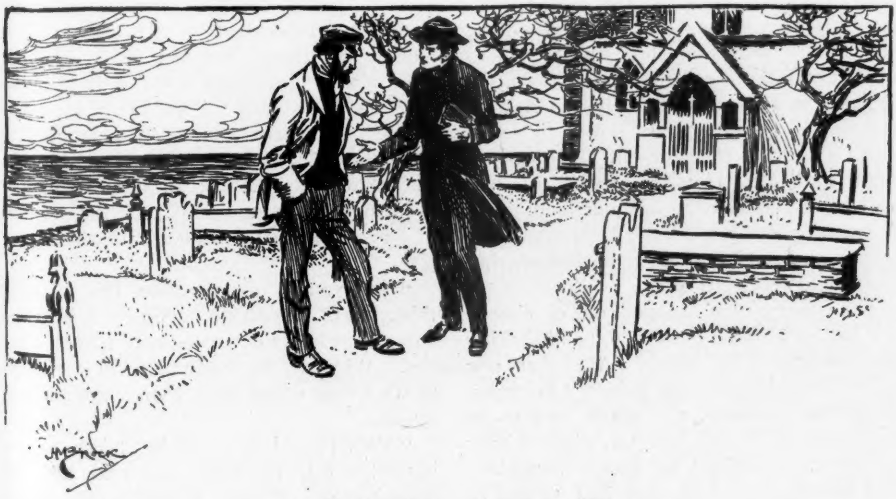
The two men stood facing each other, and no sound was heard but the big voice of the sea.

"You speak out your message like a man, sir. But it 'ud come home to me more from one that was a husband himself, and understood better what a false wife can make a man suffer."

A strange light filled the Rector's eyes. For a moment he looked as if he spoke, though he was silent.

"God will teach you and me in His own way to suffer, and yet to forgive." And he grasped Tregaskin's hand and turned homeward, and soon the 'cello was heard melodiously discoursing on the fisherman's case.

This was early in the memorable winter when desolating storms scourged the coast in deadly succession. The roar of the sea was heard far inland; lumps of tawny foam, wind-torn from the yeasty crest of the waves,



"'I am a man with a message to deliver'" flew above the cliffs, over tree top and ridge-tile. No fishing-boat could live in such seas. Even the lifeboat was beaten back three times when she tried to go to the rescue of a collier, wrecked off the coast with loss of all hands. Drowned mutilated bodies were cast up on the sands, and drift wood and broken spars choked the caves that honeycomb the base of the cliffs.

Then followed a great calm, though the sea still cast up floating wreckage, dreary tokens of its late fury.

Christmas Day was mild with pearly-tinted sky, and a great winging of gulls over the shimmering plain of sea spreading to the clear horizon. Small children holding their mother's apron stood firm on their dimpled legs, where a few days before their fathers could not stand against the wind. Boys shouted and played on the cliff path, and the sands were strewn with useless flotsam and jetsam. Two days before, a Spanish vessel, laden with fruit bound for Liverpool, had been wrecked north of Polpendle with loss of crew and cargo, and bodies of drowned seamen were cast on shore, as though weary of their wandering, and craving rest in the quiet earth.

St. Culdac's Church was so profusely decorated on Christmas morning, you walked through a shrubbery to your pew, and when the Rector rose in his bower-like pulpit, the faithful could not decide whether he most resembled Jack-in-the-green or an owl in an ivy-bush.

Mr. Hartland preached the usual Christmas sermon on peace and goodwill among men, finding within its short limits space to insist upon the necessity and blessing of forgiving as we would be forgiven. And he looked out from his leafy bower to see if Jonah Tregaskin were present. He was not there, and Mr. Hartland feared he had stayed away because he was offended. But he must deliver his Master's message; his hearers, and not he, were responsible whether they would receive it or no.

The congregation trooped out of church in a joyous clamour of bells, to hand-shaking and greetings in the porch. After every one had wished every one else a merry Christmas, the general attention was drawn to a scene of activity on the beach below, where a knot of fishermen, headed by Jonah Tregaskin, were hauling up a boat that had drifted to the shore. Every man longed to lend a hand at the work, every woman to know what it was all about.

"Come on, lads! let's see what's in the boat! Nuts and oranges, from the wreck o' the *Santander* for Christmas dessert!" And all who were neither too old nor too young for the enterprise made for the cliff path, and the Rector followed on the track of his congregation.

As Mr. Hartland descended the path that hung between blue sky and flashing sea, the sounds below died into silence. A crowd had gathered where the boat belonging to the fruit-laden *Santander* was beached, and some fishermen were lifting from it the body of a drowned sailor. A second body was taken from it, and laid on a bed of seaweed, that of a slender fair woman with delicate features and white hair.

"Are they both dead?" asked the Rector, as the crowd that had been his congregation made way for him.

"The foreign seaman's dead, sir, wi' a cut on his brow enough to kill him afloat or ashore," and Tregaskin pushed aside the tangle of black hair that concealed a deep wound. "But the lady's not dead, she may come round yet."

So refined, so delicate was the body lying with small white hands palms uppermost, they instinctively called her "the lady."

"Something must be done for her at once. Is there no brandy at hand?" and some one instantly produced a pocket flask.

The Rector knelt by the unconscious woman and moistened her lips with brandy, looking steadfastly into her face. He felt her pulse. There was a feeble flutter; he held the little hand in his like a man in a dream, and examined closely a signet ring on the middle finger. He looked again in the white face, reading in it more plainly even than traces of bodily suffering, tokens of sorrow of heart that filled him with divine pity.

"Sir, you're not used to this kind o' thing," said Tregaskin. "We'll see to the lady; there's lots o' women here to look after her. Why, sir, the body of a drowned seaman's a deal worse sight than a woman in a swound."

"This poor lady must be taken to my house! Bill Hoskins, run and tell my housekeeper to light a fire in the spare room at once, and we'll follow directly." And a little procession soon wound its way up the road from the beach, the fishermen carrying the bodies on nets swung like a shallow hammock between a pair of oars. On the one stretcher lay the Spanish sailor with dead face decently covered; his destination was the Green Dragon to await the inquest. On the other lay the unconscious woman, a light burden for two strong men. Beside them walked Mr. Hartland, his hand laid upon the oar to prevent a jarring movement. When they reached the gate of the Rectory garden he bade them halt.

"Stop! I shall carry the lady into the house; not a hand but mine must touch her." And he lifted the frail form in his arms, and carried her, as a father carries a sleeping child, into the house.

No words could express Priscilla's surprise when her master entered the room carrying in his arms the corpse, as she supposed, of a little white-haired lady.

"Send for the doctor, Priscilla, and come back to me directly; you will be wanted here," he said in tones that brought her to herself like a douche of cold water, and she flew to do his bidding. When she returned the lady lay on the bed under the Rector's eider-down quilt.

Priscilla rubbed the small cold hands in hers.

"She's opening her eyes, sir, and they're blue as a bit o' wind-swept sky."

"I know it, I know it!" And the Rector turned towards the door.

"She's off again, sir! And see, she's got a wedding ring—she's some one's wife or widow. Very like her good man's at the bottom o' the sea, and we shall have to tell her every soul went down aboard the *Santander!* O dearie, dearie!"

"Tell her nothing, Priscilla, and when she comes to herself, if she says anything that surprises you, be gentle and kind. As you hope for God's mercy, be tender to this poor woman!"

The doctor thought very badly of the poor lady's case. She was profoundly exhausted by exposure and want of food, her lungs were affected, her vital powers at the lowest. But she regained consciousness, took nourishment, and was able to speak audibly.

For three days the 'cello was silent. The Rector often opened its big green case, took out the bow, handled it as one who loved it, and put it back again. But on the fourth day Priscilla told her master, who had not seen his guest since he carried her into the room, that the patient was better.

"She's mortal weak, sir, and when she talks I bid her be quiet, and save her breath, poor thing. Only I thoft I'd ask her name; 'tis so awkward not knowing. 'Barbara,' says she." And the Rector started. "'Barbara what?' 'Barbara is my name, I have no other,' she says."

"Does she know where she is?"

"Iss, she axed me and I told her straight, or she'd worry herself wi' guessing. 'You're in the Rectory, as safe as Noah's Ark.' 'Then your master's a clergyman,' she says and sighs fit to break her heart. 'I once knew a clergyman, the best o' men he was, and I used him very ill. It's a long time ago, but not as long as you med think. It's sorrow—sin and sorrow—that's made me white. I'm only thirty-eight years old.' And I said, 'Dear heart alive! don't lie there telling such silly stories.'"

"She spoke the truth, she is only thirty-eight, God help her!"

Priscilla eyed her master keenly. "Sir, you know more about this poor lady than me. If she is only thirty-eight it must ha' taken a deal o' sin and sorrow to make her what she is at her age."

Late at night, when the fire had sunk low and the light was shaded, a weak voice called Priscilla to the bedside. The little white-haired lady fixed her large eyes upon her.

"You've been kind and good to me, and I want to tell you something before I die."

"Don't talk o' dying, my dear. You're years younger than me, and who ever heard me talk o' such a thing?"

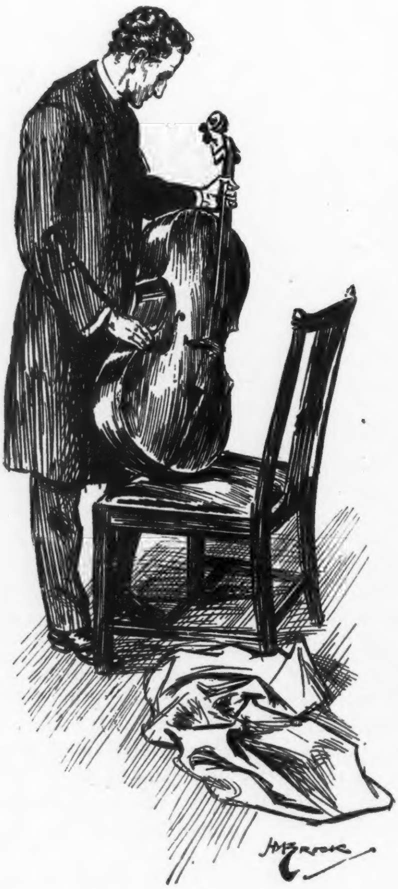
"But I am ill and worn with living. I shall die without doing the one thing I had set my heart on. I've asked God to forgive me, but I want my husband's forgiveness too. I was on my way from Spain to find him and throw myself at his feet, when we were shipwrecked on this dreadful coast, and my worthless life only was saved. And now he will never know how I repented with all my heart and soul, and died on my weary way to tell him so."

"But if 'ee had seen him, do 'ee think he'd ha' forgiven 'ee your bad conduct? There's a fisherman here, Jonah Tregaskin—his wife ran away wi' another man, and he wouldn't forgive her if she walked on her knees from one end of the Duchy to the other, he wouldn't."

"Poor woman! My husband would forgive me if I could see him. But I can never forgive myself." And tears ran slowly down her thin face.

"Would 'ee like to talk to my master? P'raps 'ee med like him to write to your husband, and tell him how bad t'es with 'ee and pray for 'ee and ease your mind?"

"He would be shocked to have such a one as I under his kind roof, and his wife too——"



"For three days the 'cello was silent"

"Bless you, my dear, sinners is what he's fondest of, and as for a wife, he haven't got none and never had! A more single-minded gentleman doesn't breathe."

Priscilla kept watch by the bedside, while the red ashes in the grate, like the sick woman's life, sank low. The rain poured in torrents, the wind buffeted against the house, the air was full of the hoarse voice of the sea. But within all was so still, if her patient stirred Priscilla started nervously. Presently she became aware of a sound neither that of wind nor sea, yet strangely mingling with both. Then the midnight silence of the house thrilled with the deep notes of the 'cello, at first so tenderly restrained they did not wake the sleeper.

The patient sighed. The deep voice of the 'cello had penetrated her dreams and waked her without start or surprise. She raised herself and looked wistfully towards the door.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear, it's only the master playing on the big fiddle."

The little white-haired lady was past being alarmed. Such wonders had happened that all things seemed possible; nothing was too strange to be real. "I shall see him again," she said softly. "He's speaking to me now! Listen! the 'cello is his voice! O tell Hubert I am here! Tell him the sea has cast me up at his feet to be forgiven!"

"O lady, who are you?"

"Tell him to come to me, to Barbara. Give him this ring." And she drew a signet-ring from her finger.

Priscilla took the ring and moved the shade from the lamp, thinking the light would dissipate the sick woman's illusions.

"Tell Mr. Hartland to come to me, now!" and she looked at Priscilla with wild, eager eyes. The housekeeper hastened to the library below and the deep voice of the 'cello died away.

"O sir, the lady's found out who you are, and I've found out who she is, and if it had pleased the A'mighty to ha' drowned her wi' every other sinful soul aboard the *Santandèr*, it 'ud ha' been a mercy and saved a scandal i' Polpendle!" And she handed the ring to her master.

The Rector took the ring, looking at it closely, like a half-blind man. Then he raised his head.

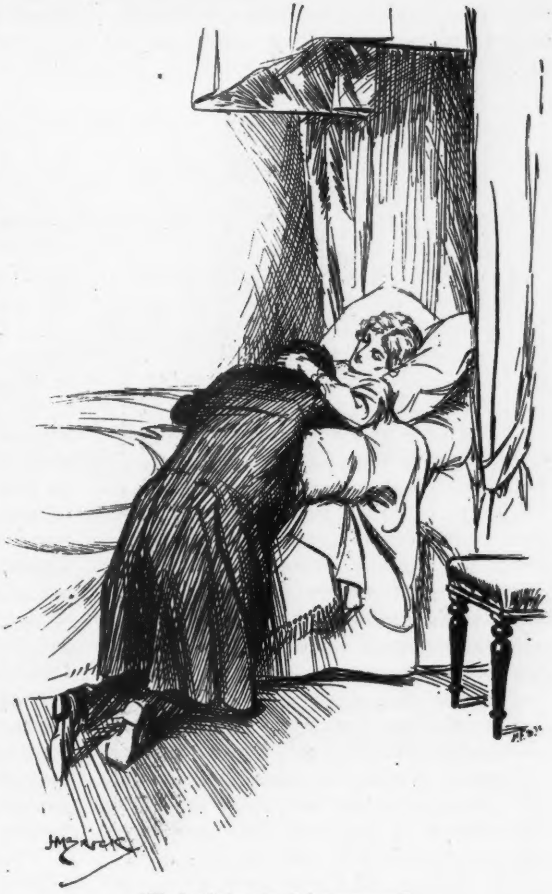
"There is no scandal, Priscilla, in this poor lady's staying beneath my roof. She was heaven-directed here. And now that she asks for me, take me to her," and Priscilla, walking as in a dream, led her master upstairs.

The Rector stepped to the bed and extended his arms in benediction above the forlorn figure stretched upon it. The lips stirred, the blue eyes were fixed upon him in mute appeal. He knelt by the dying woman. She drew his head down to her with her weak arms, and neither seeing the other, whispered in his ear a tremulous confession of sin repented, expiated, forgiven. She who forsook had herself been forsaken, abandoned in a foreign land to earn her bitter bread by teaching. Broken with sorrow and illness, she had left Spain for England to seek her husband's forgiveness before she died, and had been led through unknown ways to the haven where she would be.

When the feeble voice ceased, the Rector's face was wet with tears, but his only, for the dying do not weep.

"Hubert, do you forgive me?"

"From my heart and soul I forgive thee, my poor love, as I trust to God to forgive us both." And he kissed her with the kiss of peace.



'He knelt by the dying woman"

A brilliant smile lighted up her wan face.

"O, bless you, bless you! God will not be less merciful than His creature! Now I can go in peace. I cannot talk, let the 'cello speak to me. Make music for me, Hubert, as you did in the old days." And the Rector returned to his library.

Soon the voice of the 'cello rose softly, and gathering strength, as rays of light pierce through darkness, the pure suave tones of Handel's "Largo" spread and filled the silence of the house. The 'cello spoke to the dying woman in language more subtly apprehended than human speech. The hidden deep meaning of the melody, from its first tender opening to its triumphal close, sank into her receptive soul, and seemed to interpret the sorrow and mystery of life. With the last long-drawn note Barbara Hartland gave a sigh of ineffable satisfaction. The 'cello had delivered its message.

The Rector buried his wife in St. Culdac's churchyard. The secret tragedy of his life was now common property, a story told by the fireside and on the high road. But it was gossip without malice, and women wept by the little white-haired lady's grave as though they had known and loved her. Jonah Tregaskin was one of the bearers, for he said, "If the Rector isn't too proud to bury such as her himself, I'm not above lending a hand at her funeral. I'll say this for 'en, he's one o' them that practises what he preaches, and I'll allow he knew what he were talking about." And in the dead of night Tregaskin crept downstairs in the dark, and unfastened the front door, for he thought, "If my poor little wandering fool should take it into her head to come home, she shan't find the door locked in her face."

A DAY IN THE FARÖES

By ELIZABETH TAYLOR

AFTER a week of tempest, the morning dawns serene and clear. The inhabitants of our little town hail with delight their release from long imprisonment. There is a feeling of exhilaration, the sound of happy bustle in the air. The laughter of children echoes through the narrow lanes. Neighbours greet each other gaily, as they bring out the family garments to be dried, and festoon the rocks and turf-covered cabins with stockings, shirts and trousers. From the shore, boat after boat starts for the fishing grounds; I can hear the rattling of the long slender oars, and the singing of an old Norse ballad, as the men settle down to their powerful sweeping stroke. Seated on a rocky ledge overlooking the bay, I am trying to finish a long deferred sketch. But this is not a morning for steady work. For days my ears have been filled with the thunder of surf; from the windows of the lonely little parsonage I have seen only low scudding clouds and angry waters. And now these clear, quiet spaces above, this peace and sunshine, cause a lightness of spirit with which my feet sympathise, and I long to run, to jump, or to climb to the snowy heights which encircle the harbour.

The fjelds, usually so silent and grim, this morning resound with the shouts of men, barking of dogs, and plaintive bleating of half wild sheep being driven down to slaughter. One man, who has preceded the others, bears on his shoulders a shaggy black sheep. He puts his burden down a few yards away, and leans up against a boulder to rest. What a subject for a painting he would make in his picturesque Faröe dress, with its knee breeches, brass buttons, and moccasins of tanned sheep-skin. He has loosened his red neck scarf, and pushed back his long striped cap, showing the tawny hair which lies in close wet rings about his handsome flushed face. At his feet lies the bound sheep, against his knee presses his dog, glancing up at his master with loving eyes. Whether the background of the picture be the snowy fields, or the wide stretches of sea, either would be appropriate. A hill-sheep and a codfish represent his sources of livelihood. He is a mountaineer and fisherman, and this dual existence has preserved for him the splendid physique which is his rightful inheritance from Norse ancestors. For the Faröe folk are true Norsemen, descendants of those proud old Vikings who, not powerful enough to resist the assumption of royal authority by Harold, the fair-haired, fled from Norway to these islands, and to Iceland during the ninth century. The poverty of the Faröes and their isolated position midway between Scotland and Iceland have prevented much intercourse with the outside world, and the peasants, in their mode of living and thinking, have changed far less than those of Continental countries.

I watch the men and sheep until they disappear down the steep trail, and am just settling down to work again when I see a little Faröe boy approaching, jumping lightly from rock to rock. As he reaches me, he pulls off his cap, murmurs bashfully "Godan Morgun," and hands me a note. I divine at once its contents. It concerns a long talked of trip to the neighbouring island of Naalsöe. Three weeks ago the Hovedlærer, or head-teacher, asked me to accompany him "the first pleasant day." He is to hold an examination in a small village, and while he is engaged I can explore the neighbourhood.

An hour later the Hovedlærer's boat is fairly flying over the sea, rowed by six stalwart oarsmen. I must confess that as I embark some doubts come to mind. Have I not heard of that clergyman who, intending to make a call on Fuglöe, an island in the north, was storm-bound there for fourteen weeks, and of another clergyman who, going forth confidently to take a mid-day dinner with a parishioner on another island, was separated from home and family more than four months. But these were "outlying islands," surrounded by dangerous seas, whereas Naalsöe is in sight, only five miles away.

As we leave the harbour, Thorshavn seems to disappear as if by magic. Nine-tenths of the little capital is composed of weather-worn cabins, built on and among ledges of basaltic rock. The roofs are covered with turf, the grasses growing long and thick, so that the town harmonises with the surrounding fields, and at a short distance one can define its limits only by the curling blue smoke of peat fires.

CLIFFS IN THE FARÖES

The sea to-day is still rough, but with these skilled boatmen one need not feel afraid. Midway they rest on their oars, and pass around a tin can filled with corn brandy. As they drink, each man shouts the old Norse pledge "Sköl!" and "Tak!" (thanks) reply his companions.

Naalsöe, or "Needle island," gets its name from a curious hole in the solid rock at the southern end, through which one can pass in a boat when the sea is calm. On Sandöe, an island some miles to the southwest, is a similar opening. In the old giant days a mischief-making lady-giant put a strong band through both of these holes, tied the ends together, slipped the band over her head, and essayed to draw both islands up to a larger one in the north. Strong as she was, she found her task a difficult one, and in straining and tugging her head flew off, tumbling into the sea north of Sandöe, where it is still to be seen rising like a great dome of basaltic rock above the fierce tidal currents.

The close affinity between the Faröes and Norway is seen in their folk-lore. One finds there the same Hav-frue or mermaids, Trolls or mountain witches, the harmless Huldrefolk, hideous Marras, that in the night strangle people with their long bony fingers, and malignant water-spirits called "Nikar." Perhaps the Nikar are identical with a water-spirit of which one peasant told me. He said it lives in mountain lakes, and is "not good." Half its body is shaped like that of a man, the other half like a boat. It lives on the bottom of lakes in a rather unreasonable fashion, considering its boat-like form, but it rises occasionally in search of human victims which it pulls beneath the water and drowns. There are dwarfs also, which live in the rocks, and are blacksmiths by trade. Through them man first learned the craft, and how to temper steel. And nearer the houses live good-natured little goblins, which seem to correspond to the kindly "Brownie" of Scotch kitchens. They often bring good fortune, and perform useful "chores" about the household during the night time.

Among the Faröe proverbs or sayings are a number which are common to many countries; such as, "A burnt child dreads the fire"; "One calamity shakes hands with another" (Misfortunes never come singly); "One can lead an ox to the water, but one cannot make him drink"; and "It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks." Other sayings indicate the natural surroundings and occupations of the people: "Where there has been one mountain slide another may be expected"; "A black sheep often has a

IN A "RAT," OR SHEEP-SHEARING FOLD

white lamb"; "It is not easy to build the plank strong against the wave"; "Bound is the man who has no boat." One can picture readily from the last saying the mountainous islands, rugged, trackless, and swept by fierce seas.

Some of the riddles recall those cited by Du Chaillu in his "Viking Age." "I know a grey goose with white feathers on its neck; it is idle in still weather; is not fed with corn" (A sail ship). "A house full of meat (food) and no door to it" (An egg). "Fed in winter, starved in summer" (The wick of a lamp). This saying would be understood only in a country of high latitude, where no lights are needed during the summer months.

My small stock of Danish is adequate only to the simple needs of a traveller; but the Hovedlærer, who speaks English admirably, is invaluable as an interpreter, and our trip to Naalsöe resolves itself into a session for folk-lore investigation. I find the Faröe peasant much franker than the Icelanders in speaking of their own customs and superstitions. In Iceland I seldom met a peasant who would confess even to a knowledge of a flower superstition or childish play. I remember the struggle I had in extracting a "counting-out rhyme" from a charming young Icelandic girl. With many blushes, she declared that it was too foolish to tell; that I would laugh at her if she told it, and she consented to do so only after I, to encourage her, had solemnly chanted, "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo," "Onery, Oo-ery, Ickery, Ann," and other counting-out rhymes employed during my tender years.

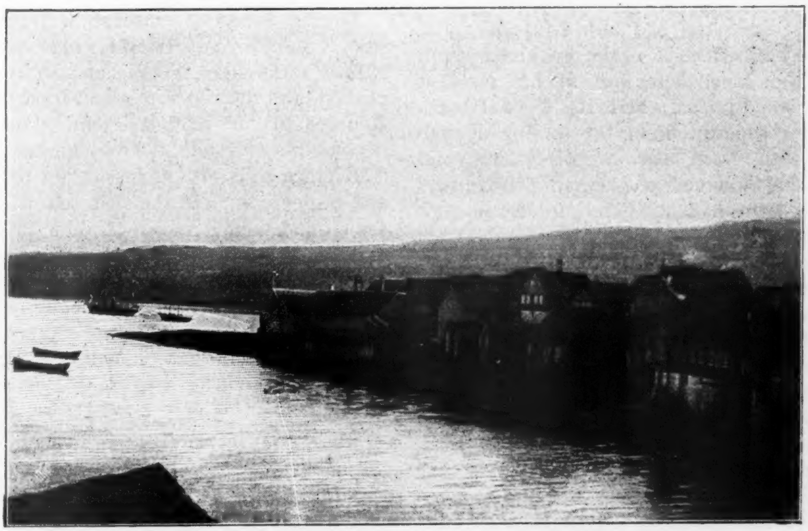
Our landing-place at Naalsöe is like most of the tiny Faröe villages. There is a church, where a sermon is preached by the Thorshavn pastor once in three weeks, a shop or two, and a cluster of houses, several being of fair size, and less primitive in arrangement. In one of these we receive a pleasant welcome from a pretty Faröe woman, whose husband is not only a skilled fisherman, but an excellent taxidermist, and wise in matters pertaining to life on the bird crags.

The preliminary step to the transaction of Faröe business is to partake of coffee and small cakes. This having been done to the satisfaction of all parties, the Hovedlærer repairs to the examination, while I sally forth in search of the picturesque. In three minutes I find it in the shape of an old Viking, who has just returned from some festive occasion in the capital. He greets me as an old friend, calls me "Thou blessed," shakes hands cordially, and insists upon showing me the dreadful remains of a recently stranded whale. On the way he warbles gleefully fragments of a ballad about "Torkills dotur," and, being unsteady on his legs, urges me to sit down and have a chat, indicating an especially marshy bit of ground. Having seen the whale, which surpasses my worst expectations, I craftily manage to lose my escort in the labyrinths of village lanes, and escape to the "infield," or cultivated lands bordering the houses.

Among the rocky fields stand several cabins built of rough stones and turf, used for drying barley. The cold summers here never ripen the grain, and after it is cut in October, it must be subjected to a strong heat for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. A great fire of peats is built on a high raised hearth of stone, about five feet above it wooden beams support laths fastened several inches apart. These are covered with a layer of straw, on which unthreshed barley is spread to the depth of several inches, and allowed to dry. Passing near a cabin, I venture to peep in, and there see a group worthy of Millet's brush. Three women, with skirts kilted high and heads bound up like Millet's "Gleaners," are treading out the grain with their bare feet. Their bodies slightly bending, and hands resting on their hips, they trot to and fro, singing as they go snatches of some Faröe peasant song. The air is luminous with golden dust, and the firelight flashes over their strong supple bodies and large fair faces. It is a charming picture, and a rare one in these days of machine labour.

But this treading of the barley does not sufficiently separate the grain from the husk. The next step is to beat it with flails; not the jointed flails formerly in use in America, but "treskyutrea," which resemble a base-ball bat, flattened a little towards the end. I was fortunate enough to see the whole process, for the women, after questioning me curiously for several minutes, confer among themselves, and I hear them say, "She is from America, and there they do not know the way of Faröe folk; we must show it all to her." After treading vigorously for perhaps fifteen minutes, they bring out the flails and, kneeling on the floor, wield them vigorously; the blows falling, one, two, three, —one, two, three, in perfect time. Later, they take down large shallow trays of wood from the walls, and putting the grain in them, separate the chaff by shaking the trays from side to side.

I find the whole affair so fascinating, and



THORSHAVN

the company of my kindly entertainers so pleasant, that an hour slips away unnoticed, and I have little time for further explorations before the Hovedlærer is ready to return to Thorshavn. The Faröe days are very short in early November, and as we cross the fjord again, the sunset clouds have turned to violet above the Stromsöe Mountains. In the fast gathering dusk we pass under the small fort, where a solitary figure paces up and down. He is one of the six marines that comprise the military strength of Thorshavn. To-day the man's duty is to watch for an overdue steamer coming from Iceland, and, when seen, to run up the Danish flag at the tall flagstaff as a signal to Thorshavn of the coming vessel.

The codfish boats are returning in a straggling line as we reach the landing. Here we cannot see the fort, but the men in the farthest boat have just spied the signal, and faintly across the water sounds a voice, "*Damperen kommer!*" (the steamer comes!). From boat to boat sweeps the sound like an incoming wave, as sonorous voices join the chorus, and "*Damperen kommer!*" cry the children's shrill voices up and down the steep lanes.

Were the steamer coming from Denmark bearing the mails and supplies, half of Thorshavn would soon besiege the Post Office. But she is homeward bound, her swept decks and crushed boats showing what a struggle she has had with Icelandic gales. So the Post Office is neglected, and I climb with the Hovedlærer up to his pleasant grass-roofed house, where the Frue Hovedlærer is superintending the serving of codfish fresh from the sea, potatoes and "Katrine-blomme" pudding, or "budding," as the Dane hath it. The enthusiasm with which I receive these delectable viands is not displeasing to the Frue Hovedlærer's hospitable soul. Afterwards, in the drawing-room, creamy coffee and "kiks" are served, and a half hour later I start homewards under my host's kindly guidance.

The streets are silent and dark, and few lights glimmer in the cabin windows. But from one large house came a blaze of light, a sound of singing and the tread of dancing feet. "There has been a wedding to-day," remarks the Hovedlærer, "and now they are dancing the 'Bride's dąnce.' Shall we go in for a few minutes?" and he leads the way up a crooked staircase. In an empty room three-score people, young and old, form a great circle, dancing hand in hand, and singing the words of an old Danish song called, "Isaach's Giftermaal." The bride, a yellow-haired peasant girl, has forsaken her pretty native costume, and wears a tasteless imitation of modern wedding finery. On her head, instead of a veil, there is a clumsy wreath of crudely coloured artificial flowers and leaves. One hand is held by the bridegroom, and the other by the Pastor, for he must dance and sing "Isaach's Giftermaal" with every bride, or give serious offence. The music in these Faröe dances is always vocal, and the whole company join in singing the legendary ballads of love, war and adventure. Round and round glides the circle sedately, almost solemnly, for this is a semi-religious rite; Isaach's Giftermaal, or "Wedding," being the Bible story of Rebecca's courtship, in thirty-two verses. As we enter the room they have reached verse the thirteenth, and Eleazer is talking with Rebecca at the well.

He said, "I pray thee, my damsel dear,
Tell me who is thy father and kindred,
And where shall I find lodging and food
For myself, my men, and my camels?"
She answered, "Bethuel's daughter am I,
With us there is room for thy people and thee,
And fodder for thy camels."

To the sound of shuffling feet the love story unfolds in quaint old phrases. Eleazer's mission is successfully accomplished, and the last verses find Isaac leading Rebecca to his mother's tent, "there to become his only wife, belovèd all her days." The dance ends with a blessing for the bride and bridegroom, and the wish that they may see around them a crowd of their children's children before death shall divide them.

Then comes a pause, and we are turning to leave, when the handsome young fjeldman I saw in the morning starts another song. This time it is the fine old ballad of Sigmund Bresteson, the true hero of the Færeyinga Saga.*

In Norway there dwells a christianed man,
Ye Norway men, dance so fair and free!
And Olave Trigasson is his name,
Hold your peace, ye good knights all!
Ye Norway men, dance so fair and free!

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* Translated by Mr. York Powell, of Oxford.

As he sings, one voice after another joins in until the room fairly rings when he reaches the couplet:

> Sigmund falls on his bended knee,
> Christ sain thee, Lord! what wilt with me?

We leave them rehearsing the events of Sigmund's career, and descend to the deserted streets. The pathway to Sandegjaard, the little parsonage where I am staying, winds close to the rugged sea coast. On the open fjord we can see dimly the black hull of the steamer. As we mount from the hollows of the road to higher ground, a burst of song comes clearly to our ears. In fancy we follow the dancers through Sigmund's adventurous life, through stormy voyage and Viking battle, murder and treachery, to his tragic death.

> South in Southrey was he slain,
> And north in Skuvey was buried again.

Then silence, the ballad is over, and the tired dancers are resting.

In the north the Aurora flashes to the zenith in streamers of white and red. Seaward a black mass of clouds is spreading and mounting slowly. The Aurora and the coming storm suggest two vast forces arrayed against each other, and preparing for conflict. And who can doubt which will conquer? To-morrow will see the loosed storm raging furiously over the Faröes. Our respite has been a short one. From the dark crags below sounds another precursor of tempest, a wailing sound like that of a suffering woman. I hear it often along these wild shores. It is not the wind, nor the surf, and there are no trees or shrubs to serve as harp strings for the wind to play upon. I have tried in vain to account for it, to find some tangible practical reason for its existence. The Faröe peasant has no such need of investigation. He knows it is the Huldre-folk quitting their homes in caves among the rocks to bemoan their soulless state, and it behoves the listener not to speak lightly of them, but to say a little prayer for the gentle Huldre-folk.

And now, turning from the darkening sea, the bright windows of Sandegjaard send long rays along the path, and the opening door admits me to light and warmth and cosy shelter.

THE OLDEST SONG IN THE WORLD

ITS SIGNIFICATION, HISTORICAL AND ETHICAL

By the Rev. VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

> Adah and Zillah, hear my voice,
> O wives of Lamech give ear to my word!
> For a man have I killed for wounding me,
> Even a youth for bruising me.
> Truly Cain shall be avenged sevenfold,
> But Lamech seventy and seven!
> Gen. iv. 23, 24

APART from the fact that the Song of Lamech is the first piece of poetry in the Bible, there remains the extremely interesting probability—a probability that might almost be called a certainty—that it is the first piece of poetry known to us, the very oldest song of the world that, at least, has come down to us. Many of the Vedic hymns of India date back to 1500 B.C., as those who have read the works of Professor Max Müller are aware, but the Song of Lamech lays claim to a deeper antiquity than this; it claims, or at any rate the compiler of the "Jehovistic Narrative" claims for it, an antediluvian date. The vexed question of a "universal deluge" is beside the mark here: it does not matter when it is merely a question of antiquity whether the deluge recorded in Genesis was universal or not. All we are concerned with is this: as an historical fact the Hebrew historian has placed the flood which he records at a very remote date indeed, and the same historian quotes the Song of Lamech as the composition of a time considerably previous to this flood.

Now it would reasonably appear that only one argument can be raised against the antiquity claimed for the Song, and we must not omit to notice it, as it is a particularly important one. It is this. Songs are frequently written in after ages describing events that occurred centuries before. As a simple example, take Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," or, better still, because it is written in the historical present, Macaulay's "Horatius." Might not, then, this Song of Lamech be simply the composition of an after poet? We know that probably many of the Psalms bearing the title of David were written long after David's death. Suppose that the Song of Lamech were drawn from the Book of Jasher. Now, as the Book of Jasher contained David's lament over Saul and Jonathan, its date must be brought up at least to David's reign. Is, then, the Song of Lamech so ancient as it claims to be?

This is a very plausible argument, but it can be easily met. In the first place, there is no evidence that the Song of Lamech was ever incorporated in the Book of Jasher, and even if it had been, we must bear in mind that this Book was a collection, and as a collection it would contain songs of all ages and periods, so that the fact of a song being incorporated in it would be no argument against the antiquity of that song.

And for the antiquity of the Song of Lamech there is one very strong argument, and that is the Song itself. Its rugged style and the obscurity of its meaning favour its antiquity; nay, its very length points to this. It is short in the extreme—it is fragmentary. What is the obvious conjecture? That it is only a part, perhaps the refrain, of a longer composition. And when songs are handed down orally, as this probably was at first, it is very rare that the whole is preserved. We know, surely, the choruses or a couple of the stanzas of scores of songs and poems, but we cannot remember, or have never seen, these songs and poems in their entirety. The songs committed to posterity orally often dwindle down to a chorus or a couple of lines. And though the fragment we have of Lamech's Song points to a longer composition, the fact that the fragment only was inserted in his document seems to show that the historian was acquainted with no more, for had he been able he would in all probability have inserted the song in full, as he does, *e.g.*, in the "Blessing of Jacob."

We may safely say, therefore, that there is very little evidence that will stand against the antiquity that is claimed for the song, and that it may reasonably be considered as most probably being the oldest song extant. The exact date of its composition cannot be determined, and whether it was originally composed by Lamech himself must remain a matter of pure conjecture.

But when we come to consider the Song in its connection with Lamech we at once draw near a most interesting topic. Lamech was the fifth lineal descendant from Cain, and, with the exception of Enoch, is the only one of that posterity whose history is related with some detail. It is also interesting to notice that Lamech's wives, Adah and Zillah, and his daughter Naamah, are, with the exception of Eve, the only women of whom any mention is made previous to the Flood; while two of his sons, Jubal and Tubal-Cain, were the fathers, as we shall see, of a new stage of civilisation.

The Cainites have always been regarded as being typical from the first of a distinct race of people as distinguished from the Sethites. With them civilisation appears to have been more rapid, and instead of leading the nomadic life which probably characterised the descendants of Seth, we read that they founded a city. We may describe them, perhaps, as a "go-ahead," worldly-wise race of men. Those who know anything of the various systems of "Gnosticism" are aware that Valentinus, in his mythical definitions of Scriptural characters, divided mankind into three branches—the Spiritual, symbolised by Seth; the Animal, symbolised by Abel; and the Material, symbolised by Cain. This is all very fanciful, but still there is an element of truth in it, and perhaps these Cainites were material, worldly-minded men, setting a high price on the standard of "utility," and marching forward on the road of progress. At any rate we know they produced the first inventors we hear of in the Bible, types of men who may be said to have founded the art and the manufactures of the world; men who, with the true material instinct, saw in Nature a storehouse of wealth to be worked and adapted by human means. It is not the highest conception of Nature, although a very true one; and thus it was, in all probability, that, engrossed with the utilitarian aspect of Nature, they gradually and surely lost the truth that Nature is the revealer of the Deity. It is a strange but certain fact that Nature attracts men towards God, or repels them from Him, according to the standpoint from which they have chosen to view Nature.

What does the Song of Lamech teach us concerning the ethics of the age? That it throws some light, if only a faint one, upon them can be demonstrated. The poetry of any age throws light upon the time of which it treats if it be the composition of a true poet. It has been said that the poet is born and not made. This is very true, but the poet is the product of his age nevertheless. The poet is the seer who pierces into the depth of things. In him we may read the thoughts, the ethics, the springs of action of his time, and not merely his own thoughts. He has "seen" and he portrays it. He does not merely, if he be a true poet, give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name"; he sets forth realities which others, less deeply seeing than himself, pass over unnoticed. It may be only a truth that a wayside flower has taught him, it may be a truth that he sees underlying the basis of an empire, but it is the same with both. He sees it and he tells it. The poet who is worth anything works in the School of the Prophets as well as in the Home of the Muses. If, then, there is anything to be learned from the Song of Lamech, let us try to discover it.

There have been three different interpretations of the Song. They are thus briefly given in the "Dictionary of the Bible":

"Jerome relates a tradition of his predecessors and of the Jews, that Cain was accidentally slain by Lamech in the seventh generation from Adam. Luther considers the occasion of the poem to be the deliberate murder of Cain. Herder regards it as Lamech's song of exultation on the invention of the sword by his son Tubal-Cain, in the possession of which he foresaw a great advantage to himself and his family over any enemies."

We will dismiss the two first interpretations at once and devote ourselves to the consideration of the third. The age of music and iron had commenced. Jubal and Tubal-Cain had discovered two great powers—the power of music and the power of iron. They go well together sometimes, as when the bugles sound the bayonet charge! It is with the power of iron that we have to do, the power of peace, commerce and prosperity, the power of war, destruction and devastation—the reaping-hook and the sword—the ploughshare stained with good old mother earth, and the spear stained with a brother's blood!

"Tubal-Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." Very tersely put, but deeply significant! The father of blacksmiths, the founder of a mighty craft. Amid the din of steam-hammers, the glow of molten iron, the whir of terrible engines in the vast workshops of to-day, there hovers the spirit of old Tubal-Cain. What did he make? Ah, what do the records of art tell us that men made when they passed from a stone to an iron age? Not peaceful utensils and implements only, but weapons of war. The roughly-cut flint becomes the father of the broad-bladed battle-axe, the spear, the sword, and the deadly arrow-head. It may be the first sword of that age was made by Tubal-Cain, and the household of Lamech were the first of the Cainites to carry weapons of warfare manufactured from iron. Alas, that man should draw from Nature's storehouse the means for taking human life! Cain was the first murderer of whom we read, and Lamech was the next. It seems that some young man had struck and wounded him, whereupon Lamech tried upon him the edge of a sword which his son had made, and killed him. Then, in exultation over this cruel deed, he sang his song of boasting to his wives: "I have killed a man," he said, "even as Cain did, but woe unto any one who tries to avenge his death by killing me in turn, for if God promised that Cain's death should be avenged sevenfold, I can do more than this, my sons are armed with mighty weapons and shall revenge themselves more completely. Thus my vengeance shall be greater than God's."

It is a song of selfish, godless boasting, and a commentary on a selfish, godless age. It seems strange that the Cainites, with their advance in civilisation, should have receded from God and God's morality. Lamech had two wives; "in the beginning it was not so," but Lamech, doubtless, considered himself more highly civilised. And with the progress of civilisation man began to trust in his own power. Cain had appealed to God, Lamech appealed to the "utility of civilisation." The age was essentially material, and it had reached that period when sensationalism began to flow into the thoughts and actions of the people. The crime of Lamech was a sensational crime. The Song of Lamech was a sensational piece of literature. The fact of its having been handed down to posterity proves the love of mankind for the sensational. The history of mankind in these remote ages, in all ages, shows us that nations and individuals have at every time displayed a craving for sensationalism. Thus it is that the Song of Lamech, the crazy utterances of the Delphic oracles, the popular songs which Arius the heretic composed to win over the lower classes to his teaching, the Sagas of the Norsemen replete with the warlike themes of the God of Thunder, the "penny dreadfuls," by which so many of our youths are corrupted at the present day, and the "realistic novels," which are so much sought after by the weak-brained people who read them, all belong to one and the same class of literature, the literature of popular sensationalism.

The poet "saw." Lamech saw what he thought was the truth, and that was himself. This proud and boastful song stands forth as a commentary on his age—and perhaps ours. Probably, when the unknown compiler of the "Jehovistic Narrative" introduced it into his work, he thought: "This song will explain what men were like in Lamech's time better than I can." It does explain this. It is a sad landmark in the march of an age's civilisation.

NOTE ON THE SOURCE.

It is now a widely recognised fact, and one the discovery of which we owe to the investigations of those who have applied a careful and rational method of literary criticism to the various books of the Old Testament, that the Book of Genesis, as we have it, is the result of a compilation of previously existing manuscripts. The Hebrew historian had his own peculiar methods of working, and in the compilation of a narrative he often inserted long passages verbatim from documents at his disposal, without acknowledging, as a modern editor or compiler would do, the sources from which he drew materials thus "ready made." This, I believe, is the chief reason why critics tell us we have to depend almost, and in most cases entirely, on internal evidence when we wish to reach results as to the structure, compilation, and editing of the books of the Old Testament.

The Book of Genesis, so many modern critics tell us, was compiled from three main sources or documents. First, that known to critics as the "Priestly Code," and which, among other peculiar characteristics, is distinguished by its terse and legal phraseology; secondly, from the "Jehovistic Narrative," a document in which the "covenant name" of the Deity, יהוה, predominates; and thirdly, the "Elohistic Narrative," characterised by the use of the word אלהים for God. These two latter documents were undoubtedly fused together (or rather selections from them were compiled) before they came under the notice of the compiler of Genesis, and are known to critics as the "Jehovah-Elohistic Narrative," as distinguished from the "Priestly Code."

The Song of Lamech occurs in one of the divisions of the "Jehovistic Narrative," viz., Gen. iv. 1–26.* It is not my object to enter into any complicated critical questions, but I would only say that it has been pointed out by Canon Driver that the author of the "Jehovistic Narrative" "excels in the power of delineating life and character" throughout the Hexateuch, that his dialogues are frequent, and that a "fine vein of ethical and theological reflexion pervades his work."

Now your true historian is not the man who merely records cut-and-dried facts He has a broader scope to work upon than [illegible]; he will try to look beyond the facts and discover the thoughts, the impulses, the ambitions, in fact the characters of the men who have "made history." To such a man as this even a song is not lost. He sees in the poetry of an age the embodiment of much of the thought of that age, and he sees in the thought of the age much of the causes that led to the actions of that age. A national song, a national poem, is to him a real page of history, and so, I think, the introduction of Lamech's Song is well in character with the peculiar graphic historical style of the unknown author of the "Jehovistic Narrative."

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* Driver's "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," p. 12.

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

By the Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE REIGN OF DEATH

"Death reigned."—Rom. v. 17.
"Christ abolished death."—2 Tim. i. 10.

"CHRIST abolished death." The writers of the New Testament are often very bold, but this is surely one of the very boldest words of all. "Abolished death?" Yet Paul himself, who wrote it, is dead, and Timothy, to whom it was written, is dead, and we, too, are dying. What is the world but one great graveyard? The reign of death—that we can understand, for the symbols of its sway are everywhere; but death "abolished"—how can this be? Yet here are the Apostle's words: "Our Saviour Christ Jesus, who abolished death."

The language is very wonderful; and if it no longer fills us with wonder, it can only be because "a veil lieth upon our hearts." And yet, wonderful as the language is, it is only that which the apostles always speak concerning death. It is so always that they bear themselves in the presence of death. They will not crouch before it as a tyrant; neither are they content to stand erect before it, as in the presence of an equal; rather do they exult and triumph over it, as a conqueror over a crushed and broken foe. Shall we not do well to seek to recover this New Testament feeling about death?

But first let us remind ourselves what is man's ordinary, natural feeling in regard to it. We have already noted Paul's words about the "reign" of death. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews speaks of those who "through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." We sing in our great Christian chant of "the sharpness of death." And, verily, there is no more sternly real fact within the range of human experience. Who can think, and not grow solemn as he thinks, of the endless procession of the generations into the eternal silence? "One after another, they have come and waxed green like the leaves of summer; one after another they have fallen and vanished like the leaves of autumn." The conditions of life are continually changing as knowledge grows from more to more, but through all changes death holds on its way unchanged.

All passes with the passing of the days,
All but great Death—Death the one thing that *is*,
Which passes not with passing of the days.

How helpless we are against death! How it flouts and mocks us, levelling all distinctions in the dust; laying its icy hand on king and peasant alike; herding all men, the wise and the foolish, the good and the evil, into one narrow fold! No matter what use we make of life, whether we use it well or ill, the same end awaits us all, all must close it amid the same impenetrable shadows.

And on what mere "chances," so does it seem to us, do the great issues of life and death hang! A street accident, a bit of insecure scaffolding, the momentary failure of a drowsy signalman in his box, and lo! eternity is here. And to what drear gulfs of nothingness does death lead us! Our dead are silent; they give us no sign; between us and them there is a great gulf fixed. "O awful mystery of death," cries one great writer, "to-day there is life and brightness and power and thought, and affection deep and strong, and character made rich and beautiful by long discipline and the wealth of years' experience, and force to govern hearts and wills, or to turn the courses of the world; and to-morrow all is vacancy; there is nothing there; he is never to be spoken to again; he is nowhere any more to be found; all has passed away like a mist dissolving."

There is a brief chapter in Mr. John Morley's "Life of Richard Cobden," which no one who has read can ever forget, which tells of the death of Cobden's only son. The boy, who was at school on the Continent, was struck down by fever, dead and in his grave, before the parents learned one word of what had happened. When the dread tidings reached them it was as if they had stumbled suddenly over his corpse. The mother, when the first hours of her grief were over, and she realised what had befallen her, sat for many days like a statue of marble, neither speaking nor seeming to hear, her hair blanching with the hours. "God!" cried Cobden, "what a mystery of mysteries is this life—that one so young and bright, around whom our hopes and dreams had been twining themselves for fifteen years, should be in a few hours struck down and withered like a weed!"

It is the cry we know so well, as of some trapped and wounded thing, the heart's exceeding bitter cry against cruel death—the tragic commonplace of poets and moralists in every age. And with this must we be content? Is there no more to be said? Or may we find in Scripture some sure word whereunto we may take heed as unto a lamp shining in a dark place? This is the question to which in our next reading we must seek an answer, sure (as one has said) that anything that will abate the sharpness of death is well worthy the lovingkindness of God and the deep thanksgiving of man.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE DEATH OF DEATH

"Christ abolished death."—2 Tim. i. 10.

WHEN we turn to the New Testament to learn its teaching concerning death, this fact meets us upon the threshold: Christ Himself died; He, too, suffered, as all the sons of men must suffer, the dark and sore abasement of death. And the sacred writers, not content with the simple statement of the fact, set it forth under a great variety of phrase, as if to impress upon us that in this, as in all things else, Christ was made like unto His brethren. He not only died, He "tasted death," He became "obedient unto death," death had "dominion over Him." For a time "death reigned" even over Him; the Lord of life bowed down before the lord of death. So, on the one hand, is it written. On the other hand we find language of quite another sort. Christ died, but "death no more hath dominion over Him"; He died, but it was that "through death He might bring to nought him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." "The last enemy that shall be abolished is death"; but he *shall* be abolished, for Christ must reign "till He hath put all His enemies under His feet." Nay, says the Apostle, death is already abolished; already has death surrendered to Christ the keys of hades and joined the procession of His triumph.

Nor is this all; Christ died, says the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that He "might deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." And as we turn the pages of the New Testament we can see for ourselves how the great deliverance has been wrought. Death to the first Christians was a departing —"my decease," one of them calls it, "my exodus" from the weary desert wanderings into the fair promised land. It was the dissolving of "the earthly house," "the putting off of my tabernacle," to be clothed upon with the "habitation which is from heaven." It was the pouring out of a drink-offering, the joyful surrender of the soul to God; and, oftenest of all, perhaps most beautiful of all, it was a sleep. "Then He appeared to above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain until now, but some are fallen asleep." As Dr. Maclaren says, the vision of the risen Jesus had for above five hundred brethren turned life into a patient waiting and death into a falling asleep. And what a wonderful word is that, too, of Paul's: "All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, *or death*. . . ." Death no more the dread tyrant, but the servant of the servants of God. Verily, when men can speak thus they have been delivered from the bondage of the fear of death.

Whence came the deliverance? What was it that took the terror out of men's eyes as they looked into the face of death? It was a wholly new thing in the world, this feeling about death which the New Testament reveals. Even the Old Testament saints knew nothing of it. They hoped indeed for immortality and resurrection, but they had no warrant for their hope. Sacred traditions of their history told of dead men raised to life by the power of God, but only to pass a second time under the power of death. Here and there some trustful, loving soul breaks out in revolt against the dominion of death,

> Thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol;
> Neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see
> corruption.

But again the voice of hope is answered by the wail of despair,

> In death there is no remembrance of Thee:
> In Sheol who shall give Thee thanks?
> The dead praise not the Lord,
> Neither any that go down into silence.

The New Testament feeling about death, I repeat, was a thing wholly unknown in the world before Christ came. Whence, then, did it come? What was the faith whereof these mighty hopes were born? There is but one answer: life and incorruption were brought to light "through the gospel"; it was by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead that men were begotten again unto a living hope; it was from the empty grave in Joseph's garden that there sprang, like some lovely flower, the pure, calm faith of the first disciples.

Our hope of immortality hangs on the risen Christ. One—and only one—do we know who has died whom yet death has been powerless to hold. Christ died, as our loved ones die; but while they come back to us no more, neither speak nor give us any sign, He broke the bonds of death, and showed Himself alive after His passion by many proofs. If Christ be not risen, if the Gospel story ends with the Cross, and Easter Day be struck out of our calendar, death's cruel sway is still unbroken, the lord of life is death itself. But if Christ be risen, that iron reign is shattered, the risen Christ is lord of life and death alike. Apart from Him, man's hope of immortality grows every day more faint and tremulous; with Him it is a hope both sure and steadfast, the anchor of the soul. For, be it remembered, Christ's resurrection is no solitary incident. "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers." Christ is "the Firstborn from the dead," "the Firstfruits of them that are asleep"; and all who put their trust in Him shall share with Him His triumph.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE GOSPEL FOR THE CHURCH

"The living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe."—1 Tim. iv. 10.

THERE is a special relation in which God stands towards all them that believe in Him: He is "the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe." There is a special relation in which they that believe stand toward each other: "Work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of faith." And there is a special duty laid upon all believers toward "them that are without": "Walk in wisdom toward them that are without." It is this threefold relation—to God, to our fellow-Christians, and to the "outsider"—which will form the subject of this and the two following papers.

There is, the Apostle tells us, a sense in which God is the Saviour of all men. All men are the object of His love; to all men His saving purpose extends; He sent His Son to be the propitiation for all men's sins. But all men do not respond to the divine love; all men do not co-operate with the divine will; all men do not appropriate the divine redemption. And though this does not extinguish the divine love, nor change the divine will, nor make void the divine redemption, it does hinder the full realisation of the divine purpose. God cannot thrust Himself on unwilling hearts, and He is the Saviour in the deepest, highest, fullest meaning, only of them that freely receive His proffered grace, "of them that believe."

This distinction, which is a very real one, is probably not so prominent in the minds of men to-day as it once was. The doctrine of the divine Fatherhood, a fatherhood which includes every son of man within its all-loving embrace, has so completely captured our thoughts that we find it difficult even to give a hearing to any other truth which may qualify it. That there is a very great and true sense in which God is the Father of all men none will deny. All men are His offspring; all men bear, in some degree at least, His likeness, since all are endowed with reason, with conscience, and with moral freedom; and all men are the objects of His love. These facts alone constitute a great and wonderful relation, and if, viewing it from the divine side, we choose to describe it by the name of Fatherhood, no harm is done, provided always we make it plain in what sense the term is being used. But it ought to be clearly understood that it is of a far higher relation of which the New Testament is speaking when it calls God "Father" and men His "sons." This is not a natural relation into which men are born; it is a spiritual relation into which they enter by faith in Christ Jesus. To say that God is the Father of all men in the same sense, that all men are His children in the same sense, and that He loves all men alike, irrespective of what they are, is to assert what the New Testament consistently denies. What can possibly be plainer than passages like these?

> "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God" (Rom. viii. 14). "For ye are all sons of God, through faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 26). "As many as received Him to them gave He the right to become children of God, even to them that believe on His name" (John i. 12, 13). "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is begotten of God" (1 John v. 1).

Let no man, therefore, suffer himself to be lulled into a false security. If God's Word have any meaning, His thoughts and feelings toward us are not the same whether we do well or whether we do ill, whether we receive the message of His Son, or whether we reject it. It does matter, it matters much every way, whether we are seeking to serve and to please Him, or whether we are breaking His commandments and defying His authority. And if while we obey not the truth but obey unrighteousness, we yet think to say within ourselves, "God is good, and in the end He will bring to pass only that which is good concerning us," we do but miserably deceive ourselves.

But, on the other hand, to them that receive Christ, God draws very near; the Saviour of all, He is especially the Saviour of them that believe. We are all God's "offspring"; we are all members of a race which Christ has redeemed, and therefore, apart altogether from any response on our part, we receive many great and wonderful gifts. But God's greatest gifts are for His own alone. It is they alone who know the joy of His salvation and rejoice in hope of the glory of God; it is to them alone that all things work together for good; to them alone is given "the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father"—all the things, in short, which God hath prepared for them that love Him, and which the unloving, because they are unloving, can never taste. "At our first return to God we find it hard to believe that God loves us notwithstanding our sins. This is the Gospel for the world; and until we believe it the Christian life cannot begin. But there is a second Gospel, a Gospel for the Church—that God loves with a deeper and stronger love those who love Christ and keep His commandments; and until this second Gospel is received as heartily as we received the first, the Christian life can never reach the height of its power or the fulness of its joy."

FOURTH SUNDAY

BRETHREN IN CHRIST

"As we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of faith."—Gal. vi. 10.

God is "the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe"; within the wider and more general relation there is a special and narrower one. So likewise, the Apostle says, we are to "work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of faith." There is a Christian duty of specialisation. Of the obligation to universal benevolence I say nothing just now, not because it is not important, but because it is not my subject. I wish to speak in this chapter of the duty of Christians to realise their brotherhood in Christ with all them that believe.

The duty is writ large on every page of the New Testament. "Brethren," in the writings of the Apostles, means always fellow-Christians not fellow-men. It is one of the great names—like "saints," "disciples," "believers"—for the followers of Christ; and while the word speaks first of the common spiritual life which we derive from God who is our Father, it speaks not less of the new obligations which that great gift lays upon all who share it. The Apostle John writes of this matter with great plainness of speech: "He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." "Whosoever loveth Him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of Him." Nay, this love of the brethren, he says, is one of the "marks of the new birth": "We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren." And with still growing emphasis he declares, "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."

Nor is Paul, different as is his point of view, one whit less emphatic. "Concerning love of the brethren," he says to the Thessalonians, "ye have no need that one write unto you: for you yourselves are taught of God to love one another"; that is to say, "brotherly love is of the very essence of

Christianity; it is not a remote consequence of it which might easily be overlooked unless it was pointed out"—"but," he continues, "we exhort you, brethren, that you abound more and more." "In one Spirit," he says in another place, "were we all baptized into one body," and in this body "there should be no schism," "the members should have the same care one for another"; so that "whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it: or one member is honoured, all the members rejoice with it." It is on this same ground—because "we are members one of another"—that he urges the Ephesian Christians to put away falsehood and to speak truth each one with his neighbour; and it is in this same great relationship that all other distinctions are to be lost sight of and forgotten: "There can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female: for ye are all one man in Christ Jesus."

How this great idea worked in the early Church, setting the solitary in families, giving even the slave who was a believer his place in the Christian household, knitting men into one great brotherhood of holy and loving service, and out of the strangely mingled elements of that wild time bringing forth such sweet and winning harmonies that even from reluctant lips the cry was wrung: "Behold these Christians, how they love one another!"—of this, I say, no one now needs to be told. What we do need to be told is that the Church to-day must hold fast to this great idea if she is not to lose her chief witness to the world and forfeit her right to be called a Church at all. Present day Christianity, alas! "is seamed through and through with caste feeling." We are making very much just now of the doctrine of the divine Fatherhood—indeed we sometimes speak as though it were a discovery of our own generation—but the filial consciousness often fails to produce the fraternal consciousness. We call men "brethren" whom yet we neither treat nor regard as brothers. Indeed, some of our ecclesiastical arrangements seem as though they had been expressly designed to remind the poor man of his social inequality even in the house of God. And alike at home and abroad our work is brought to nought because so often sectarian jealousy casts out brotherly love. When Mr. Froude was in South Africa he met, he tells us, two native princes who were Christians and anxious for their father's conversion. But he stuck to his heathenism. "My sons," he said, "want me to be baptized. I say to them Christians here," pointing to the Wesleyan station, "and Christians there," pointing to the Anglican monks. "Christians there won't speak to Christians here. When one of them has converted the other it will be time to come to me." "'Tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

Meanwhile, let us take heed to ourselves. Do we Christian men and women think as we ought of the duties which we owe to those who are fellow members with us of the household of faith? Do we consider that just as we are under obligation to our brothers and sisters, whatever may be their personal merits or attractiveness, so likewise our fellow Christians have claims upon our love and service not merely when they happen to be interesting or clever but always, and because they are our brethren in Christ? When we are forming our friendships and filling up our social circle, do we take account of what men are to Christ and, therefore, should be to us? For until we make it our aim to do good unto all men, but "especially unto them that are of the household of faith," we are slighting alike the authority of Christ and the claims of them whom He is not ashamed to call His brethren.

FIFTH SUNDAY

OUR DUTY TO THE "OUTSIDER"

"Walk in wisdom toward them that are without."—Col. iv. 5.

I HAVE spoken in two previous papers of the twofold relation in which every Christian stands, on the one hand toward God, and, on the other, toward his fellow Christian. It remains now to consider our duty "toward them that are without."

The distinction, stated or implied, between "them that are without" and "them that are within" is very common in the New Testament. It meets us first in our Lord's words to His disciples, "Unto you is given the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without all things are done in parables." Similarly, Paul writes to the Corinthians: "For what have I to do with judging them that are without? Do not you judge them that are within, whereas them that are without God judgeth?" The phrases distinguish those who are Christians from those who are not, those who are within the fold of Christ from those who are without. And these "outsiders," the Apostle says, must never be forgotten; for their sakes, and for our Master's sake, we must set a sharper watch upon ourselves, that no reproach be brought upon the name of Christ. This was the rule of his own life, to "take thought for things honourable, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men." And the same wise rule he urges upon his colleagues in the ministry: "In all things," he writes to Titus, "showing thyself an example of good works . . . that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of us." A bishop must have, along with many other qualifications, "good testimony from them that are without." But the counsel is not limited to any particular class; the duty of remembering the "outsider" belongs to the whole company of believers: "Walk in wisdom"—or, as it is written elsewhere, "honestly"—"toward them that are without"; "do all things without murmurings and disputings, that ye may be blameless and harmless, children of God, without blemish in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation." And if all this be not sufficient we may turn back to Old Testament days, and hear Nathan's stern rebuke of David because by his sin he had given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme; and Nehemiah's indignant remonstrance with the avaricious rulers and nobles of Judah, "The thing that ye do is not good: ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God, because of the reproach of the heathen our enemies?" and Jehovah's reiterated complaint against His people that they had profaned His holy name among the nations whither they went.

The meaning of all this is plain—we must think more of the "outsider"; we must consider not only what is right but what is expedient, and by a wise circumspection see to it that our good be not evil spoken of. The Church, it has been well said, has a great character to sustain in the world, and the individual Christian has that character, to some extent, in his charge. It ought, therefore, to be our daily concern jealously to guard its good name and fame. Just as a partner in a great business firm is concerned about what he calls "the credit of the house," and is jealous of whatever might do it injury, so ought we Christian men and women to be concerned lest the Church's reputation suffer loss through our unworthy lives.

Moreover, do we not owe it to Christ, and do we not also owe it to them that are without, so to present Christianity that it shall appear to be the great, the desirable thing it really is? If, as we believe, Christian truth and Christian life are the supremely great and worthy things attainable by man here, then is it not meet, right, and our bounden duty so to manifest their greatness and their worth as to commend them to every man's conscience in the sight of God? To put the matter in a single word, our duty towards them that are without is to bring them within, and to do that we must first of all convince them how much better it is to come within than to remain without. Too often, alas! it is we ourselves who furnish them with their readiest excuses for remaining where they are. It is for us to demonstrate by the unanswerable logic of goodness the supremacy of the Christian faith. There is of necessity very much in religion that no man can see or have any knowledge of so long as he remains without, any more than a man can see the blazing splendours of some great cathedral window who looks upon it from without; but, as all the glories of the cathedral are not within, so, too, there are certain broad, clear demonstrations of religion whose meaning no man can miss. The Church must furnish these; she must write her great argument not only in the text-books of the Christian apologist, but in the fair, round letters of her children's lives. Then the world, which is deaf while we only preach, and scornful while we only scold, will listen. It does not understand the secret of what it calls a "saintly life"—that is given only to them that are within—but it knows its power and bows down before it. Nor will it bow down before any other power. Other means may gain for the moment the world's ear; this alone can win and keep the world's heart. Then shall they that are without be gathered in when they that are within have learned "to walk worthily of the Lord unto all pleasing, bearing fruit in every good work."

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

THE lime-trees in the garden are so nearly in full leaf that they all but shut us in from our neighbours. That pleasant green barrier which excludes the world makes us all through the summer the free folk of an illimitable forest, through which countless dim ways lead into the blue distances of dreamland. To-day the lime branches are swinging with soft sounds in the warm sunshine, and every sudden lift of the wind shakes down the green "flourish" of the blossom. Rosy tufts are unfolding on the vine; the rose-bushes are throwing out ruddy winglets to help them in their flight up the gable; lilies and Solomon's Seal, with a bunch of primroses in between, are staking out their claims; in sunny places the ferns have already spread their tender new plumes, while along the northern boundary, where the blackbirds find the ivy good for nesting, there are clusters of woolly crosiers awaiting the earlier dawns and longer days. Among the bare rocks of our Kerry Mountains that ancient ice-plant, the London Pride, is on the brink of flowering, and I find it has sown itself in casual patches several feet along the path.

There goes a white butterfly, fluttering past in unaccountable zigzags! In some country places, I recollect, it is unlucky not to catch the first butterfly one sees. Well, I am content to let my chance of luck take another form, though I am somewhat curious to know how good fortune or ill-luck came to be associated with the capture or escape of the first butterfly. It seems reasonable to conjecture that the idea was evolved in some crude fashion from the old-world analogy which was traced between the soul and the butterfly. "Do you not perceive," asks the poet in the "Purgatorio"—

> Non v'accorgete voi, che noi siam vermi
> Nati a formar l'angelica farfalla?"—

"Do you not perceive that we are worms, born to bring forth the angelic butterfly?" But centuries before Dante the Greek had given equally to the butterfly and to the soul the single name Psyche, and even on the monuments of the fourth dynasty the Egyptian recognised the beautiful insect with its marvellous metamorphoses as the symbol of the immortal element in man. It is easy to understand how the butterfly—especially the large white creature which appears on the wing towards the middle of May—might come to be regarded in the popular imagination as an emblem of the disembodied soul; and indeed I have obscure half-recollections of old legends and folk stories in which something of the kind was evidently the common belief. The appearance of the first butterfly would in these circumstances be naturally converted into an omen—probably, at the outset, an omen of death during the current year, unless the observer captured it; and afterwards, when experience had proved that death did not invariably follow the escape of the insect, of some misfortune less grievous than death. It is curious to reflect that this fragile creature should have fluttered about the cycads and gigantic mosses of a world in which man could not have found a living, and that records of its existence should have been discovered in the archives of the rocks. Ages before the Egyptians became a people primeval men may have observed the insect, and, perceiving in its transformations the analogy of the mystery of human life, have anticipated in their rude speech the double name of the Egyptian and the Greek.

As I write the cuckoo calls from the Woods, with a startlingly unexpected greeting. He has been about the Woods for the last three weeks, but this is the first time I have ever heard him from the garden. It is a strange experience within sight of the golden cross of St. Paul's. Away in spirit the "twofold shout" carries me to the Surrey hills, where I know that the cuckoo is calling all day long from the tall pines and the old beeches. There in the deep lanes where the roots of the trees hold the steep banks in place you shall find a profusion of violet and speedwell and celandine, the yellow flower which comes with the swallow. The very nettles by the wayside are beautiful, if you look closely enough to see—with bronzed leaves and white and purple bloom. In the gardens won from the heath the cherry and plum and damson stand out against the dark forest trees in ethereal clouds of delicate white, touched here and there with the early flush of apple-blossom. When the sun goes down the swallows race in all directions over the mill-pond—black swallows in the bright air, white swallows in the clear water. As the dusk gathers, and the thrushes acknowledge that it is eight o'clock, and the last lark drops down from the blue with a sudden stop in the stream of his song, a nightingale in the high elms challenges a rival on the further side of the brook, and the latter replies with a splendid bravura. Alas! I am still here, looking out on the new lime-leaves a-swing in the sunshine.

There is some country I have read of in which in times of famine the natives eat earth. It seems to me that occasionally a kind of earth-hunger comes over many of us. We long to get away from the leagues of streets and the Argus-eyes of innumerable windows and the rumble of wheels, and to plunge like Merlin into the susurrent peace of Broceliande, where the noontide is tempered with green shadows and the dew lies half a day. Wordsworth had the feeling, I suppose, when he wrote "The world is too much with us." Indeed the attack must have been unusually acute, or he would scarcely have wished himself back in heathendom. This weariness of "wasted powers," this longing for the Earth-mother, is the natural reaction from the daily worry of life. The mood is inevitable, at least among imaginative men, and one need not take too seriously the form in which it expresses itself. Like Wordsworth, Mr. Nevinson, in his "Plea of Pan,"* has felt the revulsion from the mad "getting and spending" in which we are exhausting our better selves, and cries for a return to the primitive simplicities of existence. "Too long have we been in exile"; it is time to set out, staff in hand, in quest of the cradle-land we have lost. Luckier than Wordsworth, however, Mr. Nevinson does not need to wish for sight of Proteus or the music of a wreathed sea-horn; thrice and yet a fourth time he has set mortal eyes on the ancient earth-god Pan, and heard him discourse on old memories and the elemental philosophy of life. Once it was among the thyme high up on the Arcadian hills; once on the Northumbrian moors, on a fragment of the great wall which ran from the Tyne to the Solway; the third time on a mountain side during the last struggle between Greece and the Turks, and, last of all, under the chestnut trees in the Close of one of our old cathedrals. Those who are familiar with Mr. Nevinson's work, and especially those who remember the power and poignancy of his remarkable volume "In the Valley of Tophet," need scarcely be told that "The Plea of Pan" bears the impress of a rare literary faculty. To it may indeed be applied with more accuracy than is usually the case the much abused but still serviceable phrase, "poems in prose." There is something curiously fascinating in the conception of one of the vanished gods of a creed outworn still lingering on in the lonely places of the busy world of to-day. One remembers Pater's "Apollo in Picardy" and "Denis l'Auxerrois"—the crowning flower of imagination in this kind—and though Mr. Nevinson's day-dreams have too little in common with these to suggest comparison the book is one which seems to demand a place near them on the shelf. One passage from the chapter "A Priestess of Apollo" I should like to quote, though I fear it may lose something of its value by detachment from the context. It has little to do with the god, but it seems to me an excellent example of the manner in which Mr. Nevinson can in a few lines conjure up a scene and its associations. He is writing of the Wall of Severus:—

"Like the Great Wall of China, it could be seen far away running up hill and down, and at the dangerous gaps it was marked by square fortresses. At this spot it had been built within a few yards of the very edge of the cliff, and climbing over its broad and grass-grown top, I could look far below through tufts of fern and holly and mountain ash, barely rooted in crannies of the precipitous rock, right down upon a reedy lake, over the clear centre of which coots were bobbing their white-shielded heads, and expressing their satisfaction with things as they are in cries like the creaking of cart wheels. Northward, the moorland lay stretched out, still and untenanted under the immense air, like a brown and heaving sea, with broken crests against the horizon's rim. Behind me the autumn sun drove slowly down the west, and now and then a great bee or purple beetle lumbered comfortably over the Wall, booming his 'cello note, to find himself next moment hanging high in empty space above the inhospitable water. . . .

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* "The Plea of Pan." By Henry Nevinson. John Murray. 5s. net.

"No human thing was in sight, except that far away up the straight old road I could just make out two little figures, like laborious ants, dragging some heavy burden along. It looked like a barrel-organ, and I vaguely wondered what they might be doing with it so far from the dancing slums. But soon forgetting them, I fell to imagining the day when at last Rome drew in her shortened arm, and the legions left their watch-fires to smoulder out upon that cliff, and across the moor in front the savages came creeping until they climbed the wall and cautiously entered the deserted forts and peered along the empty streets of that very town, gazing upon the statues of gods with the awe of those who found the senators silent in the Forum. In marble's language they would read the dedications of altars to the Arcadian Pan and to the Apollo of Delphi. They felt no qualms about the grammar of *Dibus viteribus*. They felt no pity if they deciphered the little tombstone of Aurelia Quartilla, whose only history was that she lived thirteen years, five months, and twenty-two days, as I had myself read in the Newcastle museum. And now the abyss of time had swallowed savages and gods, together with the love which so carefully reckoned Aurelia's life, and nothing of them all was left but those few stones for antiquarians to germanise over."

Here surely one feels "the sense of tears in human things." And how effective a background for the wandering earth-god and the priestess of Apollo, whom one divines under the disguise of the little figures dragging the barrel-organ! Of the intention of the book, if indeed the writer had any serious intention beyond the vague regretfulness of a poetic day-dream, it may be best to let the reader form his own opinion. Imagination delights to recall the time when all the land was "fulfilled of faerie," but in regard to all these wistful reversions to the past the one supreme truth has nowhere been more strikingly symbolised than in Turgenev's little masterpiece, "The Nymphs," in which, recalling the legend how the tidings "Great Pan is dead!" were answered with sobs and wailings all along the shore, he called aloud in the mountain forest, "Great Pan is arisen! arisen!" and "at once, wonder of wonders, in answer to my call, from all the wide half-circle of green mountains came peals of joyous laughter, rose the murmur of glad voices and the clapping of hands." And the nymphs and dryads and Bacchantes trooped from the green undergrowth, and before them came Diana with a quiver on her shoulder and a silver crescent on her floating tresses. But suddenly the goddess stood rooted to the spot, gazing with pallid face and lips parted in horror; and all the joyous cries and laughter were stilled. Far away, above a low strip of fields, gleamed the cross on the bell-tower of a Christian church! Then there rose a long, broken sigh, and the goddess and the nymphs vanished, and there was but a white mist rising from the valley.

"Gone is the pain from my heart, since at the field's edge up there by the beech, the first nightingale's trill touched my ear! Come forth, poor little beasts, who have lain hidden from then in sullen woe through the dreary winter!"

The words were penned about five centuries ago, and even now a good verseman might shape them into gracious and tender phrase, with their kindly thought of the patient little lives in fur and scale and shell which have survived the nip of the frost and the smother of the hungry snow. The writer was Oswald von Wolkenstein,* the last of the Minnesingers, who was born in 1367, two centuries later than Walter von der Vogelweide, in the castle of Trostburg, in Tirol, no great distance from Walter's own birth-place. One can hardly help wishing that it had been reserved for Mr. Crockett to discover this wonderful singer and swordsman of the old time and to make him the hero of one of his stories of love and derring-do. Even in the authentic narrative of Signora Villari, however, his career is sufficiently strange and romantic to enlist the interest of readers who have little in common with Minnesingers or the Middle Ages. In some wild revel, when he was a very small boy, Oswald lost an eye from the bolt of a cross-bow, but that did not deter him when he had reached the mature age of ten from joining—"with a crust of bread and three pence in pouch for all my travel store"—the band of Tirolese Knights who supported Duke Albert III. of Austria, in 1377, in his crusade against the heathen of Pussia and Lithuania. During this first adventure Oswald gained a friend of about his own age in the son of Kaiser Charles IV., Sigismund, who was soon to be Markgraf of Brandenburg, then King of Hungary, and ultimately the famous Emperor of Germany, and who through life was the staunch protector of his child-comrade. The severity of an early winter put a premature end to the crusade, but instead of returning home Oswald was bent on further achievements. For eight years he served as a common soldier in Prussia, Lithuania, Poland, and Red Russia; was severely wounded, and once fell a captive, but contrived to pick up ten languages, including Russian, Arabic, Latin, and Provençal, and see a good deal of life. In his twenty-first year he came to England, and "what most fascinated him in our country was the legend of King Arthur and the Holy Grail"; fought on the Scottish side at the battle of Otterbourne (Chevy Chese); paid a flying visit to Ireland, and returning to Germany in the following year (1389), joined a company of traders and travelled to Poland and the Black Sea. Fortune carried him still farther afield. He was wrecked near Trebizond, and together with another survivor wandered through Armenia and Persia; betook himself again to the sea, and plied a keen sword in various unknown services; fought the Turks, under the banner of his friend Sigismund of Bohemia, and at last returned to Tirol after an absence of fifteen years—"neither penniless nor in rags," remarks the author, "for his renown as a minstrel had preceded him, and he was known to have won distinction in battlefields." He was now a grave-faced gentleman of five-and-twenty, broad set and powerful of frame, and grey-headed, though his beard still grew golden and luxuriant. All this was but the prologue to the stirring drama of the Minnesinger's life. At this point the love interest begins, and a strangely chequered, tragic story it makes. Into that, however, I cannot enter here. Oswald lived to be seventy-eight, and was buried at Neustift, near Brixen. Of his grave no trace remains, but "the monument he had built for himself, before going to the East [qy. to the crusade against the Moors in Spain?] in 1408, still records the memory of the crusader-poet in the cloister of Brixen Cathedral."

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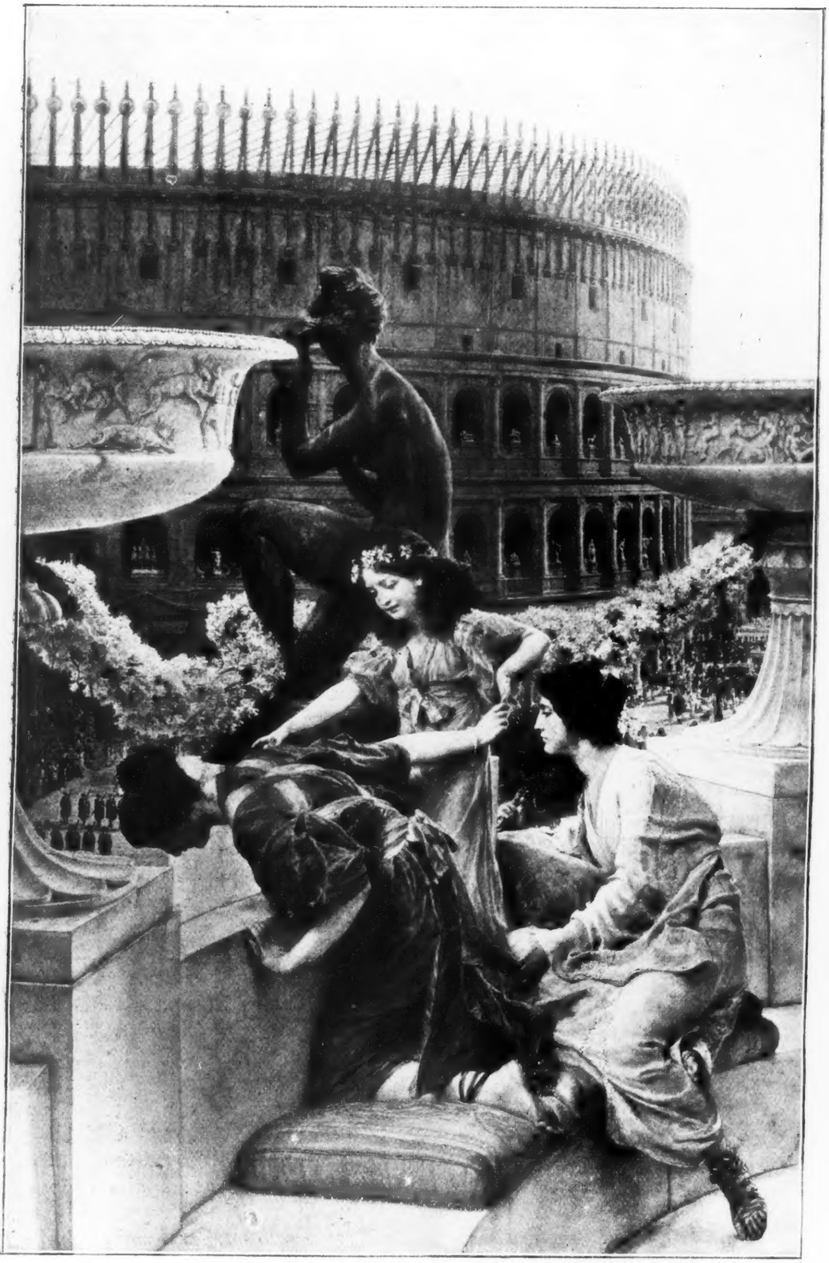
* "Oswald von Wolkenstein: a memoir of the Last Minnesinger of Tirol." By Linda Villari. With many illustrations. J. M. Dent. 4s. 6d.

Wolkenstein, we are told, was "the most renowned Minnesinger of his time in South Germany," and according to the learned biographer and critic, Johannes Schrott, "no poet of the Middle Ages, Walter von de Vogelweide excepted, had so wide a range of thought." A few pages of translations at the close of the memoir give—and in such a form could not be expected but to give—a very inadequate notion of the charm of the poet. Perhaps it does not greatly matter, for the real interest lies in the man's life and in the strange picture of the period in which he lived.

In his "Short History of American Literature," Mr. Bronson has produced not only an excellent handbook, but what is much more difficult of achievement, a bright and eminently readable volume about men and books. To compress into 250 pages an adequate account of the literature of nearly three centuries is in itself a notable feat; Mr. Bronson, however, has contrived to enliven his work with innumerable biographical details which bring out into pleasant clearness the personality of the most famous of the authors of the New World. So far as I have been able to test them his criticisms are sane and trustworthy, though occasionally he appears to be more frugal in his appreciation than in some instances many critics on this side of the Atlantic would probably be disposed to be. He takes it for granted that "in such a mass of details errors are inevitable," but in the enjoyment of the lively glimpses which he has given me of many writers known and unknown, I must confess I have not greatly concerned myself to look for mistakes.

* "A Short History of American Literature, designed primarily for use in schools and colleges." By Walter C. Bronson, A.M. Isbister & Co. Ltd. *2s. 6d.*



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THE COLISEUM

By L. Alma Tadema, R.A.

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE

By NEIL MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XXVI

A RIMEY NIGHT ON ROOF-TOPS, AND A NEW USE FOR AN OLD KIRK BELL

I FASTENED the rope about a chimney-head with some misgivings that by the width and breadth of the same I was reducing our chance of ever getting down to the lower building, as the knotted sheets from the outset had been dubious measure for the twenty feet, of which my sous-officer had given the estimate. But I said never a word to the priest of my fears on that score, and determined for once to let what was left of honesty go before well-fattened age, and test the matter first myself. If the cord was too brief for its purposes, or (what was just as likely) on the frail side, I could pull myself back in the one case, as the priest was certainly unfit to do, and in the other my weight would put less strain upon it than that of Father Hamilton.

I can hear him yet in my imagination after forty years, as he clung to the ridge of the roof like a seal on a rock, chittering in the cold night wind, enviously eyeing some fires that blazed in another yard, and groaning melancholiously.

"A garden," said he, "and six beehives—no, i' faith! 'twas seven last summer, and a roomful of books—Oh, Paul, Paul! Now I know how God cast out Satan. He took him from his warm fireside, and his books before they were all read, and his pantoufles, and set him straddling upon a frozen housetop to ponder through eternal night upon the happy past. Alas, poor being! How could he know what joys were in the simplicity of a room of books half-read and a pair of warm old slippers?"

He was fair rambling in his fears, my poor priest, and I declare scarcely knew the half of what he uttered, indeed he spoke out so loudly that I had to check him lest he should attract attention from below.

"Father Hamilton," said I, when my cord was fastened, "with your permission I'll try it first. I want to make it sure that my

"Almost as speedily as I had done it myself" seamanship on the sloop *Sarah*, of Ayr, has not deserted me to the extent that I cannot come down a rope without a ratline or tie a bowling knot."

"Certainly, Paul, certainly," said he, quite eagerly, so that I was tempted for a second to think he gladly postponed his own descent from sheer terror.

I threw over the free end of the cord and crouched upon the beak of the gable to lower myself.

"Well, Paul," said his reverence in a broken voice. "Let us say 'good-bye' in case aught should happen ere we are on the same level again."

"Oh!" said I, impatient, "that's the true *croque-mort* spirit indeed! Why, Father, it isn't—it isn't—" I was going to say it was not a gallows I was venturing on, but the word stuck in my throat, for a certain thought that sprung to me of how nearly in my own case it had been to the very gallows, and his reverence doubtless saw some delicacy, for he came promptly to my help.

"Not a priest's promise—made to be broken, you would say, good Paul," said he. "I promised the merriest of jaunts over Europe in a coach, and here my scrivener is hanging in the reins! Pardon, dear Scotland, *milles pardons*, and good-bye and good luck." And at that he made to embrace me.

"Here's a French ceremony just about nothing at all," I thought, and began my descent. The priest lay on his stomach upon the ridge. As I sank, with my eyes turned upwards, I could see his hair blown by the wind against a little patch of stars, that was the only break in the Ethiopia of the sky. He seemed to follow my progress breathlessly, and when I gained the other roof and shook the cord to tell him so he responded by a faint clapping of his hands.

"Art all right, lad?" he whispered down to me, and I bade him follow.

"Good-night, Paul, good-bye, and God bless you!" he whispered. "Get out of this as quick as you can; 'tis more than behemoth could do in a month of dark nights, and so I cut my share of the adventure. One will do't when two (and one of them a hogshead) will die in trying to do't."

Here was a pretty pickle! The man's ridiculous regard for my safety outweighed his natural inclinations, though his prospects in the prison of Bicêtre were blacker than my own, having nothing less fascinating than an execution at the end of them. He had been merely humouring me so far—and such a brave humouring in one whose flesh was in a quaking of alarms all the time he slid along the roof!

"Are you not coming?" I whispered,

"On the contrary, I'm going, dear Paul," said he with a pretence at levity. "Going back to my comfortable cell and my uniformed servant and M. Buhot, the charmingest of hostellers, and I declare my feet are like ice."

"Then," said I firmly, "I go back too. I'll be eternally cursed if I give up my situation as scrivener at this point. I must e'en climb up again." And with that I pretended to start the ascent.

"Stop! stop!" said he without a second's pause, "stop where you are and I'll go down. Though 'tis the most stupendous folly," he added with a sigh, and in a moment later I saw his vast bulk laboriously heaving over the side of the roof. Fortunately the knots in the cord where the fragments of sheet and blanket were joined made his task not so difficult as it had otherwise been, and almost as speedily as I had done it myself he reached the roof of the lower building, though in such a state he quivered like a jelly, and was dumb with fear or with exertion when the thing was done.

"Ah!" he said at last, when he had recovered himself. "Art a fool to be so particular about an old carcass accursed of easy humours and accused of regicide. Take another thought on't, Paul. What have you to do with this wretch of a priest that brought about the whole trouble in your ignorance? And think of Galbanon!"

"Think of the devil! Father Hamilton," I snapped at him, "every minute we waste havering away here adds to the chances against any of us getting free, and I am sure that is not your desire. The long and the short of it is that I'll not stir a step out of Bicêtre—no, not if the doors themselves were open—unless you consent to come with me."

"*Ventre Dieu!*" said he, "'tis just such a mulish folly as I might have looked for from the nephew of Andrew Greig. But lead on, good imbecile, lead on, and blame not poor Father Hamilton if the thing ends in a fiasco!"

We now crawled along a roof no whit more easily traversed than that we had already commanded. Again and again I had to stop to permit my companion to come up on me, for the pitch of the tiles was steep, and he in a peril from his own lubricity, and it was necessary even to put a hand under his arm at times when he suffered a vertigo through seeing the lights in the yard deep down as points of flame.

"Egad! boy," he said, and his perspiring hand clutching mine at one of our pauses, "I thrill at the very entrails. I'd liefer have my nose in the sawdust any day than thrash through thin air on to a paving-stone."

"A minute or two more and we are there," I answered him.

"Where?" said he, starting; "in purgatory?"

"Look up, man!" I told him. "There's a window beaming ten yards off." And again I pushed on.

In very truth there was no window, though I prayed as fervently for one as it had been a glimpse of paradise, but I was bound to cozen the old man into effort for his own life and for mine. What I had taken for the glow of skylights from the higher roof had been really the light of windows on the top flat of the other prison block, and the roof was wholly unbroken. At least I had made up my mind to that with a despair benumbing when I touched wood. My fingers went over it in the dark with frantic eagerness. It was a trap such as we had come out of at the other block, but it was shut. Before the priest could come up to me and suffer the fresh horror of disappointment I put my weight upon it, and had the good fortune to throw it in. The flap fell with a shriek of hinges and showed gaping darkness. We stretched upon the tiles as close as limpets and as silent. Nothing stirred within.

"A garden," said he in a little, "as sweet as ever bean grew in, with the rarest plum-tree; and now I am so cold."

"I could be doing with some of your complaint," said I; "as for me, I'm on fire. Please heaven, you'll be back in the garden again."

I lowered myself within, followed by the priest, and found we were upon the rafters. A good bit off there was a beam of light that led us, groping, and through an imminent danger of going through the plaster, to an air-hole over a little gallery whose floor was within stretch as I lowered myself again.

Father Hamilton squeezed after me; we both looked over the edge of the gallery, and found it was a chapel we were in!

"*Sacré nom!*" said the priest and crossed himself, with a genuflexion to the side of the altar. "Oh, Lord! Paul," he said, whispering, "if 'twere the middle ages, and this were indeed a sanctuary, how happy was a poor undeserving son of Mother Church! Even Dagobert's hounds drew back from the stag in St. Denys."

It was a mean interior, as befitted the worship of the miserables who at times would meet there. A solemn quiet held the place, that seemed wholly deserted; the dim light that had shown through the air-hole and guided us came from some candles dripping before a shrine.

"Heaven help us!" said the priest. "I know just such another."

There was nobody in the church so far as we could observe from the little gallery in which we found ourselves, but when we had gone down a flight of steps into the body of the same, and made to cross towards the door, we were suddenly confronted by a priest in a white cope. My heart jumped to my mouth; I felt a prinkling in the roots of my hair, and stopped dumb, with all my faculties basely deserted from me. Luckily Father Hamilton kept his presence of mind. As he told me later, he remembered of a sudden the Latin proverb that in battles the eye is first overcome, and he fixed the man in the stole with a glance that was bold and disconcerting. As it happened, however, the other priest was almost as blind as a bat, and saw but two civil worshippers in his chapel. He did not even notice that it was a *soutane;* he passed peeringly, with a bow to our inclinations, and it was almost incredulous of our good fortune I darted out of the chapel into the darkness of a court-yard of equal extent with that I had crossed on the night of my first arrival at Bicêtre. At its distant end there were the same flaming braziers with figures around them, and the same glitter of arms.

Now this Bicêtre is set upon a hill, and commands a prospect of the city of Paris, of the Seine and its environs. For that reason we could see to our right the innumerable lights of a great plain twinkling in the darkness, and it seemed as if we had only to proceed in that direction to secure freedom by the mere effort of walking. As we stood in the shadow of the chapel, Father Hamilton eyed the distant prospect of the lighted town with a singular rapture.

"Paris!" said he. "*Oh, Dieu!* and I thought never to clap an eye on't again. Paris, my Paul! Behold the lights of it—*la ville lumière* that is so fine I could spend eternity in it. Hearts are there, lad, kind and jocund——"

"And meditating a descent on unhappy Britain," said I.

"Good neighbourly hearts, or I'm a gourd else," he went on, unheeding my interruption. "The stars in heaven are not so good, are no more notably the expression of a glowing and fraternal spirit. There is laughter in the streets of her."

"Not at this hour, Father Hamilton," said I, and the both of us always whispering. "I've never seen the place by day nor put a foot in it, but it will be droll indeed if there is laughter in its streets at two o'clock in the morning."

"Ah, Paul, shall we ever get there?" said he longingly.

"We can but try, anyway. I certainly did not come all this way, Father Hamilton, to look on the lowe of Paris."

What had kept us shrinking in the shadow of the chapel wall had been the sound of footsteps between us and the palisades that were to be distinguished a great deal higher than I had expected, on our right. On the other side of the rails was freedom, as well as Paris that so greatly interested my companion, but the getting clear of them seemed like to be a more difficult task than any we had yet overcome, and all the more hazardous because the footsteps obviously suggested a sentinel. Whether it was the rawness of the night that tempted him to a relaxation, or whether he was not strictly on duty, I know not, but, while we stood in the most wretched of quandaries, the man who was in our path very soon ceased his perambulation along the palisades, and went over to one of the distant fires, passing within a few yards of us as we crouched in the darkness. When he had gone sufficiently out of the way, we ran for it. So plain were the lights of the valley, so flimsy a thing had seemed to part us from the high-road there, that never a doubt intruded on my mind that now we were as good as free, and when I came to the rails I beat my head with my hands when the nature of our folly dawned upon me.

"We may just go back," I said to the priest in a stricken voice.

"*Comment?*" said he, wiping his brow and gloating on the spectacle of the lighted town.

"Look," I said, indicating the railings that were nearly three times my own height, "there are no convenient trap-doors here."

"But the cord——" said he simply.

"Exactly," I said; "the cord's where we left it snugly tied with a bowling knot to the chimney of our block, and I'm an ass."

"Oh, poor Paul!" said the priest in a prostration at this divulgence of our error. "I'm the millstone on your neck, for had I not parleyed at the other end of the cord when you had descended the necessity for it would never have escaped your mind. I gave you fair warning, lad, 'twas a quixotic imbecility to burden yourself with me. And are we really at a stand? Gad! look at Paris. Had I not seen these lights I had not cared for myself a straw, but, oh lord! lad, they are so pleasant and so close! Why will the world sleep when two unhappy wretches die for want of a little bit of hemp?"

"You are not to blame," said I, "one rope was little use to us in any case. But anyhow I do not desire to die of a little bit of hemp if I can arrange it better." And I began hurriedly to scour up and down the palisade like a trapped mouse. It extended for about a hundred yards, ending at one side against the walls of a gate-house or lodge; on the other side it concluded at the wall of the chapel. It had no break in all its expanse, and so there was nothing left for us to do but to go back the way we had come, obliterate the signs of our attempt and find our cells again. We went, be sure, with heavy hearts, again ventured into the chapel, climbed the stairs, went through the ceiling and stopped a little among the rafters, to rest his reverence who was finding these manœuvres too much for his weighty body. While he sat regaining sufficient strength to

"There mounted slowly a carriage with a pair of horses"

resume his crawling on rimey tiles I made a search of the loft we were in and found it extended to the gable end of the chapel, but nothing more for my trouble beyond part of a hanging chain that came through the roof and passed through the ceiling. I had almost missed it in the darkness, and even when I touched it my first thought was to leave it alone. But I took a second thought and tried the lower end which came up as I hauled, yard upon yard, until I had the end of it finished with a bell-ringer's hempen grip, in my hands. Here was a discovery if bell-pulls had been made of rope throughout in Bicêtre prison! But a chain with an end to a bell was not a thing to be easily borrowed.

I went back to where Father Hamilton was seated on the rafters, and told him my discovery.

"A bell," said he. "Faith! I never liked them. Pestilent inventions of the enemy, that suggested duties to be done and the fleeting hours. But a bell-rope implies a belfry on the roof and a bell in it, and the chain that may reach the ground within the building may reach the same desirable place without the same."

"That's very true," said I, struck with the thing. And straight got through the trap and out upon the roof again. Father Hamilton puffed after me and in a little we came upon a structure like a dovecot at the very gable-end.

"The right time to harry a nest is at night," said I, "for then you get all that's in it." And I started to pull up the chain that was fastened to the bell.

I lowered behemoth with infinite exertion till he reached the ground outside the prison grounds in safety, wrapped the clapper of the bell in my waistcoat and descended hand over hand after him.

We were on the side of a broad road that dipped down the hill into a little village. Between us and the village street, across which there hung a swinging lamp, there mounted slowly a carriage with a pair of horses.

"Bernard," I cried, running up to it, and found it was the Swiss in the very article of waiting for us, and he speedily drove us into Paris.

CHAPTER XXVII

WE ENTER PARIS AND FIND A SANCTUARY THERE.

Of the town of Paris that is so lamentably notable in these days I have but the recollection that one takes away from a new scene witnessed under stress of mind due to matters more immediately affecting him than the colour, shape, and properties of things seen, and the thought I had in certain parts of it is more clear to me to day than the vision of the place itself. It is, in my mind, like a fog that the bridges thundered as our coach drove over them with our wretched fortunes on that early morning of our escape from Bicêtre, but as clear as when it sprung to me from the uproar of the wheels comes back the dread that the whole of this community would be at their windows looking out to see what folks untimeously disturbed their rest. We were delayed briefly at a gate upon the walls; I can scarcely mind what manner of men they were that stopped us and thrust a lantern in our faces, and what they asked eludes me altogether, but I mind distinctly how I gasped relief when we were permitted to roll on. Blurred too—no better than the surplusage of dreams, is my first picture of the river and its isles in the dawn, but, like a favourite song, I mind the gluck of waters on the quays and that they made me think of Earn and Cart and Clyde.

We stopped in the place of the Notre Dame at the corner of a street; the coach drove off to a *remise* whence it had come, and we went to an hospital called the Hôtel Dieu, in the neighbourhood where Hamilton had a Jesuit friend in one of the heads, and where we were accommodated in a room that was generally set aside for clergymen. It was a place of the most wonderful surroundings, this Hôtel Dieu, choked, as it were, among towers, the greatest of them those of Our Lady itself that were in the Gothic taste, regarding which Father Hamilton used to say, "*dire gothique, c'est dire mauvais gout*," though, to tell the truth, I thought the building pretty braw myself. Alleys and wynds were round about us, and so narrow that the sky one saw between them was but a ribbon by day, while at night they seemed no better than ravines.

'Twas at night I saw most of the city, for only in the darkness did I dare to venture out of the Hôtel Dieu. Daundering my lone along the cobbles, I took a pleasure in the exercise of tenanting these towering lands with people having histories little different from the histories of the folks far off in my Scottish home—their daughters marrying, their sons going throughither (as we say), their bairns wakening and crying in their naked beds, and grannies sitting by the ingle-neuk cheerfully cracking upon ancient days. Many a time in the by-going I looked up their pend closes seeking the eternal lovers of our own burgh towns and never finding them, for I take it that in love the foreign character is coyer than our own. But no matter how eagerly I went forth upon my nightly airing in a *roquelaure* borrowed from Father Hamilton's friend, the adventure always ended, for me, in a sort of eerie terror of those close-hemming walls, those tangled lanes where slouched the outcast and the ne'er-do-weel, and not even the glitter of the moon upon the river between its laden isles would comfort me.

"La! la! la!" would Father Hamilton cry at me when I got home with a face like a fiddle. "Art the most ridiculous rustic ever ate a cabbage or set foot in Arcady. Why, man! the woman must be wooed—this Mademoiselle Lutetia. Must take her front and rear, walk round her ogling bravely. Call her dull! call her dreadful! *Ciel!* Has the child never an eye in his mutton head? I avow she is the queen of the earth this Paris. If I were young and wealthy I'd buy the glittering stars in constellations and turn them into necklets for her. With thy plaguey gift of the sonnet I'd leave her with ecstasies and spill oceans of ink upon leagues of paper to tell her about her eyes. Go to! Scotland, go to! Ghosts! ghosts! devil the thing else but ghosts in thy rustic skull, for to take a fear of Lutetia when her black hair is down of an evening and thou canst not get a glimpse of that beautiful neck that is rounded like the same in the Psyche of Praxiteles. If I could pare off a portion of this rotundity and go out in a masque as Apollo I'd show thee things."

And all he saw of Paris himself was from the windows of the hospital, where he and I would stand by the hour looking out into the square. For the air itself he had to take it in a little garden at the back, surrounded by a high wall, and affording a seclusion that even the priest could avail himself of without the hazard of observation. He used to sit in an arbour there in the warmth of the day, and it was there I saw another trait of his character that helped me much to forget his shortcomings.

Over his head, within the doorway of the bower, he hung a box and placed therein the beginnings of a bird's nest. The thing was not many hours done when a pair of birds came boldly into his presence as he sat silent and motionless in the bower, and began to avail themselves of so excellent a start in householding. In a few days there were eggs in the nest, and 'twas the most marvellous of spectacles to witness the hen sit content upon them over the head of the fat man underneath, and the cock, without concern, fly in and out attentive on his mate.

But, indeed, the man was the friend of all helpless things, and few of the same came his way without an instinct that told them it was so. Not the birds in the nest alone were at ease in his society; he had but to walk along the garden paths whistling and chirping, and there came flights of birds about his head and shoulders, and some would even perch upon his hand. I have never seen him more like his office than when he talked with the creatures of the air, unless it was on another occasion when two bairns, the offspring of an inmate in the hospital, ventured into the garden, finding there another child, though monstrous, who had not lost the key to the fields where blossom the flowers of infancy, and frolic is a prayer.

But he dare not set a foot outside the walls of our retreat, for it was as useless to hide Ballageich under a Kilmarnock bonnet as to seek a disguise for his reverence in any suit of clothes. Bernard would come to us rarely under cover of night, but alas! there were no letters for me now, and mine that were sent through him were fewer than before. And there was once an odd thing happened that put an end to these intromissions; a thing that baffled me to understand at the time, and indeed for many a day thereafter, but was made plain to me later on in a manner that proved how contrary in his character was this mad priest, that was at once assassin and the noblest friend.

Father Hamilton was not without money, though all had been taken from him at Bicêtre. It was an evidence of the width and power of the Jesuit movement that even in the Hôtel Dieu he could command what sums he needed, and Bernard was habituated to come to him for moneys that might pay for himself and the coachman and the horses at the *remise*. On the last of these occasions I took the chance to slip a letter for Miss Walkinshaw into his hand. Instead of putting it in his pocket he laid it down a moment on a table, and he and I were busy packing linen for the wash when a curious cry from Father Hamilton made us turn to see him with the letter in his hand.

He was gazing with astonishment on the direction.

"Ah!" said he, "and so my Achilles is not consoling himself exclusively with the Hoemonion lyre, but has taken to that far more dangerous instrument the pen. The pen, my child, is the curse of youth. When we are young we use it for our undoing, and for the facture of regrets for after years —even if it be no more than the reading of our wives' letters that I'm told are a bitter revelation to the married man. And so— and so, Monsieur Croque-Mort keeps up a correspondence with the lady. H'm."

He looked so curiously and inquiringly at me, that I felt compelled to make an explanation.

"It is quite true Father Hamilton," said I. "After all you gave me so little clerkly work that I was bound to employ my pen somehow, and how better than with my countrywoman?"

"'Tis none of my affair—perhaps," he said, laying down the letter. "And yet I have a curiosity. Have we here the essential Mercury?" and he indicated Bernard who seemed to me to have a greater confusion than the discovery gave a cause for.

"Bernard has been good enough," said I. "You discover two Scots, Father Hamilton, in a somewhat sentimental situation. The lady did me the honour to be interested in my little travels, and I did my best to keep her informed."

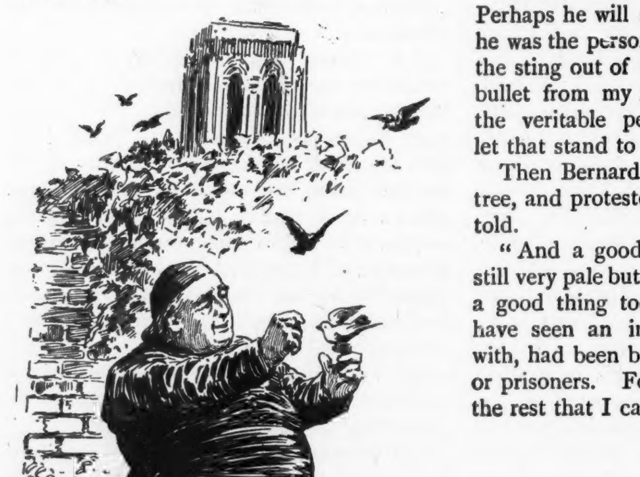
He turned away as he had been shot, hiding his face, but I saw from his neck that he had grown as white as parchment.

"What in the world have I done?" thinks I, and concluded that he was angry for my taking the liberty to use the dismissed servant as a go-between. In a moment or two he turned about again, eyeing me closely, and at last he put his hand upon my shoulder as a schoolmaster might do upon a boy's.

"My good Paul," said he, "how old are you?"

"Twenty-one come Martinmas," I said.

"Expiscate! elucidate! 'Come Martinmas,'" says he, "and what does that mean? But no matter—twenty-one says my barbarian; sure 'tis a right young age, a very baby of an age, an age in frocks if one that has it has lived the best of his life with sheep and bullocks."



"Finding there another child, though monstrous"

"Sir," I said, indignant, "I was in very honest company among the same sheep and bullocks."

"Hush!" said he, and put up his hand, eyeing me with compassion and kindness. "If thou only knew it, lad, thou art due me a civil attention at the very least. Sure there is no harm in my mentioning that thou art mighty ingenuous for thy years. 'Tis the quality, I would be the last to find fault with, but sometimes it has its inconveniences. And Bernard"—he turned to the Swiss who was still greatly disturbed—"Bernard is a somewhat older gentleman. Perhaps he will say—our good Bernard—if he was the person I have to thank for taking the sting out of the wasp, for extracting the bullet from my pistol? Ah! I see he is the veritable person. Adorable Bernard, let that stand to his credit."

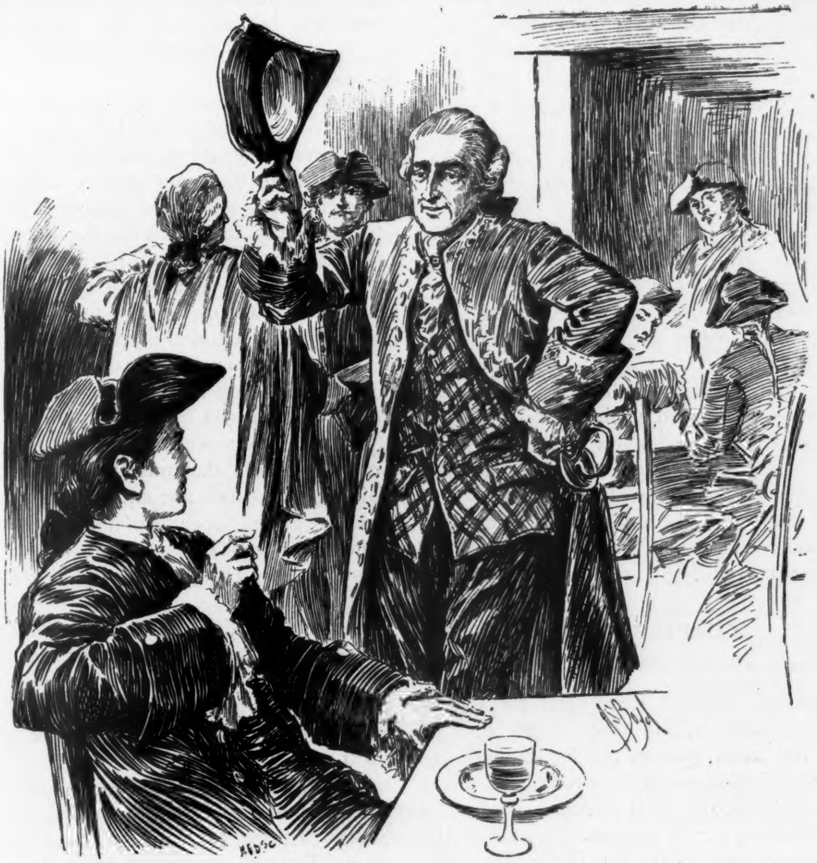
Then Bernard fell trembling like a saugh tree, and protested he did but what he was told.

"And a good thing too," said the priest, still very pale but with no displeasure. "And a good thing too, else poor Buhot, that I have seen an infinity of headachy dawns with, had been beyond any interest in cards or prisoners. For that I shall forgive you the rest that I can guess at. Take Monsieur Greig's letter where you have taken the rest, and be gone."

The Swiss went out much crestfallen from an interview that was beyond my comprehension.

When he was gone, Father Hamilton fell into a profound meditation, walking up and down his room muttering to himself.

"Faith, I never had such a problem presented to me before," said he, stopping his walk; "I know not whether to laugh or swear. I feel that I have been made a fool of, and yet nothing better could have happened. And so my Croque-Mort, my good Monsieur Propriety has been writing



"'Have I a countryman here?'"

the lady? I should not wonder if he thought she loved him."

"Nothing so bold," I cried. "You might without impropriety have seen every one of my letters, and seen in them no more than a seaman's log."

"A seaman's log!" said he, smiling faintly and rubbing his massive chin; "nothing would give the lady more delight, I am sure. A seaman's log! And I might have seen them without impropriety, might I? That I'll swear was what her ladyship took very good care to obviate. Come now, did she not caution thee against telling me of this correspondence?"

I confessed it was so; that the lady naturally feared she might be made the subject of light talk, and I had promised that in that respect she should suffer nothing for her kindly interest in a countryman.

The priest laughed consumedly at this.

"Interest in her countryman!" said he. "Oh lad, wilt be the death of me for thy unexpected spots of innocence."

"And as to that," I said, "you must have had a sort of correspondence with her yourself."

"I!" said he. "*Comment?*"

"To be quite frank with you," said I, "it has been the cause of some vexatious thoughts to me that the letter I carried to the Prince was directed in Miss Walkinshaw's hand of write, and as Buhot informed me, it was the same letter that was to wile his Royal Highness to his fate in the Rue de Reservoirs."

Father Hamilton groaned, as he did at any time the terrible affair was mentioned.

"It is true, Paul, quite true," said he, "but the letter was a forgery. I'll give the lady the credit to say she never had a hand in it."

"I am glad to hear that, for it removed some perplexities that have troubled me for a while back."

"Ah," said he, "and your perplexities and mine are not over yet, poor Paul. This Bernard is like to be the ruin of me yet. For you, however, I have no fear, but it is another matter with the poor old fool from Dixmunde."

His voice broke, he displayed thus and otherwise so troubled a mind and so great a reluctance to let me know the cause of it that I thought it well to leave him for a while and let him recover his old manner.

To that end I put on my coat and a hat and went out rather earlier than usual for my evening walk.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE MAN WITH THE TARTAN WAISTCOAT.

It was the first of May. But for Father Hamilton's birds, and some scanty signs of it in the small garden, the lengthened day and the kindlier air of the evenings, I might never have known what season it was out of the almanac, for all seasons were much the same, no doubt, in the isle of the city where the priest and I sequestered. 'Twas ever the shade of the tenements there; the towers of the churches never greened nor budded; I would have waited long, in truth, for the scent of the lilac and the chatter of the rook among these melancholy temples.

Till that night I had never ventured farther from the gloomy vicinity of the hospital than I thought I could safely retrace without the necessity of asking any one the way; but this night, more courageous, or perhaps more careless than usual, I crossed the bridge of Notre Dame and found myself in something like the Paris of the priest's rhapsodies and the same all thrilling with the passion of the summer. It was not flower nor tree, though these were not awanting, but the spirit in the air—young girls laughing in the by-going, with merriest eyes, windows wide open letting out the sounds of songs, the pavements like a river with zesty life of Highland hills when the frosts above are broken and the overhanging boughs have been flattering it all the way in the valleys.

I was fair infected. My step, that had been unco' dull and heavy, I fear, and going to the time of dirges on the isle, went to a different tune, my being rhymed and sang. I had got the length of the Rue de Richelieu and humming to myself in the friendliest key, with the good-natured people pressing about me, when of a sudden it began to rain. There was no close in the neighbourhood where I could shelter from the elements, but in front of me was the door of a tavern called the Tête du Duc de Burgoyne shining with invitation, and in I went.

A fat wife sat at a counter; a pot-boy, with a cry of "V'la!" that was like a sheep's complaining, served two ancient citizens in skull-caps that played the game of dominoes, and he came to me with my humble order of a litre of ordinary and a piece of bread for the good of the house.

Outside the rain pelted, and the folks upon the pavement ran, and by-and-by the tavern-room filled up with shelterers like myself and kept the pot-boy busy. Among the last to enter was a group of five that took a table at another corner of the room than that where I sat my lone at a little table. At first I scarcely noticed them until I heard a word of Scots. I think the man that used it spoke of "gully-knives," but at least the phrase was the broadest lallands, and went about my heart.

I put down my piece of bread and looked across the room in wonder to see that three of the men were gazing intently at myself. The fourth was hid by those in front of him; the fifth that had spoken had a tartan waistcoat and eyes that were like a gled's, though they were not on me. In spite of that 'twas plain that of me he spoke, and that I was the object of some speculation among them.

No one that has not been lonely in a foreign town and hungered for communion with those that know his native tongue can guess how much I longed for speech with this compatriot that in dress and eye and accent brought back the place of my nativity in one wild surge of memory. Every bawbee in my pocket would not have been too much to pay for such a privilege, but it might not be unless the overtures came from the persons in the corner.

Very deliberately, though all in a commotion within, I ate my piece and drank my wine before the stare of the three men, and at last, on the whisper of one of them, another produced a box of dice.

"No, no!" said the man with the tartan waistcoat hurriedly, with a glance from the tail of his eye at me, but they persisted in their purpose and began to throw. My countryman in tartan got the last chance, of which he seemed reluctant to avail himself till the one unseen said: "*Vous avez le dé*, Kilbride."

Kilbride! the name was the call of whaups at home upon the moors!

He laughed, shook, and tossed carelessly, and then the laugh was all with them, for whatever they had played for he had seemingly lost and the dice were now put by.

He rose somewhat confused, looked dubiously across at me with a reddening face, and then came over with his hat in his hand.

"Pardon, Monsieur," he began; then checked the French, and said: "Have I a countryman here?"

"It is like enough," said I, with a bow and looking at his tartan. "I am from Scotland myself."

He smiled at that with a look of some relief and took a vacant chair on the other side of my small table.

"I have come better speed with my impudence," said he in the Hielan' accent, "than I expected or deserved. My name's Kilbride—MacKellar of Kilbride—and I am here with another Highland gentleman of the name of Grant and two or three French friends we picked up at the door of the play-house. Are you come off the Highlands, if I may take the liberty?"

"My name is Greig," said I, "and I hail from the shire of Renfrew."

"Ah," said he, with a vanity that was laughable. "What a pity! I wish you had been Gaelic, but of course you cannot help it being otherwise, and indeed there are many estimable persons in the lowlands."

"And a great wheen of Highland gentlemen very glad to join them there too," said I, resenting the implication.

"Of course, of course," said he heartily. "There is no occasion for offence."

"Confound the offence, Mr. Mackellar!" said I. "Do you not think I am just too glad at this minute to hear a Scottish tongue and see a tartan waistcoat, to be sure that, Heilan' or Lowlan', we are all the same?"

"Not exactly," he corrected, "but still and on we understand each other. You must be thinking it gey droll, Mr. Greig, that a band of strangers in a common tavern would have the boldness to stare at you like my friends there, and toss a dice about you in front of your face, but that is the difference between us. If I had been in your place, I would have thrown the jug across at them, but here I am not better nor the rest, because the dice fell to me, and I was the one that must decide the wadger."

"Oh, and was I the object of a wadger?" said I, wondering what we were coming to.

"Indeed, and that you were, Mr. Greig," said he shamefacedly, "and I'm ashamed to tell it. But when Grant saw you first he swore you were a countryman, and there was some difference of opinion."

"And what, may I ask, did Kilbride side with?"

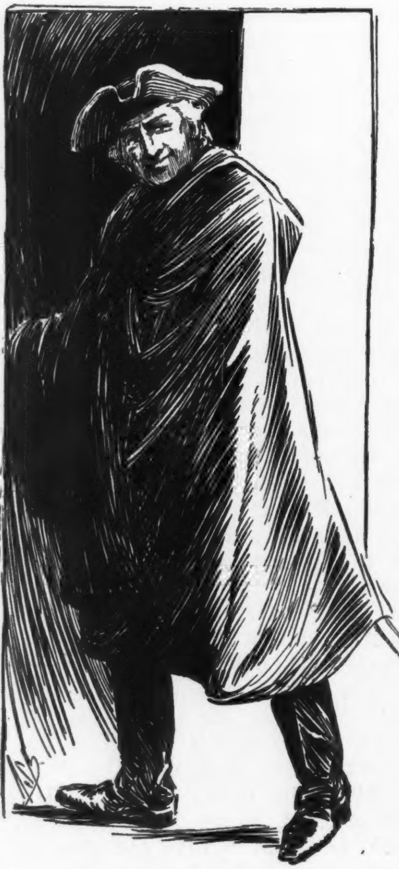
"Oh," said he promptly, "I had never a doubt about that. I knew you were Scots, but what beat me was to say whether you were Hielan' or Lowlan'."

"And how, if it's a fair question, did you come to the conclusion that I was a countryman of any sort?" said I.

He laughed softly, and "Man," said he, "I could never make any mistake about that, whatever of it. There's many a bird that's like the woodcock, but the woodcock will aye be kennin' which is which, as the other man said. Thae bones were never built on bread and wine. It's a French coat you have there, and a cockit hat (by your leave), but to my view you were as plainly from Scotland as if you had a blue bonnet on your head and a sprig of heather in your lapels. And here am I giving you the strange cow's welcome (as the other man said), and that is all inquiry and no information. You must just be excusing our bit foolish wadger, and if the proposal would come favourably from myself, that is of a notable family, though at present under a sort of cloud, as the other fellow said, I would be proud to have you share in the bottle of wine that was dependent upon Grant's impudent wadger. I can pass my word for my friends there that they are all gentry like ourselves—of the very best, in troth, though not over-nice in putting this task on myself."

I would have liked brawly to spend an hour out of any company than my own, but the indulgence was manifestly one involving the danger of discovery; it was, as I told myself, the greatest folly to be sitting in a tavern at all, so MacKellar's manner immediately grew cold when he saw a swithering in my countenance.

"Of course," said he, reddening and rising, "of course, every gentleman has his own affairs, and I would be the last to make a song of it if you have any dubiety about my friends and me. I'll allow the thing looks very like a gambler's contrivance."



"With a smile of recognition and amusement"

"No, no, Mr. MacKellar," said I hurriedly, unwilling to let us part like that, "I'm swithering here just because I'm like yoursel' of it and under a cloud of my own."

"Dod! Is that so?" said he quite cheerfully again, and clapping down, "then I'm all the better pleased that the thing that made the roebuck swim the loch — and that's necessity—as the other man said, should have driven me over here to precognosce you. But when you say you are under a cloud, that is to make another way of it altogether, and I will not be asking you over, for there is a gentleman there among the five of us who might be making trouble of it."

"Have you a brother in Glasgow College?" says I suddenly, putting a question that had been in my mind ever since he had mentioned his name.

"Indeed, and I have that," said he quickly, "but now he is following the law in Edinburgh, where I am in the hopes it will be paying him better than ever it paid me that has lost two fine old castles and the best part of a parish by the same. You'll not be sitting there and telling me surely that you know my young brother Alasdair?"

"Man! him and me lodged thegether in Lucky Grant's, in Crombie's Land in the High Street for two Sessions," said I.

"What!" said MacKellar. "And you'll be the lad that snow-balled the bylie, and your name will be Greig?"

As he said it he bent to look under the table, then drew up suddenly with a startled face and a whisper of a whistle on his lips.

"My goodness!" said he, in a cautious tone, "and that beats all. You'll be the lad that broke jyle with the priest that shot at Buhot, and there you are, you *amadain*, like a gull with your red brogues on you, crying 'come and catch me' in two languages. I'm telling you to keep thae feet of yours under this table till we're out of here, if it should be the morn's morning. No—that's too long, for by the morn's morning Buhot's men will be at the Hôtel Dieu, and the end of the story will be little talk and the sound of blows, as the other man said."

Every now and then as he spoke he would look over his shoulder with a quick glance at his friends—a very anxious man, but no more anxious than Paul Greig.

"Mercy on us!" said I, "do you tell me you ken all that?"

"I ken a lot more than that," said he, "but that's the latest of my budget, and I'm giving it to you for the sake of the shoes and my brother Alasdair, that is a writer in Edinburgh. There's not two Scotchmen drinking a bowl in Paris town this night that does not ken your description, and it's kent by them at the other table there—where better?—but because you have that coat on you that was surely made for you when you were in better health, as the other man said, and because your long trams of legs and red shoes are under the table there's none of them suspects you. And now that I'm thinking of it, I would not go near the hospital place again."

"Oh! but the priest's there," said I, "and it would never do for me to be leaving him there without a warning."

"A warning!" said MacKellar with contempt. "I'm astonished to hear you, Mr. Greig. The filthy brock that he is!"

"If you're one of the Prince's party," said I, "and it has every look of it, or, indeed, whether you are or not, I'll allow you have some cause to blame Father Hamilton, but as for me, I'm bound to him because we have been in some troubles together."

"What's all this about 'bound to him'?" said MacKellar with a kind of sneer. "The dog that's tethered with a black pudding needs no pity, as the other man said, and I would leave this fellow to shift for himself."

"Thank you," said I, "but I'll not be doing that."

"Well, well," said he, "it's your business, and let me tell you that you're nothing but a fool to be tangled up with the creature. That's Kilbride's advice to you. Let me tell you this more of it, that they're not troubling themselves much about you at all now that you have given them the information."

"Information!" I said with a start. "What do you mean by that?"

He prepared to join his friends, with a smile of some slyness, and gave me no satisfaction on the point.

"You'll maybe ken best yourself," said he, "and I'm thinking your name will have to be Robertson and yourself a decent Englishman for my friends on the other side of the room there. Between here and yonder I'll have to be making up a bonny lie or two that will put them off the scent of you."

A bonny lie or two seemed to serve the purpose, for their interest in me appeared to go no further, and by-and-by, when it was obvious that there would be no remission of the rain, they rose to go.

The last that went out of the door turned on the threshold and looked at me with a smile of recognition and amusement.

It was Buhot!

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND

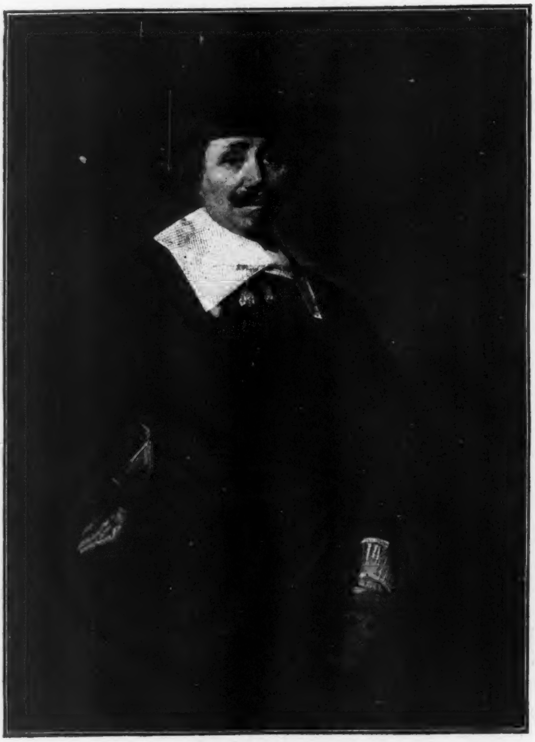
By EDWARD PINNINGTON

FIRST PAPER

THE late Prince Consort, Sir David Wilkie, Sir Walter Scott and Hokusai make up a remarkable, if a rather oddly assorted, quartet in whose company to look through the National Gallery. Two are artists and two are educated gentlemen of average artistic perception. They are not called in to decide a special issue between Philistinism and æstheticism, but to consider the broad appeal and educational value of art, and to consult upon the national and individual uses and purposes of the collection at the Mound in Edinburgh.

Keeping that in view, if our selected guides were placed before the most recent addition to the Gallery — the thirty-eight drawings by Turner, left by the late Mr. Henry Vaughan to the Scottish nation—what would likely be their verdict? Of the art-value of the drawings there is no doubt. They are the productions of the only man of whose nobler works any one can be pronounced (*vide* Ruskin) "a masterpiece of art to which time can show no parallel."

Taking the Scots *genre* painter first, Wilkie thought Turner's oil-paintings should be seen from the other end of the room; he neither understood his method nor admired his handling, and put "The Fall of a Glacier" down as too undefined for public taste. Haydon, also a painter, looked upon Turner as "the excuse for every caprice and every impertinence, for every unintelligible scrawl, for every indolent splash," perpetrated in the abused name of Genius. For us, the Vaughan group represents many works upon the walls. In one view pictures may be priceless, although in another their value is strictly limited. In respect of imagination, poetic insight and grandeur of impression, Turner compels respect and excites wonder; but, both in oil and water-colours, he always has been, and is likely to remain, *caviare* to the general.



A DUTCH GENTLEMAN

(By Franz Hals the elder)

Turner is invaluable to the student of art. The pupil goes to the Gallery to obtain an insight into methods, as the artist goes for the sustaining impetus of example and the study of style. To the Prince Consort, again, fine art was a record, an instrument, and an influence upon the development of mind and feeling. It ought, in his opinion, to tend towards refining and elevating the national taste. Conversely, works of art tell of the civilisation, manners, customs and religion of the nations producing them.

To Scott, the end and purpose of art was to affect human passion, to excite wonder, or terror, or pleasure, or emotion of some kind or other. He accordingly complained (*Journal*, Feb. 13, 1826) that in his time painting had become a mystery, to which only a few connoisseurs possessed the key. They judged painters by "their proficiency in the inferior rules of the art," and not by the effect they produced on mankind at large. To be excellent, he thought a painting "should have something to say to the mind of a man like myself, well-educated, and susceptible of those feelings which anything strongly recalling natural emotion is likely to inspire."

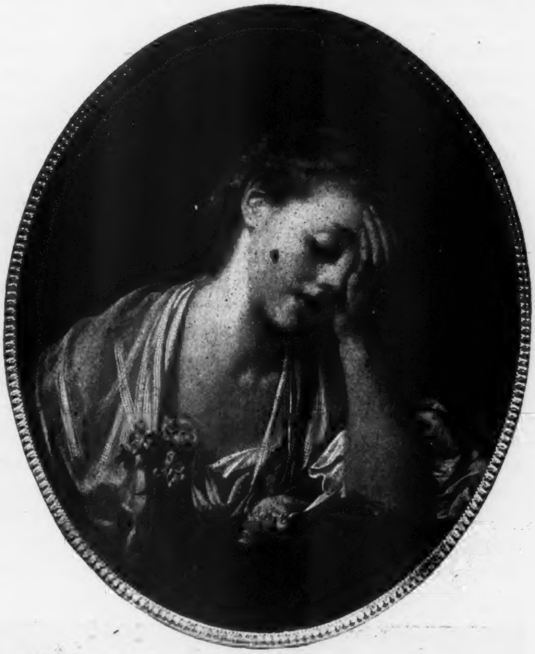
The Prince and the author are essentially at one, and the two painters are not far off. The Japanese says that art alone can perpetuate the living realities of the world, the life of men and women. Wilkie speaks of art as mind added to form. While amusing the fancy, the fine arts may touch the heart and inform the judgment. They are also a history, for without them little record would have been made of either national manners, looks, or deeds. The less effort, he says, that is required to comprehend the meaning of art, the greater will be the number capable of such an effort. He is, therefore, unwilling to admit that works in the higher walks of art are either above or beyond the common intelligence He considers such admission equivalent to restricting the sphere of art to that of a craft or mystery, rather than that "of a written language differing from all other languages spoken or written, by being a written language universally intelligible." Scott and Wilkie, therefore, are in close accord. They impute the value of painting to matter, not manner. Their standard of judgment is, in the first instance, the only one by which to try a national collection.

Beyond that, nevertheless, stretches a broader view. The claims of the student of art cannot be ignored, if it be remembered that the neophyte of to-day will be addressing the public of to-morrow. The higher the models of craftsmanship set before him, the nobler his phrasing and style are likely to be, and the more effective the delivery of his message.

Then, again, merely to gratify the average present public taste allows nothing for its improvement and expansion. It is, however, one of the qualities of art that it leads men unconsciously onwards and upwards. The gratification of taste involves its improvement, so that the picture by which the public is to-day entranced may next year have little more than an historical interest. The taste that now revels in the subjects of Teniers may hereafter rise to the art of Titian.

To illustrate this, the "Hendrikje Stoffels" of Rembrandt (31) is probably the finest specimen of technique in the Gallery. The more closely it is examined the more bewilderingly perfect seem the colour-texture and brushwork. Little is known of the relations existing between Rembrandt and Hendrikje. She became his housekeeper about eight years after the death of his wife Saskia, the love of his life and the model that so often inspired his brush. Hendrikje was at the last a faithful friend of the painter, whatever else she may have been, and he has painted her with a caressing finish unsurpassed in his practice. We only see her head and shoulders as she raises herself from her pillow and holds back the crimson curtain, as if listening. The light coming in from the left is managed with consummate skill, shadow and half-tone on one side giving luminous effect to the bare shoulder and arm on which she leans. Whatever feeling may have animated Rembrandt's brush, Hendrikje is not, to a spectator, an inspiring model. She typifies the sensuous. In art she is fascinating; in herself she is not lovely. The picture was bought in at £5250 at a sale in Bond Street in 1892. The same year it was bought for £5775 by William McEwan, Esq., M.P., LL.D., and presented to the Gallery.

Turn now to "La Gloria," alternatively known as "The Spanish Wake," by John Phillip, R.A., and the contrast is overwhelming. It lifts us into the refinement of the spiritual. According to the Spanish belief, when a child dies it passes through no intermediate stage, but goes direct to heaven. As the gate to life and happiness, death is transformed from darkness to brightness. Tears and mourning are displaced by dancing and joy. Such is the feeling animating the subject of the picture. In a curtained recess upon the left, a softened glow of candlelight falls across the dead child.



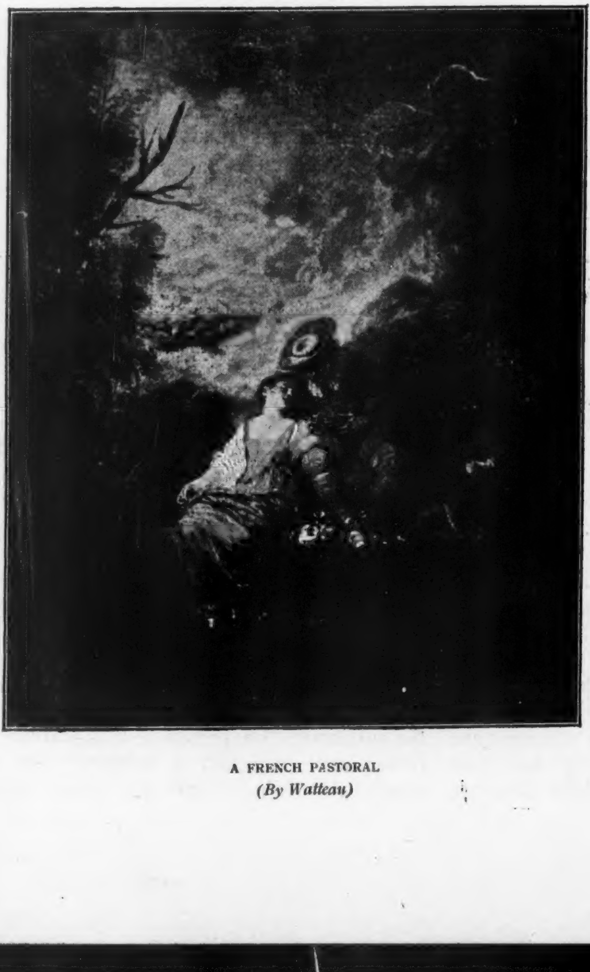
THE DEAD CANARY

(By Greuze)

From a cage hung higher towards the right, the little one's pet bird, like its soul, seeks freedom in the sky. In the figure below the cage, human nature claims its own. It is that of the mother, sitting in the shadow of the porch, pulling back the curtain and looking towards the cot, heedless of the consolation of friends. The transition from shade to open-air sunshine, towards the right, is almost dazzling. On that side the picture is all movement, enjoyment, brilliancy. The display of colour is made wonderful by the sun. Some of the festive band sing and twang the guitar and castanet, while others dance. Two figures in the centre are all grace and activity, he with a scarf tied gaily round his head, she resplendent in pink. There is a strong harmony of resonant colours, red, pink, blue and touches of enriching orange, curiously blent and softened in the sun. The passage from gloom to gaiety is rapid as the succession of southern moods and passions, and it is impossible to separate art and colour from the feelings they convey. A shadowed band down the middle of the canvas divides artificial light from daylight, and marks the suffering of those who mourn between life and its brightness and death which holds the mysterious secret of a Paradise opened to the wandering babe. An impressive grandeur which all can feel invests the completed conception, as a theme for the highest order of artistic treatment. The subject is sublime, and it is both handled with power and superbly painted. Phillip sold it to Sir John Pender, at whose sale in 1897 it was purchased for the Gallery for £5250.

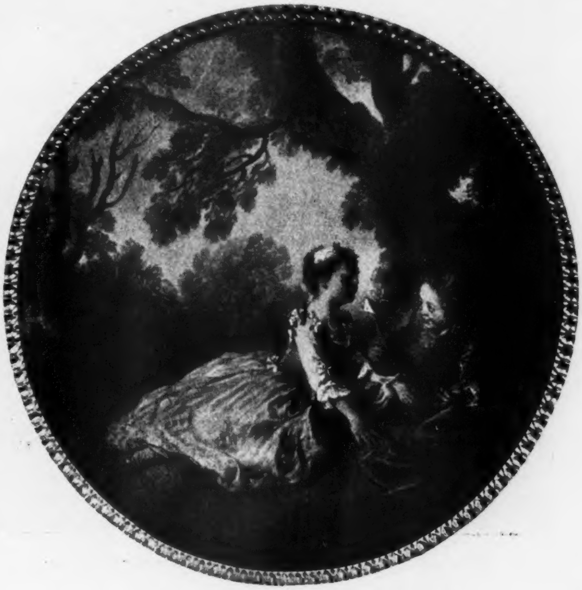
"La Gloria," that is, cost in round numbers £500 less than "Hendrikje Stoffels," and the latter is perchance the finer example of the art of painting; but for any æsthetic and refining influence, for exercising which a National Gallery is assumed chiefly to exist, is not the Phillip worth many Rembrandts? The underlying practical idea, of course, is that the student who even measurably masters the methods of Rembrandt may produce a greater Phillip.

Holding by the popular view, it is not surprising that, in their own day, Hals was more in request than the infinitely more subtle Rembrandt. The humanity of Hals filled his studio when the artistry of Rembrandt went unnoticed. Adding the two portraits by Bartholomeus van der Helst, the Gallery fortunately contains works of the three leaders of the Dutch school, perhaps the strongest trio in portraiture any one country can show. Hals is strong in character, simple and vigorous in style. His "Dutch Gentleman" (35) and the companion picture (39) are as fresh and lifelike as on the day they left the easel. They are a revelation of Dutch life, manners, and humanity. They form a chapter in middle-class life, and the colouring of the burgomaster is in close accord with



A FRENCH PASTORAL
(By Watteau)

his substantial air. The black of the dress is pleasantly relieved by the white and grey of collar and lace. The subject is manifestly a man of substance who does not care for display, of strength and sagacity sufficient to maintain him in a well-to-do life of comfort and affluence. He is, in short, a type, and stands at the point where portraiture touches history.



THE TOY WINDMILL

(By Watteau)

The great Fleming, Antony van Dyck, is strongly represented by four pictures. Of these, "The Lomellini Family" (10) and "An Italian Nobleman" (22) in armour show the painter at his best in portraiture. Wilkie wrote Andrew Wilson of the former, that it is "beautifully painted," and in his diary, under Genoa, May 29, 1827, he says: "Palazzo Lomalini. A family picture, about eight feet square—portraits of two men, one in armour; a lady and two children. This is a most respectable-looking picture, neglected indeed, but has not otherwise suffered: the children capitally painted. Carboni may have assisted in the work."

Three years later Andrew Wilson bought it for the Royal Institution. Wilkie makes a cold critic. It is difficult to tell what meaning to ascribe to "respectable-looking" when applied to a picture. A finer example of Van Dyck's flesh-painting, and of the skill and taste with which he could unobtrusively enrich a background with warm colour—blue, crimson, gold and old gold—it would be difficult to find. The rare carnations and proud air of the boy, and the modest charm of the little girl, demure and lovable, painted the better part of three hundred years ago, possess the double attraction of art and winsome subject. The "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" (15), although technically beautiful, may be passed as a students' picture, but beside the Van Dyck portraits even the famous Gainsborough, "The Hon. Mrs. Graham" (209), looks artificial and laboured.

Aside from an admittedly trying comparison, the Gainsborough is at once a masterpiece and a romance. The brushwork is a wonderful combination of ease and delicacy, but the artist's triumph lies in the management of light and the full harmony of the colour-scheme. Mrs. Graham was the wife of Lord Lynedoch, formerly Thomas Graham of Balgowan. She died in 1792, and, crushed by sorrow, Graham turned for relief to a life of action, and won fame and title in the Peninsula. He was so profoundly affected by Mrs. Graham's death that he could not without suffering look at her portrait, and had it enclosed in a case. It was afterwards deposited in London, and for fifty years was lost sight of.* On Lord Lynedoch's decease the portrait was discovered, and along with it another portrait of Mrs. Graham by Gainsborough, of a smaller (kitcat) size. The latter is now in the possession of Mr. J. Maxtone Graham, of Cultoquhey, Crieff.

Which, it may be asked, is the more interesting, art or sentiment, brushwork or romance? The question is ever-recurrent.

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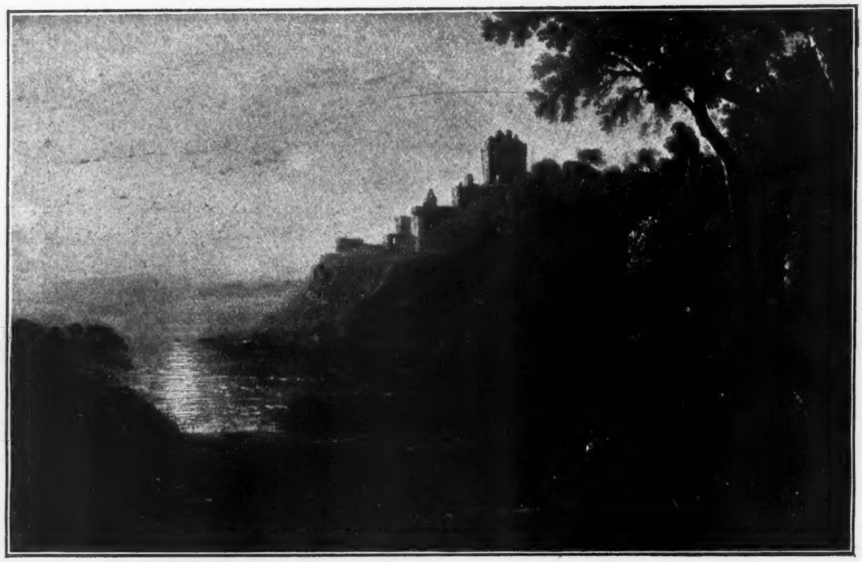
* The statement in previous catalogues as to the bricking up of this portrait is corrected in that of 1901.



RAVENSHEUGH CASTLE

(By the Rev. John Thomson)

John Faed painted "Annie's Tryste" (433), and in the pathos of the love-scene, the meeting before final parting, lies that appeal to the heart of humanity which never yet rose from mere cleverness and dexterous technique. It is a painted idyll, as also is Herdman's "La Culla" (394), where an Italian mother is seen dreaming, perhaps castle-building, over her sleeping infant. The one is a lyric of love, the other the cradle-song of maternity. Both artists are Scots, and both paint sentiment intelligible to all. In a parallel manner the French artist, Greuze, paints emotion and homely morality. Into "Girl with Dead Canary" (56) an entire elegy is compressed, the girl leaning upon the empty cage and mourning over the dead bird lying amongst flowers.

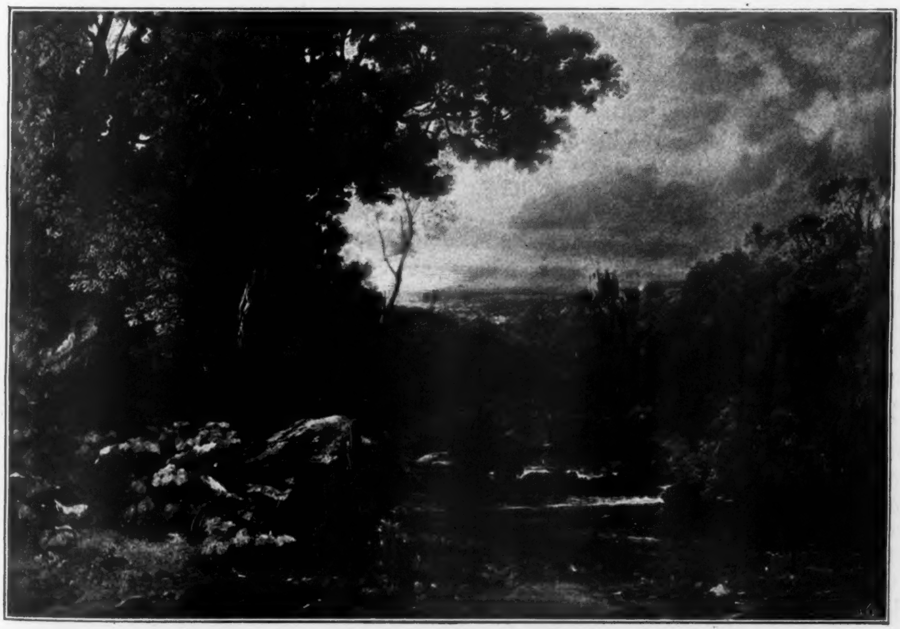
Beside Greuze may be placed Watteau, Boucher, and Fragonard, and they are all here but Fragonard, the painter of passion. Watteau painted the France of the eighteenth century; he is the colour-poet of passionless love, of grace, of social gaiety, and rural philandering. He won reputation by the two military subjects now in the Glasgow Corporation Collection; but more characteristic are the works here, "Fête Champêtre" (55), "French Pastoral" (59)—the French version of Faed's love scene—and "The Toy Windmill" (54). Boucher is appropriately represented by the portrait of "Madame de Pompadour" (46). Fragonard went deep at times, down to the nature underlying the glittering play of life; Boucher rarely if ever left the social glitter, the society that saw nothing but the make-believe joyousness of its own ways, and even nature only as the background of a charade, the scenic setting of a fancy-dress ball. He saw, as Michel says, the vision of a society mad for pleasure, swept along in an everlasting carnival. Could he have essentialised it better than in "La Pompadour"?

These pictures are strictly historical. They tell of national character in one of its phases, of one aspect of French manners, and so justify Prince Albert's dictum that art is an index to the civilisation from which it springs. Were a similar test applied to the Etty group, although forming an outstanding feature of the collection, the five pictures composing it might be speedily dismissed. They belong to another order of ideas, a different section of the domain of art. Etty's colossal canvases cannot be said either to make for public culture and taste or to reflect the civilisation of either England or the East.

They comprise the Judith triad, "Benaiah" and "The Combat," besides a copy. In flesh-painting Etty had in his own school hardly a rival; his drawing and composition are skilful; the action and posing of his figures are marked by vigour and propriety, and his colour is luminous and rich. He is to be judged, in other words, by art-qualities and not by significance and emotion. These pictures realise their several subjects with force and splendour; they are impressive and touch the imagination; but they are not to be tried by the feelings they excite and by the message they embody. They lead to a reflection upon the comparatively small place occupied by religious and scriptural subjects in modern art. Do they provoke damaging comparisons with the Masters? However that may be, the feeling regarding the Ettys is that the art must indeed be transcendent which would make such illustrative painting—wholly literary and far removed from the current interests of life—acceptable to the tastes and subjective tendencies of the twentieth century.

It is a pleasant change, if not a relief, to turn even to the low life of David Teniers, jun., and the imaginative naturalism of John Thomson. Teniers paints his native peasants to perfection. In one picture (25) they are drinking, in another, "Peasants playing at Skittles" (28), they are enjoying a favourite pastime. A low brown scheme of colour is lit by little touches of red and blue. We, however, are not so much interested in this and that feature of treatment as in the fact that the scene is realised. We are onlookers at the game.

From such realities of life we go with the pastor-painter Thomson to the realities of nature—realities, although he added imagination to landscape. There are three of his landscapes in the Gallery: "On the Firth of Clyde" (135), "Aberlady Bay" (183) and "Ravensheugh Castle" (137). An air from the Continent sweeps lightly across his pictures, but in respect of power and poetic grasp of nature, as he was one of the first, so he remains one of the most able landscape-painters of Scotland. In the Ravensheugh picture the light is especially fascinating. He was the romancist of landscape-painting, often weird, gloomy and grand, and again soft and captivating, but always inseeing and strong.



A LOWLAND RIVER

(By Horatio McCulloch)

Yet Thomson is almost isolated in Scots practice. He was following a waning convention. The day was at hand of the more purely naturalistic art of Docharty, Milne Donald, and of Horatio McCulloch, the men who painted face to face with nature, and made their studios amongst the hills, rivers and lochs they transferred to canvas. McCulloch did, in part, for Scotland in painting what Scott did for it in literature. There are three of his landscapes in the Gallery, and of these "Inverlochy Castle" (243) is a broadly representative work, admirably composed and treated in the painter's habitually polished manner. Hardly less so is "A Lowland River" (245). For a time he dominated his own branch of the art of Scotland, and affinities with him and his style made themselves felt in all directions down to Arthur Perigal, John Smart and others. A more definite individuality began to assert itself in Fraser and Wintour, and culminated in the personal impressionism of McTaggart.

The Gallery is a resting-place from the nervous and feverish straining felt in a good deal of strictly contemporary art. It is difficult to tell in what exaltation of technique and æsthetic materialism the art called "progressive" may end. Some other vagary may follow sage-green moonlights, sunsets of opaque drab, and shores of lapis-lazuli blue. On entering the door of the Gallery one feels that, in days gone by, the passions of humanity have not been expressed in a calculated system of colour-harmonies by duly adjusted surfaces of paint. Else had the educational value of art been *nil*, and its moral and intellectual significance had been submerged. Sound, marble, bronze, paint are the media of art, and nothing more. Its burden is moral, intellectual, æsthetic. The most consummate skill, accordingly, is not at all identical with the highest art.

DOES PRAYER CHANGE THE WILL OF GOD?

By the Rev. PRYCE D. JONES, M.A.

TO avoid an unnecessary wandering over too wide a field, I assume that all who will listen to me ask the question, "Does Prayer change the will of God?" from the standpoint of those who believe in God, yet have a difficulty in making their prayers real.

We say "God is all-powerful; is it possible to change His will? He is all-wise, all-good, all-loving, and what He wills is best for all. Is it then even desirable to try to change it?"

This is a real difficulty, as it makes the thought of petitionary prayer unnecessary, useless, even wrong. We ask our question then to obtain an answer, for a practical purpose, and not because we are prying curiously into the light in which God clothes Himself.

I reject as an unworthy evasion of the difficulties of the subject the compromise which finds the object of prayer in the heart of him who prays. Doubtless there is a subjective gain, the greatness of which we cannot measure. But there is far too much talk to-day in Literature, in Art, and Religion recalling men from the object of their ceaseless search by the thought "the only real reward to your seeking is the effort to find." As it has been most eloquently voiced by Robert Louis Stevenson: "O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour."*

Men will cease to strive when once they really believe that, and its truest condemnation is to be found in its sterilising influence. It is an objective result we seek in Prayer, and the difficulties of the subject at once spring up as we ask our question, "Does Prayer change the will of God?"

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* "Virginibus Puerisque," p. 178.

I saw these difficulties well-stated in a popular manner some years ago in a weekly paper devoted to the exposition of science. "Imagine," said this paper, "a country governed by a great and wise king, whose laws were perfectly designed for the well-being of each and all of his subjects. It would be impossible to better them in the least degree. Yet part of his subjects were always petitioning the king to alter this and that; his other subjects were content to feel that his rules were perfectly contrived for their well-being, and any alteration of the laws of their wise and good king could only be for the worse. Which were the better subjects of the king?"

It is not difficult to answer these objections to prayer in the very terms of this illustration, though it should be said at once that all anthropomorphic conceptions of God may be made just as harmful as they are helpful.

Indeed, the very idea of the Personality of God, though rightly regarded as a citadel of Christian truth which must be defended at all costs, must be regarded as an expression of a truth far greater than the thought of human personality will bear. Let us bear in mind, too, that it is essentially unscientific to argue from an illustration rather than to make an illustration illuminate an argument. The line between analogy and illustration is often, we know, very thin, but it is a division which must be observed by those who claim to be regarded as scientific. I have said so much upon this point because I believe so many men's difficulties with regard to religion come from the failure to recognise that God must be greater than our highest conceptions of Him, and that the things unseen can of necessity be but dimly understood by their shadows in the seen.

It is only by using all the revelations of God, all the illustrations of Him which abound in this varied world of His making, that we begin to understand and know Him, and then only, perhaps, when we recollect that all these illustrations fail to express completely that rich relation which exists between God and ourselves. God is not only our King, He is our Father. Can you imagine a household so wisely ordered that a son considered it quite unnecessary ever to ask his father for anything? Would such a place be a home at all, or would any man so arrange things as to deny himself for ever the joy of granting the request of his child?

But consider the illustration we have quoted. Imagine just such a kingdom with its perfect laws, and suppose a ground-law of the constitution of this kingdom to be that the king, desirous of giving his subjects many, many things from his royal bounty, commands that they shall personally draw near to ask him for these gifts, and this because they shall thereby gain a far greater gift; they shall thus learn to know him, to admire him, and then to copy him; they shall thus be bound to his person, and therefore (as the history of every good kingdom shows) be bound more closely to one another. Which of them in such circumstances shall prove better subjects of their king?

God our King has called upon us to pray, both by the voice of Revelation and the instinctive stirring in the heart of man towards Him. We are disloyal subjects if we disobey His command.

Observe, I do not here attempt to prove to an unbeliever that prayer will certainly win an answer. We are here, if anywhere, face to face with the Great Enigma which can only be solved in the region of the heart and conscience, not mathematically proved or explained. What has been done, or certainly can be done, is to show to a believer in God, to a believer in a conscious ruler of the universe, the reasonableness of prayer. And though argument may not force conviction, it may dispose of intellectual difficulties—the mind can remove what the mind has brought.

So far we have been dealing with some of the general issues raised by our question rather than with the precise question itself. Let us look at it once more and ask why we more frequently than formerly ask such a question? Is it not that a great idea dominates our thinking of to-day—the all-penetrating presence of inflexible law? We have risen to a conception of the majestic reign of law everywhere, everywhere. There is no room for one arbitrary thing in the universe of God. The very world keeps time true to law; the flowers, the gnats, the very mind of man are all in the domain of law. What room then have we for prayer? Even if it were possible we fear to disturb the harmony of God's work.

But, stated in this way, are we not granting the false assumption that the world is a great machine? Was it not Carlyle who poured such biting scorn upon a conception which regarded God as creating a great self-acting machine and then standing aside to see it work?

God is not prisoned in His own powers. If we press this thought of rigid law too far we crowd out the very idea of God. We are driven indeed ultimately to that folly of follies, to believe that we, thinking, loving beings, were made by blind force, which did not know what it made, the thing made being greater than its cause. This thought has never been more appallingly expressed than in a "Sonnet to Nature" by Emily Pfeiffer.

> Thou art not "calm," but restless as the ocean,
> Filling with aimless toil the endless years—
> Stumbling on thought and throwing off the spheres,
> Churning the Universe with mindless motion.
> Dull fount of joy, unhallowed source of tears,
> Cold motor of our fervid faith and song,
> Thou crownedst thy wild work with foulest wrong
> When first thou lightedst on a seeming goal
> And darkly blundered on man's suffering soul.

To state the theory thus nakedly is its own best refutation.

But we not only crowd out the idea of God, we leave no room for man either. We rob him of that free-will which all men have to assume as a practical basis of human life and work. This leads us to ask a question which will clear the ground for us very effectually. Does work change the will of God?* By man's work a certain harvest is produced, without his work the harvest does not come. Will it not be true to say that man's work *accomplishes* the will of God? That is to say, there is no more difficulty about prayer than about work and the freedom of human and divine action.

As God "leaves room," if we may so phrase it, for man's work, as He desires to give man certain blessings in response to his work, and thus to give him the double blessing of the harvest and the incentive to work, so He "leaves room" for the working of man's prayer, more especially, perhaps, in the moral and spiritual realm, that man may gain the answer to his petitions, with the added and greater gain of constant communion with Himself.

We have not answered our question, but we have laid hold of, it may be, the thing we really desire to know.

Time fails for a discussion of the necessary limitations of prayer, its rules, but we may conclude with three considerations which will enforce what has been said:

(1) If we find certain fossils, scattered over a wide area, all provided with well-developed fins, we feel we are right in concluding these creatures were intended in some measure for swimming, and that they, or their predecessors, had something to swim in, for without the latter condition the organs for swimming would have been atrophied and ultimately lost.

The normal man through all ages (so far as we really know) right up to to-day has gone on praying, using this function of his nature we call prayer. Is it reasonable to suppose the function could have lasted so long without that which made the prayer worth while?

(2) Fixed laws are not fixed happenings, or fixed results. The will of man finds scope for its operations in a chain of cause and effect governed by inflexible law to such good purpose that the thing which happens certainly does depend upon the new factor which has been introduced—the will of man. And this holds true even though it might be proved that the will of man, variable as it seems, is itself determined by dominating law. The stand-point from which the argument should be regarded is that of the man who is about to will to do or not to do. "Does this effort of mine make any difference?" Undoubtedly it does, for it is a real thing, and just because of the inflexible reign of law is itself taken up and used and its influence duly felt upon the thing which happens.

(3) Lastly, let it be observed we do not remove prayer from the reign of law. We regard prayer as a real thing, a spiritual energy, which is bound to make itself tell by this very reign of law. Enlarge your conception of "law." A "law" as such, of course, is powerless to accomplish itself, but we use the word now in its popular sense. Trace a larger "law" which includes our variable prayers in its own great swing and sweep and accomplishes itself through them.

Better still, conceive a vast Intelligence which intimately knows the sweep and reach of the myriad forces working, which is indeed in one sense the essential thing of which all those powers are a varied manifestation, and that amongst those forces are to be found those very real things—your own love, your own faith, your own prayer. Is it conceivable that such an intelligent, all-penetrating First Cause should be unable to use these powers for Its purposes? Can you imagine these forces of yours, these prayers, withdrawn and their absence unfelt?

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* See Gore's "Prayer and the Reign of Law." Oxford House Papers, second series, p. 25.

Your doubts about Prayer have gathered you know not how, they are unwelcome, you would banish them if you could. The wisest method to be really rid of them is to dwell more in the thought of Christ. His example, His express teaching, His sweetest promises, constrain you to pray. How you would pray if you were granted a vision of Him quite near you at this moment! Yet indeed He is verily near you, the very ache of your hearts for assurance is one testimony to the fact.

> Speak to Him then, for He hears,
>   And spirit with Spirit can meet,
> Closer is He than breathing,
>   And nearer than hands or than feet.

QUEEN OF THE HEAP

By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

HER real name was Fanny Spriggins, but she was always known in Brigg's Row as Queen of the Heap, or Queenie for more familiar use. The dominion which gave her this title, and the subjects which were ruled over by the young lady in question were such as would scarcely have excited the envy of any other monarch. The "Heap" was more or less scattered over a dismal piece of waste ground beside the railway at the end of the dirty little street in which Brigg's Row was situated. It had one analogy, at all events, to the British Empire, in that it was constantly increasing in size; and to this end there rumbled on most days through the street a few unsavoury carts containing sundry assortments from the dust-bins of the neighbourhood, in which ashes were mingled with the bones of defunct bullocks, and potato parings with the rags of a household in the most approved fashion.

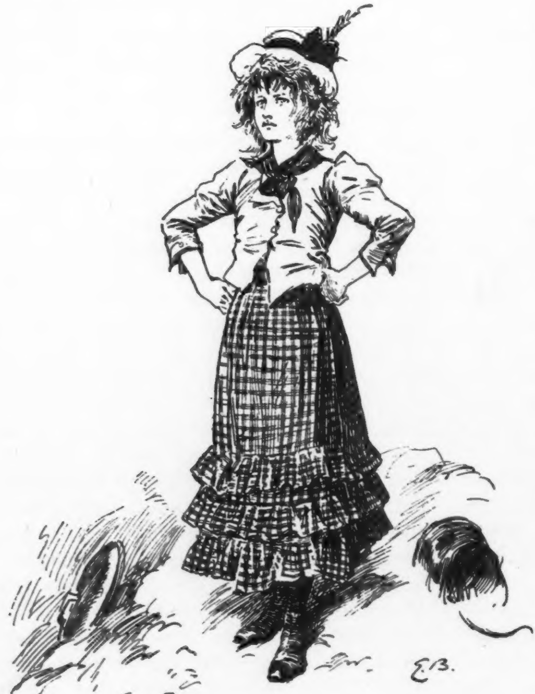
Over this expanse of domestic ruins the Queen of the Heap ruled supreme, and woe betide the traitorous subject who failed to acknowledge her sway. There were many of these subjects, for what more delightful playground could the children who lived in Brigg's Row desire than such a dust-heap? It abounded in charms and treasures, in tin pails and battered kettles and crockery-ware, and there was ever the possibility of finding a ragged old doll or something equally precious to be quarrelled for and, perchance, fought over.

Not that the Queen of the Heap herself cared for any of these things. She looked upon her domain from a more sordid point of view, and gathered revenue therefrom to be turned into coin of a more exalted realm. For there was a distinct monetary value in certain of the refuse that poured out of the dust-carts, and no one knew how to turn it to account better than she. She could tell at a glance if an old saucepan were worth anything, she could sort the rags into distinctive bundles and pick out bones and bottles with an eye of exact judgment. Some few of her subjects were traders also, but they had to pay toll most strictly in the shape of a half-penny for "first pick" out of a fresh cart-load, while certain parts of the heap were her absolute property and all trespassers were duly warned off.

Number 3 Brigg's Row was her home and the temporary depository of her treasures. Here resided her drunken father and her slatternly mother, and their bedroom, as well as the queen's, was filled with heaps of rags and other commodities collected from the heap, including a mountain of bones in a corner and an array of bottles under the beds. It was rumoured that the best bones—those with bits of flesh still clinging to them—did duty before they were sold, in that Mrs. Spriggins made soup of them, such as her family loved, and that all the cooking utensils in use in the house had been gathered from the queen's domain.

The queen herself was a girl of some fifteen or sixteen summers, with an utter disregard for the fifth commandment and a strong objection to follow any other way than her own. Thus it was that she refused to go into service or any other employment and confined herself to ruling her heap, cheeking her seniors, and keeping her juniors in awe of her. For this purpose she was peculiarly gifted with a strong temper and a liberal vocabulary which included, to quote Mrs. Malaprop, "a nice derangement of epitaphs" some of which will certainly not bear repeating here.

On the particular afternoon in question she had been indulging in both temper and vocabulary to a considerable extent, and stood upon her heap, the type of righteous indignation. She scarcely looked regal, dressed in a torn, stained, old brown frock, her shabby straw hat stuck on the back of her head, and her tangled red hair streaming out over her dirty face. Her basket stood at her feet, and her grubby hands were on her hips. She was addressing a youth who had committed the unpardonable offence of straying to her heap from a strange neighbourhood—an outcast foreigner.



"The Queen of the Heap"

"'Ow dare you come 'ere, you great lanky lamp-post," she screamed, "keep to your own dirty back yard."

"I've got as much right 'ere as you," growled the intruder.

"Ho! 'ave yer! We'll see about that. You just lay a finger on them rags, that's all, my chicken."

"Garn! Think I'm afraid of a bloomin' kid in petticoats," said the misguided youth as he made a step forward towards a tempting assortment that had just been shot down.

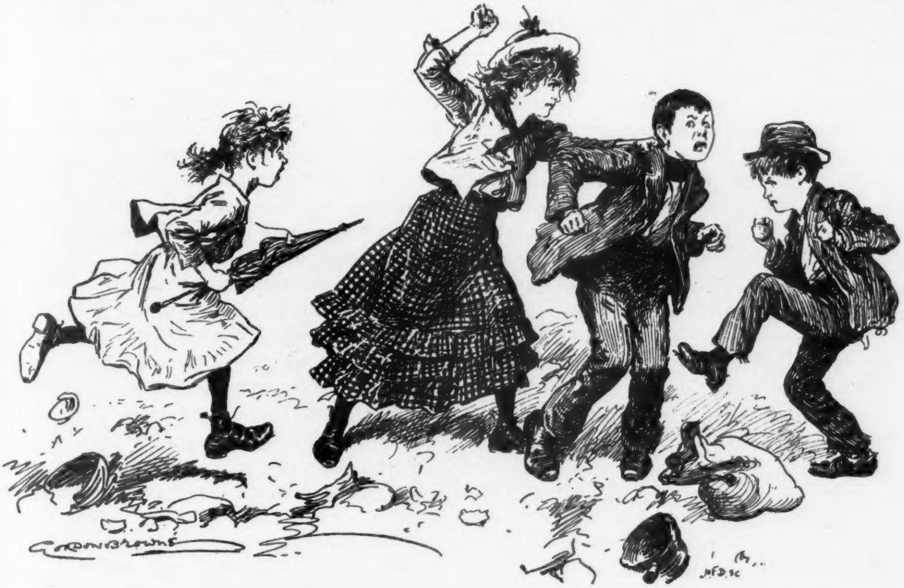
"Kid, eh? Kid yerself!" shrieked the queen. "Let them 'ere rags alone and be off, I tells yer!"

"Shan't!" retorted the youth defiantly, beginning to handle them.

"Ho! Won't yer? 'Ere, Mariar, 'old my barsket, will yer? Bill, I say, and Hem'ly, go be'ind 'im and kick 'im."

So saying the Queen of the Heap rushed at the intruder and proceeded to put into execution the simple laws by which she ruled her realm. She literally threw herself upon him, seized him by the collar with one hand, boxing his ears soundly with the other, kicking at his shins and screaming at him with fury. "Bill" and "Hem'ly," her two faithful subjects, loyally obeyed her commands, as the unfortunate youth knew to his cost when he felt the toes of their boots hammering at his calves.

In vain did he try to make a more or less dignified resistance. At length, overcome with the fury of the onslaught, he beat an



"The simple laws by which she ruled her realm"

inglorious retreat, followed by the defiant shouts of the queen as she stood, flushed and triumphant, on her heap.

It was at this moment that a cry rang upon her ears which carried an insult with it that she never brooked.

"Bravo, Carrots!"

She turned on the instant and paused in her invectives. And she saw the offender not twenty yards away. The railway, as has been noted, ran on a slight embankment, close by the heap, and a goods-train had pulled up for a few minutes, brought to a stop by a signal against it just hard by. The engine was exactly opposite the scene of the encounter, and, leaning out of the cab, his grimy face beaming with a broad grin, stood the fireman, a young man evidently intensely amused at the display of force which he had been watching, and filled with no little admiration with the central figure thereof.

"Bravo, Carrots!"

She drew breath for a moment in deep indignation. It was her one sore point. Mariar and Bill and Hem'ly stood aghast. They half expected their queen to drag that insolent fireman from his engine and feared that they would be commanded to assist.

"Oo are yer callin' carrots, old black-nose? I'll shy a bone at yer ugly 'ead if I 'as any more of yer cheek. Yah!"

This only elicited a burst of laughter from the man, who shouted back.

"You're a nice little spit-fire, you are!"

Then she put her threat into action. She picked up the biggest bone she could find and threw it with all her might at him. But just at that moment the signal arm dropped, the driver threw the regulator open, and the engine moved forward. Otherwise her aim was so true that the bone would have caught him on the head. As it was, it flew over the tender behind him. He kissed his hand to her with a mocking grin, shouting out:

"Good-bye, Carrots!"

She was speechless with temper for a moment or two and stood watching him, her eyes flashing with wrath. Then she turned to her dutiful subjects.

"Wot are yer standin' about gapin' at? Carn't yer git to work on them 'ere rags? You can 'ave first pick at 'em for nothing if yer like."

"I'd like to 'ave seen yer 'it 'im," remarked Hem'ly.

"'Oo?"

"That 'ere man on the ingin."

"'Taint no concern o' your'n," replied the queen snappishly.

Now the feelings of the Queen of the Heap had been severely stirred. She could not bear the thought of having endured such an insult without being able to repay it.

Besides the thing that annoyed her most was the good humour of the fireman. She was used to being cheeked, and she gave back rather better than she got, but simply to be laughed at—it was beyond endurance, and she brooded over it. Matters did not mend when on the next afternoon the goods train came slowly by, but without stopping, and the fireman deliberately took off his cap and made her a polite bow, with a mischievous and most annoying grin on his face. She stamped with rage at him, and that only increased his amusement. He was a handsome young fellow, despite his grimy trade, and the worst of it was that the queen could not get his face out of her mind.

She thought about him that night when she lay down on the bundle of rags that formed her bed. She thought of him viciously at first, and then she grew to wondering what his name was and what it was like to travel on an engine. The next day he waved his hand to her again as he passed, and she was as angry as ever, and at night she dreamed about him. It was a sort of fascination with her. He seemed such a part of her view of life, perched up there among the coals with his smutty face and begrimed clothes. She imagined his home, dirty and coaly and nicely sooty, with no necessity for washing and cleaning. Then as the days went by, and he gave her a never failing salute from his engine as he passed, which never failed to rouse her wrath for the time being, she built all sorts of castles—or rather hovels—in the air, and one day she ruined all Bill's cherished hopes by saying to him.

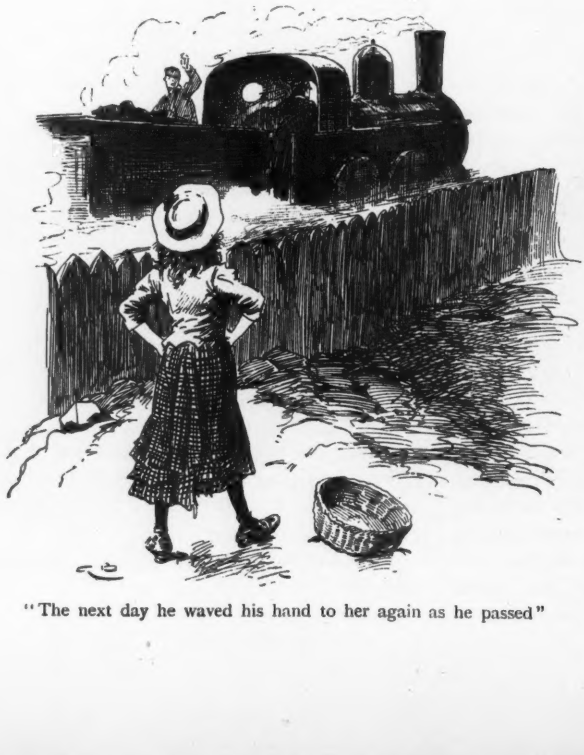
"Bill, I ain't goin' to be hengaged to yer no more. You can 'ook it orf this side o' the 'eap!"

"You— you— ain't got no other bloke?" faltered the twelve-year-old Billy who had been prime favourite in the court for three months.

"Wot's that to you if I have? You're honly a kid. 'Ook it, I tells yer!"

And that was how Bill got his dismissal.

But she had never forgiven the insult, and, despite her dreams, she had vowed revenge on the earliest opportunity. Strange are the ways of queens! They are all of them women. For this purpose she kept a little pile of broken bricks on the top of the heap. For she felt that half a brick was a heavier argument than a bone any day.



"The next day he waved his hand to her again as he passed"

And the opportunity came. One afternoon the signal was once more against that goods-train, and the engine stopped just opposite. The fireman partly brought it on himself, for he said blandly,

"How do, Carrots?"

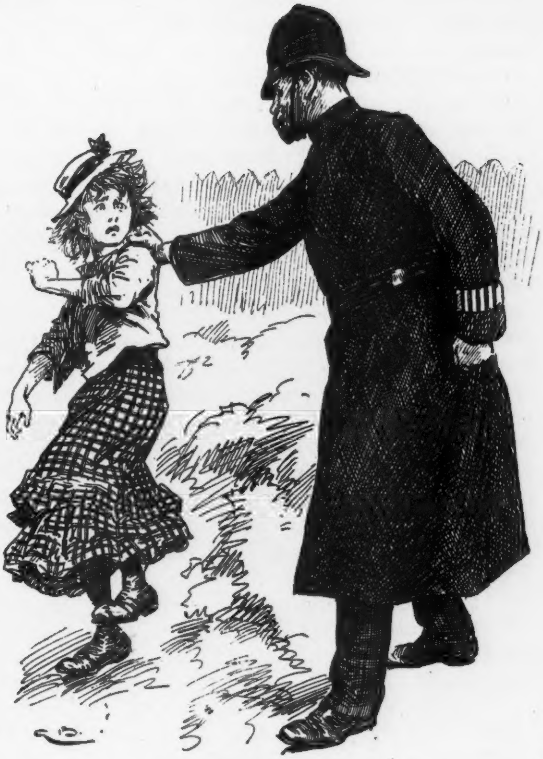
The next moment half a brick was whirling through the air. The man ducked his head—there was a crash and a splintering of glass. The missile had gone clean through the weather glass of the engine-cab.

She stood, horrified, for a second, and then—alas for the sanctity of the queen's domain—above the remarks of the driver she heard a gruff voice behind her and a strong hand was laid on her shoulder.

It was an emissary of the outer realm—a policeman who had happened to be strolling by and who had seen it all!

"You come along o' me, young good-for-nothing," he said. "All right," he shouted to the men on the engine, "I'll inform the station inspector all about it as soon as I've locked her up. Come on," he added, "no nonsense, now. There's been too many a throwin' at trains lately, and it's lucky I've caught yer."

For a moment she had wild ideas of summoning Mariar and Hem'ly to her aid, but even they turned tail and ran before the awful vision in blue. Then she burst out howling, as he dragged her off.



"'You come along o' me'"

* * *

The fireman had to go and give evidence on behalf of the railway company. The prisoner in the dock raised her head as he stepped into the witness-box. Could this be the grimy man of coal she had seen so often on the engine, this spruce young fellow with his clean face and his navy-blue Sunday suit? It staggered her, and the vision of his hovel vanished for ever.

It was a clear case. "What have you to say for yourself?" asked the magistrate. "It appears you threw the brick at this young man. He was certainly indiscreet in calling you carrots, though his veracity in that respect can scarcely be questioned, but you might have killed him. Come, what have you to say?"

The queen raised a tearful face.

"I wouldn't ha' hurt a 'air of 'is 'ead if I'd a knowed it," she sobbed.

"If you'd known what?" asked the magistrate.

"If I'd knowed—if—" and she broke into fresh tears.

"What?"

"If I'd knowed 'ow much—'ow much—I liked 'im," burst out the candid ruler.

There was a roar of laughter in which even the magistrate joined.

"Do you know this young person?" he asked the fireman, who stood, blushing and confused at the extraordinary admission, with all eyes turned on him.

"No, sir!"

"'E—'e used ter grin and kiss 'is 'and to me when 'e passed," sobbed the miserable prisoner, "and I wanted ter shy a brick at 'im, and—and—I did—and—I wouldn't 'a done it if I'd knowed—not for a 'ole 'eap o' rags, I wouldn't."

When the laughter had subsided the magistrate read her a severe lecture and ended up by pronouncing sentence:

"Twenty shillings or fourteen days!"

"I ain't got no money, sir."

"Very well. Then you must go to gaol."

"I'll pay it for her, sir. It was my fault for cheeking her!"

There was a titter in the court, but he stood it bravely and handed over the sovereign.

"You can go," said the magistrate to the prisoner, "and I strongly advise you to begin earning a decent living."

Outside the court the fireman spoke to her.

"Now," he said, "don't you be a little fool any more and don't let me see you on that heap again."

She was choking too much to thank him. She forgot, even, to ask his name. She longed to go to the heap the next day to see him pass, but she remembered what he had said. And he, looking out of his cab, saw Billy, the new sovereign. The reign of the Queen of the Heap was over. She had abdicated!

She collected those treasures of the home, bottles, bones and rags, cleaned them out, and straightway sold them. In a week's time Brigg's Row was astounded. They saw her go forth in a clean dress and a bundle under her arm.

"She's gone and forsaken her father and mother wot brought 'er up and nourished her," screamed Mrs. Spriggins from her front door to the assembled neighbours. "A hungrateful little 'ussy, a leavin' 'er fam'ly instead of a workin' for 'em!"

* * * * *

Two years later a neatly-dressed, handsome girl might have been seen at the Westford terminus taking a ticket for Dullminster. It was the ex-queen, now nothing more than a servant, going to visit her old home for a day, for she had not so absolutely neglected her parents as her mother had made out. As she put the change into her purse one might have noticed a sovereign in an inner compartment. That sovereign had been there for over eighteen months—waiting.

The train was not quite ready to start, and she strolled along the platform till she came to the engine. Engines always had a charm for her, somehow. It was a bright, clean passenger locomotive, not a dingy old "goods." She gave a sudden start as she glanced at the fireman, who stood, leaning over the cab.

"It's him!" she exclaimed ungrammatically.

Then she opened her purse and drew out that sovereign. She went up to the fireman.

"Please I owe you this."

"Hullo!" exclaimed the man as he looked at her. "Why, it's Car—. Well, bless me—I should scarcely have known you!"

"It's the fine you paid for me," she said quietly, "and I want to thank you for it. I never knew how to send it to you."

"I don't want it," he answered. There was a genuine look of admiration in his eyes as he met hers. This the little rascal of the heap—this the girl that had heaved a brick because—and he blushed at the thought of it, but his face was a bit sooty, and she didn't notice it.

"Oh, you must take it."

There were five minutes before the train left. One can find out a great deal in that time. The fireman did. Not the least was where she was living.

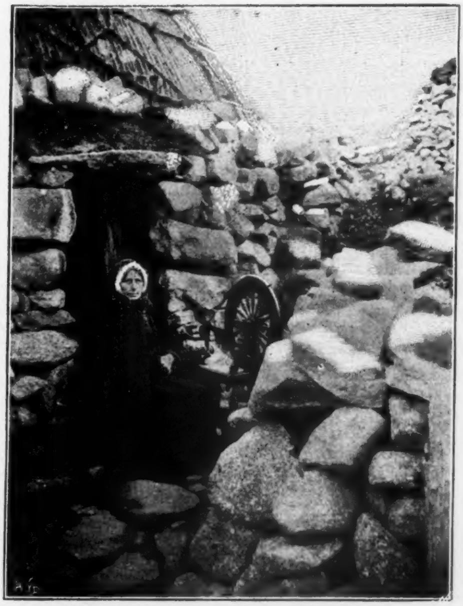
And, to close the story, the ex-Queen of the Heap rejoices in a new realm. She is queen of a home!

A SUMMER SOJOURN IN ST. KILDA

By EVELYN HEATHCOTE

WHEN my brother suggested that our sketching holiday should be spent on the Island of St. Kilda, there was a howl from our friends and relations. "You won't be able to land after three days of sea sickness, or, being there, get off, after weeks of waiting. You will starve, break your legs, and there is no doctor," &c. These were the least of the evils to befall us. However, we persevered in our plan, provided ourselves with hammocks to sleep in, tinned provisions to eat, and oilskins to wear, and finally departed by the night train from King's Cross to Glasgow, on Wednesday, June 8. On Thursday afternoon we left the ever-foggy city of the north on board the good ship *Dunara Castle*, and steamed slowly down the Clyde and away to the distant Hebrides, discharging cargo at various ports and islands until Saturday, when at about 2 P.M. we passed out of the Sound of Harris, breasted the Atlantic rollers, and dropped anchor in St. Kilda Bay at six o'clock.

After a hasty tea the passengers all landed to make the most of their short stay. As we were to remain for a fortnight, we leisurely collected our goods and departed in the last boat, to inspect our quarters. These were an empty house, part of which is used as a store during the winter, and occupied by the factor during his summer residence, and we were to stay with him. We found the house had just been unlocked, and was in possession of various female forms on their knees scrubbing and sweeping, so we left them to their task, and set to work ourselves to get up our things from the shore. The sloping rocks at the landing-place and the steep path up to the village were a scene of bustle. Between six o'clock, the hour of our arrival, and midnight the stores had to be landed on the island, for it was Saturday, and no native will stir a finger for work on the Sabbath. There were on this occcasion about a dozen masons and carpenters, and the materials for the construction of a school, to be landed, and this was no easy task. A raft was built alongside the steamer, and eventually towed to shore, but I heard afterwards that this was not all completed till far on into Sunday morning, a fact, which did not, I am afraid, prejudice the St. Kildans in favour of the strange workmen who were to be their guests for the summer.



A ST. KILDA HOME

We turned in about midnight, and, thanks to fatigue consequent on three nights passed in train and steamer, contrived to sleep very fairly in our novel couches. The annoying part of a hammock is, that after you have carefully arranged your plaid and pillows, your unskilful efforts to get in probably tip up the contrivance, and out fall your elaborately planned bedclothes upon the floor. However, a little practice soon remedies this defect. We were all rather late next morning, and I think it was eight o'clock when I looked out on the bay, thinking to see the *Dunara* there, and that I could send home some final messages by our fellow-passengers. But the steamer was away, the bay was deserted, there was not a sound save the boom of the breakers on the shore. A real Sabbath calm pervaded the place, and I realised that I was really in St. Kilda, three days' journey from London, but as absolutely cut off from communication with the world as if I were in an African desert. I wondered if we should be glad or sorry when in a fortnight's time the steamer would return to take us away.

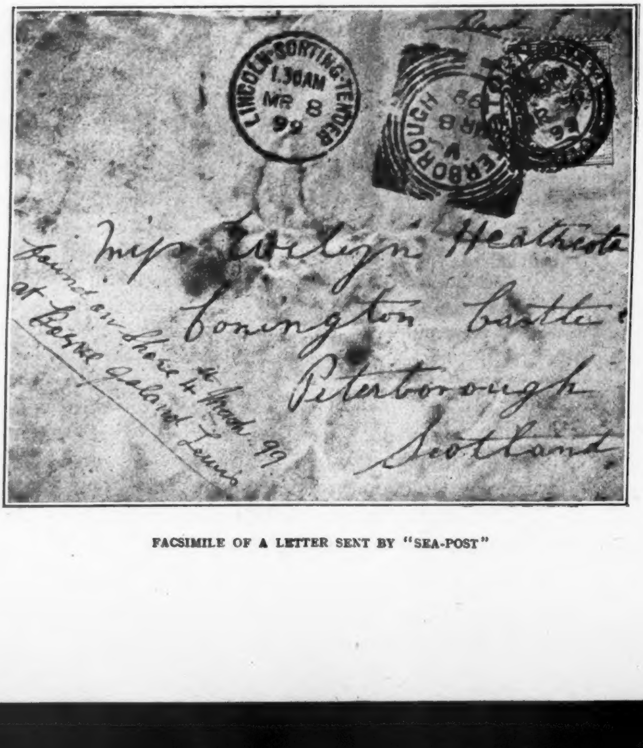
It is said that in old days the Island of St. Kilda was used as a penal settlement for the MacLeod estates, of which it formed a part, and any persons undesired by the authorities were shipped over there. If this is the case, it is evident that an hereditary instinct for wickedness can be overcome, given a sufficient number of generations, for the present inhabitants of St. Kilda are very "good." Drunkenness is unknown. Bad language is never heard, and there is absolutely no occasion for policeman or prison.

A visitor to the island, writing about twenty-five years ago, describes the misery of a St. Kilda Sunday. "The population," he says, "at the sound of a bell, hurry to church with sorrowful looks, and eyes bent upon the ground, like a troop of the damned being driven to the bottomless pit;" and that he himself dared not stir out of his house except to the service. Nowadays, though Sunday is strictly observed, it did not appear to me to be at all a day of woe.

As a rule the morning service lasts for three hours. We were rather relieved, therefore, to learn that our first Sunday we should not be expected to attend, as we might be tired after the voyage, and that if we put in an appearance at evening service that would be sufficient. On our second Sunday the service was held in the open air (the roof being off the church for repairs), and lasted only two hours, but this, for us, not understanding the Gaelic prayers and preaching, was long enough. The singing, led by the minister, is hearty, and not particularly slow, also not particularly musical. The offertory, to which all present respond liberally, is collected in wooden boxes fixed at the end of a long pole. This convenient arrangement is also customary in other Highland churches.

One day we had a grand ceremony, when the foundation stone of the new school was laid with, according to the foreman, "due masonic honours." I had never been present at such a function, and had no ideas on the subject of "masonic honours," but I did feel that my St. Kilda wardrobe was sadly unequal to the occasion, and that I myself was not at all worthy to perform the "honours." However, I did my best. About five o'clock, at the sound of a bell, the whole population assembled in or near the little church, and the preliminaries began. I believe a newspaper of the date is usually placed within the cavity whereon the stone is to rest. Here was difficulty number one! Of course we had no newspaper of date June 19, and could not possibly get one, but presently some one produced an Edinburgh paper of date June 9. This was given to me to fold and compress as best I might, and bestow in a bottle along with a document upon which was set forth a short history of St. Kilda and its condition and population in the year 1898, signed by us and all of the inhabitants who were capable of this feat of penmanship. The next move was to the scene of operation, a small platform, consisting of two planks laid on a low wall, upon which I was expected to mount. After enduring speeches in Gaelic and English for what seemed an interminable time, the stone was "well and truly laid," and we presently dispersed, after a due amount of cheering. I was rather amused when, subsequently, the contractor was, on the voyage home, brought up and introduced to me by the foreman, who probably expected his chief to make me some pretty speech. But all he said was: "I take no account of the laying of the foundation-stone, it is the coping-stone I look to." I am inclined to think that the waves of the Atlantic, which were then beginning to be felt, may have had a depressing effect on any flights of compliment to which he might have soared at a happier moment.

But a few weeks later a substantial and charming recognition of my services in St.



LINCOLN-SORTING-TENDER
1.30AM
MR 8
99

Miss Evelyn Heathcote
Conington Castle
Peterborough
Scotland

Found on Shore 4 March 99
at Berne Island Lewis

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER SENT BY "SEA-POST"

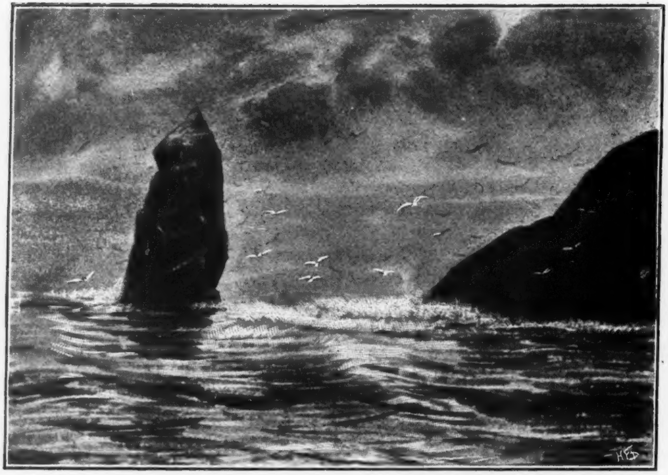
Kilda arrived, in the shape of a pretty little wooden mallet, with silver inscription, setting forth that this was from the contractor as a recollection of the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of St. Kilda school, &c. I hope when we repeat our visit we shall see the coping-stone, though it will not, I am sure, have been so "well and truly laid!"

FOWLERS ABOUT TO DESCEND CLIFF

During the summer months St. Kilda is visited by excursion steamers which bring the mails, and occasionally by yachts, but from September to June the people are dependent upon a passing trawler for any news of the outside world. They have an ingenious way of communicating with their friends. When the wind is from the north-west they throw into the sea a little wooden case containing a letter and a penny to pay the postage, with a bladder attached to keep it afloat, and commit it to the waves, confident that they will bear it to shore. A letter "posted" to me in this way on January 16 was picked up on the coast of the Lews on March 4, and reached me a few days later, none the worse for its long soaking. The envelope was a good deal stained by salt water, and the ink a little faint, but it was perfectly legible.

The Island of St. Kilda is specially exempt from all acts and laws for "close time" and preservation of wild birds, because sea birds are the usual food of the people, and if it were not lawful to kill the birds the people would be in danger of starvation. Certainly the birds do not seem to stand in need of any artificial assistance in order to sustain life. I should be sorry to quote the number of puffins, and of their eggs, taken during the months of May and June every year, and yet it is said that the puffins are greatly on the increase. They build in burrows like rabbits, and, as you walk, fly from under your feet, or up against your head, in their blundering efforts to get away. The sky appears to be darkened with them, and the constant rush and whir of their wings make one feel quite giddy. The natives catch them with a long rod, like a fishing-rod, with a running noose at the end, and the silly bird sits and looks at this curious "thing" until the noose is over his head and he is a prisoner. I took the rod one day, and distinguished myself by immediately noosing a puffin, to the great delight of the fowlers who were out with us. The puffins have such comical ways of sitting, and turning their heads, with their big red beaks, right round. They look like self-important, consequential, little, fat, City gentlemen, with their white waistcoats and black coats. We were never tired of watching them, but really they are the least important of the birds of St. Kilda.

The fulmar petrel should come first. This bird has no other regular breeding-place in the British Isles, though occasionally found on the Shetlands. It somewhat resembles a common gull at a distance, but has a much more graceful flight, skimming the waves, or hovering by the cliffs, without perceptible motion of its wings. It makes its nest upon the grassy ledges and cliffs of St. Kilda, and is caught with a rod in the same way as a puffin, only, as it is found



STACK LIA, THE HOME OF THE GANNETS

on the precipices, it is more difficult to secure.

It was greatly valued formerly for its oil, of which each bird has about half a pint, and which it uses as a means of defence, and ejects with great force at the enemy. The present general use of mineral oils makes that of the fulmar of less importance, but it is the purest animal oil in existence, and is still used for various purposes, and also medicinally by the natives for sprains and bruises. During our stay the foreman of the works sprained his leg, and as I saw him limping past our house, I offered him some Embrocation. It was declined on the ground that "Sandy" had proposed to rub the leg with fulmar oil, and he would try that first. I suppose the cure was not quick enough to please him, for next day he accepted my remedy, which he told me afterwards was most successful. The people consider the fulmar a great delicacy on account of its strong flavour, and they were always pressing their favourite food upon us. We did try roast fulmar one night, and found it not so unpleasant as we expected; it did not taste at all fishy, but was rather oily.

All round St. Kilda the cliffs are alive with razor-bills and guillemots. These last are very like the pictures one sees of penguins in the South Seas, only I suppose the latter are much bigger. We went in a boat one day round the island, and landed under Conagher, the highest precipice, towering above us to a height of 1300 feet. The cliff was as usual covered with birds; one could hardly climb without stepping on the eggs or young, and the ledges seemed to move, so great was the mass of bird-life upon them. Some of the stacks, as the isolated rocks are called, seem to be sacred to certain birds. Stack Levenish, off Village Bay, is the home of common gulls. Stack Lia and Stack an Armin, off Borera, are tenanted only by gannets or Solan geese, as they are sometimes called. There is also Stack Dona, or "the bad stack," which, for some unexplained reason, has no birds at all on it.

The gannet is a magnificent bird, as big as a goose. The plumage of the adult is entirely white, except for a little yellow on the head and black tips to the wings. We used to lie on the top of the cliff and watch them plunging into the sea for fish, which they do to a great depth. As we passed Stack Lia in the steamer on our way home, some guns were fired to scare the birds, but though thousands took wing, and looked like falling snow against the black cliffs, the stack itself was still white with those that remained sitting on their nests.

The Island of Borera, distant about four miles from St. Kilda, carries some hundreds of sheep, but there is no sort of shelter for the boat, so that when the men go to shear the sheep they have to be landed and left, and the boat returns when signalled. It sometimes happens that they have to remain for weeks on the island if the weather is bad. There are some curious underground houses, which are occupied when any of the people stay on Borera, but I should be sorry to sleep in one of them. You have to crawl through the tiny doorway on hands and knees, and then must sit on the not too dry soil, for chairs there are not. But no doubt if one had the misfortune to be benighted upon Borera, one would be grateful for any shelter, however primitive. We tried excavating one of the houses, hoping that we might come upon some treasures of early civilisation, such as have been found upon St. Kilda and Soa, but, beyond some pieces of curiously cut wood, we did not find anything exciting, and we had not time to prosecute our search very far. The morning we had destined for our visit to Borera was misty, and as the rocks if wet are unclimbable, it was not until about two o'clock that we were able to start. It was then quite hot and fine, and we had lovely views of the islands and adjacent stacks. As we neared those fearful cliffs, with the white foam ever surging round their base, I wondered how we could climb them. They looked impossible. The first thing was to divest ourselves of boots. The men all wear woollen socks for landing, as these give a better hold on slippery rocks than bare feet, and remove the socks when they are out of reach of the waves. I found felt slippers very useful, and they gave me some protection from the stones. Then we approached the cliff. The swell was too heavy for us to land at the easiest place, but we went on round a corner by a cave, and finally the leading man was able to spring on to a ledge. He then climbed out of the way, holding a rope attached to or held in the boat as a guiding-rope for the next comer, and by means of this we all managed to get on shore, and somehow climbed about 300 feet of apparently perpendicular rock. A good "head" is essential, for you must often walk along the narrowest of ledges overhanging the sea; and once we had to jump a deep chasm with the waves surging about 200 feet below, but it was really only a crack, hardly more than a step, and not so alarming as it sounds—besides, the men took such care of us.

But if Borera is inaccessible, the Island of Soa is much more so. It consists of a small plateau of grass, guarded on all sides by awful cliffs 1000 feet high. One side, called the "nose," is supposed to be the best landing, but when we reached it the swell was rising and falling twenty feet and more, and obviously there was no foothold to be gained there. After pitching about in the raging sea for some time, it was settled that we should row on, and try the other side. I have never been in a small boat in such a sea. We were buried in the trough of a wave, and then raised mountains high on its crest. It was intensely exciting. Another possible landing was pronounced impracticable, and we rowed on, getting at last to leeward and calm water, but here the cliffs positively overhung, and though we were told the men would creep up a crack, and could gain the summit, we decided to remain in the boat. From the sea we watched the men and their dogs (who, by the way, are excellent climbers) gradually disappear up the rocks. It was by this time past two o'clock, and we had had breakfast at 6.30 and been knocking about at sea since nine, we were therefore very thankful to be landed, though with great difficulty, on a ledge, where we could sketch and eat. I used not to like sandwiches made with stale bread, but on Soa bread of a week old was simply perfect. Later we were landed at the "Glen," a bay on the north side of St. Kilda, and walked back to the village, about three miles, over a pass 800 feet high. The boat meanwhile went back to fetch the men, and we heard that their descent was most exciting, the sea having by this time risen considerably. We regretted afterwards that

FOWLERS WITH GANNET

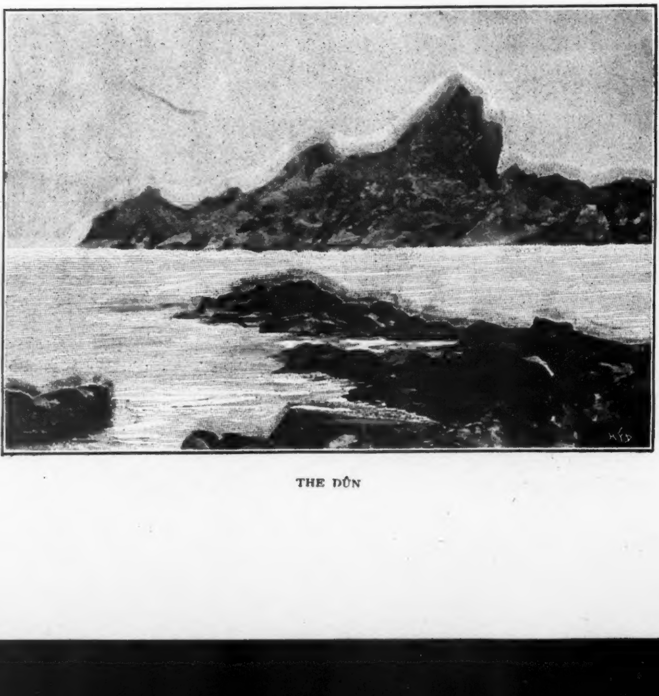
we had not attempted the climb, as the weather never allowed of another visit to Soa, but this, being only our second day at St. Kilda, we were not accustomed to the rocks, and hoped for another and more favourable opportunity.

Besides climbing and sketching, one of our great amusements at St. Kilda was fishing. Our first evening we put out in a cockle-shell of a boat, and rowed along under the cliffs. There was a heavy swell, and I was appalled at the way we dashed up and down close to rocks, and at the booming of the waves far into the caves; however, soon all fear was lost in the excitement of the catch. We had out two lines baited with red india-rubber eels, and these seemed very popular. We generally caught enormous coal-fish, weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds, which are not very good eating; also sometimes pollack, which are excellent. We used often to put two baits on one line, and one day I had three on mine. I soon felt a great tug, and while I was playing him, a second fish grabbed the next bait, then the third was taken, and at last we hauled into the boat three huge fish, weighing something like fifteen pounds each. I was quite satisfied after that to land one fish at a time.

Another evening we were asked if we would like to see the "long lines" put down, as the boat was going out at nine o'clock. When the evening arrived it was an awful night, raining in torrents and blowing hard; however, the lines were baited and the boat going, so we donned oilskins, sou'-westers and waterproof boots, and scrambled down to the shore. The lines were put down in Village Bay, under shelter of the Dûn, and then had to be left for two hours. We took refuge in a cave during part of the time, and also rowed out to a curious archway right through the Island of Dûn. The men tried to put the boat through, but the force of tide, wind and waves was against us, and we were driven, not unwillingly, back to shelter. The hauling of the line was exciting. Perhaps fathom after fathom would come up with nothing, then one could see the strain on the line, then a white streak appeared, and soon a monster ling would be landed. We got one that night weighing fifty-four pounds. Sometimes conger-eels are caught, but they are not pleasant companions in the boat, and I was glad that we got none.

All too soon came our last evening on St. Kilda. We set out after dinner for a house-to house visitation, and had a handshake with every man, woman and child on the island, and a little conversation with the English-speaking community. The visit was quickly returned by most of the population, and what with "good-byes" and packing we did not turn in for our final night in hammocks till midnight, only to be disturbed soon after 3 A.M. by the whistling of the *Hebrides*. She had had a stormy passage, and her passengers, of whom there were nearly seventy, were thankful to get on shore.

It was a lovely morning, quite warm and calm, but looked treacherous, and we were not surprised when it began to blow from the south-east. By the time we left, at eleven o'clock, there was a fresh breeze, and the sea rising rapidly. We had a fair passage to Obbe, in the Sound of Harris; after that, in the



THE DÛN

Little Minch, the fun began. The captain had kindly promised to land us at Loch Maddy in North Uist, though it was not his usual port of call, as from there we could catch the steamer for Skye. We telegraphed from Obbe to Loch Maddy that we were coming, in order that the steamer might if necessary wait a little for us. It never occurred to us that we should take two and a half hours to go the little distance which on our outward journey occupied about an hour. But the *Hebrides* was very light, and had a head wind and tide against her, and she seemed to spend most of her time with her bowsprit in the waves and her stern in the air, and *vice versâ*, with the result that her progress was slow, and we saw our little steamer making her way out of Loch Maddy just as we were getting to the entrance, and, of course, transhipment in such a sea was out of the question.

Our landing was comic enough. A tiny boat came up, and into this we had to drop from a ladder on the ship's side, not an easy feat at any time, and when clad in oilskins, and clinging unsteadily to dripping ropes in a howling gale and pouring rain, it took all our practice on St. Kilda crags to enable us to reach our goal in safety.

Once on shore, I rushed to the hotel to secure rooms, and to the post office to send telegrams. The force of the wind was so great that I had to wait for the gusts, and take a few steps when I could; but like all summer gales it did not last long. Next day it was again orthodox June weather, and we had a beautiful voyage across the Minch to the hospitable shores of Skye, and enjoyed once more the pleasures of civilisation.

WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR CAMPHOR?

By L. N. BADENOCH, Author of "Romance of the Insect World," etc.

IN former years the demand for the well-known substance camphor in medicine and the arts was not extraordinary. But a new application, opened up by scientific research, is likely to increase its consumption, perhaps indefinitely. This is for the conversion of collodion cotton into the material known as celluloid, which is applied to the manufacture of imitation ivory, tortoise-shell, coral, horn, and a great variety of clever deceptions. It is obvious that anything that can be utilised as an artificial substitute for fast-disappearing natural products has a great future. But, unhappily, camphor has become scarcer and more expensive, and the problem is raised, How is the production and supply to be maintained equal to the demand? The importance of the question is shown by the inquiries being made as to the extended cultivation of the camphor-producing tree.

The name Camphor—or camphire, as was the old English form of it—is derived from the Arabic word *kâfûr*, in its turn from the Sanscrit *kapûra*, meaning white, or a pure substance. We first hear of camphor from Arabian writers in the sixth century. In the seventh, in the ninth, and in the thirteenth century again, we have mention of it, always in terms that bespeak its rarity and costliness; in fact it was esteemed an almost priceless treasure. Beyond doubt the camphor first in use was the so-called Borneo or Barus camphor, obtained from a magnificent dipterocarpous tree, chiefly inhabiting Borneo and Sumatra. This camphor exists in its concrete form, often in large masses, in clefts and hollows in the wood, and has simply to be taken out. As in the old days, so now, it is rare, and by reason of the small quantity, exceedingly dear. Consumed to some extent on the spot as incense, nearly the whole production is imported into China, where it is extravagantly prized, the Chinese readily paying from thirty to ninety times more for this variety than for ordinary camphor.

A peculiar kind of camphor is distilled from the leaves of *Blumea balsamifera*, a shrubby plant sometimes attaining the height of a small tree, very common in tropical Asia; and various other plants yield essential oils of the same composition, and possessed of the same properties, as camphor. Camphor is not exclusively confined to any one natural order, genus, or species.

There is a tree, however, well deserving to be designated the camphor-tree proper. Almost the entire bulk of the camphor of European commerce is produced from it; little, if any, reaches this country save that obtained from it. The camphor-tree (*Cinnamomum camphora*) is an evergreen, a member of the laurel family, belonging to the same genus as the tree whose bark furnishes the spice called cinnamon, and is related to the bay and to the sassafras of the United States. Of symmetrical proportions, it is one of the noblest objects in the forests of Eastern subtropical Asia. In its native habitat it attains gigantic dimensions, notably in girth of trunk, some specimens measuring ten to fifteen feet in diameter. It is said they have been known to reach as much as twenty feet; and they may be sixty to over a hundred feet high, and live to a great age. As a rule, they rise twenty or thirty feet without limbs, and then branch out in all directions, becoming a mass of splendid and luxuriant foliage. Their leaves, broadly lanceolate in form, are of a light green colour, smooth and shining above, and whitish or glaucous on the under surface. Small white or greenish-white flowers are borne from February to April, and by October ripen into berry-like, one-seeded fruits about three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

The tree is native on the mainland of Eastern Asia in the coast region from Cochin China nearly to the mouth of the Yang-tsze-kiang, and on the adjacent islands from the southern portion of the Japanese Empire, including the Lu-chu Islands and Formosa, to the Isle of Hainan, in the China Sea. Its range is also now known to extend westwards into the interior of China at least as far as Ichang, in the central province of Hupeh, about 500 miles inland on the Yang-tsze-kiang. As regards its distribution in Japan, it grows naturally on Kiushiu and Shikoku up to about 34° latitude, most abundantly in those provinces which have a southern sea-coast, and scattered in favourable localities some 2° farther north, the extreme limit being 36° 24′, but is much more vigorous in the south islands than in the more northern districts. In the island of Taiwan, or Formosa, it is very extensive. This area is all embraced in a region remarkable for its summer rains. It is a tropical or sub-tropical region, and the temperature in the greater part rarely falls below freezing. Be it observed, the winter temperature is an item of more importance concerning an evergreen than would be the case with a deciduous tree.

Notwithstanding the comparatively narrow limits of its natural environment, the camphor-tree colonises freely under widely different conditions, and has become naturalised in several countries, notably in Madagascar, where it was abundant as long ago as 1862. While it will endure a severe minimum temperature, especially in protected situations, it will also grow on almost any soil that is not too wet. On hard, stiff clays, and in barren sand, it will flourish luxuriantly. It may be ruthlessly pruned with little apparent injury; and when destroyed nearly to the ground by frost it sends up vigorous shoots from the base.

But hardy though it is, naturally there are conditions the most favourable to it, and to these it sometimes responds in a remarkable way, growing very rapidly. For the production of camphor, the camphor-tree must be grown under the most favourable conditions. A sandy or loamy soil, well drained, and irrigated unless there are abundant rains—on such a soil the tree does best. The winter temperature should not fall below 20° F., and this degree of cold should be rare. The application of fertilisers is required for rapid growth. For most of the uses other than the commercial distillation of camphor, the tree may well be cultivated wherever it can be made to live.

The importance of its cultivation may be urged, inasmuch as every part is of use, from the roots to the young shoots and leaves; even the fruits, of which abundance is produced, are employed in the preparation of a kind of tallow; and the fruit and seed are greedily eaten by chickens and other birds. However, the chief commercial uses of the camphor-tree are for the extraction of camphor and camphor oil.

Ornamental planting must be given the foremost place among the secondary uses of the camphor-tree. Its well-proportioned form, delicate luxuriant verdure, hardy nature, rapid growth, and long life, all conspire to make this beautiful evergreen valuable for this purpose. Except that the caterpillar of a butterfly feeds on the leaves—doing little damage, however, unless to young plants—the foliage and wood appear to be exempt from attack. For centuries it has been the principal tree planted in the temple courts of China and Japan, and may be said to occupy the same place in those countries as the historic oak in England.

With its yellow colour, and susceptibility to a fine satin-like polish, the wood is particularly adapted for making cabinets, chests, cupboards, and drawers proof against insects; while the leaves and twigs, though they contain but a very small proportion of camphor compared with the main-wood, may be scattered among clothes, and elsewhere, to guard against insects.

It is in the older, larger roots that the greatest proportion of camphor is contained; and in Formosa and other camphor-producing countries it is customary to discard the branches and leaves and distil the product almost exclusively from the wood of the trunks, roots, and larger stems. The methods of distillation employed seem primitive and crude. They vary in different districts, but probably the manufacture in Japan, conducted as follows, is the best. The preliminary process is to cut the trunk, large branches, and sometimes the roots, into small pieces of requisite fineness by an adze wielded by hand.

The chips are then placed in a wooden tub, having a perforated bottom, which fits tightly over an iron pan of water on a furnace of masonry. A great desideratum for the production of camphor of good quality is that the heat should be uniform, and not too strong. The tub has a light, tight-fitting cover, and from near the top a bamboo tube leads the vapours into the condenser. This consists of two wooden tubs of different sizes, through the larger of which water is allowed to pass; the smaller one is inverted with its edges below the water, forming an air-tight chamber, kept cool by the water falling on the top and flowing down the sides. The air chamber is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the upper part is filled with clean rice straw, on which the camphor crystallises in cooling, while the oils drips down and collects on the surface of the water. Sometimes the camphor and oil are allowed to collect together on the water, being afterwards separated. Twenty to forty pounds of chips are required by this method for one pound of crude camphor. Doubtless many improvements can be effected, tending not alone to increase the amount of crude material obtained, but also to a reduction in the matter of cost.

At what date the Chinese discovered the production of camphor from the camphor laurel is unknown. The tree is common, and widely spread, as we have seen, in China, and has been known to the Chinese from ancient times, but apparently only as a valuable timber tree. Until a few years ago, camphor was not manufactured on the mainland of China.

The manufacture began in Chekiang, but has now practically ceased. We hear of the gradual appearance of camphor production in other parts; but the production of camphor from Chinese ports is sometimes doubtful. The export of Canton, Kowloon, and Pakhoi, is all produced in the Kwangsi province, and it is interesting to note that this shows signs of becoming important. These facts—that the camphor industry, though at present limited in China, has been started there, and promises to develop—are specially noteworthy seeing Formosa has become Japanese territory, and camphor threatened to become an entirely Japanese article, not a desirable contingency in view of the state of the camphor trade in Japan. Hitherto the bulk of our camphor has come from Japan and Formosa, and comparatively little from China.

That the production has decreased at the established sources of supply is not to be wondered at. Camphor-distilling has been carried on in the most recklessly extravagant manner possible. In Formosa camphor-trees are not found in that part of the island occupied by Chinese settlers, but in the country of the aborigines, or upon the immediate border, hence mutual hostilities and encroachments of the natives and the gatherers, and the trees have been destroyed in the most wasteful fashion. In Japan attempts have been made for years to keep up the supply, but the rate of planting was totally inadequate, and restriction was needed to prevent the wanton destruction of the trees.

Other causes contribute to the decrease

of camphor besides the exhaustion of the supply of available trees. The mode of obtaining camphor in Formosa was for foreign merchants, through Chinese agents, to advance money to the savage chiefs for permission to fell trees. The stills were erected with money advanced or loaned by the merchants, who paid a tax on every still to the Chinese authorities, and a local tax on each picul* of camphor produced. When the Japanese arrived on the scene, the privileges accorded to the foreigner under Chinese rule seemed likely to be withdrawn. Freedom of travel and trade to the foreigner was less assured; and had the terms of our treaty with Japan been strictly enforced, foreigners would have had to retire to the treaty ports; they could neither have distilled nor purchased camphor in the interior; but the Japanese Government allowed matters to remain for a time *in statu quo*.

But the state of the country was disturbed. The up-country was infested with armed banditti, and robberies became so frequent that no merchant could afford to send money into the interior. On the other hand, the Governmental tax could not be paid in the treaty port on arrival of the camphor. Add to these insuperable troubles the destruction of the stills in the raids and skirmishes which have taken place in the camphor-producing districts. By 1898, in short, the foreigner may be said to have withdrawn from the business; the camphor export trade, so far as concerns foreign merchants in Formosa, had almost entirely stopped.

Rumours were then rife that the preparation of camphor would be made a Government monopoly, causing quotations at home and abroad to rise: with the Formosan supply under its control, it was realised that the Japanese Government could almost secure a monopoly of the camphor trade; and it was anticipated it had in contemplation the putting of Formosa's finances on a satisfactory basis by enhanced prices in the future. The monopoly is now an accomplished fact, the regulations having come into force on July 1, 1899. Since it has been established the general camphor trade, that is the trade so far as the general trader is concerned, has ceased to exist: it has now withdrawn camphor export from all excepting the particular firms to whom the sale is granted. Truly, in face of the increasing demand, we are confronted with the question, What shall we do for camphor?

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* 133⅓ lb.

* * *

THE VISION

It rained misfortunes: he but smiled.
He lost his wife, his babe, his throne.
Last ordeal, through the sandy wild
He crawled, a leper and alone.

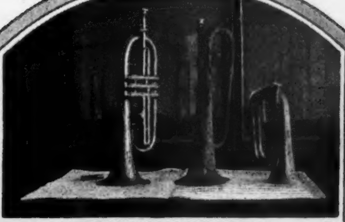
There God in His compassion gave
A palm for food, for drink a spring,
For roof a cave. Beside the cave
A Dervish found the fallen King;

Gazed long on that untroubled brow,
Those eyes serene; then murmured low,
"Lord, what hath this man done that Thou,
O Merciful! should'st use him so?"

In sleep the Dervish saw that night
The King asleep; and o'er him grew
A tree; and from its boughs of light
A child strewed roses drenched in dew.

G. D. C.

Shaping the Brass



Ancient & Modern.
Old key Bugle, Cornet & Infantry Bugle.

Ancient & Modern Clarionet.

The Genesis of a Brass Band.

By GERTRUDE BACON

THERE is a story on record of a certain colonel of a regiment to whom, by long training, absolute exactness and uniformity had become second nature, and who complained to his band-master on one occasion that the trombone players were spoiling the appearance of the entire battalion. "You must see," he said, "in future, that the men move their sliding things in and out together!"

While fully capable of appreciating the worthy soldier's error, it is doubtful, I fancy, whether a large proportion of the general community have a much fuller knowledge concerning the actual instruments which go to the making of a military band, or have more than the barest notion of the skilful and complicated process of their manufacture. The modern brass band which contributes so largely to our national enjoyment, and forms so integral a part of our national life, is the outcome of many centuries of musical progress, and the minds of generations of those who have made it their life's study have been devoted to the evolving and improving of instruments which each year grow more perfect in tone or action.

Take the case, for example, of the modern Euphonium, and contrast it with its ancient counterpart the "Serpent"—often spoken of but never now seen except in museums. This weird instrument was in effect very like the creature it takes it name from, being twisted together in a curiously serpentine fashion. It was made sometimes of copper, but generally of wood, and was covered through most of its length with leather. Six holes were pierced down the side, which, when playing, the performer covered with the fingers of both hands. It is recorded that certain Continental bands of former days went so far in their efforts for realism and startling effect as to shape the bells of their Serpents as terrible open mouths, painted blood-red inside, and furnished with fangs and wagging tongues. But even without such embellishment the whole appearance of the instrument was sufficiently grotesque and antiquated, and consorted fitly with the "zinken," "pommern," "shawm" and other monstrosities of past centuries.

In due course the serpent was succeeded by the well-nigh defunct Ophicleide, still occasionally to be met with. This was a truly formidable instrument of a size so gigantic that though, according to the humorous literature of the day, it not infrequently came in useful upon emergencies as a weapon of defence, a fire extinguisher or a life-buoy, its very cumbrousness was its great draw-back, especially for military purposes. Nevertheless we learn that there were ophicleides in both the French and British bands at the battle of Waterloo.

The modern euphonium, which has supplanted both these ancient horns, is a species of the famous genus Saxhorn, so called after a Belgian family "Sax" who first

Fitting together

Making Wood Instruments

The Bag-pipes.

invented and introduced some fifty years ago, these instruments, which have since revolutionised all military music. The saxhorns are now, of course, the mainstay of all brass bands, and they are manufactured in many different sizes, from the high soprano to the huge contra-bass or "bombardon," which is sometimes made in circular shape, and which, together with its player, who must of necessity be a big man, forms such an impressive portion of an orchestra.

It is indeed quite conceivable how certain people have a craze for large instruments and the mighty bellowings that they produce. Among the collection of Messrs. Boosey and Co. is perhaps the tallest saxhorn which has ever been manufactured. It stands, as will be seen from the illustration, a good eight feet high, and represents some forty feet and more of graduated brass tubing. Much of this, however, is mere waste metal, sacrificed to appearance and nothing else, for so far as musical effect goes, precisely the same result is obtainable with but seventeen feet of brass which, twisted round in more convenient shape, forms a more serviceable though vastly less imposing instrument.

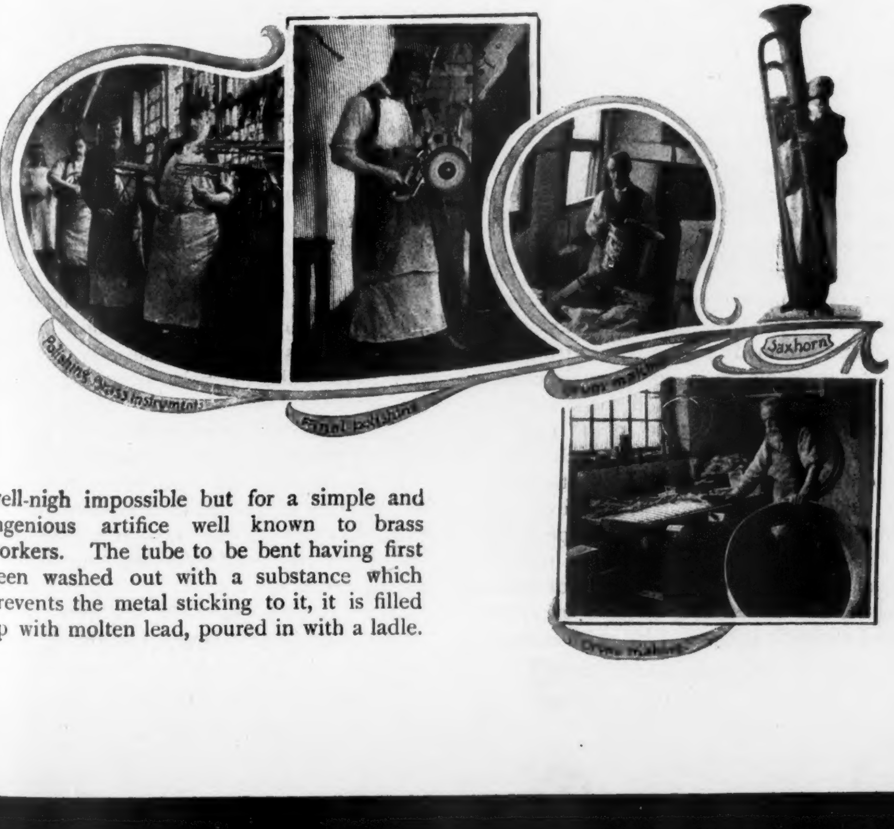
The French are the great brass band providers, and from the Continent come many of the finest instruments, as well as those cheap and nasty implements of torture which harrow the ear at the rustic revel and accentuate the horror of the German band. Fortunately, however, there are to be found several good makers in England at whose establishments it is possible to see the beautiful and refined process of manufacture of all that is best of brass and wood for use in our most famous bands and orchestras.

An anecdote is told of the origin of a once famous firm of brass instrument makers, since absorbed by a yet more famous existing house, which is worthy of being again repeated. In the early part of Queen Victoria's reign a very talented family of the name of Distin earned considerable fame both in this country and on the Continent by their singing and admirable performance upon a quintet of saxhorns. Subsequently the party broke up, and one of the members essayed to start a musical instrument shop in Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square. He was however in very indifferent pecuniary circumstances, and his "store" had hardly advanced beyond its four bare walls, which Distin himself was engaged in whitewashing, when a customer arrived and demanded a cornet. Hastily explaining that his goods were not yet unpacked, but that if his customer would wait a few minutes he would procure him what he wanted, Distin slipped out of the back door and took a cab to a wholesale house in the city where he obtained, on approval, a cornet value 25*s.* Returning with this he expatiated upon its beauties, and, to prove them, performed upon it himself so superbly that his customer, convinced that he had here a really exceptional instrument, very readily paid the ten guineas demanded. This sum, it is said, enabled Distin to start a business which was rapidly successful, and eventually sold for a considerable amount.

Returning to the actual manufacture, it is somewhat sad to learn that the sheet brass used for musical instruments comes, almost entirely, from abroad, though this is largely the fault of the English founders themselves. One notable exception is the solid drawn, or seamless brass tubing, which is supplied to the well-known musical establishment of Messrs. Boosey by two or three of the leading Birmingham houses. The advantage of these solid tubes for trombones, valves and so forth, over the ordinary jointed sheet brass is considerable, for no matter how carefully the join is effected, the action of the breath, in time, tends to loosen the solder.

To bend these thin brass tubes, however, into the sharp curves needed, without splitting or denting the fragile metal, is a very difficult task, and would indeed be well-nigh impossible but for a simple and ingenious artifice well known to brass workers. The tube to be bent having first been washed out with a substance which prevents the metal sticking to it, it is filled up with molten lead, poured in with a ladle. This lead, when cold, acts as a support to the brass, which can then be bent without risk, and the lead is subsequently removed by plunging the whole into a bath of molten lead, which is carefully raised to just such a heat that the metal inside the instrument may flow out, while at the same time the brass is not melted.

For the larger conical-shaped instruments, and for the bell mouths, another process has to be adopted. The sheet brass is cut carefully to shape—a species of V-shape it becomes—and then twisted round roughly into its proper form. The edges having been so snipped at regular intervals that they dovetail into each other, the work is next passed on to the brazier, who solders the whole together with a softer and therefore more easily melted quality of brass, mixed with borax and water to make a flux. The solder joint leaves a ridge, which is next filed away, and the whole is then placed upon a core or form of the required shape, which it exactly fits, and "planished" or smoothed down by hammering. The core, or "mandrel," with the nearly finished bell upon it, is then placed in a lathe, and the final touch is given by burnishing tools while the bell is rapidly revolving.



The mouth-pieces, valves and smaller component parts are manufactured separately by means of lathes and metal tools, and then comes the fitting of the whole together. This part alone in the factory will employ a considerable number of hands. As brass instrument-making is so largely a French industry, many of the best workmen hail from over the Channel, though happily they by no means enjoy the monopoly of the trade.

The last process of all is the polishing, which is done with minute care with fine emery cloth, cut into narrow strips to work into the interstices of the tubes; a higher degree of brilliance yet being imparted by a species of soap-stone on a rapidly revolving wheel of swan's-down.

Nevertheless, beautiful and imposing as a highly burnished brass instrument undoubtedly is, there are those who prize their implements so highly that they are willing to expend extra money over their mere adornment, and have them silver-plated. The great bands of the North of England—the home of brass bands—will spend large sums upon this extra embellishment. Nor, indeed, to be strictly just, is this silver-plating without its practical use, for it saves a deal of the constant care that the bandsman must bestow upon his brass if he wishes it to preserve its pristine beauty and polish; and, at the same time, it acts as an excellent preservative against the action of damp.

Our manufactory, therefore, has an electro-plating apparatus as part of its outfit. This consists of a large and deep lead-lined tank, in which the instruments, suspended from wires, are carefully immersed in a specially prepared fluid containing a considerable quantity of silver in solution. This tank is connected with a powerful voltaic battery, and when the necessary electric contacts are made to the frames from which the instruments are hung, a certain chemical process is set up by which the silver is precipitated upon the article to be plated in a thin film, the thickness of which depends upon the length of time in the bath. Three or four dips are generally required before this process is considered properly completed, and then the instrument receives a final polishing with curious tools of steel and agate, this last finishing touch being carefully and minutely performed by girl workers.

The making of the wood instruments is an art in itself, and it is here perhaps—more than anywhere else—that later years have witnessed the most marked advance. Musical effects, only possible some years ago to the most accomplished and practised performer, are now, by various ingenious appliances and additions, each the outcome of most careful thought and patient experiment, rendered easy even to the beginner. Every year has seen fresh and more perfect elaboration, and one has only to contrast the plain and rudimentary clarionet of a century ago, standing on the table in the illustration, with its complicated modern successor which the skilled workman is holding in his hand, to note the enormous advance that has been made.

Clarionets, by the way, are now largely manufactured of vulcanite, which has proved more durable and less liable to injury than the wood which was formerly exclusively employed.

Not the least interesting of band instruments comes the indispensable drum, whether of the bass, side or kettle varieties. Various woods have been tried by different makers for the body of the big drums, but it is the general opinion that for resonance, pliability and strength nothing equals ash. The drum heads are of calf skin, obtained for the most part from Yorkshire and Scotland. In the best make these skins are opaque, the cheaper French kinds being generally transparent. Naturally a most important part of the drum-making is the painting and emblazoning. Very elaborate designs have often to be executed, for which specially prepared stencils are employed, and a painter of very considerable skill is required for the work.

As before hinted, the great patrons of the musical instrument makers are the North of England brass bands. The colonies also and India make extensive purchases of the old-established British firms. Many instruments, of course, are annually turned out for military purposes. It is confidently expected that the late war will lead to several large orders from regimental bandmasters, for the exigencies of a rough campaign will infallibly have entailed considerable loss and damage among the bands.

Many bugles especially will have to be made good, for a large number of these must have fallen into the hands of the enemy, or are lying lost out on the veldt. The present form of infantry bugle is shown in the accompanying photograph, where it stands alongside the old Kent horn or key bugle of fifty years ago. This last was named after the Duke of Kent, one time Commander-in-chief, and was formerly in great request among the coaching fraternity. It was this instrument that Mr. Bob Sawyer, of illustrious memory, imitated so skilfully upon the roof of the coach to the great exasperation of Mr. Pickwick within. This famous horn is now but a memory of the past however, its place being entirely filled by the modern cornet (known on its introduction as the "Cornopean"), of which an example is also included in the picture.

The British army absorbs a large number of bugles yearly, and the makers who supply them have always a number in stock, manufacturing them in quantity when other business is slack. Among other regimental instruments supplied to his Majesty's forces, bag-pipes hold a not unimportant place. Besides those for the use of the Scotch regiments, many are shipped to India for the hardy little Gurkhas, who find a very congenial music in the skirling of the pipes.

Apropos of these instruments, it may not perhaps be generally known that the late Charles Keene, the inimitable *Punch* artist, was a great admirer of the bag-pipes, on which he was himself no indifferent performer. It was part of his hobby to collect every different specimen he could come across; and a great part of his collection, a large and unique one, came on his death into the hands of Messrs. Boosey and Co., in whose famous establishment, the most complete in England, the accompanying illustrations have been secured.

The Fitting Shop

Polishing Plated Instruments

One of the Shops

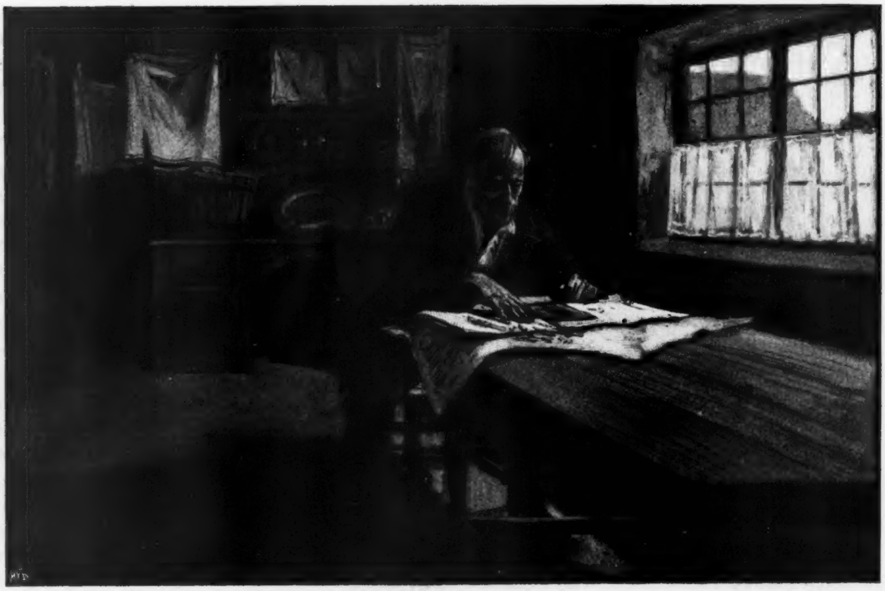
THE KING OF THE BEASTS

By EMILY P. WEAVER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

"YOU hadn't ought to be so soft-hearted, Randy. Think of your own little orphans. He's of no more use than a growed-up baby and clearly your first duty's to your own."

The speaker's shrill, harsh treble sounded distinctly through the closed door of the sitting-room into the farmhouse kitchen, but the words passed unheeded by the man who sat there.



"He was busily engaged"

With his thin, fine features, small head, and long neck thrust forward from the loose, turn-down collar of his flannel shirt, he might have served, as he bent over his work, as a model for the picture of some ascetic old monk. But when he looked up, his bright, restless, watery eyes, and the anxious-looking lines and wrinkles in his slightly receding forehead suggested a chronic state of mental bewilderment.

He was busily engaged with a knife and some bits of wood and a photograph. A newspaper spread out on the table before him was covered with little splinters and shavings, and at frequently recurring intervals he measured one of the chips against the photograph and carefully scratched a mark upon it. Often he laid down both knife and chip and gazed at the photograph till his vacant, blue eyes grew dim. Then when he fell to work again upon his chipping and measuring the great tawny cat upon his knees became restless, and had to be petted and fondled back to good humour. All this cost much time, and half an hour's labour showed for little even in shavings, and for nothing as far as the imparting of any particular shape to the chips was concerned.

"While your poor dear husband was livin' there was no harm in your keepin' him if you liked (though I don't see how you could bring yourself to do it), but now—mark my words, Miranda Beatrice Worthing" (the sharp voice rose almost to a scream), "if you don't send him back to them as he belongs to, it'll be as bad as taking the bread out of your children's mouths."

"You're very hard on me, Janie," complained another voice, at the sound of which the man instantly stopped his work to listen. "You're downright hard on me, but Mat is a far-away cousin of ours, an' I doubt, Janie, if even you would a found it in your heart to pack him off to them as thinks he's a disgrace and a burden, and him turning every cent out of his pocket to help me with the children's black. He has a real good heart of his own, has Mat, if he is a bit forgetful."

A disgrace and a burden—the words set themselves to a kind of tune in poor Mat's bewildered brains, and by the time he had hummed them over half a dozen times, he had lost the connection in which they had been used. He fancied that Mrs. Worthing herself had called him a burden, and as he said the phrase over and over again his knife seemed to become duller and his sight dimmer. Rub his eyes as often as he would, he could not distinguish the features of the man he had loved so intensely in his faithful, doggish fashion. At last he wrapped the photograph in an old silk handkerchief and tucked it, together with the bits of wood that were some day to do duty as its frame, into the breast-pocket of his loose coat; then, after much fumbling, he drew from another pocket three or four copper coins and a ten-cent piece. He ranged them in a row amongst the shavings, and tried to reckon how far they would carry him away from the farm, and from Mrs. Worthing and the children.

He was still staring at the coins, with his forehead wrinkled into deeper lines of perplexity than usual, when the door behind him was burst open and the rasping voice exclaimed, "What a smother! Your bread's burnt to cinders by the smell of it, Randy, and Mat sittin' by the oven door. Didn't I tell you?"

Mrs. Worthing's quick "Hush!" and warning glance served but to point the meaning of this last remark, and Mat stood shamefaced and crestfallen as the women took one black loaf after another from the oven

"I'm afraid I forgot the bread, Mrs. Worthing," he said humbly. "Indeed I hope it isn't spoiled. I hope it isn't quite spoiled, Mrs. Worthing, ma'am."

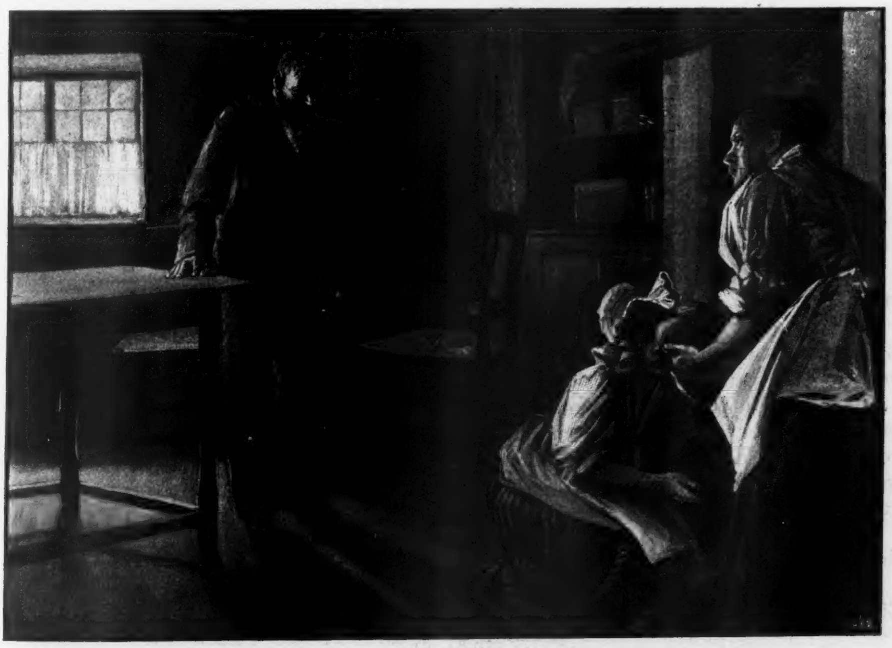
"I daresay it will do us over to-morrow, and your pigs must eat what we can't," returned Mrs. Worthing, adding as he still muttered and mumbled and turned the burnt loaves round and round, "There, go along, Mat! I guess them pigs is squealing themselves hoarse for you."

Upon this Mat began to wander in and out of the kitchen with the cat on his shoulder, a bucket in one hand, and a stable lantern in the other, and each time he entered or left the room he left the door wide open.

"It's a wild night," said Mrs. Worthing. "My sakes, Mat, can't you keep that door shut? If this goes on there'll be fine work with the dikes, Janie."

"Like enough there will," replied her sister. "To-morrow's spring tide too. Where will you get the money to mend 'em, Randy?"

"Well, after all they haven't broke yet. It'll be soon enough to worry about fixin' 'em when they do go."



"'I'm afraid I forgot the bread, Mrs. Worthing,' he said humbly"

"They've broke right enough, Mrs. Worthing, ma'am," interposed Mat, with the cheerful air of one telling agreeable tidings. "Oh, yes, they've broke, and half of the twenty-acre field is flooded, ma'am."

"You hear that, Randy," said Mrs. Dryden, as Mat made a sudden excursion into the woodshed. "To my thinkin' it's only right with your young fam'ly, and you left a poor, lone widow, to look a bit ahead. You had ought to save every cent you can, Randy. S'pose now—you ain't so young as you was, and you've had a sight o' trouble to break you down—s'pose now you was to be took yourself. Nothin's more likely, and where would them blessed infants be then?"

The widow's lips trembled. "Janie, I don't think Him as cares for the fatherless will take me till the children can get along—but—but maybe you and Bob would give an eye to 'em?"

Mrs. Dryden did not reply till she had pared the burnt crust from the loaf in her hand, then she said: "We'd do every mite we could, Randy—I guess you know that—but if it come to that you'd sleep easier in your grave—leastways I know I should in your place—if you knowed you'd left no stone unturned to do for the children yourself."

"And what stone do I leave unturned, Janie?" retorted the widow a little sharply. "After all, I think me an' Johnnie hasn't done so bad to keep the farm runnin' this year at all, an' if I sell them beasts as well as I hope to—they're fine an' fat, Janie, even poor Jim himself never had them no fatter—why, we shall be able to pay the interest on the mortgage, an' shall——"

"Still, there's always accidents to be took into account."

"To my mind the nature of an accident is that it can't be took into account," murmured Mrs. Worthing rebelliously.

"Randy, I'm ashamed on you. To my thinkin' you may wrest more'n Scriptur to your own destruction, an' if you can't take a word of advice from your own sister, who can you take it from?"

"Oh, I know you mean it kindly, but you don't understand——"

"What don't I understand? I should like to know that, Randy. You'll never catch me a-flyin' in the face of Providence an' refusin' to learn even from a tramp on the doorstep. What don't I understand, if you please Miranda?"

"Oh, nothin', 'cept just that Mat would break his heart if we turned agin him and he had to live somewheres in a town where there was no pigs nor beasts nor chickens. Would you believe it, he spends hours curry-combin' them old oxen, and Bucksey, the grey one, follows him everywhere like a dog? 'Deed every beast about the place loves him, an' no wonder. He's the soft-heartedest creature. If you'd seen him, Janie, the night Jim died—he sat for hours, all in a crumple, holdin' his head. Oh, I can't save that way. There's wrong ways of savin' as well as right, an', if them beasts sell, me an' Mat an' the children'll hold on here all together."

"But s'posin' them beasts don't sell?"

"Of course they'll sell. I'm not going to bother my head with any such notions. My back'll have enough to do to carry the burdens the Lord has seen fit to lay on it, without a pack of wonderings an' s'posings extra. No, no, Janie, as long as there's a bite for me an' the children, poor Mat's welcome to his share. With all your cleverness, you can't make it clear that I should be right to pack him off to shift for himself at this time o' day."

"Better say at once that you think me the meanest woman that lives," cried Mrs. Dryden in a huff, adding as she flounced out of the room, "I never have been one to give my advice unasked, nor yet to cast pearls before swine, but the day will come——"

Meanwhile Mat was wearily exercising his own poor brains on the same perplexing question. Till that day it had never occurred to him that he was a burden to any one, and the idea was so distressing to him that once he actually set down his buckets and started down the road at a trot. He had no notion where he was going. His one idea was to get away where he would be a burden on no one. Fortunately before he had gone many yards he heard above the roaring of the wind what he took to be a reproachful squeal from the distant pig-sty, and he returned in hot haste to give his four-footed friends one farewell feast before he went away.

He determined that this last meal should be a good one, and when he had emptied his buckets he went to gather them a bundle of fresh green weeds.

He often stopped in his weeding to caress the old farm colley, Laddie, and to look, with that sense upon him of its all being for the last time, at the little old house where he had been so happy, at the orchard, spread towards the sun along the gently sloping hillside, at the green "dike," dotted with grazing cattle, and beyond that at the wild waters of Minas Basin, surging angrily under the combined influence of the high wind and high tide.

Even while he stood there, he could see that the floods on the twenty-acre field were covering more and more of the green pasture land. But his eyes and his thoughts soon wandered back from that stretch of water where no water should be, to the house which he had so long called home.

At last he threw his green sheaf over his shoulder and plodded slowly back towards the pig-sty, with Laddie's nose thrust lovingly into his limp right hand, and the tawny cat gambolling and purring about his feet.

The pigs fed, he once more set off on his journey, but again returned, remembering that it was milking time, and by the time the cows had been turned out to their pasture it was quite dark and too late to start that night.

In the morning Mat rose with the same thought in his mind. He would not be a burden on those he loved. He would only stay to help with the morning "chores," then he would depart.

But when he went downstairs, he forgot his purpose at the sight of Mrs. Worthing wringing her hands and crying.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Worthing, ma'am?" he asked, the queer wrinkles and puckers on his forehead deepening at the sight of her distress.

For answer she pointed to the sweep of water, which now blotted out not the twenty-acre lot alone, but a wide strip of land along the Basin and the river.

Even Mat's dull brain grasped the seriousness of the situation. Large portions of the dikes had been washed away, and the sea was reclaiming the soil from which it had been driven, foot by foot, long years ago.

"The sheep are drowned, Johnnie says," sobbed Mrs. Worthing, "and them cattle will soon be drowned too. They're all in a bunch on Marston's dike an' the next tide 'll take 'em out to sea. Oh dear! oh dear! whatever shall we do? We shall be ruined outright if we can't pay the interest on the mortgage."

"Cheer up, Mrs. Worthing, ma'am. Me an' the boys 'll think of something, never fear. We 'll bring the beasts home safe and sound, ma'am, see if we don't."

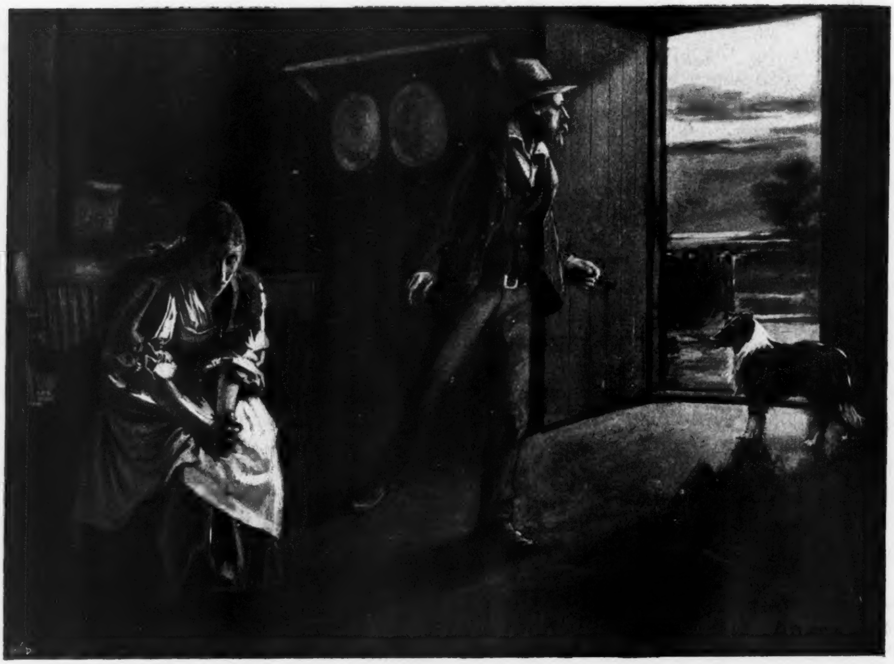
But Mrs. Worthing still wept and wrung her hands, and after several other ineffectual attempts at consolation Mat ambled out of the house and down towards the edge of the floods.

Once again the tide was coming in by leaps and bounds with a mighty wind behind it. Mat watched the wild white horses on the basin with breathless fascination. It still wanted two hours of high tide, but the waves were already driving across fields which had never before been under water as long as Mat could remember. Here and there along the margin of the flood were dark figures, gazing like himself at the furious tide.

Suddenly, in a kind of unreasoning terror at its rage, Mat started away from the edge of the water. At that instant he caught sight of something grey, driving helplessly upon the shore, and, forgetting his fears, he darted into the surf to drag it to dry land. It was a sheep, drowned hours before, and the ready tears once more dimmed Mat's blue eyes, as he stood gazing at the poor thing's drenched fleece and stiffened limbs. He loved all dumb animals, and he felt as if the creature was reproaching him that he had not brought it back to its fold before the dike gave way.

A little distance to the right another and larger grey object was washing in the flood, and for an instant Mat feared that it was old Bucksey, his favourite ox, but as he went nearer he saw that it was only an empty boat, and he turned away again.

Far down the shore, too far for Mat with the sound of wind and water in his ears to make any meaning out of their shouts, a knot of men and boys were standing. Some had their hands stretched out, and Mat, looking where they pointed, saw a long irregular line of small, dark objects showing above the water. For a second he thought that they were drift wood, then one changed its position, and he saw that it was the head of an animal.



"Even Mat's dull brain grasped the seriousness of the situation"

At this discovery he rushed along the shore, shouting at the top of his voice, but John Worthing and his neighbours were already discussing how to attempt the rescue of the cattle.

"Yes, yes, them's our beasts and some others," he agreed when Mat excitedly pointed them out. "They seem dazed-like, and won't stir, though we've called and called."

"Your mother's in sore trouble about them, John; but I told her you and me would bring 'em home safe an' sound, John."

"It'll take a clever fellow to do that, Mat," said one of the by-standers. "They must have took refuge on the dike last night when the water began to rise in the pasture, but I doubt they'll soon be washed off their feet. The tide ain't full yet by a long way."

"We must do something," cried John. "We shall be ruined if they are lost. Why shouldn't we make a raft and try to get 'em off on that? Here, Mat, come along to the barn and give a hand, will you?"

But long before Johnnie had finished speaking Mat was running towards the barn at full speed.

"No use looking to him for help," muttered the neighbour. "When a clear head's worst wanted, then poor Mat's safe to be wool-gathering worse than ord'nary."

But for once Mat acted as if he knew what he was about. Before they reached the barn, he dashed out of it with a pair of oars on his shoulder, and ran down towards the drifting boat. In another second he had pushed her off, and, taking advantage of the protection from the force of the waves afforded by a half-submerged dike, was rowing rapidly out towards the cattle.

"Oh, ay, he thinks he'll bring 'em off in that, does he?" sneered the farmer.

But as he spoke, Mat's voice sounded clear and high above the wash of the water, in the long-drawn "coo-ey," with which he was accustomed to call the cows at milking-time.

There was a stir amongst the dark heads;

now looking so much lower in the water than ten minutes ago.

"Coo, bos! coo, bos! Now then, old Bucksey, coo-ey, coo-ey!"

Again the heads stirred and turned, and the boat held steadily on its way.

"Well, I will say he do know how to manage a boat," muttered the neighbour.

"Coo-ey, coo-ey!" The call sounded now faintly, now more loudly as the wind changed. "Bucksey, Bucksey, come then, old fellow."

Suddenly the watchers saw a decided movement amongst the heads, and one animal left the dike and began to swim towards the boat. Then Mat turned and calling louder and louder, pulled slowly towards the shore, the leader of a long procession, first Bucksey, then his yoke-fellow, and after them the whole herd of cows and young cattle.

Soon Mat's stroke quickened, and at last he and all his followers came ashore with a rush.

"It's wonderful the power he has over 'em," said the cynical farmer.

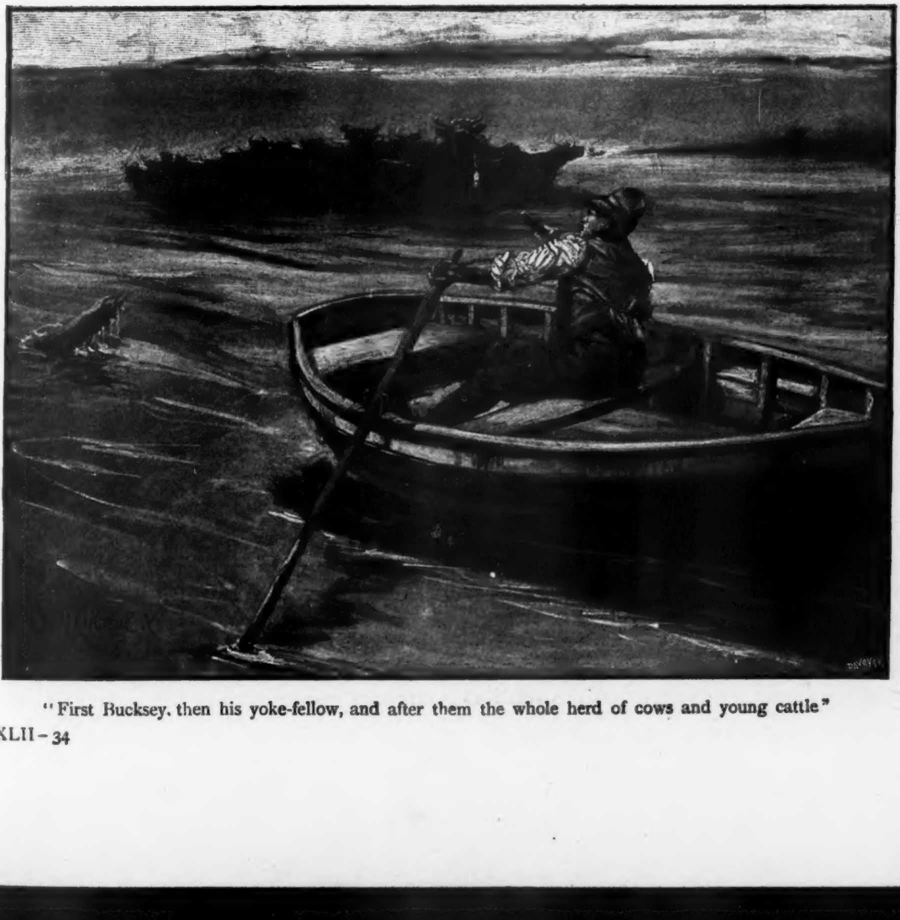
But Johnnie Worthing threw up his cap and shouted "Hurrah for Mat, the king of the beasts!"

"I told you, Mrs. Worthing, ma'am, that we'd bring 'em home safe and sound," said the hero of the day, as they drove the animals into the yard, "Oh yes, ma'am, if you remember I said we'd think of something."

And Mrs. Worthing really seemed almost as well pleased at this wonderful proof of her wisdom in keeping Mat as at the saving of the cattle. "There," she said, turning triumphantly upon her sister, "where should we have been if we'd took your advice, Janie? This shows; Mat's in his right place if any one is! Who but him would ever a thought o' savin' the critters in such a simple fashion?"

"It's not every one they'd follow," said Johnnie. "I say he's the king of the beasts, mother."

Mat chuckled with delight over his new title, and in after years nothing pleased him better than to tell some stranger how he had won it.



"First Bucksey, then his yoke-fellow, and after them the whole herd of cows and young cattle"

CELEBRATED LADY TRAVELLERS

IV.—IDA PFEIFFER

By E. HOBSON

IT might be thought that there was no rôle in life which a woman was less fitted to fill than that of an explorer. The dangers to which the traveller in unknown regions is exposed from climate, from unfriendly natives, or equally unfriendly beasts of prey, and the thousand and one "moving accidents by flood and field" to which he is liable, are sufficiently great to act as a deterrent except in the case of those of cool nerve, dauntless courage and a constitution of iron. The work of exploration, therefore, would strike one as belonging almost exclusively to the male sex, and yet it is the fact that in no field have women been more active than in this. It is true that in many cases the female travellers have but followed the beaten tracks of predecessors, but in some instances they have shown themselves to be real explorers, who, scorning dangers which would have dismayed any but the most intrepid, and making light of difficulties which only the stoutest heart could have overcome, have boldly pushed their way through unknown lands, and by their discoveries have added materially to the world's knowledge. Such a traveller was the subject of the present sketch.

Ida Reyer, an Austrian lady, was born at Vienna on October 15, 1797. Her parents occupied a respectable position in life, and were desirous of giving her that kind of education which is considered proper for one who is to be the wife of a substantial citizen. But Ida disliked all accomplishments, and preferred the more masculine amusements of her brothers to the feminine tasks which would have added to her attractions from the matrimonial point of view. So strongly masculine were her inclinations, that not only did she share in all her brothers' games, but up to the age of nine she wore a dress which was the exact counterpart of theirs. This was not all, for when the time came that her parents insisted on her wearing the garments considered proper to her sex, Ida felt the blow so keenly that she fell ill with grief and disappointment, so that her anxious relatives were glad to arrive at a compromise by allowing her to retain as part of her habitual attire a boy's blouse and cap. Indeed, it was not until she reached the age of fourteen that she consented to wear petticoats. Two circumstances belonging to this period of her life may be mentioned as bearing eloquent testimony to her contempt of danger and her indomitable will. On one occasion she placed an apple on her head, and, taking up her position so many paces from a given mark, she allowed her brothers to shoot arrows at the apple in imitation of the Swiss hero, William Tell. On another occasion, in 1809, she was taken by her mother to witness the review by Napoleon of the Imperial Guards at Schönbrunn. The visit was distasteful to her, and she had only accompanied her parent under the strongest protest. When Napoleon appeared on the ground he was received with all the ceremony appertaining to his rank. But there was one among the crowd of spectators who declined to do him homage. While others cheered the great commander, Ida showed her feelings by indignantly turning her back upon him. Her mother, outraged by such a proceeding, struck her daughter and by sheer force turned her head towards Napoleon and held it there. But while you may take the horse to the well, you cannot make him drink. Ida closed her eyes, and it was ever after her boast that she had never looked upon one whom she always regarded as her country's oppressor.

These early experiences were surely an indication that Ida had a mind which was not cast in the ordinary mould, and that she was destined for a life which would deviate from the usually accepted routine. But, notwithstanding that her tastes were what might be described as manly, she was herself always womanly in her feelings. Full of sympathy for others, sensitive to the least breath of censure, she had an affectionate nature which showed itself in the intense love she had for her brothers and, later on, for her own sons. We have dealt with the difficulty encountered by her parents in over-coming her partiality for male attire. When in her teens Ida was placed for instruction under a young professor. She made rapid progress in her studies, and there was also noticeable a remarkable change in another direction. Her womanly sympathies expanded, she gradually discarded all her old notions in regard to clothing, dressed as became a young lady, and, what is more, learned many of the arts which are inseparably associated with the gentler sex. She could not have accounted for the change at the moment, but she understood it well enough some little time afterwards. The truth was that she had fallen in love with her instructor. He, on his part, was equally in love with his pupil, and he made a proposal to her parents. His fortune was small, his prospects precarious, and his suit was rejected. How the matter ended is told in the lady's own words: "Three long years passed without our meeting, and without any change taking place in my feelings. One day, when I was out walking with a friend of my mother, I accidentally met my old master; both of us involuntarily halted, but for a long time we could not speak. At length he contrived to subdue his emotions. As for myself I was too much disturbed to be able to utter a word; I felt as if I should swoon, and returned home hastily. Two days afterwards I was seized with a fever, which at first the doctors thought would prove fatal." Fortunately, however, this was not the end of the lady, though it was the last of her little romance. She subsequently married a husband selected for her by her parents, an advocate, by name Herr Pfeiffer, the marriage taking place in 1820. The match was not a happy one. The lawyer treated his wife with harshness, and wasted the fortune which she had brought him. Her married life was full of trouble, but Madame Pfeiffer endured it for the sake of two sons who were born to her, on whom she lavished all her great love, and brought up with the care which a devoted mother alone can show. It is characteristic of the generosity of her nature that in her published works Madame Pfeiffer has no word of reproach for her husband.

Occupied with the education of her sons, Madame Pfeiffer lived quietly for many years, but all the time was constantly dreaming of foreign travel. In her youth her reading had been mainly confined to volumes of history and travel, the taste for such works never left her, and as the appetite grows by that upon which it feeds, so her longing for travel was only increased as time passed on. Indeed, so overpowering did this feeling at last become that it had to be gratified. It was in 1842 that she undertook her first long journey. At that time she was forty-five years old, an age at which few women would probably care to commence the rôle of an explorer. Madame Pfeiffer was always distinguished by her piety, and it is not wonderful, therefore, that she should have selected the Holy Land for her first expedition. Leaving Vienna in March 1842, she was absent for nine months, returning to the Austrian capital in December of the same year. In the meantime she had traversed, alone and without guide, European and Asiatic Turkey, Palestine and Egypt. In 1843 she published the narrative of her experiences under the title of "Travels of a Viennese Woman to the Holy Land" which immediately achieved a wide popularity, not only in her own county, but in England and France. The trip to the Holy Land was but the prelude to further and more extended tours. In 1845 she again left Vienna, her objective being Iceland. This was one of those regions, she tells us, towards which from the early period of her consciousness she had felt herself impelled. "In this country, stamped as it is by Nature with features so peculiar, as probably to have no counterpart on the face of the globe, I hoped to see things which should fill me with new and inexpressible astonishment. How deeply grateful do I feel to Thee, O Thou that hast vouchsafed to me to behold the fulfilment of these my cherished dreams!" We have remarked that Madame Pfeiffer was of a deeply sensitive nature. The fact that a woman should, without escort, make extensive journeys and then publish the results of her observations in distant lands seems to have given offence to some of her country people, and Madame Pfeiffer was exposed to criticisms of a none too charitable character. How keenly she felt these is shown by her preface to "A Visit to Iceland," published in 1846, and an English translation of which was issued by Messrs. Ingram, Cooke & Co (London) a few years later. "Another journey," writes Madame Pfeiffer, "'a journey, moreover, in regions which every one would rather avoid than seek. This woman only undertakes these journeys to attract attention. The first journey, for a woman alone, was certainly rather a bold proceeding. Yet in that instance she might still have been excused. Religious motives may perhaps have actuated her, and when this is the case, people often go through incredible things. At present, however, we can see no just reason which could excuse an undertaking of this description.' Thus, and perhaps more harshly still, will the majority judge me, and yet they will do me a grievous wrong. I am surely simple and harmless enough, and should have fancied anything in the world rather than it would ever be my fate to draw upon myself in any degree the notice of the public. I will merely indicate, as briefly as may be, my character and circumstances, and then I have no doubt my conduct will lose its appearance of eccentricity, and seem perfectly natural. When I was but a mere child I had already a strong desire to see the world. . . . When my sons' education had been completed, and I was living in peaceful retirement, the dreams and aspirations of my youth gradually awoke once more. I thought of strange manners and customs, of distant regions, where a new sky would be above me, and new ground beneath my feet. I pictured to myself the supreme happiness of treading the land once hallowed by the presence of our Saviour, and at length made up my mind to travel thither. As dangers and difficulties rose before my mind, I endeavoured to wean myself from the idea I had formed—but in vain. For privation I cared but little; my health was good and my frame hardy: I did not fear death. And moreover, as I was born in the last century, I could travel alone. Thus every objection was overcome; everything had been duly weighed and considered. I commenced my journey to Palestine with a feeling of perfect rapture; and behold, I returned in safety. I now feel persuaded that I am neither tempting providence nor justly incurring the imputation of wishing to be talked about, in following the bent of my inclinations, and, looking still further about me in the world, I chose Iceland for my destination, because I hoped there to find Nature in a garb such as she wears nowhere else. I feel so completely happy, so brought into communion with my Maker, when I contemplate sublime natural phenomena, that in my eyes no degree of toil or difficulty is too great a price at which to purchase such perfect enjoyment. And should death overtake me sooner or later during my wanderings, I shall await his approach in all resignation, and be deeply grateful to the Almighty for the hours of holy beauty in which I have lived and gazed upon His wonders. And now, dear reader, I would beg thee not to be angry with me for speaking so much of myself; it is only because this love of travelling does not, according to established notions, seem proper for one of my sex, that I have allowed my feelings to speak in my defence. Judge me, therefore, not too harshly; but rather grant me the enjoyment of a pleasure which hurts no one, while it makes me happy."

Most women at Madame Pfeiffer's age would have been satisfied with the two very considerable journeys she had accomplished, and that, too, at a period when travelling was neither so rapid, so comfortable, nor so economical as it has since become. In her case, however, they were merely incentives to further undertakings. She now determined to make a tour round the world. Accordingly, on June 28, 1846, and when she was in her fiftieth year, she left Hamburg in the Danish brig *Caroline* for Brazil, spending two months in Rio Janeiro and the neighbourhood. She left the Brazilian capital in the *John Renwick*, an English ship, for Valparaiso on September 9, reaching the great seaport of Chili on March 2. She afterwards sailed across the Pacific to Otaheite, China, and Calcutta, crossed the Indian Peninsula to Bombay, whence she proceeded by ship to the Persian Gulf, landing at Bassora, then traversing a great part of Western Asia, Southern Russia and Greece, arriving home on November 4, 1848. Her adventures in the course of this tour were both numerous and dangerous. On one of her excursions from Rio Janeiro she was overtaken in a lonely spot by a negro who, with lasso in one hand and a knife in the other, attempted to murder Madame Pfeiffer and her companion. On this, as indeed upon all other occasions of emergency, she displayed the utmost coolness, and managed to keep her assailant at bay until assistance arrived, when he was secured. On another occasion while on her way to Tiflis, she was in the neighbourhood of a town called Sidin, when she was seized by a Cossack, dragged to a carriage in which a Russian was seated, and driven away, on the assumption presumably that she was a spy. It took a good deal of subsequent explanation to procure her release, no apology being vouchsafed her for the high-handed treatment to which she had been subjected. During this tour she travelled 2800 miles by land, and 35,000 miles by sea, her experiences being recounted in her work, "A Woman's Journey Round the World," which was as favourably received in this country as in that to which the writer belonged. The Austrian Government as a slight recognition of the work she had accomplished and of her indomitable energy and perseverance made her a grant of £100.

She was now in her fifty-second year, but age had not dimmed her love of travel. No sooner had she recovered from the fatigues of her last tour than she resolved to undertake a second journey round the world, to be varied by the adoption of an entirely different route. She proceeded to England, took ship for Sarawak, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, walked unattended right into the very heart of Borneo, visited Java and Sumatra, lived in peace and amity for a time with some cannibal tribes, sailed from the Moluccas to California, thence to Peru, climbed the heights of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, and after a tour through the United States landed in London in 1854. Again she had many hairbreadth escapes, narrowly escaping being murdered by a savage tribe in Sumatra, and encountering other perils, especially in the hitherto untrodden regions of Borneo. Her experiences were detailed in "My Second Voyage Round the World." At fifty-nine it might be supposed that her desire for travel would have abated, but Madame Pfeiffer only sighed for fresh fields of exploration. After a brief visit to the capitals of Western Europe, where she was received by the learned societies with open arms, she set off in September 1856 on an expedition to Madagascar. Here she had some curious adventures, and only just escaped becoming a victim to the blood-thirstiness of Queen Ranavala, who, to punish a conspiracy having for its object her dethronement, had resorted to an almost indiscriminate slaughter in which many Europeans were involved. Madame Pfeiffer was imprisoned for several weeks, and owed her escape from death to the intervention on her behalf of a native prince. Her sufferings, however, had left her with a shattered constitution, and when she reached home, after enduring other terrible hardships, she was a physical wreck. She died in the house of her brother, Charles Reyer, on October 28, 1858.

In her various travels Madame Pfeiffer met with a reception such as is accorded to few strangers. This was not due to her appearance, for there was nothing of the Amazon about her, and she was rather under than over the average height. "I smile," she once wrote to a friend, "when I think of those who, knowing me only through my voyages, imagine I must be more like a man than a woman! Those who expect to see me about six feet high, of bold demeanour, and with pistol in my belt, will find me a woman as peaceable and as reserved as most of those who have never set foot outside their native village." Without any masculine attributes and with little, indeed, of personal beauty, there was a charm in her manner which alike attracted old and young, male and female, and to this may be ascribed the fact that she readily found access to places which had hitherto been closed to all Europeans. She was, too, a devoted mother, a warm friend, and a true Christian.

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THE NATIONAL COAL BILL

By HAROLD MACFARLANE

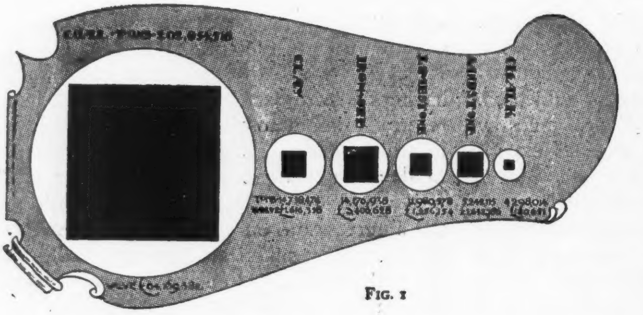

FIG. 1

IN Fig. 1 the areas of the six circles are drawn in direct proportion to the number of tons of each description of mineral there mentioned that was mined and quarried in the United Kingdom in the course of 1898, for which year the last report issued from the Home Office deals. These six minerals, coal, clay, iron-stone, limestone, sandstone, and chalk, are, as far as quantity is concerned, the most important products wrested from the earth in this country; but how immeasurably superior the coal output is in importance to all the other examples portrayed can be seen at a glance, both from the circles representing quantities and squares representing values—for the values of the respective commodities are indicated by the black squares, each drawn to the same scale, superposed on the circles. We have not space to enumerate all the thirty-nine minerals ranging from alum to zinc, and including gold and jet, that make up the annual mineral produce of Great Britain and Ireland, but their total value (at the quarries and mines) was in 1898 £77,415,063, of which sum the coal output accounted for £64,169,382, or rather over nine-elevenths of the total sum, or about 82 per cent.

For the purposes of our second diagram we have taken the sum that is equivalent to the value at the pit's mouth of one year's coal output in sovereigns (thereby using up £3,000,000, more than half the gold coinage of the country) melted them down, regardless of the feelings of the Mint authorities, and recast the resultant nugget into one coin—that portrayed in the figure. This precious coin, which should be compared with the navvy six feet high in the right hand margin, is thirty-six feet one and a-half inches high, and its thickness is almost equivalent to the breadth of two pages of this magazine; it is indeed one foot thick. It will be observed that we have portrayed the coin as being made up of three unequal sections. This has been done in order to give an idea of the respective portions of the total sum due to England, Scotland, and Wales for their shares of the annual output: the sum due to Ireland on this account is too small to be conveniently shown in this diagram, but the actual figures for the four countries are as follows:

ENGLAND
£46,753,740 = the annual rent of 2,125,000 average English houses

SCOTLAND
£9,207,274 = almost two-thirds of Scotland's annual house-rent

WALES
£8,155,889 = one-fifth the rental of London

IRELAND
£52,479 = annual rental of about 11,000 Irish houses

£64,169,382

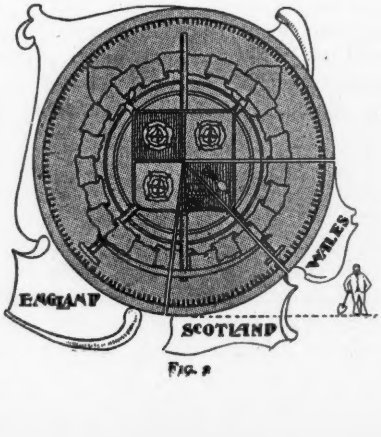

FIG. 2

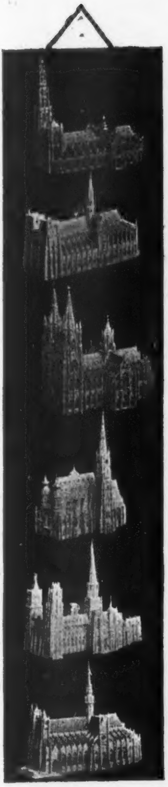

FIG. 3

The question we have now to consider is the quantity of the United Kingdom that is annually consumed by millions of domestic and commercial volcanoes all over the country and upon the high seas: the actual quantity in tons we have put before the reader in Fig. 1, but although the average householder has a very good idea of what a ton is—a very small amount where the consumption of coal is concerned, but a very large one when it is a question of excess luggage—few can have an idea of the proportions of a mountain of coal containing 202,000,000 tons. If we took a piece of ground seven acres larger than the combined areas of St. James' and the Green Parks and built thereon a pyramid composed of the coal we excavate in one year, we should go on building until we had reached a height of 2583 feet, that is a height equal to that of two and a half Eiffel Towers, ere the last chaldron was poured upon the summit. As we have no mountain or even Eiffel Tower (that is finished) in London's vicinity wherewith to compare our pyramid of coal, we have in Fig. 3 balanced half a dozen continental cathedrals one upon another, and even then their combined heights do not equal by 114 feet the apex of the pyramid that is shown at the top of the diagram. Exigences of space prevent our showing the base of the pyramid, but it is interesting to note that each of the four sides has the same dimensions as that of the height, 2583 feet. The cathedrals shown in the diagram, and starting at the top are: Antwerp (spire 366 feet); Notre Dame, Paris (spire 232 feet); Cologne (spire 515 feet): Vienna (spire 465 feet); Rouen (spire 465 feet); Amiens (spire 426 feet).

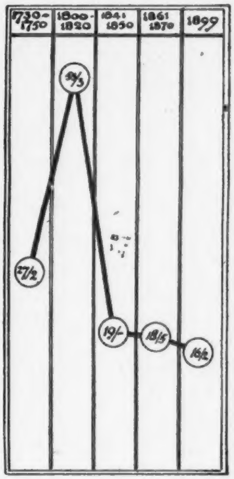

FIG. 4

Were we to perform the feat of dividing the tons of coal that made up our pyramid into the vast expanse of metal contained in the golden coin shown in Fig. 2, the resultant nugget, forming the quotient, would be worth about 6*s.* 4½*d.*, and would represent the approximate price per ton of coal at the mines. Unfortunately very few of us have the privilege of residing in immediate proximity to a pit's mouth; consequently the retail purchaser can rarely have enjoyed the delirious delight of buying three tons of the popular fuel for less than a sovereign. Still, from the Londoner's point of view things might be much worse than they are at present, and what is more to the point, they have been far worse, as a glance at the fourth diagram shows, in the past. The average price per ton we see from this figure was from 1730 to 1750, 27*s.* 2*d.*: from 1800 to 1820 the Londoner had to pay on an average 53*s.* 3*d.* for his fuel: thirty years later the price was 19*s.*, thanks to the railway system, and since then it has fluctuated from 31*s.* in 1873 to 14*s.* 5*d.* in 1896.

At the World's Fair at Chicago one of the exhibits that from its size obviously attracted

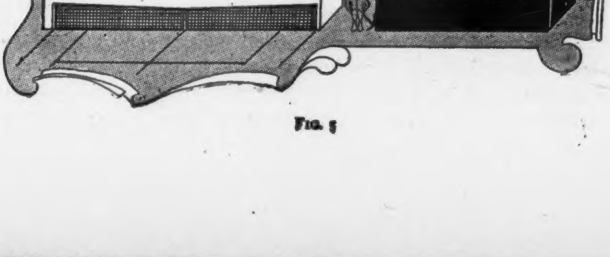

FIG. 5

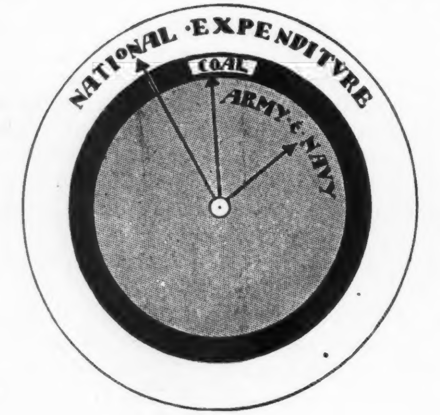

FIG. 6

considerable attention was a lump of coal weighing eighteen tons, six hundredweight and six pounds, that holds the honour of being the largest piece of coal ever brought to bank from a pit—the same being the Roslyn Pit, Washington State, U.S.A. In our fifth diagram we show to the right a lump of coal having the same dimensions as the Roslyn Pit mammoth; that is its height is five feet eight inches, depth four feet eight inches, and length twenty-four feet: to the left of it we show a six-foot high navvy who is standing in close proximity to the coal-gold shown in Fig. 2 which has been recast, this time into a bar, having the same depth and height as the lump of coal, and a length that exceeds the width of the familiar but full sized lawn tennis court by two feet three and four-fifths inches. We have already seen how far this huge nugget of gold would go towards lessening the terrors of Quarter Day throughout the country, and in our sixth diagram we make further comparisons. The national expenditure for running the United Kingdom for the year ending March 31st 1899 amounted to over £108,000,000, and is represented in our diagram by the whole area of the figure: the value of our coal at the place of excavation (a very different matter to its retail value, as we have already seen in the case of London), amounting to over £64,000,000, is represented by the area of that portion of the figure bounded by the thick black belt—belt included—whilst the forty-four and a quarter millions that our Army and Navy cost us is shown by the area of the inner circle. When we consider the enormous proportions of the governmental establishment which includes an army and navy employing upwards of 327,300 men, and compare the area representing its expenditure in our diagram with that representing the value of the coal output, we get a good idea of the importance of the coal industry, with its army composed of 693,661 workers, distributed among over 3000 mines, who, if placed shoulder to shoulder, would extend from London to Middlesbrough on the Tees' mouth, an army that is always in action and loses above eight hundred lives in a year.

A glance at Fig. 7 in which we see cubes all drawn to the same scale, and representing the annual average coal output in the United Kingdom during the 17th and 18th centuries, and the output for the years 1800 and 1899 together with the world's output for the latter years, shows us that the increase during the last one hundred years has been extraordinary, and suggests the question how long can we go on burning up Great Britain, if our factories, exports, and domestic requirements call for a similar increase in the years to come—that is to say how long will our coal supply last out if we go on consuming it at the rate of 3 tons 16 cwt. per annum per caput as at present?

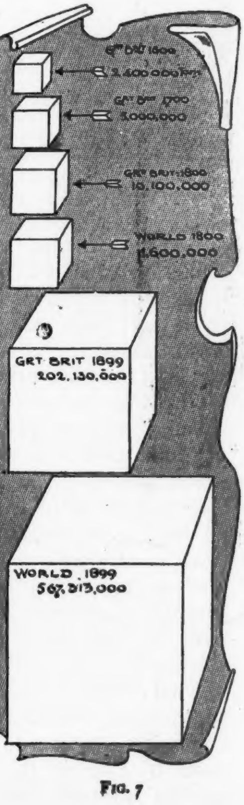

FIG. 7

In 1871, when the Coal Commission appointed to ascertain the probable quantity of coal in the coal-fields of the United Kingdom published their report, there were

90,207,000,000 tons of coal that were known to be attainable on June 28th, 1866. Since that date we have used up more than 4,845,000,000 tons, and according to that eminent authority, Professor Hull, our total available coal resources in the year 1900 will mount to 82,000,000,000 tons, which would be sufficient to permit (see Fig. 8) of a layer of coal, in thickness one and a third inches more than the depth of the cover of this magazine, to be placed over the whole of Great Britain, or the erection of a pyramid forty-seven and a half miles high having a base of one mile square. A simple calculation also tells us that at the rate of 205,000,000 tons per annum we have a sufficient supply to last us for the next four hundred years, and a very comfortable feeling creeps over us as we consider the improbability of our having to wrestle with a scarcity of fuel problem, or have resource to "artificial coal," composed of about 93 per cent. of ordinary earth, plus 7 per cent. of chemical ingredients, such as was described recently in the daily press. Our feeling of complacency is however short-lived, for on taking up the third part of the general report and statistics for 1899 issued by the Home Office respecting mines and quarries, we find Mr. C. Le Neve Foster, D.Sc., F.R.S., sounding the following note of warning in the introduction:

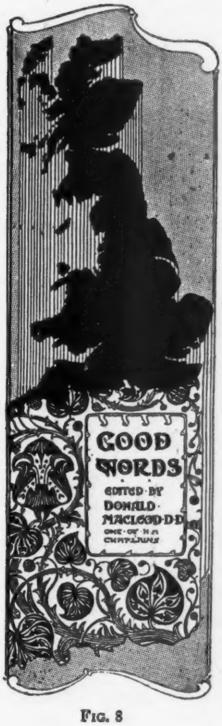

Fig. 8

"It may be said that the duties of a statistical officer should be limited to a mere statement of figures, and that he should leave others to make comments upon them; but I consider that the editor of this work, even if his position is only that of the clerk who annually checks the amounts taken from the great national store which is not being replenished, would be lacking in his duty if he failed to repeat the plain warning of such an authority as Mr. T. Forster Brown, who, in his paper upon 'Our Coal Supplies,' states emphatically that in another fifty years, that is to say within the lifetime of many now living, the dearth of cheap coal will begin to be felt. We are already dependent upon foreign countries for much of our iron ore, and it will be an evil day when we feel the pinch of poverty in coal. The proper husbanding of the coal resources of the kingdom is therefore a question of national importance."

We have not space here to more than draw attention to the necessity of paying heed in time to the warning given us above. That the matter is of the greatest national importance is obvious, and that its individual significance demands attention becomes apparent when we consider what a most undesirable difference the increase in price of coal due to its having to be mined at a great depth will make upon those industries, owing to a large extent their present prosperity to their immediate proximity to coalfields from which the supply of cheap coal may in a comparatively few years cease. Mr. T. Forster Brown's admirable exposition of the future of our coal supplies, and his suggested remedy to compensate for the gradual extinction of our coal capital, together with the views held on this subject by Messrs. W. Boyd Dawkins, Alexander Siemens, A. O. Granger and Professor Hull, F.R.S., are set forth in the "Journal of the Society of Arts," dated April 28th, 1899, to which publication we refer those of our readers who desire to place themselves *au courant* with a question the answer to which in a very short time it will be impossible to shelve any longer.

POETRY FOR CHILDREN

BY FLORENCE MACCUNN

WHEN the wise man, with senseless civility, made first a big hole for the cat and then a small one for the kitten, the action of one of the parties concerned may be guessed with tolerable accuracy. It is morally certain that the kitten snuffed round the smaller hole and continued to follow her parent through the larger. It is not otherwise with the volumes of poetry for children which parents buy and children don't read. Because a lamb and a bird and a flower are small and young and innocent, it does not follow that a child—already a little impatient of the same qualities in himself—should find them interesting. On the contrary, he is sure to be absorbed in battles, ships and sieges, or in railways and engines, and he leaves to his mother—who can never have enough of young things—the lamb with "its innocent call" and the "sweet joy but two days old," and whatever else is young and soft and inarticulate. In the meantime he himself keeps the bridge with Horatius, or—good Englishman and recently breeched—he leads "the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows," or, if works of the right kind grow on the nursery shelves, he learns the easy galloping verses of "Bonnie Dundee," and takes the "Border Minstrelsy" to bed with him.

Where all our English wealth of nursery rhymes comes from the folk-lorist probably knows. To the ordinary mother and nurse they seem as much gifts of nature as buttercups and daisies. They are like a great indestructible daisy-chain uniting the English babies of all classes and of endless generations. How infinitely full of suggestions these rhymes are, suggestions that pursue each other idly through the mother's brain as she sings them over and over to the hopelessly wide-awake piece of intelligence in the cot. The old pastoral life on the unfenced commons, the slumbrous noondays, the vacuity of the little guardians, how familiar they are in the stories of "Little Boy Blue," and "Little Bo Peep"! We know now that no genuine nursery rhyme can ever be written again, so we treasure all the old ones as a national trust.

Sooner or later education takes note of all the varying, fleeting instincts of childhood and turns them to its own didactic purposes. Centuries ago it was discovered that rhyme and metre found a ready entrance where reasoning and instruction fell on deaf ears.

Then, as now, it was probably found by experience that the elements of grammar or the foundations of the faith were simpler matters to teach than the art of "behaving mannerly at table," which at all times needs the merciful clause "at least as far as he is able." Biologists tell us that acquired characteristics are not transmissible; so, though we have manuals of courtesy from the fifteenth century and earlier, we must make up our minds to the fact that each generation has separately to grapple with its handkerchief, its knife and fork, and its behaviour to its elders and betters.

Manners have become less complicated. If we can manage to eat our own dinner with decency and refinement we are no longer called on to lay the table and carve before our elders as children were in the seventeenth century.

> Grace being said, low courtesy make thou
> Saying "much good may it do you."
> Of stature then if thou be able,
> It shall become thee to serve the table.
> Dishes with measure thou oughtest to fill,
> Else mayst thou happen thy service to spill
> On their apparel or else on the cloth,
> Which for to do would move them to wrath.

We have only to avoid calling our father "old fellow," and arguing with our mother on points of obedience and demeanour; our little ancestors had no shyness in kneeling down,

> To ask their blessing and benison.

With strangers too, this was their pretty custom,

> And when any man speaketh to thee
> Do off thy hood and bend thy knee.

There is a charming introduction to the "Little Child's Little Book" (written in

1480) which might win any one to pious, gentle ways:

> Little children here we may lere
> Much courtesy that is written here
> For clerks who the seven artes ken
> Say that courtesy from heaven came,
> When Gabriel our Lady grette
> And Elisabeth with Mary met,
> All virtues are enclosed in courtesy.

Then, as if one's own nurse were speaking across four centuries, it goes on

> *Look!* thy hands be washen clene,
> That no filth on thy nails be seen:
> Take thou no meat till grace be said.

But which of us takes care to add this gentle injunction to our children at their ample meals,

> And at thy meal in the beginning
> Look on the poor man that thou think?

Dr. Watts, of whom we shall hear something later on, commanded the obverse of this. When we see the poor, cold, hungry and ragged, then we are to render thanks to our God for His special favour to us.

These courtesy books, written in Catholic times or under Renaissance influence, aimed at making clean the outside of the platter. It was a very different problem for Puritanism to tune its momentous message to childlike numbers. It would be pleasant if we could believe that the song of the Shepherd Boy in the Valley of Humiliation were typical of hymns sung and learnt in Puritan households.

> He that is down need fear no fall:
> He that is low no pride.
> He that is humble ever shall
> Have God to be his guide.

Unfortunately such strains of cheerful piety were as rare as the flower Heartsease in the Valley of the Shadow.

For more than a century, up indeed to the childhood of our grand-parents, Dr. Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs" held a place in nurseries and school-rooms next to the Bible. Tender-hearted, unimaginative mothers could endure to hear their children repeat verses like the following:

> What if His dreadful anger burn,
> While I refuse His proffered grace;
> And all His love to fury turn,
> And strike me dead upon the place.
>
> 'Tis dangerous to provoke a God
> His power and vengeance none can tell,
> One stroke of His almighty rod
> Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

We have more need to pity the mothers than the children who probably rattled off such facile blasphemies with a total—and in this case fortunate—disregard of the meaning.

The more secular songs of Dr. Watts have become proverbial. What should we do without the warning "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do"? But in his garden of verse the "thorn and thistle" stand high and overshadow the little flowers. Reading his poems carefully the critic finds that he knew, (1) nothing of birds who *do* habitually edge each other out of the nest; (2) nothing of children who ask for nothing better than the fate he holds up to contempt in the line, "If we had been ducks we might dabble in mud"; (3) little of roses except that the kind Misses Abney—to whose care the old divine owed the comfort of his long life—probably made excellent pot-pourri.

> Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
> Above all the flowers of the field.
> When its leaves are all dead and fine colours are lost;
> Still how sweet a perfume it will yield.

The author of "O! God, our Help in Ages past" could not fail at times to forget himself into poetry. No cradle-song is sweeter than that one verse that has survived out of a longer poem:

> Soft and easy is thy cradle,
> Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
> When His birthplace was a stable,
> And His softest bed was hay.

We feel doubtful if Dr. Watts walked out much "in the meadows to see the young lambs"; he certainly regarded doves in a cage with complacency. There was in the eighteenth century another poet writing for children who declared that the sight of

> A robin redbreast in a cage
> Puts all heaven in a rage.

A strange, visionary man of genius who spoke of lambs and children as only One before him had ever spoken of such simple, tender things. But it was for us and our children, after a century's delay, that William

Blake was writing "How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet Lot," and "Little Lamb who made thee?"

If some of his poems recall the parables of the Gospels, there is a sweet, wild, fairy music in the "Child on the Cloud" that is akin to the songs of Puck and Ariel.

Piping down the valley wild
  Piping songs of merry glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
  And he laughing said to me,

"Pipe a song about a lamb,"
  So I piped with merry cheer;
"Piper, pipe that song again,"
  So I piped—he wept to hear.

. . . . . .

And I made a rural pen,
  And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
  Every child may joy to hear.

But one fears that few of the eighteenth-century children had the chance of hearing that sweet pipe. Shakespeare's fairies did not inhabit their nurseries, the fairies that did visit them had Latinised names and were as didactic as Mrs. Hannah More. And so the children continued "improving each shining hour" with Dr. Watts, when they might have followed the other piper and been told

Well, well, go and play till the light fades away
And then go home to bed.
The little one leaped and shouted and laughed
And all the hills echoéd.

Dr. Watts had set the fashion, and unfortunately many authors found it fatally easy to follow.

Somewhere in the depths of the British Museum, as yet undiscovered by Mr. Lucas or Mr. Tuer, lies a volume of poetry for children dimly remembered by one's mother and aunts. The authoress, like Plato and John Locke, seems to have been concerned merely for the children of the ruling classes. Her modest volume is entitled "Poems by a Lady for the Children of the Nobility and Landed Gentry." The manners of these classes would seem to be characterised by remarkable fortitude. The death of a father is broken to a school-girl in this unusual fashion: The mother arrives at the school and brings as a present a black mourning suit. The child objecting that she would have preferred pink or blue, the stoical parent replies,

Be calm, be cool. You leave your school,
Your father—he is dead!

The same high-bred calm is shown by a little nobleman or landed gentleman in his reply to his father's remark,

My child, my child, your looks are wild.
I do not wish my mother to alarm
But see, papa, I've broke my arm!

This same matter-of-fact way of dealing out death and destruction is one of the many charming attributes of Mrs. Turner's cautionary stories.

After serving the purpose of warning off two generations of our ancestors from frozen ponds, mad bulls and deep wells, this delightful little book is enjoying a new vogue as a nursery jest-book.

There is no unnecessary sentiment in the following sad announcement,

The friends of little Mary Greene
  Are now in deep distress,
The family will soon be seen,
  To wear a mournful dress.

Equally restrained in feeling is the announcement of the fate of Miss Helen.

Unhappy misfortune, the water was deep,
And giddy Miss Helen was drowned.

The punishments of Mrs. Turner come as pat as her rhymes, and both leave the reader in a state of irrepressible cheerfulness, and eager to pass on to the next delinquency and its penalty. It is quite different with the flowing and elaborate lines in which Jane and Anne Taylor treat precisely the same themes. In eight long-lined verses there should have been room for a touch of awe, a little pity for the fate of a child burned to death by her own folly. A careful study of old-fashioned children's books and of early chapters in sundry biographies makes one thankful that contemporary childhood has escaped the nightmare of a "good old-fashioned education."

Children do not object to morals; indeed, like their elders, they feel a lack of backbone in a story that is all fun or all adventure or largely made up of picturesque description. The weak point of these old-fashioned morals, is that they are so mean, so obvious, so self-regardful. It is the pleasant bistinction of Mary Lamb's verses for children, that her morals are unexpected and characteristic of the writer's exquisite tolerance and fine good sense. How a mind so clear, so free from egotism, so delicately humourous could go off its balance remains one of the saddest of mysteries. She says of herself somewhere, "I have the knack of recognising a friend's character, and never expect him to act out of it." She teaches this lesson of generous tolerance in the story of "The Child of the little Sense," who left off feeding the sparrows in the time of snow, because he had seen with indignation a big rook sharing in the alms he scattered.

So foolish Harry did not care
What became of the great rook.

. . . .

Nor even more would feed his sparrows;
Thus ignorance a kind heart narrows:
I wish I had been there, I would
Have told the child, rooks live by food
In the same way the sparrows do,
I also would have told him too,
Birds act by instinct, and ne'er can
Attain the rectitude of man.
Nay that even where distress
Does on poor human nature press,
We need not be too strict in seeing
The failings of a fellow-being.

It is indeed far wiser and greater to write of a brother's failings, "Charles rather smoky and drinky."

There is the same tender magnanimity in the advice to a little girl to make her wantonly broken doll the opportunity of impressing this eternal fact on the baby offender, "that sisters are to brothers kind."

An infant is a selfish sprite

. . . .

We elder children then will smile,
At our dear little John awhile.
And bear with him until we see
There is a sweet felicity,
In pleasing more than only one,
Dear little craving, selfish John.

In real life it was the younger children, Mary and Charles who continued to smile all his life long at "dear . . . craving, selfish John."

As we approach our own time, both verse and story become less didactic. Poems are either a revel of nonsense, or they aim at softening a child's heart, and quickening his spirit through imagination.

The sympathetic, and on the whole, reasonable theory of education which prevails to-day, has eliminated certain elements from a child's life, which, if not wholly good had yet a certain value. To-day the parent is, if not the accomplice, the earliest confidante of every piece of wickedness. Morally this is sound, but it takes off the glorious edge, the risk, the generous discounting of consequences from bolder kinds of mischief.

Even as an ideal picture, the revolt of the children in "Lilliput Levee," would hardly intoxicate a modern child.

They sucked the jam, they lost the spoons;
They let off several fire balloons.
They went to the chemists', and with their feet
They kicked the physic all down the street:
They never waited for king or for cat;
They never wiped their feet on the mat.
Their joy was great, their joy was greater:
They rode in the baby's perambulator!
Nail up the door, slide down the stairs,
Saw off the legs of the parlour-chairs;
That was the way in Lilliput Land,
The children having the upper hand.

The decay of heroic mischief has entailed the loss of that utterly desolate, but not altogether unprofitable, sense of disgrace. If penalties have to be inflicted in our present educational system, our object is to preserve a child's self-respect, and restore hopeful activity as soon as possible. All this is undoubtedly right, but if we find the healthy unspeculative cheerfulness of our present young people a trifle less interesting than the heart-searchings of their fathers, we may partly account for it by the fact, that their childhood never knew what it was to sit in the cold and darkness, outside of all comfort, with your poor little pride crumpled up at your feet.

Here is an exact picture of how a naughty but imaginative child used to feel.

I wish I was good, but I know I am bad.
    (Oh, the wind whistle-whew!
I make father angry and mother sad.
    (Just then how it blew!)
My heart was heavy and hard to night.
    I crept to bed.
I could not say what was soft and right,
    I wish I was dead!

But I see with my eyes shut beneath the clothes
    (It is dark and cold)
I see such sights as nobody knows,
    And nobody's told.

. . . .

I see our Rover jumping a brook,
Swift and light.
I see a new moon like a reaping-hook,
Sharp and white.
I see a churchyard, the snow lies deep,
For ghosts who cares?
If I were to die to-night in my sleep?
I'll say my prayers.

. . . .

If mother would come up and kiss me once,
Was that the bed broke?
No, I dropped asleep—but I won't be a dunce.
Was that some one spoke?

The habit of seeing "pillow-pictures" is common to many children, but ghostly terrors we have banished along with consciousness of sin and other spiritual experiences which produced morbid children indeed, but later on saints and men of letters.

When Mr. Rands was writing we were discovering the art of putting ourselves in the child's place, seeing the world from his level, thinking his thoughts and feeling with his passionate, inconsequent little heart. We have made such progress in this sympathetic art nowadays that we produce stories and poetry for children of such exquisite humour, realism and pathos that the small readers find them incomprehensible or unexciting, and "grown-ups" count them among their greatest literary treasures.

We must not say that Mr. Louis Stevenson discovered childhood, but certainly he revealed to many persons of consequence that they too had once been children. Uncles, lawyers, Members of Parliament read his "Child's Garden of Verses" and exclaimed, "*Et ego in Arcadia.*" They, too, had

Built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back bed-room chairs
And filled it full of sofa pillows,
To go a-sailing on the billows;

they too had crept fearfully to bed with "the breath of the bogey in their hair," only they had so completely forgotten it that they called their children's camp "litter," and ridiculed nightly fears as "nonsense." For Master Stevenson does not appear to have been an "old-fashioned" or "singularly thoughtful," or "poetical" child; he was like other children, only more intensely a child. And, unlike other children, he carried the habit of "making believe" to the end of his days. In one of the papers where he tells us perhaps rather too much about his methods of composing, he compares his half-waking half-sleeping activity to a party of hunters telling stories round a camp fire. He was never quite clear whether he were the speaker or the listener. That fire was first kindled behind the sofa in Heriot Row.

Now with my little gun I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track,
Away behind the sofa back.
I see the others far away,
As if in fire-lit camp they lay;
And I like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

And because the frail, indomitable child was always playing at being a man, the gods granted to the man to keep for ever clear and unimpaired by grown-up reflection the memory of his childhood. There is hardly a touch of grown-up consciousness in the "Child's Garden of Verses," or if certain lines whisper a larger meaning to the grown-up ear, this is by an apparent accident, just as words used by a child in play may strike into a train of thought perplexing older heads, and seem an oracle or an irony. Could heedlessness of near and personal reward for unselfish activity be put with simpler magnanimity than in the poem about playing boats?

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Will bring my boats ashore.

Yet the comforting reflection is perfectly natural in the thought of a child.

Mr. Stevenson has shown us the world as it appears to a child, nor has he disguised the mortifyingly small part we "grown-ups" play in it. Father and mother sit as dimmest shadows on the further side, and nurse only plays an occasional man Friday to his absorbing Robinson Crusoe.

Even when he is sick and (ought to be) sorry, this almost inhuman child of genius seizes the opportunity to hold a review on his counterpane, and gives maternal tenderness but little scope. Now, if we want to see the place these small, heartless, self-sufficing things play in the grown-up world we shall find it in the silver numbers of Eugene Field, the American poet.

There are people born with a gift for children as distinct as a musician's genius for music, or a painter's instinct for colour. They never see the undeveloped man in

Teeny Weeny or Little Boy Blue; they have no desire to help him out of his state of ignorance and original sin. The flower is not the unripe fruit; it is a separate thing made out of white and red petals on whose vigour and prosperity the later fruit depends. So these child-lovers leave the fruit for those who shall garner it, and, in the meantime, enjoy the blossom. They are rarely the parents. More often they are philosophic bachelors, sadly aware that they must part with their little loves at the schoolroom door, or maiden aunts, whose stories do not languish, nor attention wander as the mother's are apt to do.

Is it because the mother herself interests him more than she can ever interest herself that it takes a man poet to give all the tender grace to the small cares of motherhood? Mrs. Browning complained of some man that he had not the knack of "tying baby shoes," but neither she nor any other woman of letters discovered the poetry of darning socks.

And when day is at an end
There are little duds to mends:
Little frocks are strangely torn
Little shoes great holes reveal;
Little hose but one day worn
Rudely yawn from toe to heel.
Who but *you* could work such woe,
Pitty-pat and Tippy toe?

Perhaps all the lullabies have been written by fathers too, the mother supplying the crooning accompaniment? Eugene Field has lullabies for all ages and moods. "Blynken, Wynken and Nod" has become part of the going to bed ritual of many English nurseries. Some children prefer the nonsense lullaby about the Dinkey bird, some mothers incline to the poetical one about the "Rock-aby Lady from Hush-aby town." But there are some of Eugene Field's poems that we do not read to the children, and one wonders if it is fair to a world of readers largely made up of fathers and mothers to write poems like Krinken and Little Boy Blue, and Telling the Bees. Against authors determined to touch our feelings we can steel our hearts. We know the various fashions; the old easy piety with its visions of angels; the introduction of slow music and golden ripples; the more recent affectation of roughness and slang. Eugene Field walks softly round little graves as one afraid to touch a quiescent but endless sorrow.

Out at the house where the slumberer lay
Grandfathers came one summer day,
And under the pleasant orchard trees
He spake this wise to the murmuring bees.
The clover blossom that kissed her feet,
And the posy-bed, where she used to play,
Have honey store but none so sweet,
As ere our little one went away.
Oh, bees sing soft, and bees sing low,
For she is gone that loved you so.

Were they right those parents of a hundred years ago who troubled themselves and tormented their children with constant, conscientious correction? Here is a papa of three generations ago:

Papa who in the parlour heard
Her make that noise and rout,
That instant went to Caroline,
To whip her there's no doubt.

And one fears that there is little doubt that such was the habit of too many papas in those days.

Or are we nearer the right method who remove unnecessary stumbling-blocks and thankfully accept the Divine Precedent that "winked at" such "times of ignorance"?

Here speaks the tenderly deferential father of this last decade of the century.

Little Mistress Sans Merci
Hath become so dear to me,
That I count as passing sweet
All the pain her moods impart
And I bless the little feet
That go trampling on my heart.
Ah! how lonely life would be
But for little Sans Merci.

Little Mistress Sans Merci
Cuddle close this night to me,
And the heart that all day long
Ruthless thou hast trod upon,
Shall out pour a soothing song
For its best beloved one.
All its tenderness for thee,
Little Mistress Sans Merci!

Let us hide the book and let us "grown-ups" read it in a mystery. It is well that our sweet tyrants should not know their power.

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE PRINT OF THE NAILS

"We were well pleased to impart unto you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls."—1 Thess. ii. 8.

"I will most gladly spend and be spent for your souls."—2 Cor. xii. 15.

"I am offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith."—Phil. ii. 17.

THERE is a beautiful legend of St. Martin of Tours which tells how, when once he knelt at prayer in his cell, suddenly a bright light shone about him, and a figure of serene and joyous aspect clothed in royal array, with a jewelled crown upon his head and gold embroidered shoes upon his feet, stood by his side. "I am Christ," said the figure; "and as I am about to descend to the earth it is my pleasure to manifest myself to thee beforehand." But the saint paused and was silent. "Why dost thou hesitate to believe?" said the strange visitant; "I am Christ." Then, as by a sudden inspiration, St. Martin answered, "The Lord Jesus did not foretell that He would come arrayed in purple and crowned with gold. I will not believe that Christ has come unless I see Him in the dress and shape in which He suffered, unless I see Him bear before my eyes the marks of the Cross." Forthwith, so runs the story, the figure vanished, and Martin knew that he had been tempted by the Evil One.

The saint was right; there is no Redeemer for us who does not bear in His hands and in His feet the print of the nails. But do we consider that this which is the token of the service of the Redeemer is also the token of the service of the redeemed? "Without shedding of blood" is no redemption—it was true for the Master; it is true also for the disciples. "Ye were redeemed," says Peter; but how? at what price? "Not with corruptible things, as silver or gold." How then? With blood, "precious blood, even the blood of Christ." And no man can continue the Redeemer's work who does not first become in some degree a partaker in His holy passion, and in his own life bear the prints of the nails, the sign of the Cross. It should surely sting and startle us out of our easy-going conceptions of the Christian life and the conditions of Christian service to see how habitually the apostles think of their own service in terms of the sacrifice of Christ, making His passion the pattern for their life. Read over again the words of Paul printed at the head of this paper. Could language more perfectly set forth the inmost law of Christ's own life and death?

"We were well pleased to impart unto you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls." Preaching, to the apostle, meant the draining of his very life-blood; it was his very self he gave to them he sought to save and serve, even as a mother with her own life nourishes her child.

"I will most gladly spend and be spent out for your souls"—such, as the margin of the R. V. shows, is the real force of the apostle's word. As God "spared not His own Son, but delivered Him for us all," so Paul spared not himself but gave up all for Christ.

"I am poured out as a drink-offering [marg. R.V.] upon the sacrifice and service of your faith." The reference, Lightfoot says, is to heathen sacrifice: "The Philippians are the priests; their faith (or their good works springing from their faith) is the sacrifice: St. Paul's life-blood the accompanying libation."

So did the apostle always bear about in the body the dying of Jesus; and the world saw the print of the nails and believed. And by nothing else can the world be won. Why is it that there is no great up-thrust, no redemption, in so much of our "charity" to-day? Is it not because it costs too little? We have read the ancient law as if it were written "Without giving of money" is no redemption. We give a guinea when we ought to give ourselves. But the price of a soul is not a guinea; the price of a soul is—a soul; and always it costs a soul to save a soul.

And if again the question be asked, Why is so much of our preaching, our Christian work of every sort, futile and barren?—is not the answer again the same: they cost too little, and so the world goes on its way saying, "Except I see the print of the nails I will not believe."

* * * * *

There was an artist once, and he painted a picture which filled with wonder all who beheld it. And the other artists came and said, "Where does he get his colour from?" But when they asked him he only smiled and said, "I cannot tell you." And one went to the far East and bought costly pigments and made a rare colour and painted, but after a time the picture faded. Another read in the old books, and made a colour rich and rare, but when he had put it on the picture it was dead. But the artist painted on. At last one day they found him dead before his picture, and they took him up to bury him. The other men looked about in all the pots and crucibles, but they found nothing they had not. And when they undressed him to put his grave-clothes on him, they found above his left breast the mark of a wound—it was an old, old wound, that must have been there all his life, for the edges were old and hardened. And they buried him. And still the people went about saying, "Where did he get his colour from?" And it came to pass that after a while the artist was forgotten—but the work lived.*

SECOND SUNDAY

THE PASSION FOR SOULS

"I could wish that I myself were anathema from Christ for my brethren's sake."—Rom. ix. 3.

SOME one has pointed out the striking contrast between the dominant interest with which St. Paul says "I must see Rome," and that which the words would ordinarily reveal. The apostle was eager to visit the imperial city only because he was eager to preach there also the gospel of Christ. Every other ambition of his life had passed into this. All the waters of his soul had gathered themselves into one mighty flood to be poured through the narrows of this single purpose: "To preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to make all men see what is the dispensation of the mystery which from all ages hath been hid in God who created all things." The urgency of his message burned like a fire in his bones; his passion to win men was like a divine constraint which gave him no rest. "By the space of three years," he told the Ephesian elders, "I ceased not to admonish every one night and day with tears." When his friends, foreseeing danger and death, besought him not to go up to Jerusalem, his answer was, "What do ye, weeping and breaking my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." And above all, when he thought of his brethren, his kinsmen after the flesh, not only was it his heart's desire and supplication to God for them that they might be saved, but he was ready even for their sakes to wish himself anathema from Christ.

Oft when the Word is on me to deliver
  Opens the heaven and the Lord is there;
Desert or throng, the city or the river,
  Melt in a lucid Paradise of air.

Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
  Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,—
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
  Sadly contented in a show of things.

Then with a rush the intolerable craving
  Shivers throughout me like a trumpet-call,—
Oh to save these! to perish for their saving,
  Die for their life, be offered for them all!

Is not this passion to win men the very heart of preaching? It is the ultimate fountain, says Prof. George Adam Smith, of the prophetic preaching, the secret both of the pathos and the splendours of its style. "To the Prophets preaching was no mere display, but a sore battle with the hard hearts of their contemporaries, in which the messenger of the Lord worked with the pity of his weakness upon him, at a supreme cost to himself and conscious that he must summon to his desperate task every resource of feeling and of art." And such, also, is preaching to every true prophet of the Lord. Read a book like Richard Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted"; every page of the little volume seems scorched with the holy fire of the great evangelist. Or take a hymn like Doddridge's:

Arise my tenderest thoughts, arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes!
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal!

It is, as Dr. Stanford says, not so much a poem as a cry, a wail over lost souls. It was written to follow and to clinch his own sermon on the text, "I beheld the transgressors and was grieved because they kept not Thy law." "Perhaps," as his biographer says, "he was unconscious of the words. There was a vivid moment when, like a seer, he saw mad millions of sinners—was in an agony to save them, felt desperate with a sense of helplessness, and cried out thus." The same deep passion stirred the hearts of all the leaders of the great Revival. Whitefield's favourite maxim was that a preacher, whenever he entered the pulpit, should look upon it as the last time he might preach, and the last time his people might hear. Or, take Wesley's "Journals." "There is hardly any book like it," says one eminent critic; "its shrewdness, its wit, its wisdom, its knowledge, are bordered with a pale edge of fire—the spiritual passion of the great apostle's soul." Let one revealing sentence speak for the whole book. In 1742 Wesley visited Newcastle-on-Tyne for the first time. Never, he says, had he witnessed so much drunkenness, cursing and swearing, from the mouths of little children as well as of adults, in so short time. "Surely," he writes, "this place is ripe for"—what? judgment? no, but—"for Him who came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

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* See Olive Schreiner's "Dreams."

This is the true apostolic spirit; and, be it remembered, it springs only from the true apostolic faith and experience. No man can know this vehement fervour of desire to win men for Christ who is not himself wholly swayed by that faith, and in whose soul that great experience has never repeated itself. "God give to us preachers," said one the other day, "a perpetual sense of glad, wonderful surprise at our own salvation." And when that prayer is answered, and we who preach preach as Brownlow North was sometimes said to preach—like one who had just escaped from a sacked and burning city, his ear still stung with the yell of the dying and the roar of the flame, his heart full of gratitude at the thought of his own wonderful escape—deaf ears will be unstopped, and dead souls raised to life.

THIRD SUNDAY

THE GREATNESS OF THE CHRISTIAN GOSPEL

"What then shall we say to these things?"—Rom. viii. 31.

"WHAT shall we say to these things?"—it is one of the many sayings of the apostle which reveal his abiding sense of the wonderfulness of the Christian revelation. That it should have pleased God to reveal His Son in him, and to send him to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, that it should be the will of God "to make all men see what is the dispensation of the mystery which from all ages hath been hid in God who created all things," were thoughts which never ceased to fill the mind of Paul with a great and glad surprise. To him the gospel was simply the most wonderful thing in the world. The amazing love, the infinite condescension, revealed in the Cross hushed and awed his spirit. That any man should reject the revelation filled him with astonishment, but that any man could receive it as a mere matter of course would have been to him a thing unthinkable. Nor, as from year to year he spoke to men of his Lord's doing, did it grow less marvellous in his eyes; rather, the more his mind brooded over the central mystery of his faith, the greater grew the wonder with which he dwelt upon it. It is greater in the Epistle to the Romans than in the Epistles to the Thessalonians; it reaches its highest expression, perhaps, in the epistles of his first captivity.

There is a well-known poem of Wordsworth's in which he tells us with what awe and reverence, even in childhood's days, his sister Dorothy looked upon the common things of nature—

My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the Butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey: with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God bless her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

It was such an awe that lay upon the spirit of Paul whensoever he thought of the gospel of Christ—"beyond all knowing of it, wonderful."

And without this—is it too much to say?—no real greatness of Christian thought or life is possible. When we come to search it out, what is it that one misses in many of the religious writings of our time but just this feeling for the greatness, the seriousness, the awfulness of religion? They may be sparkling, pungent, epigrammatic; yet they leave us unimpressed because they lack that "under-sense of greatest" which, even "among things least," is never wanting in the epistles, and which lies at the root of all deep religious influence. The great spiritual guides of mankind have never been content merely to skirt the pleasant shores of revelation; they have plunged into its deep valleys and gazed upon its lonely peaks, until the wonder, the mystery, the immensity of that land have seized and subdued their souls. "Say what you will," writes Pascal, "there is something in the Christian religion which is astonishing." There is perhaps no writer in the English language whose style is so habitually restrained and austere as Bishop Butler's; but every reader of his works knows how the indignation and irony break through the hard casing of reserve whenever he thinks of those who refuse to treat religion seriously, setting its claims aside with easy indifference, "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." With him the questions which were bandied about among ingenious and witty reasoners about the truth and evidences of religion, were no questions of words or speculation, no mere interesting philosophical or historical problems, but of far more immediate and more tremendous earnest than anything else in the world could be.

And if from Butler we turn to others of his own day who in their own very different way were doing a work which it was not given even to his great powers to accomplish —I mean the leaders of the great Evangelical Revival—we shall see how completely they too realised the greatness of that gospel which was committed to them to preach. This is the note which is heard again and again in their hymnology—

And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

I hesitate to add an example from the teachers of our own day, but if in the generation which is just past there is one name not unworthy to stand beside those I have mentioned, it is, I venture to think, that of Richard William Church. His volume of "University and Cathedral Sermons" one well-qualified judge has not hesitated to call "the most magnificent sermons in the English language"; and that which gives to this book its extraordinary power, the study of which might well make an epoch in a man's life, is not so much the subtlety of its thought, the fineness of its insight, the perfection of its literary form—wonderful as all these are—but rather the complete dominion over the writer's mind and heart of the ruling ideas of the New Testament. He is swayed by the same great thoughts as swayed the soul of Paul, and so shares in the greatness which was his and theirs.

"It is amazing to think with what vanity of mind the most weighty things of religion are handled amongst Christians. Things that should swallow up our souls, drink up our spirits, are heard as a tale that is told—disregarded by most, scorned by too many." The words were written by John Howe in the seventeenth century, but they are not without their truth to-day; and we shall do well to learn that a full recovery of the apostolic spirit and power will only come with a recovery of the apostolic sense of awe in the presence of the tremendous realities of the Christian revelation.

FOURTH SUNDAY

IN A MIRROR, DARKLY

"Now we see in a mirror, darkly."—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

THE words are part of Paul's wonderful psalm of love. He has been contrasting love with prophecies, with tongues, and with knowledge. All these, he says, shall pass; but "love never faileth." Then he pauses a moment longer to emphasise the fact that even our knowledge is passing away. "We know in part," he says; and just as we outgrow our toys and school-books, and the childish thoughts of early days give place to the maturer knowledge of our riper years, so too the longer childhood of our life will one day pass away as it passes into the manhood of the perfect knowledge of the life to come. "Now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known."

The familiar rendering of the Authorised Version—"now we see through a glass"—fails to reproduce the figure used by the apostle. He was thinking, not of objects dimly seen through a window (of horn, or of some kindred substance), but faintly reflected in a mirror. For the mirrors of Paul's day, not being, like ours, of silvered glass but of burnished metal, made but poor reflectors. And such, he says, are all the means—nature, the Old Testament, even the gospel itself—by which God is revealed to man. In all these we see at best but a reflection, often uncertain, always imperfect, of the eternal realities on which hereafter we shall gaze face to face.

The same idea is suggested by the words which follow, and which in both A.V. and R.V. are translated "darkly." But neither does this rendering quite convey the apostle's thought. He does not mean, we see dimly because our vision is so dim; that, of course, is true, but that is not what he says. The words are, literally, "in a riddle," "in a dark saying"; and when Paul says "we see ἐν αἰνίγματι," what he has in mind is not the dimness of our vision, but the obscurity, the imperfection of the revelation. Apart from the feebleness of our power to know, everything is not fully made known. The gospel is a revelation of God, but it is not a full revelation. Revelation means "the lifting up of the veil"; but the veil, Paul says, is not wholly lifted; there are some things which still lie in the darkness wherein it has pleased God they should be hid from the beginning.

Do we take account of the fact as we ought? We think of the New Testament as, above everything else, the book of revelation; and so indeed it is; yet can any one study its pages and not find in it everywhere the thought of things to be waited for, things yet to be revealed? Life asks many hard, obstinate questions to which even its words give no answer. The upright may walk in darkness and have no light. A man may believe in Christ—believe in Him even as Paul did—and yet find the old problems remain to perplex and distress him. Sometimes we are puzzled as the disciples were puzzled: "What is this that He saith unto us, A little while and ye behold me not; and again a little while and ye shall see me: and Because I go to the Father? What is this that He saith, A little while? We know not what He saith." And sometimes silence is our only answer. Why did He suffer the blow to fall which crippled us for the race while as yet it had scarce begun? Why, when our little one lay dying, and we who would have done all could do nothing, why did He seem so deaf, so cold, so far? Why did He pluck the one sweet flower that grew in our home and leave it desert? Had He not flowers enough in His own great heavens? "My God, my God, why——?" We do not know; we only know that once from the torn heart of the world's Redeemer the cry escaped, and that even to Him the heavens were silent. There are yet many things to be waited for; and we must wait. And we shall not wait in vain. What He does we know not now but we shall understand—hereafter. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now"; but one day we shall be calmer, wiser, stronger; then He will tell us all things. Now we know in part; then shall we know even as also we have been known. Now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then, face to face.

But meanwhile, till "the day break and the shadows flee away," what? Let us follow the light we have, let us do the thing we see. "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness"—not light on every dark enigma, not light yonder, on life's far horizons, but light here, light on my path, light to walk by. And the path of obedience is always the path of growing light. The envious rim of darkness widens as we journey. Caroline Fox has told us in her Journals how, as she sat one day in the meeting-house, in great spiritual depression, a voice seemed to say to her, "Live up to the light thou hast; and more will be granted thee"; and the words came as the first gleam of light giving promise of day with its noontide glories. And is not this God's own promise to His children: "The path of the just is as the light of the dawn which shineth more and more unto the noontide of the day"?

There are facts in life which bear their witness, plain and clear, to the goodness and the love of God. There are other facts, also, which seem to lead only to the darkness of unbelief. "And we human creatures, with our affections, our hopes and wishes and wills, stand, as it were, solicited by either set of facts. . . . And then comes the question which shall have the decisive governing influence on wills and lives? Our Lord came among us not to clear up the perplexity, but to show us which side to take." *

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* "Life and Letters of Dean Church."

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

EVERY now and again there is wafted to us out of the remote past some phrase of old music, some fragment of rhyme, which brings back with strange effect the thoughts and feelings of years that seemed to have been long lost in oblivion. As I opened Captain Hutton's handsome volume, "The Sword and the Centuries,"* there floated to me from across the abyss stray cadences of the wild strain of "The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi." I wonder how many remember the stirring rhythm of Motherwell's fiery song—how many, indeed, of the present generation have met with it at all. "Land-giver, I kiss thee!" I do not know what I should think of it now, if I chanced to read it once more; but the recollection of it is rejuvenescent, and in the glorious Viking days that fall to the lot of every healthy lad, Thorstein Raudi's Sword-song set the blood dancing through one's veins in a fashion that not even "Chevy Chase" could rival. Those were the high-hearted times when a sword, and a ship, and a book of adventure were all one needed to set out with on the splendid quest of the future. But of these three the sword was the enchanted possession. With that talisman what was there one could not dream of daring and of achieving? I fear that of the ancient romance of the Sword little trace remains in one's later years; experience has brought home to us that it is but a symbol and a figure of speech in the lives of most of us, that the fight and the conquest are different from those of the paladins of renown. For all that the Sword has still its keen historic interest, and in Captain Hutton's volume, though attention has been confined to its use in the *duello*, a great variety of curious and out-of-the-way information has been gathered, from which the reader may devise many strange pictures of the stages we have passed on the way to civilisation, and shape his own reflections on the change which has taken place in our conception of honour and in our estimate of the value of life.

The title of the volume leads one to anticipate a more minute and technical account of the evolution of the Sword and of the scientific development of its manipulation than will be found in the incidental treatment of that part of the subject in these pages. There is indeed a record of the various changes which were made in the weapon and in the method of handling it, and the numerous illustrations serve their purpose excellently, but it is rather as a discursive collection of typical duels that the work will be found most entertaining. Captain Hutton makes very clear the close relation of the duel with the wager of battle in the days of chivalry, when the antagonists rode to the rendezvous with drum and trumpet and a retinue of armed men clothed in their distinctive colours, when perchance the king himself presided over the closed lists, and constable and marshal stood lance in hand ready to part the combatants if "the king's majesty said but Ho! or gave any other signal," when perchance a magnificent banquet, spread in a marquee outside the lists, was laid in waiting for a too confident challenger and, hard by, a gibbet had been erected for the exaltation of the body of his recreant adversary. In these encounters the weapons were the great axe, five feet long, or axe and sword, the estoc, the bastard-sword, the great two-hand sword, or the double-edged sword and buckler; and it might happen that one of the combatants lost his balance in his heavy armour and fell with a crash at full length, so that the sharp visor of his "pig-faced" helmet was buried too deeply in the ground for him to regain his feet without assistance, as was the luck of the English esquire Thomas Qué when he fought with the good knight, Messire Jacques de Lalain. Nor are the lists reserved for the knight and the noble. Captain Hutton gives an account of a singular judicial combat between a couple of tailors at Valenciennes in the presence of Philip, Duke of Burgundy. Tailor Jacotin charges tailor Mahuot with having killed a man in an unfair fight, and professes his readiness to prove his case club in hand. The litigants are arrested, and after due formalities are pitted against each other in the circular arena. "Their heads have been shaved, they are barefooted, and the nails of both their fingers and their toes have been carefully pared, while their bodies and limbs are clothed in garments of dressed leather, so tightly fitting that they had to be actually sewn upon their persons. The myrmidons of the law now make their appearance, accompanied by a priest, who bears a large missal, on which he causes them to make oath that their cause is a just one. To each man is now presented his shield, with the point of it upwards: it is painted red, and bears on its surface the cross of St. George; and next his club of tough wood, the two clubs being of exactly the same size and weight." Their tight-fitting leather garments are then besmeared with grease; they are provided with bowls of wood ashes to remove the grease from their hands so that they may grip shield and club firmly; and lastly the Mayor rises from his seat and gives the word "Let each man do his duty!" The combat is too revoltingly brutal to follow in detail; it closes with the senseless body of Mahuot being hurled over the barrier to the executioner, who promptly swings it high on the gallows. It will be remembered that a similar judicial combat occurs in the second part of "King Henry the Sixth," and that Shakespeare there refers to the belief that in trials of this description the issue was the result of divine intervention. The incident, it has been pointed out, is based on fact, and the vanquished armourer, William Catour ("Horner"), suffered the customary fate, according to the item which appears in the accounts—"Also paid for 1 pole and nayllis, and for settynge up of ye said mannys hed on London Brigge, vd."

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* "The Sword and the Centuries, or Old Sword Days and Old Sword Ways." By Alfred Hutton, F.S.A., late Captain King's Dragoon Guards, author of "Cold Steel," "Old Sword Play," &c. Illustrated. Grant Richards. 15s.

"In the knightly days," Captain Hutton observes, "single combats were confined to the *champ clos*, which was never granted when the quarrel was of a frivolous nature, and only the monarch himself, or some great noble, the governor of a province, and so holding vice-regal powers, had the authority to grant it." This fortunate restriction of the appeal to arms was broken down by the solemn vow of Henry II., overwhelmed with grief for the death of one of his favourites, never again to grant the lists to any challenger, great or small. The consequence might have been foreseen. Denied the ancient right of knightly redress in regular form, the parties to a quarrel betook themselves on their own responsibility to field or forest to settle their differences, not in the old chivalrous fashion, but stripped to their shirts and armed with dagger and rapier. And there we have the genesis of what we understand by the word duelling, in its current acceptation. Out of this perversion of the popular belief in a divine arbitrament sprang terrible abuses — treachery and murder, "supersticerie," and most unchivalrous brutality and malignity, a strange travesty of the *rôle* of seconds, whose duty it was in the old time to endeavour to bring their principals to accord, or if that was impracticable, to see that no unfair advantage was taken, but who now—and not seconds alone, but thirds, fourths, and even greater numbers—started the fashion of drawing sword in furtherance of the quarrel, and last of all a fire-eating disposition and a reckless passion for duelling on any pretence. Into all these aspects of the subject Captain Hutton enters in profuse detail. In the reign of Henry of Navarre alone, he tells us, no fewer than 4000 gallant gentlemen lost their lives in private quarrels. It is difficult to understand how life could have been held so cheap; and as one reads one's thoughts hark back to the barbaric days when the old Celts, with something of an Irish inconsequence, exchanged existence for a skin of wine or a handful of silver, shared the spoil with their friends, and held out their throats to the knife.

This is one of the puzzles of human nature, this light-hearted gambling with the breath of being. If it were a constant and isolated condition of mind it might be possible to frame some explanation of it, but, oddly enough, while, as Bacon has remarked, "there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death," there is nothing for which a man will fight so hard as for as his life. One looks to religion for light on the enigma; but only to find on the one hand that, in spite of the assurance of immortality, the great majority of Christians cling passionately to these tenements of clay, and on the other that the savage, who has no hope or dream beyond his little day, surrenders existence with an unhesitating and unreasoning gaiety, or at least without a sign of anguish or of horror. It is a pretty subject for the ethnical psychologist.

With all its senselessness and barbarity, the history of duelling has its picturesque and spirit-stirring episodes, and Captain Hutton gives some fine instances of the chivalrous amenities among the rapier men. In this connection it is impossible to pass over the story of the Admirable Crichton. The brilliant young Scot was at the court of Mantua when a truculent bully who had fought his way through England, France, and Spain, returned to Italy, and announced by tuck of drum and sound of trumpet that his purpose was to challenge at the single rapier any whosoever of Mantua that durst be so bold as to fight with him, "provided he would deposit a bag of five hundred Spanish pistoles over against another of the same value which he himself should lay down, upon this condition, that the enjoyment of both should be the conqueror's due." Three notable swordsmen who were at the Duke's court accepted the challenge, and each lost his life in turn. For a whole fortnight the victorious duellist paraded the streets in triumph. This imputation of cowardice was more than Crichton could brook. Adding a thousand pistoles to the stipulated five hundred, he challenged the swash-buckler, smilingly foiled his most cunning tricks of fence, and finally despatched him with the three strokes with which the adventurer had killed his three adversaries. "After the public defeat of the bravo," continues Captain Hutton, "all the fair ladies in Mantua are at the feet of the victor. There should have been safety in such a crowd of them; but unfortunately there is a special one who attracts his attention far more than the rest, and, as ill-luck will have it, the Prince himself"—Vincenzo di Gonzaga, the Duke's son, to whom Crichton had been engaged as companion and preceptor—"begins to have a predilection for the lady, to see a rival in his Scotch friend, and to regard him with deadly hatred. The latter has, on an occasion, been paying an evening visit to the object of his choice, and is returning home, amusing himself, as is the fashion of Italian gallants of the time, by playing on his mandoline as he goes along, when he finds himself attacked by a party of half a dozen men, well armed and closely masked. Crichton draws his rapier and dagger, and defends himself with such skill that very quickly two of them are down. Three have taken to their heels, and he presses the remaining one so hotly that he soon disarms and seizes him, tears off his mask, and recognises the face of Prince Vincenzo, his young master. He had only disarmed his adversary, and that too in self-defence, instead of killing him outright; but he is so concerned at his discovery that, in an evil moment for him, he kneels and offers his sword to him. Vincenzo takes it; full of wine, furious at defeat, and being of a treacherous and revengeful nature, he brutally drives it through his body, and thus perishes the Admirable Crichton at the early age of twenty-two."

Dumas has made us familiar with the joyous turbulence of the King's Musketeers and Richelieu's Guards, but the details taken from the D'Artagnan memoirs are as lively reading as anything penned by the great romancer. When D'Artagnan arrived in Paris he was a mere lad of sixteen, and when Portos arranges with M. de Jussac that he must bring an additional man for the meeting in the Pré aux Clercs that afternoon, his brother Athos is in despair that "the poor little thing" will be wiped out at the first thrust of some huge swashing bully of the Cardinal's Guard. The stripling, however, manages to bring his man down, comes to the rescue of Athos, who is wounded, and helps to disarm the three other antagonists.

In England as in France the judicial combat was of ancient date; but while duelling proper arose in France early in the fifteenth century, I am not aware that later research has discovered anything to modify Buckle's statement, that in England "there is no evidence of even a single private duel being fought earlier than the sixteenth, and there were not many till the latter half of Elizabeth's reign." Captain Hutton cites George Silver as "the father of English swordsmen," and "the first genuine English author who ever put before the public anything in the way of printed lessons of fence" (in the year 1599), and "the first author in any country to lay down distinct instructions for the parry and riposte." If our countrymen were late in adopting the fashion, however, they speedily ran into excesses as deplorable and as ridiculous as those of the French fire-eaters. Bosom friends, as in the case of Tom Porter and Sir H. Bellases recorded by Pepys, quarrelled on the merest punctilio, drew on each other in haste lest they should make it up next day, and when one fell mortally wounded, called his opponent to him, kissed him, and bade him shift for himself before it was too late. "It is pretty," writes Pepys, "to see how the world talk about them as a couple of fools that killed one another out of love." Or we have such a tragedy as that in which the Duke of Buckingham slew the Earl of Shrewsbury while the Countess of Shrewsbury stood by in the disguise of a page, holding the Duke's horse; or the fatal encounter of the Duke of Hamilton and that profligate scoundrel my Lord Mohun, whose name will long be remembered by the readers of "Esmond." Happily all these things belong to a past which is as dead as the megatherium, so far at least as we in these islands are concerned. Even abroad there are signs that the duel is falling into discredit and ridicule. Still this use of the Sword constitutes a chapter in the story of our evolution, which will always possess a certain interest and importance; and Captain Hutton's book, whatever its defects—and it is by no means free from defects—will give as much information and entertainment as the ordinary reader is likely to desire.

Another volume associated with the Sword, and one which is infinitely more to my liking, is Mr. Fitchett's latest contribution to the literature of the great wars, under the title "Wellington's Men."* The author of the "Deeds that Won the Empire" has a keen eye for all that is finest and most spirited in the account of moving incidents by flood and field. He could not have had more effective material for his purpose than that contained in the four autobiographies from which he has gleaned the soldier's story of most of Wellington's great fights, from the first splutterings of Brown Bess in the Peninsula to the march on Paris after the victory of Waterloo. Each of the writers, as Mr. Fitchett points out, "represents a distinct type of soldiership," and each possesses the rare faculty of giving a vivid and truthful picture of what came within his observation. They were born war-correspondents. Kincaid was a captain in one of the most famous regiments in English history—the Rifles in Craufurd's Light Division; Harris was a private in another battalion of the same regiment; Mercer commanded battery G at Waterloo; and Anton was a sergeant in the 42nd, or Royal Highlanders. It is in personal reminiscences such as these, hurried, confused, and partial as they are, rather than in the formal pages of the historian, that one obtains the means of realising the horror and heroism, the ferocity and pity, the comedy and wild exaltation of a great battle. Here too, as is usually the case in war, the grim hostility of armies is strangely lit up by the kindliness and *bonhomie* of the individual combatants. Mr. Fitchett tells for instance how after the disastrous fight at Redinha, when the Rifles were pressing hard on the tired French rearguard at night-fall, the French commander "suddenly held up his sword in the grey dusk with a white handkerchief tied to it. An officer of the Rifles went forward to parley, when the Frenchman explained that he thought both sides needed a rest after a hard day's work. To this the officers of the Rifles cheerfully agreed, and politely invited the Frenchman and his subalterns to share their rations. This proposal was accepted; the French and English officers sat merrily round a common fire and shared a common meal; then parted, and before daybreak became pursuers and pursued again!" At the present moment an incident in the siege of Badajos has a special interest of its own. The day after the assault two Spanish ladies, who had been plundered and roughly used, appealed to two officers of the Rifles for protection. One of these was Captain Henry Smith who, two years later, married the beautiful girl of fifteen whom he had saved. Sir Harry afterwards served at the Cape, and "this Spanish girl, as Lady Smith, gave her name to the historic town which Sir George White defended with such stubborn valour."

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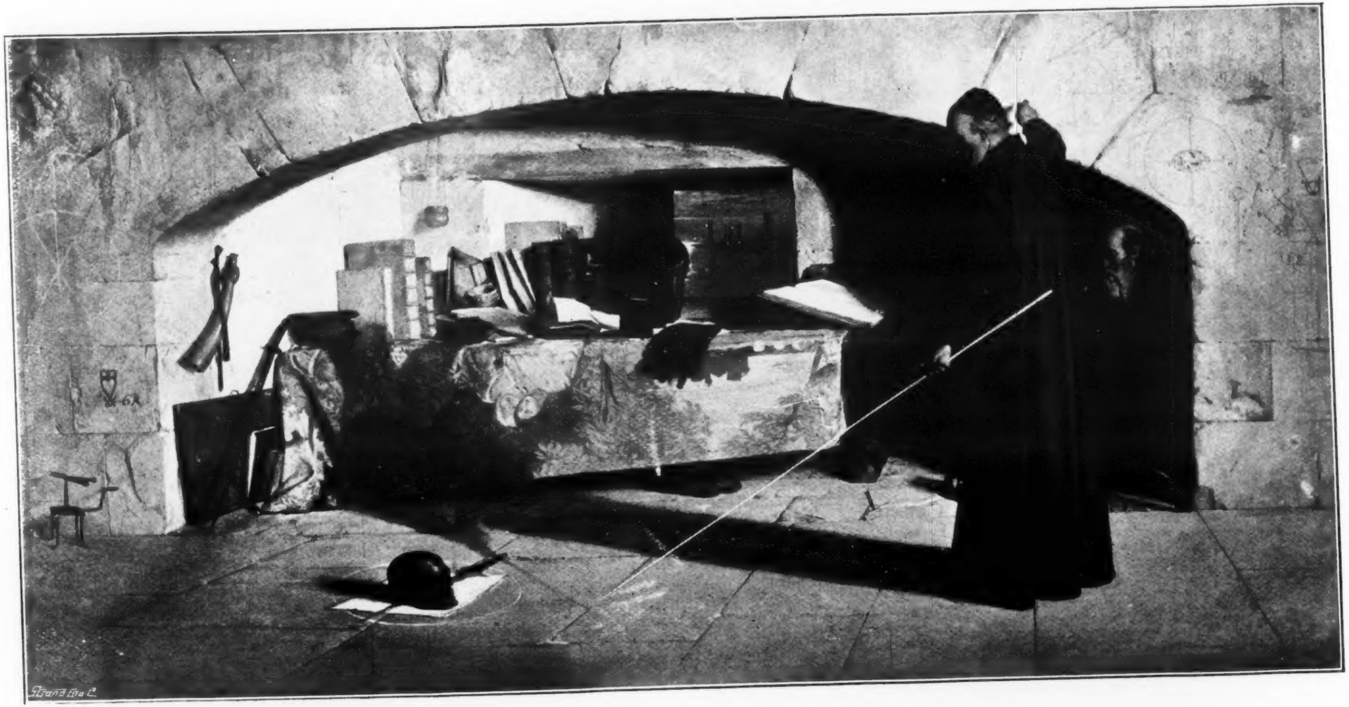
* "Wellington's Men: Some Soldiers' Autobiographies. Kincaid's 'Adventures in the Rifle Brigade'; 'Rifleman Harris'; Anton's 'Military Life'; Mercer's 'Waterloo.'" Edited by W. A. Fitchett, M.A., LL.D., author of "Deeds that Won the Empire," "Fights for the Flag," &c. &c. Smith, Elder and Co. 6*s*.



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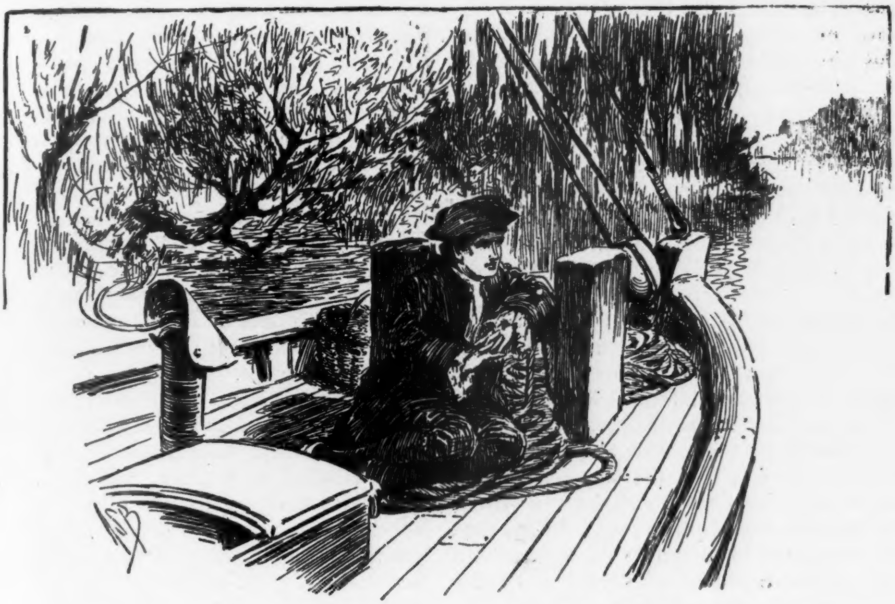
THE SPELL

By Sir W. Fettes Douglas



“Every link of the river opened up a fresher wonder”

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE

By NEIL MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XXIX

WHEREIN THE PRIEST LEAVES ME, AND I MAKE AN INLAND VOYAGE

WHAT this marvel betokened was altogether beyond my comprehension, but the five men were no sooner gone than I clapped on my hat and drew up the collar of my coat, and ran like fury through the plashing streets for the place that was our temporary home. It must have been an intuition of the raised that guided me; my way was made without reflection on it, at pure hazard, and yet I landed through a multitude of winding and bewildering streets upon the Isle of the City and in front of the Hôtel Dieu in a much shorter time than it had taken me to get from there to the Duke of Burgundy’s Head.

I banged past the door-keeper, jumped upstairs to the clergymen’s quarters, threw open the door and—found Father Hamilton was gone!

About the matter there could be no manner of dubiety, for he had left a letter directed to myself upon a drawers-head.

“ My Good Paul (said the epistle, that I have kept till now as a memorial of my adventure): When you return you will discover from this that I have taken leave *à l’Anglaise*, and I fancy I can see my secretary looking like the arms of Bourges (though that is an unkind imputation). ’Tis fated, seemingly, that there shall be no rest for the sole of the foot of poor Father Hamilton. I had no sooner got to like a loose collar, and an unbuttoned vest, and the seclusion of a cell, than I must be plucked out; and now when my birds—the darlings!—are on the very point of hatching I must make adieux. *Oh! la belle équipée!* M. Buhot knows where I am—that’s certain, so I must remove myself, and this time I do not propose to burden M. Paul Greig with my company, for it will be a miracle if they fail to find me. As for my dear Croque-mort, he can have the glass coach and Jacques and Bernard, and doubtless the best he can do with them is to take all to Dunkerque and leave them there. I myself, I go *sans trompette*, and no inquiries will discover to him where I go."

As a postscript he added, "And 'twas only a sailor's log, dear lad! *Excusez du peu!*"

When I read the letter I was puzzled tremendously, and at first I felt inclined to blame the priest for a scurvy flitting to rid himself of my society, but a little deliberation convinced me that no such ignoble consideration was at the bottom of his flight. If I read his epistle aright, the step he took was in my own interest, though how it could be so there was no surmising. In any case he was gone; his friend in the hospital told me he had set out behind myself, and taken a candle with him and given a farewell visit to his birds, and almost cried about them and about myself, and then departed for good to conceal himself, in some other part of the city, probably, but exactly where his friend had no way of guessing. And it was a further evidence of the priest's good feeling to myself (if such were needed) that he had left a sum of a hundred livres for me towards the costs of my future movements.

I left the Hôtel Dieu at midnight to wander very melancholy about the streets for a time, and finally came out upon the river's bank, where some small vessels hung at a wooden quay. I saw them in moonlight (for now the rain was gone), and there rose in me such a feeling as I had often experienced as a lad in another parish than the Mearns, to see the road that led from strangeness past my mother's door. The river seemed a pathway out of mystery and discontent to the open sea, and the open sea was the same that beat about the shores of Britain, and my thought took flight there and then to Britain, but stopped, for a space, like a wearied bird, upon the town Dunkerque. There is one who reads this who will judge kindly, and pardon when I say that I felt a sort of tenderness for the lady there, who was not only my one friend in France, so far as I could guess, but, next to my mother, the only woman who knew my shame and still retained regard for me. And thinking about Scotland and about Dunkerque, and seeing that watery highway to them both, I was seized with a great repugnance for the city I stood in, and felt that I must take my boots from there at once. Father Hamilton was lost to me: that was certain. I could no more have found him in this tanglement of streets and strange faces than I could have found a needle in a haystack, and I felt disinclined to make the trial. Nor was I prepared to avail myself of his offer of the coach and horses, for to go travelling again in them would be to court Bicêtre anew.

There was a group of busses or barges at the quay, as I have said, all huddled together as it were animals seeking warmth, with their bows nuzzling each other, and on one of them there were preparations being made for her departure. A cargo of empty casks was piled up in her, lights were being hung up at her bow and stern, and one of her crew was ashore in the very act of casting off her ropes. At a flash it occurred to me that I had here the safest and the speediest means of flight.

I ran at once to the edge of the quay and clumsily propounded a question as to where the barge was bound for.

"Rouen or thereabouts," said the master.

I asked if I could have a passage, and chinked my money in my pocket.

My French might have been but middling, but Lewis d'Or talks in a language all can understand.

Ten minutes later we were in the fair-way of the river running down through the city which, in that last look I was ever fated to have of it, seemed to brood on either hand of us like bordering hills, and at morning we were at a place by name Triel.

Of all the rivers I have seen I must think the Seine the finest. It runs in loops like my native Forth, sometimes in great, wide stretches that have the semblance of moorland lochs. In that fine weather, with a sun that was most genial, the country round about us basked and smiled. We moved upon enchanted waters by magic gardens and the borders of enchanted little towns. Now it would be a meadow sloping backward from the bank, where reeds were nodding, to the horizon; now an orchard standing upon grass that was the rarest green, then a village with rusty roofs and spires and the continual chime of bells, with women washing upon stones or men silent upon wherries fishing. Every link of the river opened up a fresher wonder; if not some poplared isle that had the invitation to a childish escapade, 'twould be another town, or the garden of a chateau, maybe, with ladies walking stately on the lawns, perhaps alone, perhaps with cavaliers about them as if they moved in some odd woodland minuet. I can mind of songs that came from open windows, sung in women's voices; of girls that stood drawing water and smiled on us as we passed, at home in our craft of fortune, and still the lucky roamers seeing the world so pleasantly without the trouble of moving a step from our galley fire.

Sometimes in the middle of the days we would stop at a red-faced, ancient inn, with bowers whose tables almost had their feet dipped in the river, and there would eat a meal and linger on a pot of wine while our barge fell asleep at her tether and dreamt of the open sea. About us in these inns came the kind country-people and talked of trivial things for the mere sake of talking, because the weather was sweet and God so gracious; homely sounds would waft from the byres and from the barns—the laugh of bairns, the whistle of boys, the low of cattle.

At night we moored wherever we might be, and once I mind of a place called Andelys, selvedged with chalky cliffs and lorded over by a castle called Gaillard, that had in every aspect of it something of the clash of weapons and of trumpet-cry. The sky shone blue through its gaping gables and its crumbling windows like so many eyes; the birds that wheeled all round it seemed to taunt it for its inability. The old wars over, the deep fosse silent, the strong men gone—and there at its foot the thriving town thronged with sounds of peaceful trade! Whoever has been young, and has the eye for what is beautiful and great and stately, must have felt in such a scene that craving for companionship that tickles like a laugh within the heart—that longing for some one to feel with him, and understand, and look upon with silence. In my case 'twas two women I would have there with me just to look upon this Gaillard and the town below it.

Then the bending, gliding river again, the willow and the aspen edges, the hazy orchards and the emerald swards; hamlets, towns, farm-steadings, chateaux, kirks and mills; the flying mallard, the leaping perch, the silver dawns, the starry nights, the ripple of the water in my dreams, and at last the city of Rouen. My ship of fortune went no further on.

I slept a night in an inn upon the quay, and early the next morning, having bought a pair of boots to save my red shoes, I took the road over a hill that left Rouen and all its steeples reeking at the bottom of a bowl. I walked all day, through woods and meadows, and trim small towns and orchards, and late in the gloaming came upon the port of Havre de Grace.

The sea was sounding there, and the smell of it was like a salutation. I went out at night from my inn, and fairly joyed in its propinquity, and was so keen on it that I was at the quay before it was well daylight. The harbour was full of vessels. It was not long ere I got word of one that was in trim for Dunkerque, to which I took a passage, and by favour of congenial weather came upon the afternoon of the second day.

The place was more busy with soldiers than ever, all the arms of France seemed to be collected there, and ships of war and flat-bottomed boats innumerable were in the harbour. At the first go-off I made for the lodgings I had parted from so unceremoniously on the morning of that noisy glass coach. The house, as I have said before, was over a baker's shop, and was reached by a common outer stair that rose from a court-yard behind. Though internally the domicile was well enough, indeed had a sort of old-fashioned gentility, and was kept by a woman whose man had been a colonel of dragoons, but now was a tippling pensioner upon the king and his own wife's labours, it was, externally, somewhat mean, the place a solid merchant of our own country might inhabit, but scarce the place wherein to look for royal blood. What was my astonishment, then, when, as I climbed the stair, I came face to face with the Prince!

I felt the stair swing off below me and half distrusted my senses, but I had the presence of mind to take my hat off.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" said he, with a slight hiccough and I saw that he was flushed and meant to pass with an evasion. There and then a daft notion to explain myself and my relations with the priest who had planned his assassination came to me, and I stopped and spoke.

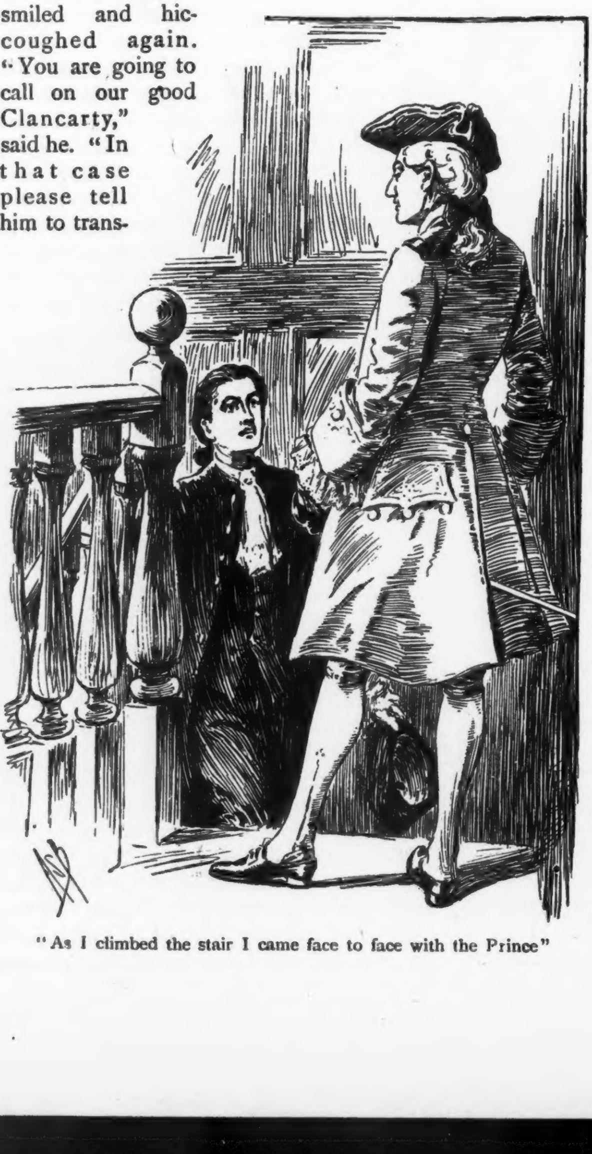
"Your Royal Highness——" I began, and at that he grew purple.

"*C'est un drole de corps!*" said he, and, always speaking in French, said he again,

"You make an error, Monsieur, I have not the honour of Monsieur's acquaintance," and looked at me with a bold eye and a disconcerting.

"Greig," I blurted, a perfect lout, and surely as blind as a mole that never saw his desire. "I had the honour to meet your Royal Highness at Versailles."

"My Royal Highness!" said he, this time in English. "I think Monsieur mistakes himself." And then, when he saw how crestfallen I was, he smiled and hiccoughed again. "You are going to call on our good Clancarty," said he. "In that case please tell him to translate to you the proverb '*Qui plus sait plus se tait.*'"



"As I climbed the stair I came face to face with the Prince"

"There is no necessity, Monsieur," I answered promptly. "Now that I look closer I see I was mistaken. The person I did you the honour to take you for was one in whose opinion (if he took the trouble to think of me at all) I should have liked to re-establish myself, that was all."

In spite of his dissipation there was something noble in his manner—a style of the shoulders and the hands, a poise of the head that I might practise for years and come no closer on than any nowt upon my father's fields. It was that which I remember best of our engagement on the stair, and that at the last of it he put out his hand to bid me good-day.

"My name," says he, "is Monsieur Albany so long as I am in Dunkerque. *A bon entendeur salut!* I hope we may meet again, Monsieur Greig." He looked down at the black boots I had bought me in Rouen. "If I might take the liberty to suggest it," said he, smiling, "I should abide by the others. I have never seen their wearer wanting wit, *esprit* and prudence—which are qualities that at this moment I desire above all in those that count themselves my friends."

And with that he was gone. I watched him descend the remainder of the stair with much deliberation, and did not move a step myself until the tip of his scabbard had gone round the corner of the close.

CHAPTER XXX

A GUID CONCEIT OF MYSELF LEADS ME FAR ASTRAY

CLANCARTY and Thurot were playing cards, so intent upon that recreation that I was in the middle of the floor before they realised who it was the servant had ushered in.

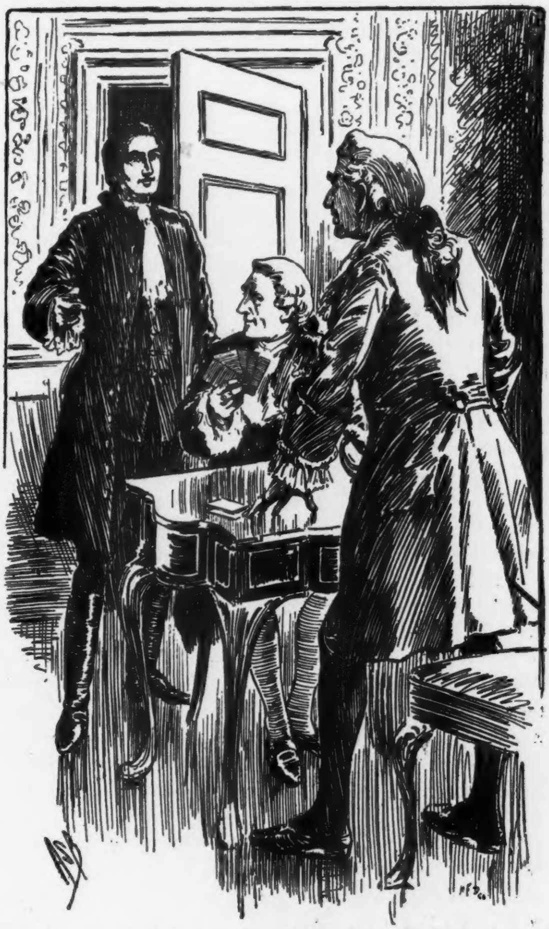
"*Mon Dieu! Monsieur*

Blanc-bec! Il n'y a pas de petit chez soi!" cried Thurot, dropping his hand, and they jumped to their feet to greet me.

"I'll be hanged if you want assurance, child," said Clancarty, surveying me from head to foot as if I were some curiosity. "Here's your exploits ringing about the world, and not wholly to your credit, and you must walk into the very place where they will find the smallest admiration."

"Not meaning the lodging of Captain Thurot," said I. "Whatever my reputation may be with the world, I make bold to think he and you will believe me better than I may seem at the first glance."

"The first glance!" cried his lordship. "Gad, the first glance suggests that Bicêtre agreed with our Scotsman. Sure, they must have fed you on oatmeal. I'd give a hatful of louis d'or to see Father Hamilton, for if he throve so marvellously in the flesh as his secretary he must look like the side of St. Eloi. One obviously grows fat on regicide—fatter than a few poor devils I know do upon devotion to princes."



"I was in the middle of the floor before they realised who it was"

Thurot's face assured me that I was as welcome there as ever I had been. He chid Clancarty for his badinage, and told me he was certain all along that the first place I should make for after my flight from Bicêtre (of which all the world knew) would be Dunkerque. "And a good thing too, M. Greig," said he.

"Not so good," says I, "but what I must meet on your stair the very man——"

"Stop!" he cried, and put his finger on his lip. "In these parts we know only a certain M. Albany, who is, my faith, a good friend of your own if you only knew it."

"I scarcely see how that can be," said I. "If any man has a cause to dislike me it is his Roy——"

"M. Albany," corrected Thurot.

"It is M. Albany, for whom, it seems, I was the decoy in a business that makes me grew to think on. I would expect no more than that he had gone out there to send the officers upon my heels, and for me to be sitting here may be simple suicide."

Clancarty laughed. "'Tis the way of youth," said he, "to attach far too much importance to itself. Take our word for it, M. Greig, all France is not scurrying round looking for the nephew of Andrew Greig. Faith, and I wonder at you, my dear Thurot, that has an Occasion here—a veritable Occasion—and never so much as says bottle. Stap me if I have a friend come to me from a dungeon without wishing him joy in a glass of burgundy!"

The burgundy was forthcoming, and his lordship made the most of it, while Captain Thurot was at pains to assure me that my position was by no means so bad as I considered it. In truth, he said, the police had their own reasons for congratulating themselves on my going out of their way. They knew very well, as M. Albany did, that I had been the catspaw of the priest, who was himself no better than that same, and for that reason as likely to escape further molestation as I was myself.

Thurot spoke with authority, and hinted that he had the word of M. Albany himself for what he said. I scarcely knew which pleased me best—that I should be free myself or that the priest should have a certain security in his concealment.

I told them of Buhot, and how oddly he had shown his complacence to his escaped prisoner in the tavern of the Duke of Burgundy's Head. At that they laughed.

"Buhot!" cried his lordship. "My faith! Ned must have been tickled to see his escaped prisoner in such a cosy *cachette* as the Duke's Head, where he and I, and Andy Greig—ay! and this same priest—tossed many a glass. *Ciel!* the affair runs like a play. All it wants to make this the most delightful of farces is that you should have Father Hamilton outside the door to come in at a whistle. Art sure the fat old man is not in your waistcoat pocket? Anyhow, here's his good health—sure, I owe the poor soul no grudge, though he made a fool of himself to no purpose."

Thurot wanted to know where the priest was.

I protested I knew no better than himself.

He smiled slyly, and winked and shrugged his shoulders, manifestly unbelieving, but willing to allow something for a sort of chivalry.

"Upon my honour, Captain Thurot," I said, "I have no idea where Father Hamilton is, and here's his own writing to prove it," and with that I handed him the priest's letter.

It convinced him that what I said was true, and then he surprised me by expressing a wish that the unfortunate wretch might manage out of the country. "You may wonder at that, M. Paul," said he, "more particularly as I have this cause at my heart, and the Prince that is the back-bone of it there too. But you must know that though I hate the man's calling I liked this priest in a fashion. Set it down to my heart that has no logic and must ever be quarrelling with my head. And yet I am not without a sort of gratitude for this murderous clerk that planned to put an end incontinent to the finest of adventures. This affair of Hamilton's has made His Royal Highness more dear than ever, and to be looked upon as of more consequence than ever, to the court, and to the king of France, who has himself suffered the danger of assassination. Our fat priest, aiming a stupid empty pistol at poor Buhot, has gone far to rid the palaces of these rotten Jesuits, and given Scotland again to the Stuarts."

All this was, at the moment, a sort of Greek to me, but seemed not at all inconsistent with the treatment Father Hamilton and myself had met with in Bicêtre, the comparative ease of our escape, and the complacence of M. Albany.

Thurot saw my bewilderment and was at pains to make the thing clearer. He began with the premiss that Father Hamilton was a mumming fool, which I could scarce subscribe to, but did not argue with him, and that the priest had been what he called a forced card.

"A forced card?" said I.

A forced card, he explained, was one specially thrust upon a person by a juggler who had a trick to do. The person imposed on took what he thought his own choice in cards, but all the time was taking the very one the juggler chose for him. In the same way the Jesuits had had Father Hamilton thrust upon them because these juggling gentlemen knew he was the least dangerous card in the pack. When he had done his part of the trick, he was permitted to escape in order that he might be followed, and so, perhaps, unconsciously lead to the discovery of his employers. Fleuriau was the man wanted particularly, and it seemed that Fleuriau had been got and now was in a jail himself.

"*Enfin*," concluded Thurot, "the game's played, and Father Hamilton may go to the devil at his leisure, for even M. Albany is desirous that nothing should be done to him."

I swore it was impossible we could have

been traced to the Hotel Dieu after our flight from Bicêtre.

"Bah!" said Thurot, flicking his fingers, "What an innocent is this to be accomplice to an assassin! Why, M. Greig, what do you think your Master Bernard was? He was the spy upon the priest's movements all the time!"

"Bernard?" I cried, astonished.

"Who else?" cried Thurot. "But for Bernard there would have been a bullet for Buhot."

This intelligence greatly disturbed me, for a reason that Thurot nor Clancarty could guess. If the Swiss had been a spy upon the priest he was just as like to be a spy upon myself, and here had I been trusting him with the most delicate secret, the correspondence between Miss Walkinshaw and myself. There was even the probability that he had made use of the same to inform himself upon the future movements of the priest as we sailed over the country in the coach.

What I was to do now that I was back in Dunkerque, and apparently in no danger of molestation, was yet to be decided. I gladly availed myself of Thurot's offer of accommodation, and having visited a *friseur* to have my hair dressed I went later in the afternoon upon a call to Madame. The nearer I came upon her lodging the more did my shyness master me, and I felt the worse because there mingled with it the fear that Bernard might already have exposed our correspondence and made her ridiculous in the eyes of the world. It was true that she herself had chosen him as the vehicle of our letters, but what did she know, poor dear, of the coil of political intrigues all around her? I went up the Rue de la Boucherie counting my steps. If there were more than thirty between the corner of the street and her door, it would mean (I told myself) that all was over between the lady and me; if there were less—well, I must be still in her good favour. With fair play at my spanging I daresay there would have been many more than the thirty paces, but I took the latter half of the street at a moorland stride and reached the stair-foot in twenty-eight. I went up the steps with my breast drumming, and had hardly a breath left in my body when the lady met me on her threshold with a cry of joy.

"Oh laddie! laddie!" she said, "you're just as welcome as the Spring," and before I could say a word she had her arms about my neck and gave me the warmest of salutes. I stood a second or two dumfoundered as she smiled up in my face, and then called up my courage in an effort to respond with a similar salute, but no sooner was my arm about her waist than she drew back and waved me off.

"No, no," said she laughing; "there's one retort there must be no swithering over or the chance is gone and there you had it. My salute was but a thanksgiving to see you safe and sound again. Sit you down, Mr. Greig, till I look at you, and tell me your tidings."

"I think I kept you pretty well informed on them in all my letters," said I, and she turned somewhat red.

"Yes, yes!" said she, "but I like my news by word of mouth too, and I never heard a word of you since you wrote from the Hôtel Dieu. My poor Master Paul!"

There was, for some reason or other, as much amusement as sympathy in her expression, but I heeded none of that, being taken up by herself. I think I never saw her look better than on that day. Her eyes were large, and sparkling with what it was no flattery to think was a pleasure at seeing me again; her cheeks glowed, the shoulders her dress revealed were of satin, like a child's. She had a voice that warmed one like a cordial, a smile that was like a blink of sun. I sat on a chair turning my hat and staring.

"Poor Isobel Fortune!" said she, "what a fine brisk informative good man she lost! Am I to think he never got a kiss in his life before and is frightened at me? I pray you excuse me kind sir," she went on, and swept the floor with an extravagant courtesy.

I could only smile at her humour and inwardly curse my own unreadiness.

"Oh!" she cried, "it's leevin' after all!" She began to walk round my chair and comment upon my dress that was considerably more ornamental than when she had seen me last. "H'm—Mechlin, nae less, and point d'espagne to his hat, and siller buckles to his shoon. Oh Mr. Greig! Mr. Greig! am I out of your good graces that you have not brought the red ones that I like?"

"Confound the red ones!" I cried. "I wore them all the time because I promised you and they were constantly getting me into trouble."

She reddened again and bit her lip, changed the subject, and soon we were in the heart of my adventures. It was "Oh, Mr. Greig!" and "Mon Dieu, M. Greig!" and "Poor Mr. Greig!" but somehow I could not conceal from myself that my narrative fell flat. Even the most sensational parts of it had no surprise for her; the attack on the Prince she hurried me over rather ungraciously, and I could only conclude that my letters had taken the edge off the interest in my exploits. For the priest she had scarcely less condemnation than Clancarty had had, and was not even surprised when I passed on Thurot's assurance that Father Hamilton's term of imprisonment at Bicêtre was considered sufficient punishment for his crime. All the time I was telling her these things, I wondered how I could introduce Bernard and his espionage.

She saved me the trouble by breaking in upon my narrative to say the Swiss was on his way back to Dunkerque.

"I hope I may never come across him, then" said I, "for the man's no better than a rogue."

She shrugged her shoulders in the French manner.

"Well," said she, "if I am to be honoured by your visits you must make up your mind to tolerate the sight and the service of Bernard, for he comes back to my employ again. I find I cannot do without him; this fellow I have now is a cuif, as we say at home, and I'm only too glad to get my Bernard back."

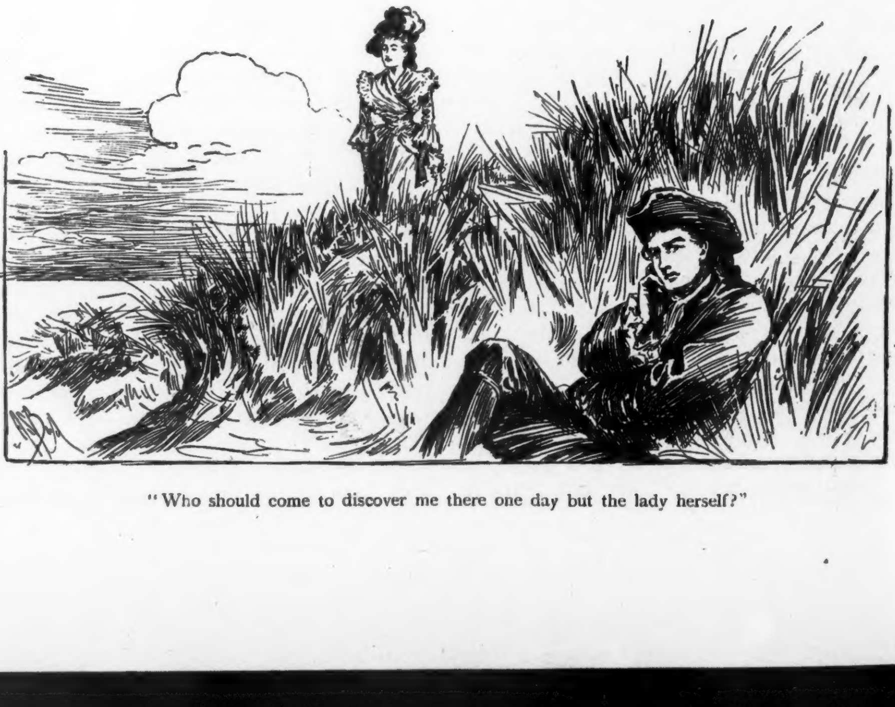
"If you want a spy he certainly has all the qualifications," I said, expecting to stagger her, and fearing I was precipitating an unpleasant revelation for myself.

"Spy!" said she, eyeing me quickly. "I know all about that. And he apparently spied to very good purpose too. I have no fault to find with him. You foolish fellow, he was there wholly in my interest!"

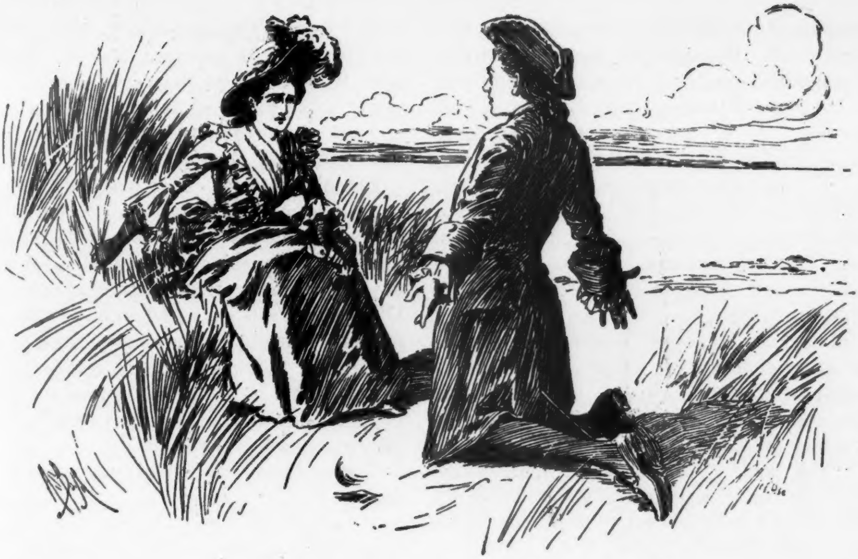
At this time I cannot but marvel at the vanity and blindness that made me think this confession of the lady's had some relation to my place in her regards. I had accepted Bernard's service with the priest without too closely considering how it happened that he was dismissed in disgrace for drunkenness, and yet retained the confidence of his mistress to that degree that she would trust him in the matter of our correspondence. Now, I thought, I had my explanation—the lady had such an interest in myself and my affairs that she had sacrificed her domestic arrangements for the time being.

"You—you—are too good," I stammered.

"Mercy on us! what's this of it?" cried she in a way that made me keep my mouth shut out of caution, though I still cherished my conceit. I fancied she jumped at my thoughts, for she became confused herself and then more merry than ever. She sent me off at the long run pretty well content with



"Who should come to discover me there one day but the lady herself?"



"'Now what can I have done that's vexed you?' I cried"

myself, though now and then I found the fear intrude that a good part of the merriment was at my own expense.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE BARD OF LOVE WHO WROUGHT WITH OLD MATERIALS

AND now I will tell of how I set about trimming up an old song for a new purpose. The thing is no way creditable to me, and I cannot pretend to find much excuse in the fact that many a better man than I, and bards more notable, have given one name or another (as the occasion suited) to the women of their imagining.

Only once since I had torn up my stanzas in the house of Hazel Den had I indulged in shaping rhyme; it was in Versailles the day that Buhot disturbed me, and—to make a breast of it—a good deal of my poem was the same that I had torn to pieces and cast upon the washing-green. A boy's love, I take it, is very much an abstract business after all, unwittingly engaged upon himselt more than on the one who is its impulse. However that may be, 'tis certain my old poem made a great deal of myself and little of Miss Isobel, so that it was all the easier furbished up for Clementina.

Of that lady I saw little for a week after my return, for she had given me to understand that she would be much engaged, but I saw plenty of her in fancy. There was great to do in Dunkerque in these days, but one there was walked through it like a desert. I would dare to go at nights and watch the glow of her window from the other side of the street, but by day I durst not venture there lest I should look ridiculous in my insistence, and so I sought the dunes, travelling over them like a man that trod on air, chaunting my stanzas to myself. There was more of the leaping Linn of Earn than the noisy Straits of Dover in them, and something more of the homely oaten reed in the performance than properly suited this new lady of my dream as I see now when I return to them, but at the time that fact escaped me. It was herself that showed me how.

I was frequent on the dunes as I have said, and there was one particular grassy cove where I would lie for hours in a seclusion. Who should come to discover me there one day but the lady herself? At the time the thing seemed providential, but a remark that Thurot let drop long after makes me think he had a hand in it, and that our rencontre in this lonely place was designed.

At all events she came like a fairy (so I thought, though I confess the association extravagant considering everything) and cried, "Oh, Mr. Greig!" with the accent of astonishment, and hoped she had not (in the homely phrase) spoiled my tryst with any one. We sat in a drift of sand, breathing the inebriating sea. The sun was shining, the tussock-grass behind us rang with birds. A great day, and crowded, and yet half filled with silent spaces, for she looked on the sea and I on her, and there was no need for a word to say. But finally we came to talk upon my prospects.

I ruefully confessed myself ashamed of my dependence upon Thurot, and swore I would herd swine for an honest living, but that meanwhile Thurot bade me wait the ripening of some plans he had for me.

"Yes, yes! I know about that," said she, "he has a scheme for you to join the army, and I think indeed it is the one career for a man of spirit."

"The one career for me just now," I said quickly, "is whichever will keep me in Dunkerque," and I felt appalled at my own temerity.

She reddened slightly as if she understood, but hurried on to enlarge upon the opportunities that the profession offered. It was Thurot's idea, it seemed; he had spoken to her upon the matter, and she had a friend who was able to promise an early appointment to a lieutenancy in the Regiment D'Auvergne.

"The Regiment D'Auvergne!" I said. "I had preferred it had been with some of the Scots corps, though none could be happier than I to do a decent day's darg in any corps."

Just as I said it there came upon the sunny air the roar of a cannon fired further along the coast. It tumbled at once my career of cards, for it was something more than a cannon shot to me, it was no less than a threat at Scotland. From where we sat together I could see the outmost of a train of boats that were destined to make the descent upon my native land.

"There goes the one argument against such a career for me!" I said. "Soldiering might suit with my fancy very well, but I have not forgotten Scotland enough to join in an attack on her."

"And do you think I have forgotten, Mr. Greig?" cried she warmly. "Fie! Fie! that is to give me small credit for constancy to what I love. The very reason why we chose the Regiment D'Auvergne for you was because it will have no share in this invasion, if ever it takes place, while the Irish brigades and the Scots regiment you have preferred to have joined will."

I think she would have had little difficulty in making me jump at the opportunity, but for the knowledge that I had myself gathered, in a casual conversation with Thurot some days previously, that this same Regiment D'Auvergne was stationed in the other end of France, many a weary league away from where my interests lay. Nor did the fact that I should have a countryman for major of that mountain corps in any way mitigate my objections to the same.

I must have shown my repugnance in my face.

"Then," said she shortly, denting the sand with her heel, "I'm to conclude that M. Thurot's scheme for his guest has come to nothing."

"It is a good enough scheme," I said, "but it might be amended. If the Regiment D'Auvergne was anywhere else than where it is; if it was, more correctly, in Dunkerque or there was no one here to think of, I should take what offered and thankful to get it, but—but——"

"Don't be a gowk!" said she quickly.

"Gowk or no," said I. "I would prefer some other appointment."

"But this one's yours," she hastened to tell me. "I took the trouble to secure it for you yesterday."

"Indeed!" I cried, with just as much amazement as chagrin. "And who am I to thank besides yourself for this brisk interest in my poor affairs?"

"Never mind!" said she. "Consider it wholly the act of one that likes you."

"Meaning yourself?"

"Oh, laddie, ye maun spare my blushes!" she said laughingly.

"It is a poor word 'likes,'" I said. "There's one that has just the same number of letters but sounds ever so much more bonny, and that's the one I would sooner hear you use." "Here am I," I went on rising on the sands and finding myself awkwardly on my knees before her though that was not the intention, "and I'm thinking night and day of you and seeking lonely places that I may think on you, and writing silly verses for you, and counting Dunkerque the dearest place in the world just because you are in it, and you must take the first occasion that offers to drive me for the second time to the other end of the country."

"Verses!" she cried, with sparkling eyes. "Oh you must be showing me these. It would take a heap of verses to make up for the stilted sentences of your letters."

"Stilted!" I cried. "It was because I dare not put my heart in a single one of them."

"If your heart's in the verses, Paul," said she, "then they must be very fine verses indeed. Show me them."

"No, no," I said, "I dare not," and I sank again upon the sand, vexed at my confidence and dreading her irony.

"Now show them to me," she repeated softly.

"What interest can they have for you?" I said. "You would only laugh at my boldness."

"The boldness that takes the wings of poetry," said she, "will never offend a woman. That's if the verses are anyway decently done."

"They could never be well enough done for the subject," I said.

"Of course not," said she, "but I cannot be the judge of that until I read them myself. And if I'm not to have the privilege I must just be going."

"There they are then," said I, dragging them from my pocket and casting them on her knees.

"Foolish Paul!" she said, looking at my trembling fingers and my agitated face. "Shall I read them now, or take them home with me?"

"You can read them now," I said, willing to bring matters to a head. She unrolled the manuscript and began to read. The words seemed much finer on her lips than ever they had been in my mind, but yet I owned them insufficient and felt ashamed.

"O maid of the mountain, if fortune were mine,
A hero half-hearted no longer I'd pine,
But ride on some morning across to your home,
Saying 'Sweet one, my darling, art willing to come?'"

"Well, that's to the point at least," said she, smoothing out the page. "There's nae time wasted in preliminaries. And yet I canna but think I wad mak' a bonny-like object cockit up on a pillion."

I tore a tuft of grass between my fingers and prayed her to go on.

"O then would the harp-string sound sweet in the hall,
(Though the voice of my loved one were sweeter than all,)
The flambeau would flicker on target and spear,
(Though the eyes of my love were more dazzling and clear.)

"And there would be strawberries plucked from the dew,
And the trout of the river made ready for you;
If you tired of the milk and the curd of the fold,
I'd buy of the wine, love, with ruddy round gold."

"I've no great *gout* o' the bill-of-fare, Mr. Paul," she interposed. "It wants variety. A man that keepit a coffee-hoose on thae lines wadna be muckle fashed wi' customers."

"The looms of the valley would weave for your gowns,
And I'd send for rich jewels to all the far towns.—

"Come now, that's no' sae hielan'. It's weel put down, and shows a kind of an understandin' o' us."

"The maids of the valley would wait by your side,
And all my stout gallants your errands would ride."

"H'm," said she suspiciously; "whatna valley's this? It seems to mysel' to smack a little o' Clydesdale and the heather o' Ballageich. But let us on wi' the ballad!"

"But far have I wandered, 'tis heather no more,
And I a poor exile just rap at your door,
Just rap at your door; fame nor fortune is here,
But only the love of your true chevalier."

She crushed the paper in her hand and gave a sob.

"Oh God!" she cried, "have they all but the one story?" and she looked as if she were to burst in tears. This was scarcely what I had expected from my duans.

"Now what can I have done that's vexed you?" I cried, up on my knees again and this time meaning it and ready to make the uttermost fool of myself in the way of grovelling. When she saw my intention she jumped to her feet.

"Oh what a shame! what a shame!" she cried, "that I should listen for a single moment to a bairn new from his mother's side. And it is just my deserts that he should punish me as you have done."

I made to speak.

"Hush!" she commanded. "Not a word that you'll think on again with regret. Your poem is doubtless a good enough poem, though I am no judge of such things to venture an opinion, and there's a good deal of sense in the last stanza (though that is not to say it is lacking in the others), but I'm sure it's no' half good enough for her it was intended for, and that was never Clementina Walkinshaw, but one that more deserved your rhyming."

I made to protest, full of shame at her discovery.

"No! no!" she cried, "I am no more to you than the echo of a voice among the hills. Do not tell me that her for whose sake you steeped your hands in blood is clean gone from your mind already, or else I am bound to think the fancy of Paul Greig a very fickle thing indeed. When you have travelled the world a little more you will know yourself better, and you will thank me that I laughed at your whim and saw well enough I was but the proxy for another in your passionate eyes. Fie! Paul Greig, the sooner you are eidently at work the better, and shaping a fortune instead of fine phrases."

I was properly abashed, but still unwise.

"I love your very chiding!" I cried.

At that she stamped her foot and thrust her hair behind her ears. Her eyes flashed and her lips curled.

"You are surely the blindest fool ever stepped off heather," she cried, "that thinks me a suitable object for your love or that I'm without a preference of my own. Put your ballad in your pocket, Mr. Greig. To be honest with you, I could find it in my heart to wish it were really meant for me or that I deserved it, but when I want ballads I must seek for another maker of them."

THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE NEW

BY MICHAEL MACDONAGH

MOST visitors to St. Stephen's experience a sense of disappointment, if not of disillusionment, on first seeing the House of Lords in session. As you pass down the corridor leading from the central hall to the Upper Chamber, memories of readings in English history in school days crowd upon the mind—memories rendered all the more vivid by the glowing frescoes of many stirring episodes in our country's story which adorn the walls of the corridor, so that when you reach the splendid brass gates giving access to the House of Lords you expect in another moment to be dazzled by a vision of old-time regal splendour—the assembled peers, dignified and impressive in stature, arrayed in their robes of State, magnificently jewelled to their tapering finger-tips, and with flashing coronets upon their noble brows. But how commonplace is the reality contrasted with your expectations! What an outrage upon your historical imagination! You find that the peers are ordinary-looking gentlemen, in plain everyday dress, and tall hats, sitting on red benches in easy and indolent attitudes. They certainly do not frighten or overawe you, as somehow you had anticipated. Indeed, you feel yourself lifted to the level of these great hereditary lords on noticing that many of them, careless of their dignity, have their hands thrust deeply into their trousers-pockets, and seem listless or inattentive as regards the proceedings.

But if there is little or nothing grand or historic in the personal appearance of the peers, their new Chamber—now half a century old—with its frescoes, stained-glass windows, its heraldic devices in gold and colours, its bronze statues of the Magna Charta barons and its majestic throne, fully satisfies your sense of the fitness of things, and carries you back from this modern world into the Middle Ages. In the old House of Lords the situation was reversed.

(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

THE LOBBY

Contemporary prints show us an assemblage of peers with scarlet-and-ermine robes in a dingy and ill-lit chamber. There is, for instance, Copley's well-known picture, "The Death of the Earl of Chatham," in the National Gallery. In the House of Lords, on April 7, 1779, the Duke of Richmond, as principal Secretary of State, moved an address to the king urging the necessity of immediately recognising the independence of the revolted North American Colonies. Ten years before, Chatham, broken in health, mentally and physically, had resigned public life. While he had held office British arms had been everywhere victorious. "We are forced," said Horace Walpole, "to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one." On learning of the Government's intention to make peace with America the old statesman was filled with indignation, and, rising from a bed of sickness, he went to the House of Lords to oppose the motion. He was in the midst of a powerful speech, depicting the humiliation and disgrace involved in the recognition by the mother-country of the independence of any of her colonies, when he fell back in a convulsive fit and was carried out to die. The chamber—as we see it in Copley's painting—is plain and unadorned, save for the dim tapestries which cover the dull wainscot of the walls at each side, but the group of peers gathered around the dying Chatham are impressive in their flowing robes of scarlet and white, their wigs, and their stars and decorations.

The old House of Lords was originally a banquet hall, when St. Stephen's was a royal residence, and after the erection of Westminster Hall was converted into a Court of Requests, where the king sat in person to receive the petitions of his subjects. The tapestries on the walls represented the dispersal of the Spanish Armada in 1588, and also contained portraits of the English naval commanders. They were presented to Queen Elizabeth by the States of Holland "in

(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

THE ROYAL GALLERY

testimony of their admiration of the skill and bravery of the English fleet." In the arrangement of the new chamber the disposition of things in the old—destroyed by the fire of October 16, 1834—was followed exactly. At the upper end of the old House stood the king's throne, a gilded high-backed chair, on a daïs, under a canopy of crimson velvet, supported by gilded columns. In front of the throne, separating it, as it were, from the chamber, was, as now, a light brass railing, and in the space about the throne Privy Councillors and sons of peers were admitted, as now, during the sittings of the House. There were four rows of benches, lined in crimson leather, at each side, and between them, on the floor, first the Woolsack, then the clerk's table, and, nearer to the Bar, as now, four cross benches for peers who did not care to sit either with the Government or the Opposition. At the Bar, there was standing room for almost a hundred and fifty persons, and here the Commons, and strangers introduced by the Commons, found accommodation. It was not until the trial of Queen Caroline, wife of George IV., for adultery, in the House of Lords in 1820, that a gallery was provided for the Press. Previous to that time—after the reluctant recognition of the right of the newspapers to publish the proceedings of Parliament—the reporters were permitted to take notes in the crowd at the Bar, provided they attended in evening dress. The front row of the gallery, erected in 1820, was allotted to the London newspapers. Behind the journalists sat the general public—there were about sixty seats for men and twenty for ladies—admitted on orders signed and issued by peers. As for the peeresses, how they fared in the old House is best explained by the following interesting extract from Greville's "Memoirs":

> The House of Lords was very full to hear the Catholic Relief debates, particularly of women. The steps of the throne have been crowded with ladies.

Formerly one or two got in who skulked behind the throne, or were hid in the box of the Usher of the Black Rod, but now they fill the whole space, and put themselves in front with their large bonnets without either fear or shame. Lady Jersey is in a fury with Lord Anglesea, and goes about saying he insulted her in the House the other night. She was sitting on the lower step of the throne, and the Duchess of Richmond on the step above. After Lord Anglesea had spoken he came to talk to the Duchess, who said, "How well you did speak!" when he said, "Hush, you must take care what you say, for here is Lady Jersey, and she reports for the newspapers." Lord Jersey, overhearing this, said, "Lady Jersey is here for her own amusement. What do you mean by reporting for the newpapers?" This is his version. Hers, of course, is different.

The peers, like the Commons, dined in Bellamy's kitchen. In this plain, unpretending apartment, in which blazed an immense fire with hissing joints of beef, and chops and steaks spluttering on gridirons, the great hereditary nobles, possessed of palaces and stately dining halls, with powdered attendants, would humbly eat their steak or chop, or cut from a joint, and drink their beer or claret or port, attended by two waiting-maids, on evenings when the House of Lords sat late. The drowsiness or listlessness which was a marked characteristic of noble lords in the old House, as it is in the new, on all but a few evenings of every session, cannot have been due to these frugal repasts, eaten in the very room in which the food was cooked. The story goes that one evening in the early twenties the Duke of Norfolk was sound asleep in the House and snoring loudly when a Bill was brought up from the House of Commons. "This, my lords," said Eldon, "is a bill relating to Great Snoring,"—and the Lord Chancellor put immense emphasis on "Great Snoring"—"to which the Commons desire your lordships' concurrence." The loud laughter of the peers awoke the Duke of Norfolk from his slumbers, and when, on inquiry, he was told the object of the measure was to enclose the commons of "Great Snoring"—a parish in Norfolk—he guessed the reason for the mirth and joined in it heartily.

(From a photograph by C. Geard, London).

THE QUEEN'S ROBING-ROOM

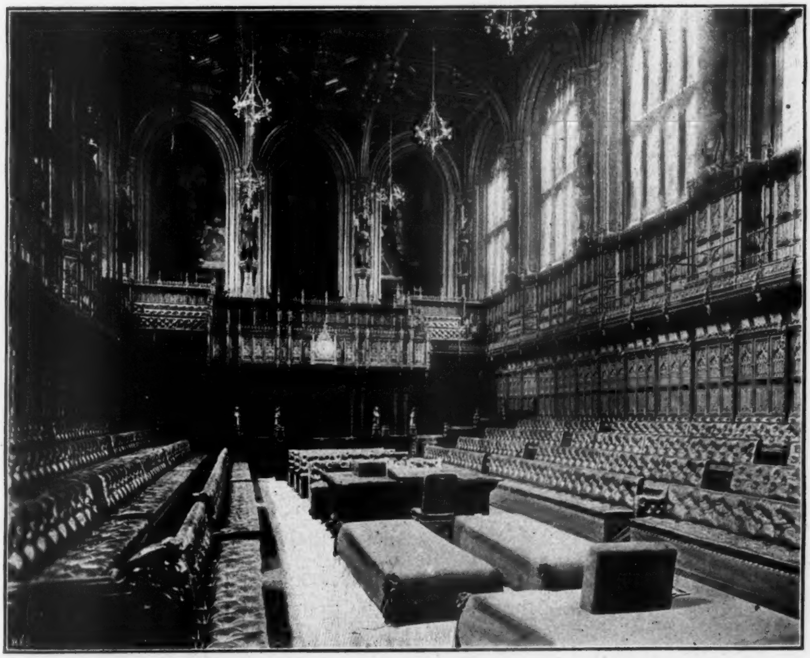
(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

LOOKING TOWARDS THE WOOLSACK

Henry Brougham, in the House of Commons, was satisfied with the refreshment afforded by an orange. But with his elevation to the peerage came, not unnaturally, expensive tastes. The spectacle of the Lord Chancellor sucking an orange on the Woolsack would no doubt have shocked the sense of propriety of the Upper Chamber. During Brougham's long and impassioned appeal to the Lords not to reject the Reform Bill of 1832, five tumblers of mulled port, with a dash of brandy, were brought to him at intervals. At the fifth glass a Tory peer exclaimed: "There is another half-hour good for us, and be d—— to him." When the Lord Chancellor came to his final sentence—"I warn you, I implore you—yea, on my bended knees I supplicate you reject not this Bill," he knelt on the Woolsack, whence he slipped to the floor, and his friends, rushing up to congratulate him, helped him to his feet again. But John Campbell, in his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," makes an uncharitable suggestion in referring to the episode. "He continued some time as if in prayer," Campbell writes of Brougham kneeling on the floor; "but his friends, alarmed for him lest he should be suffering from the effects of mulled port, picked him up and placed him safely on the Woolsack."

Twelve years later Brougham told Father Mathew, the celebrated Irish temperance advocate, that he was extremely abstemious in the matter of wine. In 1844, Father Mathew amused a large party at the house of an Irish nobleman in London by his attempts to convert the noble lord to teetotalism. "I drink very little wine," said Brougham; "only half a glass at luncheon, and two half-glasses at dinner; and though my medical advisers told me I should increase the quantity I refused to do so." "They are wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity," said Father Mathew playfully, "and you are wrong in taking even the small quantity you mention, but I have my hopes of you"; and despite the good-humoured resistance of Brougham he invested his lordship with the green ribbon and silver medal of the Total Abstinence Society. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said Brougham. "I'll take the ribbon to the House of Lords, where I shall be sure to meet old Lord —— the worse for liquor, and I will put it on him." This announcement was received with much laughter by the company, for the peer referred to was notorious for his deep potations. A few evenings later Brougham met him in the House of Lords. "Lord ——" said he, "I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and he passed the ribbon and medal rapidly over the old peer's head. "Then I tell you what it is Brougham. By God, I'll keep sober from this night!" exclaimed the other, and to the great amazement of all his friends he remained faithful to his vow.

On the evening of July 17, 1834, the indignation of Brougham was deeply stirred by the flinging of the quotation from Shakespeare, "potations pottle deep," at his head as he sat on the Woolsack. Differences had arisen in the Administration of Earl Grey as to the renewal of a Coercion Act for Ireland—many of the Whigs being desirous for an alliance with Daniel O'Connell, and, the Prime Minister having resigned, a new Whig Administration was formed, with Lord Melbourne at its head. The Duke of Buckingham was a very prominent member of the House in those days, for he was a man mountain of immense girth, with a good-humoured, laughing face, and a voice so loud that the reporters used to say they could hardly hear his words. "The noble and learned lord on the Woolsack, and his colleagues, think they have buried the noble earl in his political sepulchre, and that he will no more disturb them," he roared. "But they will find themselves mistaken. The spirit of the noble earl will burst its cerements and will haunt them, and will disturb the noble and learned lord on the Woolsack in his festivities, when he may attempt to forget what has happened with 'potations pottle deep' to the health and prosperity of the new Administration." The



(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

THE CLOCK GALLERY

(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

THE DINING-ROOM

Marquis of Lansdowne and the Lord Chancellor rose together. "Stop a minute," cried Brougham, waving his hand at Lansdowne, who at once resumed his seat; and then, turning on Buckingham, the irate Lord Chancellor said: "I am in the habit of meeting the noble duke elsewhere, but never have I had the honour of seeing him at the alehouse, where he must have visited often to pick up the slang terms to which he has treated the House." Several peers, fearing a personal conflict, tried to interpose. "Let the noble and learned lord go on; don't interrupt him," cried the Duke of Buckingham; "I shall take everything that may fall from him with perfect coolness." Cries of "Order, order!" now arose, and some one was heard to shout "It's a joke." "Well," said Brougham, "if the noble duke's words were intended as a joke, I am ready to receive them in good humour. But if they were meant as a serious charge, then I do not hesitate to say of it that it as gross and unwarrantable, as utterly and completely devoid of foundation, as any, the most untrue assertion or insinuation that has ever been made by any individual whatsoever." "I meant it in good humour," said Buckingham. "The allusion was from Shakespeare.' The Lord Chancellor nodded and smiled to express his satisfaction with the explanation. Obviously he was distressed lest the mulled port, with the *soupçon* of brandy from Bellamy's, should be regarded by noble lords as his favourite dissipation. But it is still more curious that Brougham, of whom Daniel O'Connell said, "He knows a little of everything—even of law," was ignorant of that Shakespearean quotation.

A strange peculiarity of the House of Lords, both new and old, is that the Lord Chancellor on the Woolsack has no authority over the proceedings, and is powerless to maintain the order and decorum of debate. If a peer is out of order, or is deemed to be out of order—for there are no rules on the subject—it is the House, and not the Chair—or, rather, not the Woolsack—

which calls him to account. During the angry discussions on the Reform Bill, Earl Grey cried "Order, order!" during what he regarded as irrelevancies in the course of a speech by Lord Falmouth. After the debate, Lord Falmouth approached the Prime Minister with a menacing air and said, "My Lord Grey, I wish to inform you that if upon any future occasion you transgress in the slightest degree the orders of the House I shall most certainly call you to order." Earl Grey was relieved immensely. He had anticipated from the clouded brow and frowning face of Lord Falmouth at least a challenge to a duel. "My lord," he replied, "your lordship will do perfectly right; and whenever I am out of order I hope you will."

Yet Earl Grey himself was annoyed because, while he was speaking on the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill on July 11, 1833, the Duke of Cumberland shouted "No, no!" "I trust that the illustrious duke will have the decency not to interrupt me," said the testy Prime Minister. "The illustrious duke is right to maintain his opinion; he may, if he pleases, rise and defend it; but because he has an opinion he is not justified in interrupting those who differ from him." Lord Kenyon rose to a point of order. He appealed to their lordships—not, it will be noticed, to the Lord Chancellor—whether the dissent expressed by using the word "No" deserved the character of indecency which the noble earl had applied to it. Earl Grey explained that it was the interruption and not the word that was indecent. As for the Duke of Cumberland—that most unpopular son of George III., who subsequently became King of Hanover—he was accustomed to hear uncomplimentary things in the House of Lords. "Illustrious duke!" cried Lord Chancellor Brougham, with bitter sarcasm, a month later. "Wellington is a duke illustrious by his actions, but you are illustrious only by the courtesy of the House." On this evening of July 11, 1833, the Duke of Cumberland made a modest reply to the attack of Earl Grey. "I be-

(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

THE LIBRARY

lieve there is no man in this House," said he, "who would more unwillingly commit an act of indecency than myself, but if a noble lord were not to be allowed to call 'No, no,' when he felt inclined to dissent from a proposition, there would be an end to all liberty of speech."

In the House of Commons the police may be called in to assist the Sergeant-at-Arms in expelling obstreperous members directed to be removed by that supreme arbiter of order, Mr. Speaker. But in the House of Lords the only agency that exists for calming a heated discussion, for throwing oil on troubled waters, for quelling a riot, is the reading by the clerk of a pious standing order, or resolution, passed so long ago as 1626. The only modern instance, at least of the application of this ancient standing order, occurred in the new House of Lords, on June 17, 1872. The Ballot Bill, which the peers had rejected contemptuously the year before, only to be again introduced by the Gladstone Administration, then in power, was under consideration in Committee. The Conservative Opposition carried in the division lobbies amendments to the Bill, which were opposed by the Government. Then came the Earl of Shaftesbury with an amendment extending from four o'clock to eight o'clock the time proposed in the Bill for the opening of the polling booths. The Ministers objected to the amendment in argument, but in the division they voted for it.

The Opposition were annoyed at being thus deprived of boasting of another defeat of the Government. "They have had an unfortunate night, and I suppose they desired to have something to their credit," said that master of gibes, the Marquis of Salisbury. "Yes," replied Lord Chancellor Hatherley, 'you want a monopoly of spoiling the Bill." Then the fun began. The Marquis of Bath declared that the Lord Chancellor never rose to address the House without showing acrimony and bitterness, and imputing motives to his political opponents. Earl Granville accused the Conservative peers of exercising a "despotism" in the House of Lords, and, referring to the Duke of Richmond, the leader of the Opposition, he said: "If the noble duke had known more clearly than he seems to have done the line of voting we should take, he would have been able to exercise his influence on members of his own party in order to prevent them from voting in the way they thought right." Richmond was moved to righteous indignation by this attack. "The noble earl," he exclaimed, "has no right to make personal remarks, and to impute to me motives which, if I held them, would render me unworthy to sit in this House and to hold the position I have the honour to hold." Other peers, at each side of the House, jumped up eager to take part in the fray. But the Marquis of Clanricarde got in first, and said, simply enough: "I move that the clerk at the table do read the order of the House relating to asperity of speech." The clerk, accordingly, read the standing order, as follows:

> To prevent misunderstanding and for avoiding of offensive speeches when matters are debating, either in the House or at Committees, it is, for honour sake, thought fit, and so ordered, that all personal, sharp or taxing speeches be forborne, and whosoever answereth another man's speech shall apply his answer to the matter without wrong to the person; and as nothing offensive is to be spoken, so nothing is to be ill taken if the party that speaks it shall presently make a fair exposition or clear denial of the words that might bear any ill construction; and if any offence of that kind be given, as the House will be very sensible thereof, so it will sharply censure the offender, and give the party offended a fit reparation and full satisfaction.

The reading of the order had the mollifying effect desired; it exorcised the spirit of dissension, and their lordships proceeded quietly to consider the other clauses of the Bill.

The long record of the proceedings of Parliament contains, so far as I have been able to discover, but a single instance of an open disagreement or quarrel between the spiritual peers, or the members of the episcopal bench. This did not occur in the old House of Lords, when manners were perhaps brusquer in all classes than they are in these days, and when, undoubtedly, there was less self-restraint, but in the new House, and as recently as 1880. On June 24 of that year, the third reading of the Burials Bill was under consideration in the Lords. The object of the Bill was to allow Nonconformist services at the burial of the dead in churchyards. A clause had been inserted, at the suggestion of Dr. Tait, Archbishop of

(From a photograph by C. Geard, London)

THE MAP-ROOM

Canterbury, providing that the services should be "Christian"; but Dr. Magee, Bishop of Peterborough—subsequently better known as Archbishop of York—speaking in the debate on the third reading, as a Broad Churchman, thought the provision would prove illusory, and hinted that the measure would be just as well without it. The Archbishop of Canterbury, annoyed at the reflection from such a quarter on the utility of his proposal, expressed the opinion that his "right reverend brother" was suggesting that secular services at the grave-side ought to be permitted. "No, no," cried Dr. Magee. Dr. Tait said he had understood his right reverend brother to contend that the introduction of the word "Christian" was in opposition to the principle of religious equality. Dr. Magee again asseverated that his Grace had misunderstood him. The Archbishop of Canterbury declared that he must be under a misapprehension, for he thought the Bishop of Peterborough had argued for the omission of the word "Christian." This for the third time brought up the strenuous and pugnacious Dr. Magee. "Such an accusation," said he, "is monstrous, perfectly monstrous."

The encounter between the two ecclesiastics was followed with much interest and amusement by the lay peers; and the Earl of Beaconsfield, speaking later, indulged in some of his cynical humour at the expense of both. Next day the newspapers affected in their leading articles to be scandalised or entertained by the "scene." But what followed privately between the two spiritual peers is more interesting, and of that the public never heard until the publication of the biography of Dr. Magee a few years ago. Writing to Dr. Cotter MacDonnell, his biographer, on June 26, Dr. Magee says:

> Late in the evening, when all had gone save myself (as I was delayed conferring with Spencer and others on other matters), I went to unrobe, and as I was doing so I heard behind me the Primate's voice—low and pained, evidently—saying, "It would never do for two Christian prelates to part

in anger." I turned and said that of course I could not refuse his offered hand (which he was holding out to me), but I must point out to him that he was offering a private reconciliation after a public wrong, and that I felt some public reparation due to me for accusations so gross and injurious. I put this very gently, and after a little discussion, in which he attempted to excuse his language, he promised to put things right in the House by a few words last night. I need not say how fully I met him there, and so we parted. He never came near the House, but sent me a letter to say that on reading the papers he saw that his admission of "misapprehension" appeared in all, and that it was, he thought, unwise to say any more.

Dr. Magee was dissatisfied with this explanation. He wrote to the Primate pointing out that after the admission of "misapprehension" his Grace had used "utterances of a most wounding and injurious character," which ought to be withdrawn as publicly as they had been made, and concluding with the expression of a hope that a time and mutual charity would heal this breach in a friendship of long standing. The day after the despatch of this letter from Peterborough to Lambeth was Sunday. In the evening of the Sabbath Dr. Magee wrote the following letter to Dr. Tait:

My dear Lord Archbishop,

Since I wrote to your Grace yesterday, the night, which brings reflection and prayer, has passed, and I have knelt at the holy table, where feelings of peace and charity replace those of anger or of self-assertion.

I feel that I can no longer maintain, or even wish to maintain, that position of claiming debts or rights, real or assumed, which I asserted in my letter of yesterday. I feel, too, that it might be unwise to call again the attention of the peers to differences between ministers of that holy faith which many of them are perhaps already too little disposed to preserve.

I remember now, and wish only to remember, all that I owe to your Grace of kindness and courtesy abundantly shown in the past, and I trust entirely to your Grace's desire to do me justice, as regards my motives and actions, in the time to come. I will therefore ask your Grace to accept, instead of my letter of yesterday, this, my assurance of affectionate friendship hereafter as heretofore.

Believe me,
Your Grace's very sincerely,
W. C. Peterborough.

The reply of A. C. Cantuar was as follows:

My dear Bishop,

Most heartily do I thank you for your kind and Christian letter. In this busy world, with so many conflicts of opinion and duty, I feel I have much to regret in the manner in which I do what I feel right, but it is cheering to know that in you I have to deal with a friend who makes allowance for failures.

Yours ever,
A. C. C.

The attitude of the lay peers towards the spiritual peers, according to Archbishop Magee, is one of indifference, if not of hostility. Writing to his friend MacDonnell, in 1878, Dr. Magee said: "I am thoroughly sick of episcopal life in Parliament, where we are hated by the peers as a set of *parvenus* whom they would gladly rid themselves of if they dared, and only allowed on sufferance to speak now and then on Church questions after a timid and respectful sort." But no one can deny that the bishops, in their black and white gowns, contribute to the picturesqueness of the House of Lords. The wigs they wore in former times—not curled or with a pigtail, like the familiar bob-wig of the barrister, but puffed out at the sides—were discarded in the early years of the reign of Queen Victoria. Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, was the last prelate who appeared with a wig in the House of Lords. Long before that, the wearing of pigtails and powdered hair by lay peers had become unfashionable. The Duke of Cleveland clung to the old style of dress, and after he died in 1842 the pigtail and powder were seen no more in the House of Lords. As for the Chamber—the Gilded Chamber, as Gladstone first styled it—that, indeed, is a fit dwelling-place for statesmen and sages.

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THE SIGNET OF NAVARRE

By N. P. MURPHY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT

A YOUNG man rode up to the door of the cabaret of Saint Benoit and dismounted. A servitor ran out.

"Take my horse," said the young cavalier, "I intend to stay here for a few hours." He strode into the inn. The landlord came forward, bowing respectfully.

"I want some dinner and a flagon of wine," said the stranger.

The cabaretier cast an anxious look around him.

"I have nothing but a pullet, M'sieu."

"Just the thing," said the cavalier. "I'll make short work of that pullet in very quick time."

The cabaretier hesitated.

"But, M'sieu, it will be very dear. Our lord, the Baron de Carrefonds, taxes us six deniers parisis for every pullet we raise. Indeed, if he knew that I had the pullet, it would not be long before he would be down from the castle demanding it."

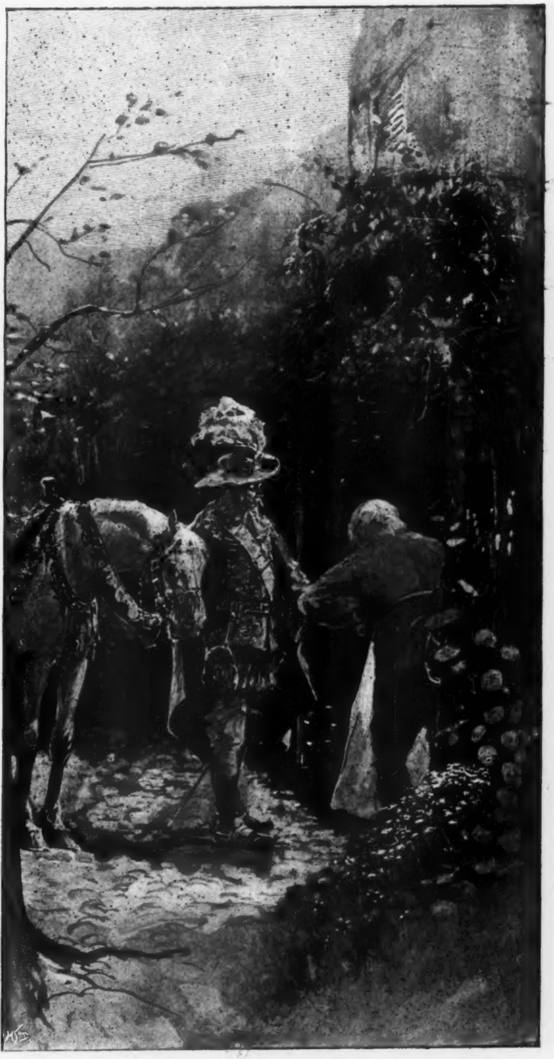
"Oppression everywhere," said the young man, knitting his brow. "Why don't you carry your grievances to the king?"

The cabaretier laughed.

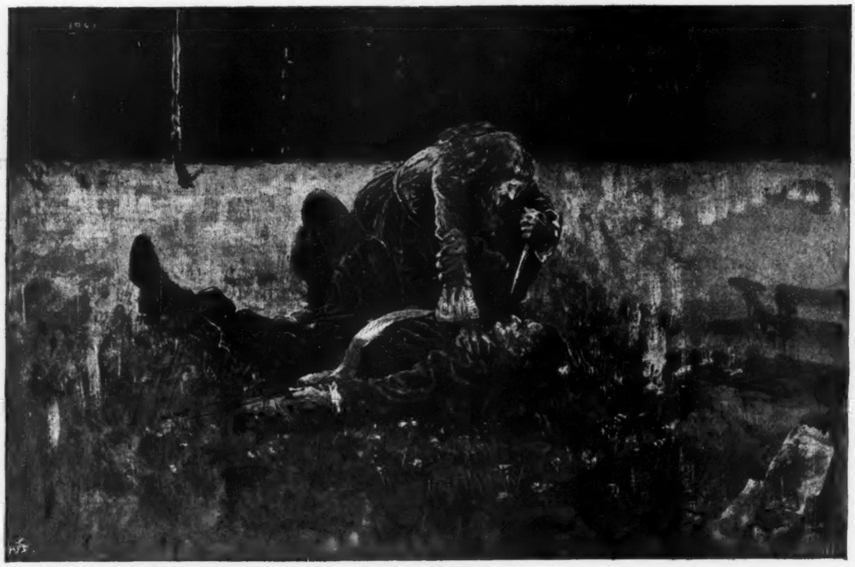
"The king sides with the nobles, M'sieu, the people with him are only a machine for grinding out revenue."

"That will do," said the young man; "get me the pullet, whatever it may cost."

He paced the garden of the cabaret, deep in thought, until aroused by the announcement that the pullet was ready. Taking off his sword belt, he sat down before the smoking dish. While he was eating, he saw a man pass the window, and in an instant a tall portly figure filled the doorway. His face was rubicund and there was a merry twinkle in his eye.



"A young man rode up to the door of the cabaret of Saint Benoit"



"'Now, then, you must either die or give up the pullet"

"François, François!" he cried.

The cabaretier ran from the corner of the room, an expression of terror on his face.

"Your servant, Monseigneur."

"That is all very well, François, but what do you mean by that?" pointing to the visitor's plate. "How is it you come to give to a stranger what your lord was needing? You will answer for this."

While this scene was going on, the visitor continued his meal quite unconcerned.

"Hi, you there, M'sieu, hold, that pullet is mine. Do you hear? Hand it over at once."

He laid his hand on the shoulder of the young man, who, quite heedless of the interruption, raised a piece of the breast of the chicken on the point of the rude fork. The baron, leaning over, snatched the fork from his hand. The young man, livid with rage, jumped to his feet. His light figure was a strong contrast to the burly massiveness of his opponent. He plucked his sword from the belt that was lying on the table. The big baron laughed.

"There's a sweet little lawn in the garden for this kind of thing," he said. "It was only this day week that another young bantam began to crow at me. We finished the quarrel there. Now, his lady mother is having daily masses offered up for the good of his soul."

The young man made no reply, but followed the baron to the rear of the cabaret. The two men confronted each other. The baron's face wore a confident smile; the eye of his young antagonist shot wrathful lightnings. The combat commenced. How the swords hissed, how they spat fire, how they whizzed and flashed through the air. The baron's face gradually lost its levity, as he saw his favourite strokes parried with ridiculous ease, one by one. His surprise surpassed his wrath when he found himself on the broad of his back, and the young man's gleaming dagger at his throat.

"Now then you must either die or give up the pullet."

"I'll die rather than give it up," gurgled the big baron. "That pullet is mine, and I'm not going to resign my rights in it, because you happen to have got the better of me."

"Quick," cried the young man, "your life or the pullet."

"The pullet, the pullet," cried the baron.

The young man released his hold of his

antagonist, and sprang to his feet, laughing heartily.

"I give way, baron, take your life and the pullet as well."

"You don't mean that," said the baron, getting up and settling his disarranged doublet.

"Certainly I do. A man who values a pullet more than he does his life, is worthy of both."

The baron threw out his hand to the young man, who grasped it heartily.

"*Ventre de biche*," he cried, "you're the very gem of a swordsman, where did you learn?"

"In Paris, M'sieu, I was a pupil of Pinot's."

"May I ask your name?"

"Reginald de Maugiron."

"Reginald de Maugiron, 'tis not a name from this side."

"No, M'sieu, I am from Picardy."

"You are of a wealthy family, M'sieu."

"Fairly so; we cannot be called poor."

"I could tell that by the richness of your dress, but more especially by the beautiful ring on your finger."

"Oh, the opal," said the young man, holding up his hand upon a finger of which gleamed a massive gold ring with a large opal stone.

The baron gazed at the jewel with avid eyes.

"'Tis a beauty; and how much would that be worth?"

"About five thousand crowns."

"Sainte Marie!" cried the baron. "'Tis a fortune."

Reginald de Maugiron laughed.

"Then what about the king's ring, which they say cost forty thousand crowns?"

The baron gasped. "As much as that? Well, that is a famous price. I have heard it said that it is very beautiful. D'Ermilon, who has only just returned from Paris, and has all the court gossip, told me that the stone contained no indents on its face, but when it is pressed on the wax, lo, out comes the fleur-de-lys and the king's name. It is a wondrous mechanism."

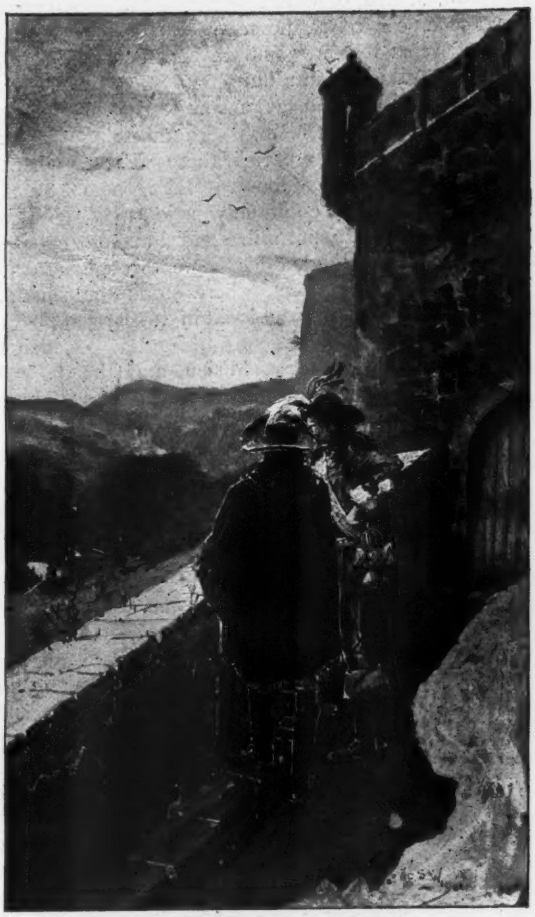
"It is this way," said Reginald, "so soon as the ring touches the paper, the back springs round to the front, and it is on the back that the indents are. But sit down to your pullet, M'sieu, it is getting cold."

De Carrefonds laughed.

"If you don't sit down and finish that pullet, M. de Maugiron, you will offend me, and I shall have to fight you again."

Reginald laughingly submitted, and soon demolished the remainder of the chicken.

"I should feel honoured if you would come and stay with me at the castle for a few days," said the baron.



"'But let me show you the castle, M'sieu'"

"Certainly," replied the young man, "I should like nothing better. I intended to stay here to-night, but I think you will give me better lodgment than François can provide."

"*Ma foi*, I have a bedroom fit for a king."

Reginald paid the cabaretier twice the amount of his account, and went through the garden to the stable, while De Carrefonds waited for him at the door of the cabaret. François followed the young cavalier to the stable.

"M'sieu," he whispered, looking round fearfully, "if you are wise you will not go to the castle. Many have accepted the hospitality of the baron, only to be treated treacherously by him. It may end in a dungeon, M'sieu, or worse."

"Peace, cabaretier, peace, you talk too glibly. What reason would this gentleman have for putting me in a dungeon?"

"He will demand a ransom for your release, and now that he has seen that ring and knows that you are rich, there will be no limit to his exactions. Make some excuse, M'sieu, and continue your journey."

Reginald de Maugiron thanked François for his warning, and led his horse through the yard into the street, where stood the baron, a merry, cunning look in his grey eye.

"That is a fine horse, M'sieu, and the trappings, phew, but you must be as rich as the Jew of Cahors."

Reginald laughed.

"You hold me at too high a valuation, M'sieu. If a brigand heard you, he might think it well worth his while to take me under his charge and hold me to ransom."

The baron winked.

"By the soul of my father, M'sieu, there are not a few of my neighbours here who do something of that sort on the quiet."

"Surely the king would not allow such things to occur if he knew."

"Bah, what does he care? He is having a good time in Paris, and country people may fare as best they can. The strong batten on the weak, and those who have it not snatch it from those who have. That's how we live here, M'sieu, and for my part, I think it a very fine way of living."

"'Tis nothing but brigandage," cried Reginald.

The baron laughed, but made no response.

They were now walking up a steep slope towards the keep of the castle, which was built on the spur of the mountains that sprung up behind the village.

"Not a bad place to live in," said the baron.

"You could stand a siege here for months, provided you had food," said Reginald, gazing admiringly at the stronghold, with the skilled eye of a soldier.

"Yes, I think I could manage to hold out for some time against the best of them."

"Even against the king," said the young man laughing.

"Nay," said the baron, raising his hat, "the king's slightest wish would be a command to me. I remember the time when I taught Henry lansquenet. He stayed here for a few days with my father. I was some years older than he, but we soon became fast friends. He was a gay youth and a brave. I have not seen him since that time. In fact I have not set foot in Paris since Henry of Navarre became King of France, but I still bear him in affectionate remembrance, and would esteem it a favour to bend my knee before him, and kiss his hand."

"You would have a chance of admiring that famous ring then," laughed Reginald.

"*Ma foi*, I must go to Paris, and ask Henry to show it to me. It is worth going miles to see, D'Ermilon says."

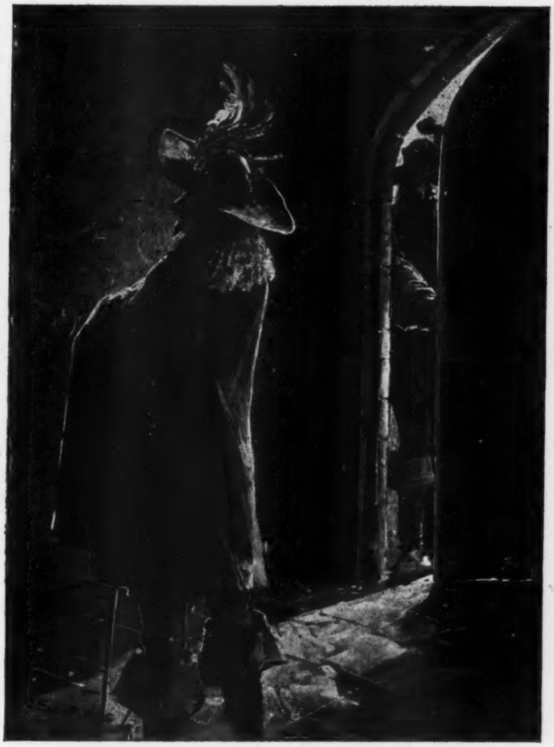
They had now reached the courtyard. The baron called over a man, who took charge of Reginald's horse. He led the way into the inner hall, a rude, lofty chamber, containing a long table surrounded by benches. The baron sighed.

"In my father's time, M'sieu, that table would be thronged with retainers, but things have gone hard with us since then. There are now no more raids into Spain, and my neighbours, being as poor as myself, I find it unprofitable to go to war with them."

"Still I suppose you pick up a stray traveller who brings a little grist to the mill."

The baron glanced keenly at the young man, but his face betrayed no indication of the observation bearing any ulterior meaning.

"How mean you, M'sieu?" he asked.



" Reginald gazed with interest at the inscriptions scratched on the walls "

" For instance, supposing a traveller with a large retinue, for which François would be unable to provide, was benighted in this village, would you not undertake to give them food and lodging for a consideration ? "

" What," roared the baron, " M'sieu does not wish to insult me, I hope. What I, a De Carrefonds, to turn myself into a cabaretier ! Never, M'sieu. If there is anything in the castle, the traveller is welcome to it, free of any payment. Oh, M. de Maugiron, you have grieved me deeply in thinking that I should be capable of such a mean transaction as that."

" I am sorry if I have hurt your feelings, M'sieu. Personally I should think it a perfectly legitimate means of making money."

" That only shows how the mercenary air of Paris contaminates the minds of the best of us. My father lived by the sword, not by mean common huckstering, and so I, his unworthy descendant, am content to live. But let me show you the castle, M'sieu. I think, when you have seen my little oubliettes, you will admit that they are perfect in their way. They are hollowed out of the solid rock. Look out there. Is not that a fine view over the wooded valley ? This side of the castle runs sheer down the face of the rock which springs out of the bed of the river you can hear murmuring below. Come along now till you see the dungeons. Won't you leave your sword behind you ? You will not ? You are like me. I never lay aside my little toothpick."

They walked from the hall and turned into a long corridor. Here the baron seized a torch which he lit by thrusting into a brazier. Then he led the way down a flight of steps. Having traversed another corridor, they descended another flight of steps. By the metallic echo of the walls, Reginald knew that he was surrounded by solid rock. But, even if he did call to mind the cabaretier's warning, his face showed no sign of apprehension.

" Here we are, M'sieu," cried the baron.

He pushed open the massive oak door of a cell and entered, followed by Reginald. Not a ray of natural light penetrated into the dungeon. It was terrible to contemplate the number of feet of solid stone that lay between the living creature within this cell and the light of heaven without. An involuntary shudder passed through Reginald's frame.

" It has often had a lodger, this pretty little boudoir," said the baron, laughing. " Look at the names on the wall there."

Reginald gazed with interest at the inscriptions scratched on the wall. He became absorbed in these endeavours of the poor prisoner to establish some connection between himself and his fellow creatures. He was aroused from his musing by the sudden clanging of the door behind him, and the extinction of the light. He heard the mocking laugh of the baron.

"Curses on you," Reginald cried. "What a fool I was to trust you."

"It was indeed unwise. I am glad you have come to a true sense of your folly. But don't despair, M'sieu, it will be quite easy for you to get out. The only thing for you to do is to make a golden pathway for yourself."

"Name your price."

"The opal ring."

"Never; that is a gift from some one I love, and I would rather part with life itself."

"Very well, M'sieu, then you can suit yourself. You will find the silence very salutary for contemplation. Good day."

"Wait," said Reginald, "I'll tell you what I will do, I will pay you any reasonable sum you ask in order to get out of this hellish place."

"Very well, M'sieu, that will do, that will suit me just as well as having the ring."

"How much do you ask?"

"Four thousand crowns."

"Very well, I will write a request for four thousand crowns to my relations."

"*Ventre de biche*," growled the baron, "why didn't I ask more."

"Hurry, please, let me out."

"Not so fast, M'sieu. Please pass through the grating that little needle of yours. It has a very pretty sting of its own."

The shutter was shot back, and the light from the cresset gleamed into the dungeon, Reginald took off his sword, and handed it out to the baron, whom he heard hurrying away along the corridor. Presently he returned with some of his men.

"You ought to feel proud, M'sieu," he said, through the grating, "at the precautions I am taking for my safety. You are a man not to be treated too lightly, you know."

He flung open the door, and directed Reginald to follow the two men, while he brought up the rear. When they reached the upper apartment, the baron produced a sheet of parchment, a quill and ink. Reginald sat down to a table. A cold smile was on his lips. He commenced to write.

"Have the goodness to pay the messenger of M. de Carrefonds the sum of four thousand crowns without asking any questions."

"Will that do?" he asked, handing the paper to the baron.

"Yes, M'sieu, perfectly, but you have yet to sigh and seal it."

Reginald took the document, applied the stick to the taper, and the wax poured upon the parchment. Then he imprinted the seal of the opal upon the mass.

"There you are," he cried, rising to his feet and handing the document to De Carrefonds.

"You have imprinted the seal, M'sieu, but the signature?"

"Read, read," said Reginald impatiently.

The baron took the parchment with a smile of satisfaction. As he gazed at the seal his face became terror-stricken. He looked at the document in wild bewilderment, then at the haughty face of his prisoner. With a loud cry he fell on his knees.

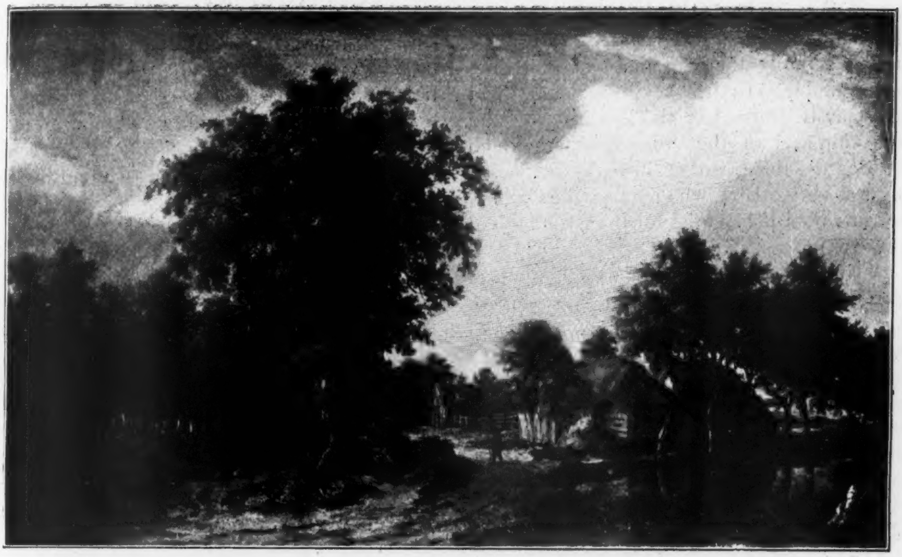
"My Lord, my Lord, and my king!"

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND

By EDWARD PINNINGTON

SECOND PAPER

WITH Turner, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Hals, Greuze, Boucher, Watteau, and Teniers before us, and all represented by characteristic works, every one of which is either a gift or a bequest, a doubt arises whether there is anything more wonderful about the Gallery than the mere fact of its existence. A glance at its financial basis is more instructive than pleasant. It shared with the Royal Scottish Academy a Treasury grant of £30,000 towards the cost of the building in which it



A WOODLAND SCENE

(By Hobbema)

is housed. To that sum the Board of Trustees added £20,000, and the city of Edinburgh gave, for a nominal price of £1000, a site worth from £30,000 to £40,000. Government, accordingly, gave considerably less than the city and the Board to the erection of the Gallery. After Mr. McEwan made it a gift of the Rembrandt picture (value 5500 guineas), the Treasury allowed it, for five years, an annual grant of £1000, making £5000 as the response of the Imperial Government to Mr. McEwan's generosity. When Mr. John R. Findlay contributed 1000 guineas towards the purchase of "La Gloria," the Treasury again responded with a vote of £1000. These sums were applied to acquiring John Phillip's picture, two by Wilkie—"The Abbotsford Family" (145) and "The Gentle Shepherd" (149)—and Andrew Geddes' portrait of Andrew Plimer, miniature-painter.

Stating the Gallery's moiety of the building vote at £15,000, that sum and the £6000 allowed for pictures is all that the National Gallery of Scotland owes the British Government. It has no regular grant, but depends chiefly upon donations and bequests. As the collection stands, it is made up in part of works of art belonging to the Royal Scottish Academy and of the Torrie bequest, which really belongs to the University.

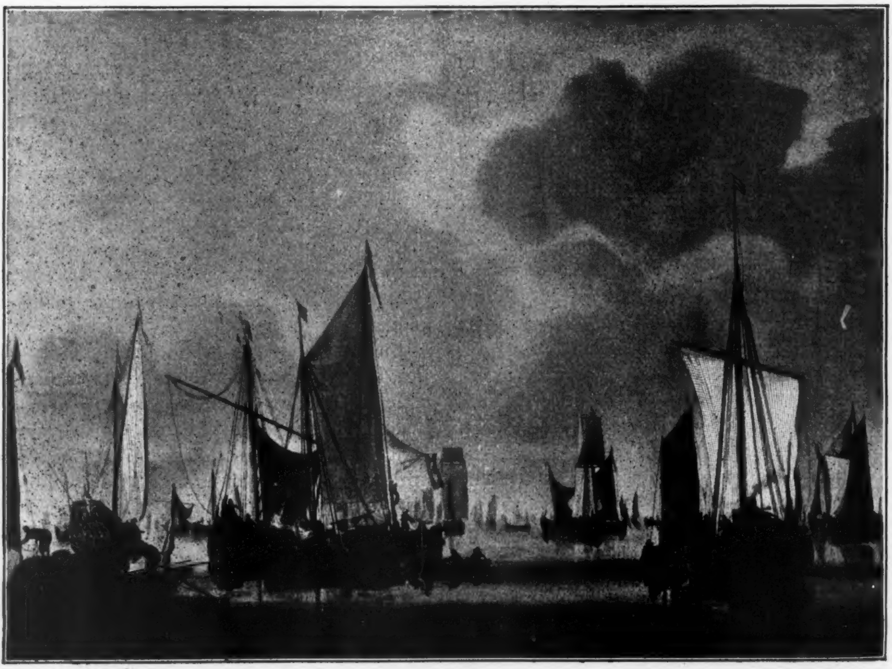
And yet, so far as it goes, and in proportion to its size, it stands high amongst public collections. In respect of the condition and arrangement of its contents it is unsurpassed. Everywhere in the galleries, and in a most marked manner in the catalogue, the taste, knowledge, and watchful care of Mr. Robert Gibb, R.S.A., the curator and principal keeper, are felt.

Public generosity and official ability are not, however, sufficient to make a national art collection. This is not the place to write the history of the Gallery, but one or two significant facts may be stated as indicative of its condition a few years ago. Any one who will take the trouble to compare the former catalogue, issued in 1891, with Mr. Gibb's of 1899 will notice many differences between the two. These are accounted for by three withdrawals. Sundry portraits have been transferred to the National Portrait Gallery: all Lewis' copies of the Masters have been withdrawn; and between forty and fifty pictures have been sent to the Arbroath Free

Library and Fine Art Gallery. The conclusion is compelled that they had no fitting place in the National Gallery, and were originally hung there in lieu of something more suitable. In these few sentences a good deal may be learned of the formation of the collection and of the difficulties with which the Board—the Board of Trustees for Manufactures in Scotland, who manage the Gallery, and in whom it is vested for the nation—had to contend.

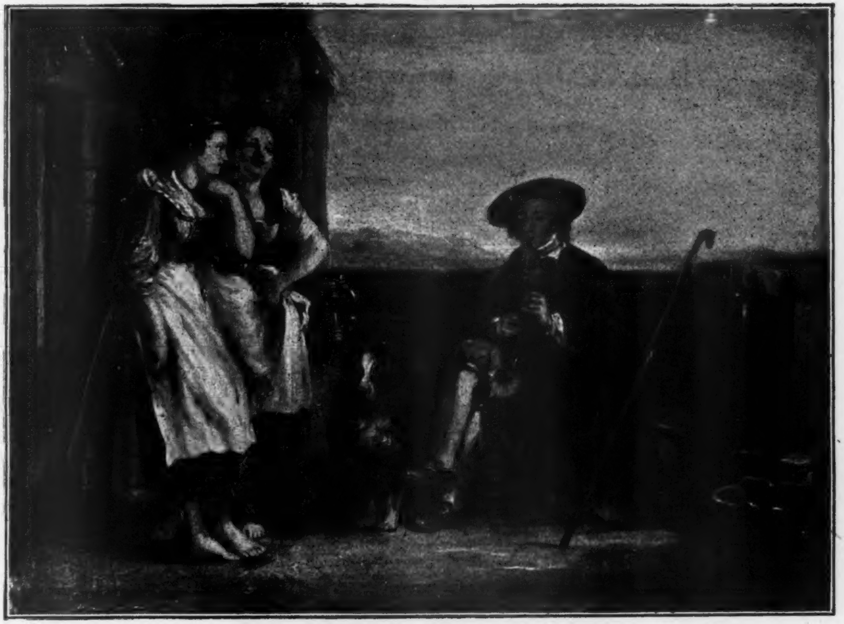
A further difficulty is that, for want of space, the diploma works of the Royal Scottish Academy are stored during four months of every year while the exhibition of the Academy is open. They occupy two rooms corresponding with the two southernmost galleries of the suite forming the Gallery proper. As, with the water-colour room, these two apartments are required by the Academy for exhibition purposes, and as there is no other place in which the diploma works can be shown, they are simply packed out of sight, and the National Gallery is, for the time stated, reduced by about one-fourth of its normal dimensions. The only remedy for a practice so objectionable is an extension of the existing accommodation. The erection of a new National Gallery building offers a noble opportunity for Government liberality.

In many ways the want of a regular income makes itself felt, and especially in the completion of "schools." There is no authentic Velasquez, no Murillo, only a fragment of Raphael, no Correggio, and no Bellini. Cuyp is absent. Ostade, Wouwerman, Palamedes are also unrepresented. When it is said that Constable does not appear in the British School, the object of pointing out defects becomes clear. It is obviously impossible in the Gallery to trace the history and progress of art, and equally so to follow influences to their sources. Bough, however, cannot be accounted for without Constable and Muller, any more than Thomson can without Poussin and Claude. All such later men, who have been or are leaders, as Corot, Rousseau, Israels, and the like, are not on the walls. Defects are here mentioned which cannot be remedied by occasional gifts. In



BOATS IN A CALM

(By Van de Velde)



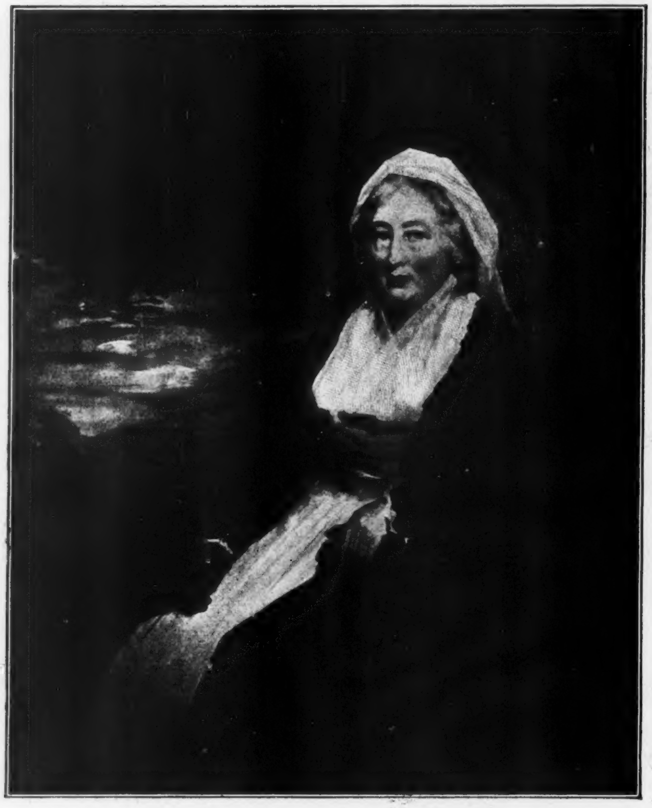
THE GENTLE SHEPHERD

(By Sir David Wilkie)

plain English, the Gallery is in want of a yearly grant methodically spent, and without such grant it must remain incomplete and inadequate to the requirements of either professional training or public taste and culture.

Amongst the Masters a foremost place must be given the two pictures of Veronese, "Venus and Adonis" (96) and "Mars and Venus" (101). The latter is a splendid example of the glowing art of Venice, and tells the love-myth in terms that are at once brilliant, strong and tender. Its effluence, perhaps, is sensuous, but the voluptuous beauty of the goddess, with her coil of golden hair, is so ably rendered that feminine charms are soon forgotten in the unfading fascination of the artistic creation. Of the Venetian School another great name is that of Giorgio Barbarelli, or Giorgione, the herald of the Renaissance, the "chief colour on whose palette was sunlight." From his brush there are "An Archer" (65), a "Portrait" (69) and "Young Noble and Lady" (95). The latter is a superb example of the fine art of painting, notably in the head-dress and mantle of the Noble, and if it expresses and excites no deep emotion it is still a picture to linger over, for the little it tells is told in a very charming way.

Michelangelo's skill in modelling is seen in three small figures in wax, and there is also from his hand an anatomical study (372) in sepia on paper. There are three Titians, a "Virgin and Child with St. Catherine" (81), "Ariadne in Naxos" (100), and "A Landscape" (110) on panel representing Mid-day. The latter is a most interesting work, as an example of landscape-painting when that branch of art was in its infancy. In Titian's religious work little is seen of the master, and others of that class are able but not great. The two German works of Meister von Liesborn, for example, "The Adoration of the Kings" (83) and "The Annunciation" (84) are ambitious but not impressive. The former derives a certain decorative quality from the lavish use of gold, and while, in the latter, the angel is not ideally angelic, her jewels are painted with the realism of a Foppa, a Mabuse, or a



MRS. CAMPBELL OF BALLIMORE

(By Raeburn)

Van der Goes. A similar feeling recurs before the Spanish Francisco Zurbaran's "Virgin in Glory" (85). For so high a theme it lacks greatness of conception. All that can be said is that the figures of saints below the floating Virgin are admirably painted. And Werden's "Conversion of St. Hubert" (87) resembles the Zurbaran. The drawing and action are hard and stiff, but in certain selected passages the painting is marvellous.

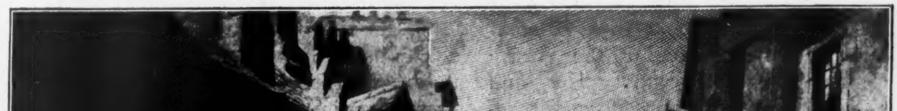
We pass Tiepolo's "Finding of Moses" (66) as a spacious anachronism, Furini's "St. Sebastian" (70), Guido Reni's "Ecce Homo" (71), an anonymous "Holy Family" (73), and Zampieri's "Martyrdom of St. Andrew" (79), as items in the Gallery. Religious art must either be great or nothing; it must either inspire devotion or indifference; there is no room in it for mediocrity. No stop need be made until "The Adoration of the Magi" (92) by Jacopo da Ponte (Bassano) is reached.

Of all similar works it is the one most deserving of description as a work of high art. Putting every element aside likely to raise questions of history and anachronism, the conception is adequate. The Madonna is modestly reserved, self-conscious, feeling the novelty of her position. The Magi and their attendants form a brilliant group, splendidly apparelled and richly painted. The drawing is firm and the composition skilful. The picture, when grasped in its totality at one comprehensive glance, is a resonant harmony of colour. The "Dead Christ" (102) again, of Procaccini is a vigorous sketch and fine in colour, but "The Baptist and the Evangelist" (103) of Filippo Lippi is disappointing; and equally uninteresting is "The Last Supper" (93) of Bonifazio Veneziano; the drapery is well painted, but the colour is undecided and the composition formal. If executed to meet a current demand or to fulfil a commission, it might be described as an excellent average work, but it is difficult to feel that it could have been produced to gratify a real sentiment.

These pictures somehow recall again and again Symonds' remark upon the commercial status of fine art in Italy. He tells how artists so eminent as Perugino and Ghirlandajo kept open shops, where customers could buy the products of their craft from a highly finished altar-piece down to a painted buckler or a sign to hang above a street-door. A great deal of the religious art of Italy does not appear to have been the outcome of religious feeling, and consequently excites little. There must have been a good trade in Holy Families and other coloured illustrations of Bible history. Upon the whole, mythology in the Gallery fares better than Christianity.

The art of the Low Countries strikes a different chord, and it was at least sincere in both *genre* and landscape. The latter yields a pleasure akin to that derived from the Italian views of Guardi (77 and 78) and the rocky and gloomy romances of Rosa, "Rocky Landscape and Figures" (106) and "River Scene with Figures" (113). A very good specimen of Dutch naturalism is "A Woodland Scene" (32) by Hobbema. It is characterised by simplicity and good taste, and makes a direct appeal to the feeling for nature. It is both a transcription and a revelation of nature. The trees rise boldly against the sky, and the shadow on the left emphasises the light upon the distance. There is a foretaste of Constable in the blue-green tint of the foliage, and the colour throughout, from the blue-grey sky to the leafage with yellowing touches, and the reds of the costumes of the figures in the boat and in the forest glade are subdued and sweet. Hobbema is closely akin to Ruisdael (6 and 27), but differs from the mystery of Rembrandt, "Landscape" (38), and from the golden glow of Cuyp and Jan Both, as the latter is seen in his "Landscape with Mounted Figures" (40).

Looking round the Dutch pictures, we cannot wonder that so many British painters looked to the Low Countries for suggestion and guidance. The Dutch and Flemish were the craftsmen of the seventeenth century, and it must be remembered, firstly that more than a century passed between Titian and Rembrandt; and, secondly, that in the Low Countries portraiture, landscape and *genre* flourished side by side. It is accordingly an easy step from Rembrandt to Raeburn, from Teniers to Wilkie, and from Hobbema to John Wilson. They all address



THE PORTEOUS MOB

(By James Drummond)

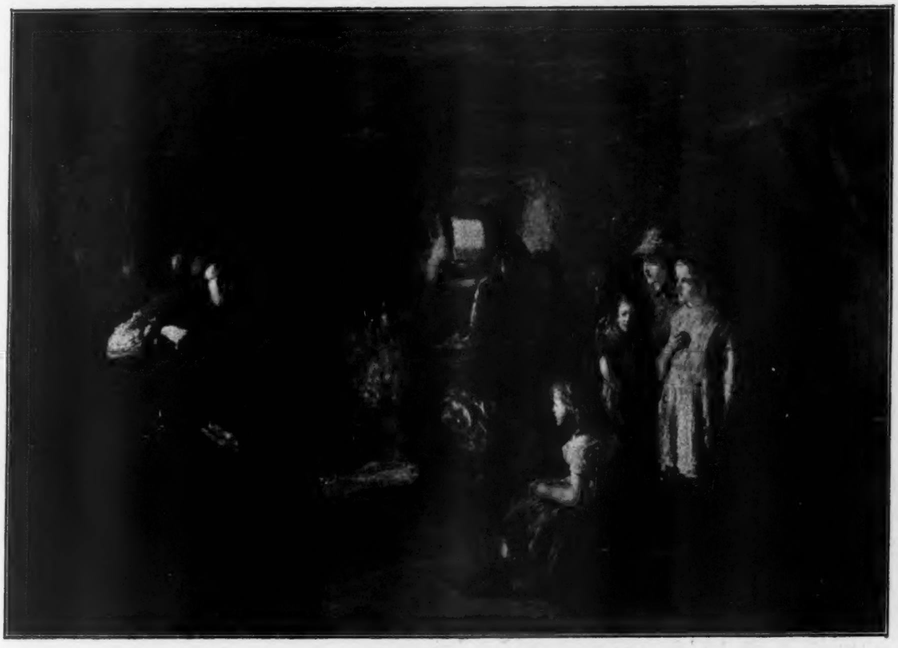
themselves to nature and humanity. Hendrick ten Oever, Avercamp, Van der Leeuw, Jan Wijnants, and Van der Heyde ally themselves with Hobbema and Ruisdael; Berchem and Adrian van de Velde introduce cattle for figures; Jan Steen paints *genre*, and Johan le Ducq and Karel du Jardin attach themselves to Teniers and Ostade. They paint the Low Countries, their men and women, their customs and pastimes. They paint life. They do it, moreover, so exhaustively that, when Wilkie visited Holland upwards of eighty years ago, he was not only familiar with all he saw, but felt that the painters of the country were face to face with a subject-famine—"Holland as subject for pictures has been completely exhausted." Yet to the present hour it has continued to furnish themes for the painter. In the works of Maris and Israels, to go no farther, is the proof that, were a subject painted a thousand times, in individuality of style—how a subject impresses a painter, and how he expresses his thought and feeling—is art's vindication.

In "A Ferry Boat" (179) John Wilson joins hands with Cappelle, and, by touching the scene before him with the light of imagination, endeavours to find compensation for the absence of the elusive agencies of nature he cannot paint, and as to which the dry-as-dust formalist remains feebly silent. Less impressive but very beautiful, and akin to the Wilson in both subject and feeling, is "Boats in a Calm" (33), by Willem van de Velde the younger.

Wilkie is the painter of humanity either as seen by himself or as depicted in poetry and history. There are eight of his works in the Gallery, of which three are sketches and one a water-colour portrait. One of the former is a pen-drawing in sepia on paper of "Blind Man's Buff" (264), a most interesting little work. "The Gentle Shepherd" (149) is an example of Wilkie's illustrative art and a pleasing extract from rural life. "The Abbotsford Family" (145) includes portraits of Sir Walter and Lady Scott, two sons, two daughters, and Sir Adam Ferguson, for whom it was painted. But of the Wilkie group, perhaps the most engrossing is the unfinished "John Knox Dispensing the Sacrament at Calder House" (175). The painter was at work on this panel when he set out (August 15, 1840) upon the Eastern tour which terminated in his death at sea. At that time, of course, he had abandoned his earlier Dutch style for that which he brought home from his three years' tour upon the Continent, and which he describes as bolder, more effective and rapid. Yet it is almost impossible to look at the Knox picture without feeling that, granted time, Wilkie might have made a measurable return towards the discarded manner in which he painted the pictures upon which his fame rests. Out of it and his Spanish method there is, in the Knox, a promise of the development of a style better than either, one that should avoid the finical over-elaboration of the one and the looseness of the other.

In 1823 Wilkie was appointed the King's Limner for Scotland, in succession to Sir Henry Raeburn, of whose work the Gallery has twelve examples. Of these, however, only six belong in perpetuity to the Gallery; two belong to the Royal Scottish Academy, and the remaining four are deposited on loan. Raeburn's style combines the element of popularity with great technical charm, and he is still very generally looked up to as the greatest of Scots portrait-painters. "Mrs. Campbell of Ballimore" (143) is an admirable example of his manner. He also seems to do—what in portraiture Wilkie never did—viz., to paint with feeling. Wilkie is often mechanical and always more or less perfunctory. Raeburn, on the other hand, paints as if his heart were in his work, as if he really, as his great-grandson says, found portrait-painting "the most delightful thing in the world." It was, however, Wilkie who bestowed upon Raeburn probably the warmest praise he ever got. Writing of Velasquez, Wilkie says: "But of all, Raeburn resembles him most, of whose square touch in heads, hands and accessories I see the very counterpart in Velasquez."

The Campbell portrait is a representation of beauty in age. It leads to a reflection, commonplace possibly, but full of meaning, that Raeburn always painted like a gentleman. His female portraits are the outcome of a man's chivalry. Deference to the sex is felt in the colour-scheme, posing and expression. The soul looks out of the eyes. His men have character; his women have emotional individuality. His grasp of his subjects is strong and broad, his colour is



THE LEGEND

(By G. P. Chalmers)

luminous and harmonious, and as an executant he has few rivals.

His rank need not be stated in more decided terms, and there are solid qualities in Watson Gordon, five of whose works are in the Gallery, which make the ascription of supremacy dangerous. It is almost certain that Watson Gordon has not yet been commonly accorded his legitimate position. There are also two portraits by Reynolds, two by George Watson, and, in short, although there is no George Jamesone, the portrait-painting of Scotland is well represented from Scougall and Skirving to Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A. In landscape also the succession is practically without a break from the Nasmyths down to Bough, Fraser, Perigal, Smart, and Hugh Cameron. In history, besides Wilkie and Sir William Allan, there are Sir George Harvey, James Drummond, and Robert Herdman, whose "After the Battle" (257) affords a vivid glimpse of Covenanting times. The incident is related with both pathos and dramatic vigour. It may, in fact, be said that the painter's technique has not kept pace with his imagination. In Drummond's picture, "The Porteous Mob" (251), one also feels that the painter's mastery of his craft was hardly equal to his conception of the scene he set out to paint. It is full of incident, pulsating with life, is alive with action, and mirrors the unbridled passion attaching to the incident.

And after the most minute survey of the art represented in the Gallery, taking it by subject-divisions or by the rule of descent, there will always be artists like David Scott—the Scottish Blake, the great northern painter of imagination—Sir Noël Paton, Sir William Fettes Douglas, Robert Scott Lauder, and George Paul Chalmers who cannot be classified. Lauder lifts us away from national art to the Old Masters, and it is curious how he trained pupils so diverse as McTaggart, Chalmers and Hugh Cameron. Sir Noël Paton stands by himself in the region of fancy. In fertility and ingenuity of invention, as in the charm of dainty execution, his illustrations of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" (147, 164 and 398) are unique

Sir William Fettes Douglas possessed a fine and distinctive style. In many pictures, of which "The Spell" (170) is the type, he painted subjects that appeal primarily to the antiquarian and superstitious senses. His drawing is faultless, and details are finished almost to excess. His manner is the result of character and artistic temperament. Its studied elaboration is that of one whose taste is too fastidious to tolerate slovenliness, inaccurate form and exaggerated breadth.

Chalmers is seen in his greatest work, "The Legend" (161), and an interior, "Morning" (417). As these papers opened with Phillip, the Scots master of glowing colour, it is fitting that they should close with George Paul Chalmers, the life-long student of the mysteries of light and colour.

In "The Legend" an elderly woman is telling a story to a group of children, and that is the whole subject. The pathos of the canvas is almost wholly extrinsic, attaching rather to the painter than the painting. For fourteen years Chalmers worked intermittently upon the picture, never wandering far from his first idea, but always varying its phrasing. Probably a dozen pictures are hidden under what we now see, lying one upon another like the leaves of a book, and each leaf telling something of the unwearied painter's developing power. And at last, as his life was broken off short in the early afternoon, so was "The Legend" left unfinished, at once the essence of an artist-life and the climax of a career. In profound subtlety of artistry "The Legend" marks a period in the history of Scots art.

"The Legend" is an artist's picture, and it is impossible to overlook the artistic affinity between it and the Rembrandt. The difference is one of feeling between the Dutchman's wonderfully perfected treatment of the sensuous, and the refinement of the silvery nimbus Chalmers threw round age, and of the golden crown he places upon youth. By generalising the contrast, we return to our opening thought with Scott and Wilkie, Hokusai and the Prince Consort. The power of art, as an instrument of education, is in the substance of its message rather than in the manner of its conveyance. Art educates by what it reveals of the sources of its production, of national life and intellectual leanings and ambitions, and also by the impression it makes, the influence it exercises, the emotion it kindles, and the thought it inspires. To the pictorial exhibition of manipulative cleverness we give passionless admiration; to the voice of worldwide humanity heard in art we listen with sympathy. According to the appeal it makes, it moves, like music, to sorrow, pity, love and every minor passion, to every virtue and every exalted ambition.

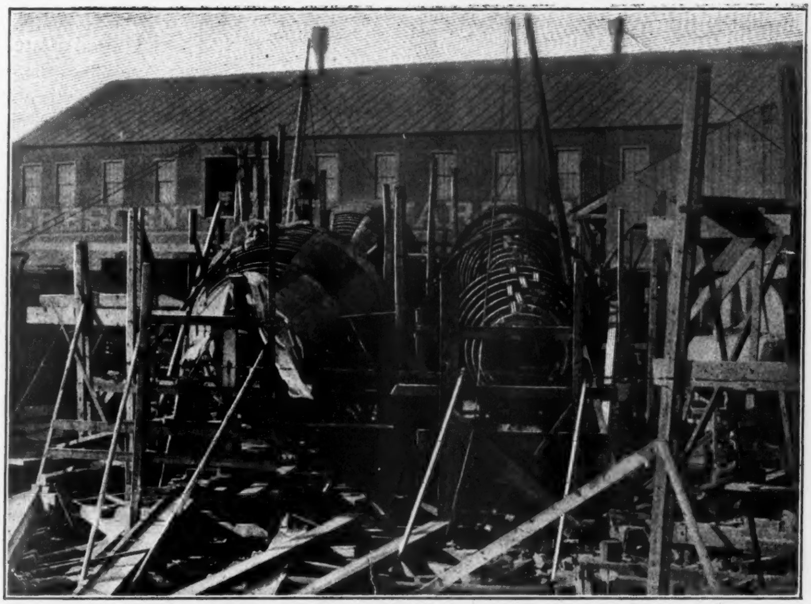
The National Gallery is co-ordinate with Scotland's halls of learning. To an intelligent and sympathetic student, familiarity with its contents is a liberal education.

BRITAIN'S NEW SUBMARINES

By CHARLES HERBERT

THE first of the five submarine boats ordered by the British Admiralty from Messrs. Vickers, Sons and Maxim will probably be launched in the early autumn of this year, and it is quite certain that her official trials will be watched with the greatest interest by all those who desire to see the British fleet second to none in any particular.

When the Navy Estimates were published in the papers on March 13 it was discovered that five submarine vessels of the type invented by Mr. Holland had been ordered last year. This took most people by surprise, for the secret had been very well kept. For some years past the Admiralty have been implored by certain writers to experiment with under-water vessels, but the official answer was always the same, namely, that the naval lords knew all about submarine boats, and did not think this class of craft would be of any possible use either for attack or for defence. For some reason or other the Lords of the Admiralty have changed their



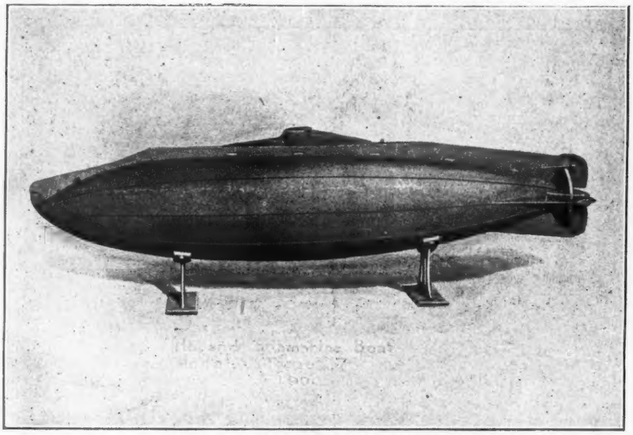
"HOLLAND" SUBMARINES FOR THE U.S. ON THE STOCKS

minds and have ordered five Holland boats. They are very careful, however, not to allow it to be thought that they attach any very great importance to them.

"What the future value of these boats may be in naval warfare," they say, "can only be a matter of conjecture. The experiments with these boats will assist the Admiralty in assessing their true value. The question of their employment must be studied, and all developments in their mechanism carefully watched by the country."

In the House of Commons on March 18, 1901, Mr. Arnold Forster, in a speech on the Navy Estimates, referred to the submarine boats that had been ordered by the Government. He said: "I will not say much about submarine vessels, but I will say that I am glad that the Admiralty, under the advice of Lord Goschen, took the view that it was wise not to be found unprepared in regard to this matter. We have a great amount of information about these boats, but we do not attach an exaggerated value to it. But we believe that 'an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory,' and that when we get officers and men to see these boats they will learn more from them than from many reports which come from foreign countries. One thing stands between submarine boats and efficiency, and that is, the motor by which it is propelled. But there is no doubt that, if you can add speed to the other qualities of the submarine boat, it might in certain circumstances become a formidable vessel. We are supported by the judgment of the United States and Germany, which is hostile to these inventions, which I confess I desire shall never prosper. But we cannot regard our position as the same as that of other nations. The United States to-morrow, if a perfect submarine were invented, would only have more secure protection for their harbours. In Germany the harbours are, no doubt, completely protected now. But we live in the narrow waters of the Channel, and our problem is not precisely that of any other nation."

In the discussion on the Navy Estimates, Mr. E. Robertson, K.C., on March 21 said, that if the value of the Holland boats was conjectural, he should have thought one or two would have been sufficient as an experiment. Five of these boats, however, appeared to



MODEL OF THE NEW BRITISH SUBMARINES

have been ordered last year without the sanction of the House. This new departure as to submarine boats should not have been made without the sanction of the House or without ever being divulged to the House.

If the opinion of the House were to be taken on every action of the Admiralty, it is to be feared that the sittings would be greatly prolonged, and also that very little would be done in the way of improving the fleet.

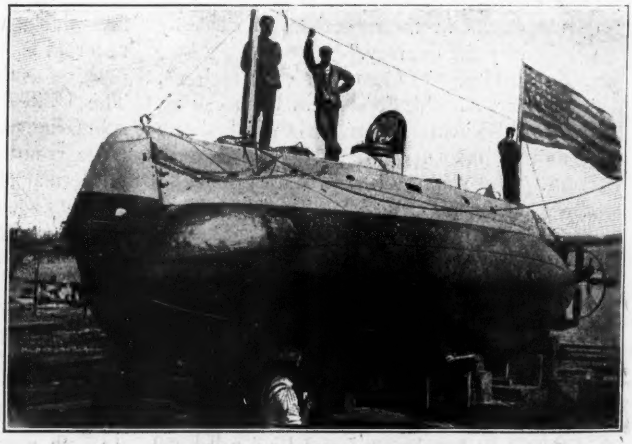
Mr. John P. Holland has been experimenting with submarines for a great many years past, and has constructed several boats. Some few years ago he was commissioned to build one for the United States navy. This was the *Plunger*, and she is not completed yet, owing to various causes. She is, we believe, now being finished and will be launched before long. In the meanwhile the Holland Torpedo Boat Company of Washington set about the building of a smaller experimental craft. This was the *Holland*. She was launched some months since and underwent a series of trials. These having proved satisfactory to the United States naval officials, the *Holland* was bought by the United States Government and was put through another and very severe course of trials. The result was that six more boats were ordered, and these are now being rapidly completed. Their names are: (1) *Adder*, (2) *Moccasin*, (3) *Porpoise*, (4) *Shark*, (5) *Pike*, (6) *Grampus*.

The first is expected to be ready in a few weeks time. These new vessels will be 63 feet 4 inches long and 11 feet 9 inches in diameter, and they will displace 120 tons. Each will be driven by a single screw from cylinder Otto gasoline engine of 160 indicated horse-power, going a speed of 8 knots on the surface, while the electric motor will develop 70 horse-power, going a speed of 7 knots awash and submerged.

Each will have a conning-tower 21 inches in diameter, protected by 4-inch armour.

The armament will consist of five 18-inch Whitehead torpedoes, 11 feet 8 inches long, and there will be one expulsion-tube.

The contract price of the hull and machinery of each boat is £34,000, and they are all to be completed before July 25, 1901.



THE "HOLLAND" IN DRY DOCK

It is stated officially that the new boats are intended specially for coast defence work.

Messrs. Vickers, Sons and Maxim have furnished the following details regarding the submarines they are constructing at Barrow-in-Furness for the British Navy:

They will be 63 feet 4 inches long, with 11 feet 9 inches beam, and a displacement when submerged of 120 tons.

The main engine will be of gasoline type, for surface propulsion, and of 160 horse-power. The fuel supply will allow of a maximum run of about 400 knots. The maximum speed on the surface will be about 9 knots per hour. The main motor will be of the electric, waterproof type, giving the vessel a speed of 7 knots per hour submerged. Storage battery will have capacity for a four-hours run at 7 knots per hour.

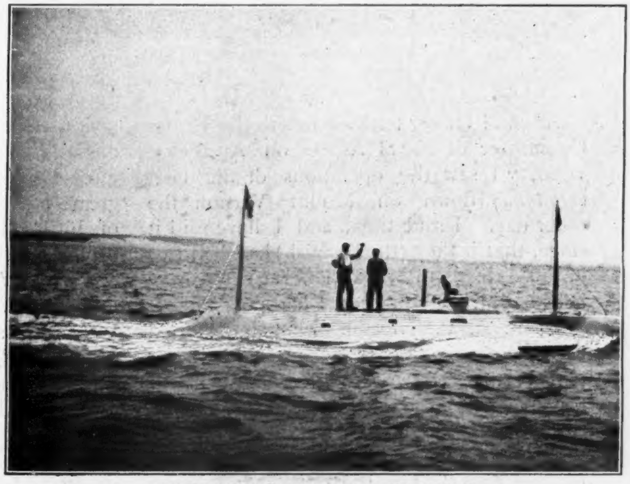
The vessel is to be provided with means of expelling torpedoes while in the following conditions and positions: At rest, or during run on the surface; before or after submergence; while awash, at rest or at full speed, with a sufficient portion of the conning-tower emerged to allow observation by the navigator; while running submerged.

The plating and frames are to be of steel, of sufficient size and thickness to withstand the pressures of depths not over 100 feet. Bulkheads are to be located to provide safety in event of collision and to stiffen the hull as a whole. The superstructure is to be located to allow of an above-water deck, 31 feet long, when the vessel is light for surface running. The conning-tower will be of armour steel, having an outside diameter of 32 inches, and a minimum thickness of 4 inches, and provided with ports for observation. The vessels will be lighted by incandescent electric lamps. Compressed air will be stored aboard, and ventilators will be provided for the circulation of outside air throughout the vessel.

The armament will consist of one torpedo expulsion-tube, located at the extreme forward end of the vessel, opening outboard, 2 feet below the light water-line. The vessels will have capacity for carrying 5 torpedoes, each 11 feet 8 inches long.

In diving, the boat will be brought to an awash condition, with only the conning-tower ports above water, then dive at a small angle until the proper depth is reached, when, through automatic or hand-operated means, the boat is brought in a horizontal position.

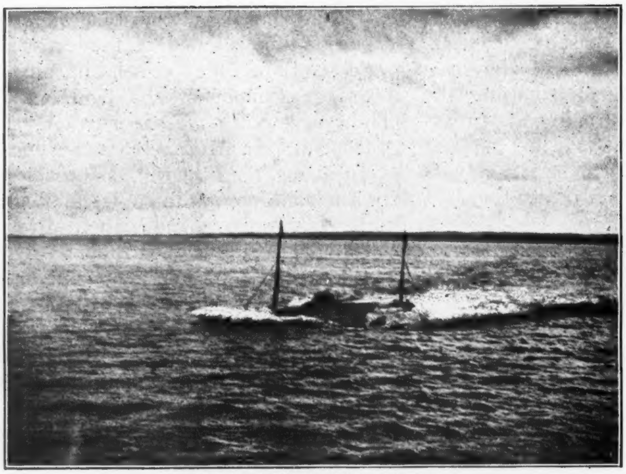
The official trial will consist of a surface run of 10 knots at 7 knots per hour, and a submerged run of 2 knots at 7 knots per hour. At the end of the submerged run a service torpedo will be discharged and strike a target, 150 feet long by 16 feet deep, the upper edge of the target being awash, and placed at right angles to the course.



THE "HOLLAND" RUNNING ON THE SURFACE

Expert opinion in America is divided as to the merits of the *Holland*. Rear-Admiral Endicott says, "The *Holland* submarine torpedo-boat will revolutionise the world's naval warfare. It will make the navies of the world playthings in the grasp of the greatest naval engine in history."

Rear-Admiral Philip Hichborn says, "Submarines can secure our coasts more perfectly than they can be secured in any other way at present practicable."



THE "HOLLAND" PREPARING TO DIVE

Admiral Dewey testified before the House Committee of Naval Affairs on April 23, 1900, "I saw the operations of the boat (*Holland*) down off Mount Vernon the other day. I said then, and I have said it since, that if they (the Spanish) had had two of those things in Manila I never could have held it with the squadron I had."

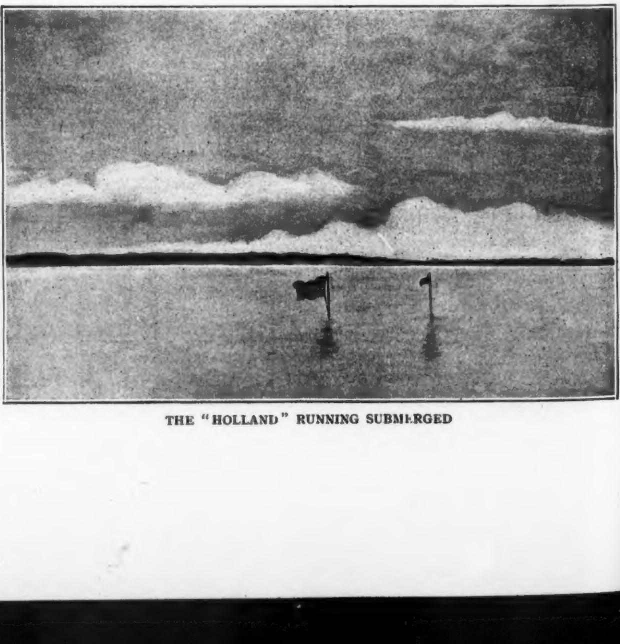
Lieut. A. P. Niblach, who commanded the torpedo-boat *Wenslow* during the latter part of the war, writes, "If Spain had had the *Holland* at Santiago, the blockade of that port by the United States would have been impossible, within the radius of action of the boat." On the other hand, some naval officers have stated that the *Holland*, in their opinion, is a very poor engine of warfare, likely to be of little or no use for the defence of the United States coast-line.

Admiral Melville, in January of this year before the House Committee of Naval Affairs, said that there was not a single novel development of utility in the make-up of the *Holland*, and no essential contrivance that was patentable, "and it was mainly owing to his statements that the United States Government decided to wait until the six boats now building had undergone their trials before ordering any more."

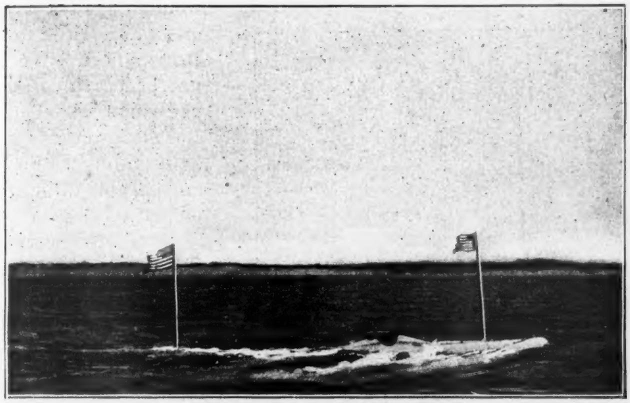
Admiral O'Neil, in a report issued by the Naval Department at Washington, writes:

"The Holland boats are interesting novelties which appeal to the non-professional mind, which is apt to invest them with remarkable properties which they do not possess. . . . The only use of the *Holland* is to discharge torpedoes, and no weapon is more erratic and uncertain in its flight than the torpedo. It must be adjusted and launched with the greatest accuracy to have ever a possibility of hitting its mark, and when discharged from a boat as erratic in its movements as the *Holland* the possibility is reduced to a minimum. . . .

"I am satisfied that a great number of submarine boats will be a source of great care and also of great disappointment. . . . They will fail in the hour of need. I am unable to accept anything which the *Holland* has done as evidence that such boats are useful and efficient instruments for naval purposes. The naval strength and prestige



THE "HOLLAND" RUNNING SUBMERGED



THE "HOLLAND" COMING TO THE SURFACE

of this and of every other country will consist in the number of its fighting-ships, and not in torpedo-boats or eccentric craft of any sort."

When experts differ who shall decide? The forthcoming trials will perhaps show which side is in the right.

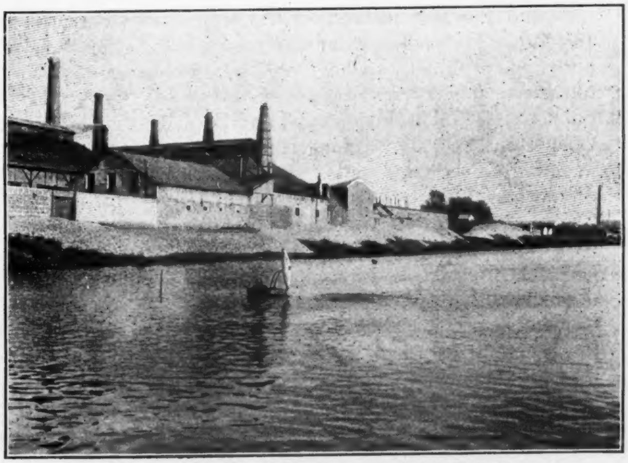
Besides Great Britain and the United States, the only other nation that is displaying an active interest in under-water warfare is France.

At the present moment the following submarine boats have been launched: (1) *Gymnote*, (2) *Gustave Zédé*, (3) *Morse*, (4) *Narval*, (5) *Français*. Several are now building in the various yards, and it is estimated that at the close of this year (1901) France will have 22 submarines either afloat or nearing completion. If the present rate is kept up, by the close of 1906 France will have a fleet of 56 submarines.

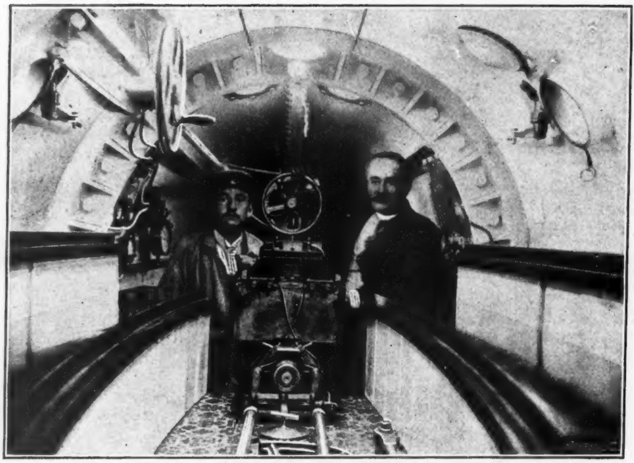
Just now the French navy is agitated over the question of submarine *versus* submersible. The *Gymnote*, the *Gustave Zédé*, the *Morse*, and the *Français* are all submarines proper, being propelled solely by electricity derived from accumulators, and have, therefore, a limited range of action.

The *Narval* is the first of a new type, and is really a submersible. On the surface she acts like an ordinary torpedo-boat, the engines being worked by steam, but when submerged she becomes a submarine and is driven by electricity. She is a self-contained boat and has a very wide range of action, and she is intended to go in search of the enemy's ships. Her speed is, however, very low as compared with the torpedo-boat, and her submerging takes time (about 15 minutes), as the chimney has to be unshipped and a sufficient time allowed for the motor to cool and for the air to be cleared of the hot gases.

So far as one can judge, the Holland type of boat seems to be superior to either the French submarine or submersible. The problem now before the builders is to increase the speed and range of action of the submarine boat. Whilst submarines of the *Morse* type would undoubtedly be useful in guarding our harbours and coasts, a diving torpedo-boat, capable of running 30 knots,



THE GOUBET BOAT, ROOF UNDER WATER; DOME OPEN



INSIDE THE GOUBET, LOOKING TOWARDS THE STERN

would be of much greater service to the British fleet. We cannot expect to arrive at perfection all at once, and all inventions when first brought forward are capable of improvement.

Once we have got a few submarines we shall be the better able to appreciate their defects, to bring them into a higher state of efficiency, and to discover how to destroy the submarines of the enemy. To Great Britain a submarine-boat destroyer would be of more value than submarine-boats.

REMINISCENCES OF ROME UNDER PIO NONO

By the EDITOR

IT is more than forty-five years since I spent in Italy, but chiefly in Rome, perhaps the most delightful and instructive part of my life. No one who knows only the Rome of to-day can quite understand the charm, the picturesqueness and the rich interest of the Rome of 1855–6. The political and sanitary evils under which the city then suffered were only too manifest. There was not a vestige of religious or civil liberty. The English Chapel was kept, like a dangerous centre of infection, outside the walls. Protestantism, even when in the shape of rather High Church Anglicanism, was thus put as it were into quarantine. The very stones had ears to catch and repeat every whisper of so called heresy.

I recollect being asked to take an interest in a certain gentleman, an *avvocato*, who read his Bible and had imbibed views contrary to Papal claims, but if he ever came to see me he had to take an intricate course through byways lest he should be detected coming to my hotel, where we met as by stealth. His fears were not from empty terror, for in Tuscany and in Naples as well as in the Papal States imprisonment was not unknown as a punishment for Bible-reading. Everywhere there was espionage, and immorality appeared to be regarded as venial compared to the crime of being a lover of the Word of God. For those who were content to be submissive to the "paternal" government of Pio Nono, and who were willing to accept like children whatever was dictated, life was perhaps easier then than it is now, for the taxes were lighter and, public opinion never being consulted, there was no troublesome voting. But for those who aspired after a nobler lot than to be driven like unreasoning cattle, existence was almost intolerable. For political passions were all the more at white heat because every patriotic movement was suppressed by French bayonets. The thousands whose aspirations after liberty were keen had to meet in the dark like conspirators. Society was honeycombed with secret conclaves wherein the founders of the Italian Kingdom met to maintain hope. The memory of the short-lived Republic under Mazzini and of the heroic defence of Rome by Garibaldi were fresh in the minds of the people, for little more than six years had passed since General Oudinot had led the French troops into the capital, and when the Pope had returned from his exile in Gaeta. Rome was outwardly most peaceful and orderly, but it was in point of fact a slumbering volcano, and only through the foreign soldiers, aided by a swarm of spies and ubiquitous priests was an outburst for freedom suppressed. Yet the knowledge of all this gave a certain zest to the sojourner, especially if he was himself in sympathy with the patriotic party who were seeking self-government, and it was curious to notice how the quick-witted Italians instinctively recognised their friends —or rather they had confidence that every British subject was naturally on their side.

The condition of the city in other respects was deplorable. Sanitation, as in all Italian towns at that time, was unknown, and the less frequented streets, especially after nightfall, were offensive beyond words. Yet Rome had a loveliness then which the more modern city has lost. There were then no huge warehouses of the "Bon Marché" order vulgarising the glorious Corso, and no tramway-cars with their clashing bells rolling through new boulevards: sweeping and cleaning and "restoring" have destroyed the flowering weeds which lent brightness and beauty to the sombre and crumbling masonry; one saw everywhere the untouched seal of antiquity, and new suburbs, often the ruin of speculators, and huge hotels of "The Grand" description were unknown. Through the streets of a bygone age there then rumbled the huge chariots of the cardinals and the mediæval uniforms of the officials of the Vatican were in frequent evidence. The evening promenade on the Pincian was graced by robed ecclesiastics decked in a rich variety of costumes, betokening different orders in the great hierarchy of the Church. If many a sin was committed against liberty and good civil government and the laws of health, the Rome of that time was at all events intensely fascinating. Most of these old features are gone. But if modernity means improvement as regards matters which civilisation demands, and if the life of a free people is more valuable than the picturesqueness of a system which crushed liberty—then the gifts which change has effected have been cheaply purchased if their only cost has been the loss of the romantic. Nevertheless, the old scenes and habits of life are sorely missed by one who recollects the Rome of 1855, and now re-visits his former haunts.

The variety of interest was immense, as it must always be, but there was one element in society then which, to me at least, was peculiarly fascinating. The stream of converts from Anglicanism to Romanism, if not at its height, was in very full flood. Rome was alive with "'verts" of every grade. There were persons of distinction in rank, many distinguished in scholarship, and also a host of exceedingly ill-informed zealots who, as usual, out-Heroded the native churchmen in anxiety to proselytise. The atmosphere of ecclesiastical debate permeated society; it floated into the hotels; the *salles à manger* and the smoking-rooms were full of it; you overheard fragments of discussion as you passed people on the stairs or passages. In the "Angleterre," which still maintains its excellent character as an hotel, we had many interesting people, of whom several were on the ecclesiastical drift, and gave one a favourable opportunity for studying the variety of influences at work. There was for a time an almost undisguised attempt made from the outside to reach the new arrivals, to discover the character of each and to bring appropriate influence to bear. Every evening one or two men—nice gentlemanly fellows they were—would drop into the smoking-room and gradually join in the conversation. Very shortly some ecclesiastical or theological interest would be introduced, and these apparently chance visitors soon betrayed their real purpose. We had among us representatives of many species of belief or unbelief, and it was an instructive experience for one who had just finished a long theological curriculum to be thrown into this strange medley of opinion. The smoking-room became for a time a debating club. We had some clever priests, one being an Irish-American, full of humour, and ready to break a lance with any foe. His favourite argument when hard pressed was to turn on the English love of roast-beef. "Do you think you could ever get John Bull to fast?" he would ask with triumph. "John Bull would not give up his roast-beef to save his soul. No—no—an empty stomach is too much for John Bull's faith!" But this favourite "Long Tom" of his was quickly silenced by another Irishman—a tall powerful man who had just arrived. I came to know him afterwards as a valued friend—meeting him in Syria, where he was doing splendid work as a missionary, and in later years continuing this friendship when he was President of Queen's College. "What do you mean by fasting?" was his first word, as he lay on the sofa outside of the ring of debate. "Do you call stuffing oneself with fish every Friday and washing it all down perhaps with some good poteen—do you call that fasting?" The good priest did not relish the home-thrust, and for the future was silent. But the argument usually rose to much higher ground and was often of deep interest; but there came an order from the Government directing the hotel-manager to put an end to these symposia. Matters were not going so favourably, perhaps, with the would-be proselytisers as they wished, and so discussion was closed. But the friendships which these evenings created were not ended, and pleasant hours were spent in the lodgings of this one and that, with the advantage that as far as they were able they introduced one to interesting personages.

But what impressed me most was the extraordinary manner in which some became fascinated by the ecclesiastical *entourage*, and as if under a kind of mental hypnotism plunged into Romanism. I do not agree with those who say that a visit to Rome is the best antidote for its claims. That it repels rather than attracts those who are already rooted and grounded in religious, scientific, or philosophical convictions, or who by temperament are free from that kind of excitability which is easily stirred by pageantry or affected by the unhesitating dogmatism of an external authority, is true. But for the romantic who are at the same time partially informed Rome can appear in a guise that is most attractive. For there is so much that is wonderful in the long history associated with the localities seen every day, some of them reaching back to the earliest days of Christianity—a continuity which is turned to the greatest advantage by the Church; it is so constantly suggested that the system which has developed into the Rome of to-day is on the same line and of the same essence as that of the Rome when St. Peter and St. Paul were there, that the unreflecting are apt to be carried away by the thought of an identity which carries, in fact, more of contrast than likeness. All this has a subtle influence on the imagination that is not easily defined. And no one can understand Romanism who fails to appreciate this attractiveness, or who cannot recognise the good and noble elements it presents, while they reject other features which even shock their convictions. You cannot understand its power till you perceive what it is to the devout and earnest who have consecrated their lives to its service. It was my privilege to know some such natures, and, while differing from their opinions as wide as the poles, yet it was in friendly communion with men of the loftier type that I felt the truest insight could be gained into the forces which preserve for the Roman Church its living influence among men.

But it is not of Romanism that I wish to speak, but of one or two curious episodes illustrative of how some "'verted" in those old days into her communion.

There was one Church of England clergyman—a Low Churchman—living in our hotel who was considered so "safe" that some young people had been recommended in the case of difficulties to go to him for advice. He preached one Sunday in the Anglican Chapel, and I think it was on the very next day that he was visited by an old college friend who had become a Romish priest. This man was possessed of a strong and unbending will, and without condescending to argue with his friend he simply asserted how great the peril would be to his soul if now, when in Rome, and as it were in the very presence of the authorised vice-gerent of Jesus Christ, he refused the true Church and the salvation the Church offered to him. It was the case of a strong will dominating a weak one, and the effect was the rapid development of pure hysteria, with weeping and abject misery. The English Chaplain called for the poor soul, and seeing his condition simply made him promise to take no decisive step for a month. But it was all in vain, and within a week he was received into Rome. This was an extreme case, but it is illustrative of a kind of influence not uncommon. It was a sort of hypnotism produced by the firm dogmatism of a determined man upon a feeble and nervous nature.

Another whose case greatly interested me was a characteristic product of that school in the Anglican Church which finds more congenial food for devotional life in the unauthorised "Manuals" issued by the extreme High Church party than in the Book of Common Prayer. His "cult" was of a private order, and quite distinct doctrinally from the standards of the Church of England, being full of the matter and ritual which is now so familiar as belonging to many who assume the name of "Catholic" while constituting themselves into what is practically a sect within the Church. I would sometimes find my friend in his room using his "Rosary" to aid his memory in the repetition of so many "Ave Marias" and "Pater Nosters" and other prayers and adorations. He had been an honour man in mathematics at Cambridge, and withal a fine fellow, but he had fallen under the glamour of the Eternal City, and the appeal it made was to his emotional rather than his intellectual nature. Rome had thrown her spell over his sympathies. He haunted services and functions and sacred places. His mind was absorbed with the one question, Shall I or shall I not yield to the claims of infallibility? Although, doubtless, he was in touch with some able ecclesiastics, yet I do not remember any individual exercising a dominating influence over him. It was rather an instance of the moth fluttering around the flame. By-and-by it was evident the iron was eating into his soul, for he looked ill and worn, and one day, being anxious for him, I asked him to have a walk and a talk together. Well I remember his last word as we parted. "I tell you that if I, with my mathematical education and scientific convictions, could only bring myself at the dictation of the Church to bow my head, and, were it asked of me, acknowledge that the sun goes round the earth, I would consider such obedience as the noblest act of sacrifice." In vain I argued that this would be moral suicide, and that to call the truth false which had been proved indubitable by reason and the faithful observation of God's laws, would be little short of sin against the Holy Ghost, for it was the denial of what God had revealed. It was of no use. The fascination of the uncompromising system was upon him—the attraction of its historic power rather than that of the truth for its own sake—and shortly afterwards he also was received into the Church.

These were doubless extreme cases, but they illustrate a state of mind which was at that period at least not uncommon.

Among valued Roman Catholic friends was the then Vice-Rector of the English College, a Scotsman by birth. We arranged for walks together, during which he was most frank and ready to discuss the points on which we differed. Among other kindnesses he procured admission for me into the College Chapel when Dr. Newman was to preach. It was a notable gathering. The congregation consisted, as I was assured, almost entirely of persons who had once been members of the Anglican Church, and among them were several well-known people. I was told I was the only Protestant present. I had never seen Newman before, and cannot forget the first impression of that strange countenance, so peculiar yet fascinating—a countenance one would have pronounced worse than plain, except for the expression of intellectual and sensitive life, which shed beauty over its strong lines. His obeisance when passing the altar was profound, as if he was crushing himself into the lowliest attitude of reverence. The aspect of sweet, deep reverence was the one which dominated all else. On going to the pulpit he selected as his text the passage in which St Paul speaks of his passionate love for his own nation, "I would wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." The sermon was intensely moving—if sermon it could be called, for it consisted chiefly of readings from St. Paul's Epistles to illustrate the trial he must have passed through in giving up the faith he once held; the terrible nature of the wrench when he had to break with friends and relatives, and with his fellow students who had been with him under Gamaliel, or in the synagogue of Cilicia, and whose enthusiasm for the historic church and nation and the glory of the covenants he had once shared, and how sore it was to be misunderstood by his own people. Passage after passage did he read in illustration of these experiences, and more than once he had to pause to suppress an involuntary sob, as the words of the Apostle recalled his own trials. It was all most touching, and the congregation was naturally so deeply affected that many could not restrain their emotion. Indeed no one could listen to that simple treatment of a great theme, in which what was so vitally personal to the preacher and to most of his hearers was set forth with the exquisite art of true feeling, in an impersonal form, without being stirred by sympathy and admiration. There was nothing said directly about his own past or theirs, nothing of the old life in Oxford, or of the passionate attachment in which the Church he had left was once held, nothing of the heart-breaking trial of severed friendships; all these memories were expressed through the words of St. Paul, but in such an appropriate selection of passages, and under such a setting of suggestive descriptions, that criticism was disarmed and the appeal made deep and ennobling. I never saw Newman before or since, but the memory of that hour will always be treasured by me as affording an insight into the human side of the greatest leader of a movement with which, on its merits, I have no sympathy.

Archdeacon Wilberforce was also in Rome, and in connection with him I may relate an incident which occurred in an hotel in Florence when on my way to Rome. He had then discarded all clerical attire and was dressed in grey tweed. He had a young lad with him, and at first I took him for some squire travelling with his son. Two Americans came into the room where we were, and one of them began describing what had been to him the novel spectacle of a group of peasants kneeling before an image of the Madonna in one of the streets while they said their prayers, as the American asserted, "to the image."

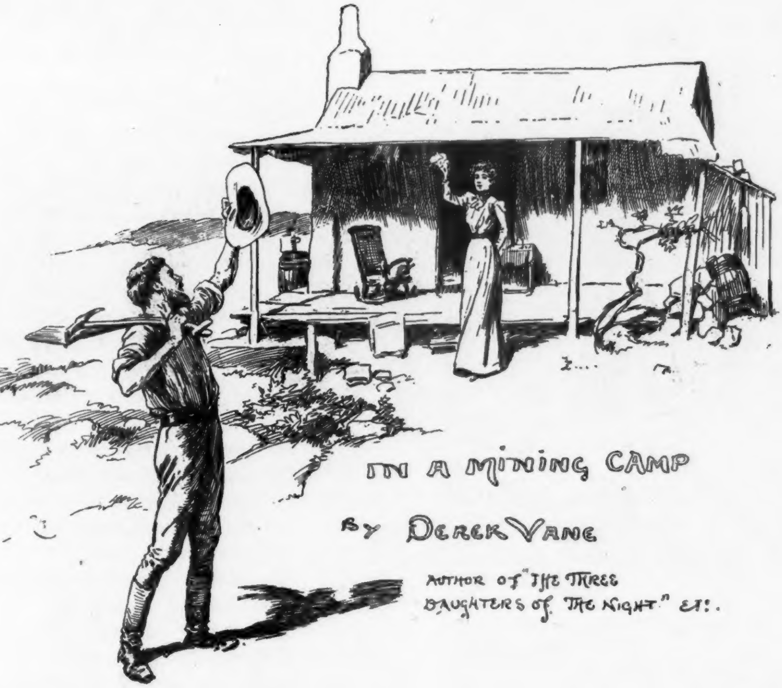
"Did you ask them whether they were actually praying to the image?" suddenly asked the old gentleman in grey.

"No, why should I when I saw them doing so with my own eyes?"

"Only that if you had taken the trouble to inquire you would have learned that they were not praying to the image but to the being whom the image represented."

The American had not a word to say, nor did I presume to interfere; but I have often wished that I had asked wherein lay the difference between even that interpretation of the act and the idolatry condemned in the Second Commandment, for no pagan ever dreamt that the statue before which he prayed or offered sacrifice was the very God he worshipped, although he may have believed that some images had more efficacy than others—as is the case still in Italy and elsewhere—as may be seen in regard to the Bambino of the Capitol and many other sacred objects.

That period of agitation and upheaval in the history of many earnest souls was indeed a strange time and lent a peculiar interest to life in Rome. But it was only one interest among many—political, literary, antiquarian, and artistic. Railways have destroyed the methods of travel, and few now see Italy as did those who journeyed with the old *vetturini*, stopping at the little *alberghi* and getting time to wander in the byways. How grand then to drive in early summer through that lovely land, among the trellised vines of Southern Italy, by San Germano and Monte Cassino and Sora and the valley of the Liris, and still further north by Narni and Terni and Thrasymene and Perugia and Assisi! One could then saunter as he pleased and chatter with the peasantry, the pleasantest people to chatter with in Europe. Oh! what sunshine, what romance and beauty! The very discomforts—dust included—were in those days invested with charm, and all life was a poem!



IN A MINING CAMP

BY DEREK VANE

AUTHOR OF "THE THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT" ETC.

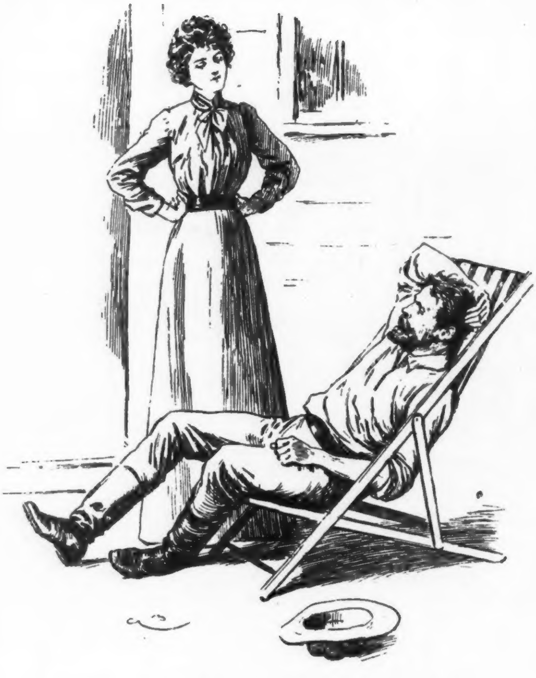
THE Kimberley of the early days was like many other mining camps before and since—a straggling erection of tents and corrugated iron buildings, thrown down, as it were, haphazard on the barren veldt, without any regard to appearances.

And the inhabitants of the canvas erections and sardine-box-looking little houses were of the usual kind to be met in the track of a gold or diamond trail: adventurers, good, bad, and indifferent; younger sons from "home," to whom Great Britain did not offer sufficient scope for their energy and spirit—or, possibly, less desirable proclivities; middle-aged men, who had been failures from their youth up, and who drifted out here to see if their luck would turn in the new country. All these, with a substratum of the scum of Europe, which floats naturally towards any spot which offers special facilities for lying, stealing, and killing.

Among the most distinguished "failures" on the diamond-fields might be classed David Maxwell. He had been one of the first to arrive, having had, possibly, fewer preparations to make than most, for he had been a rolling stone for many years; but he had not known how to make use of his opportunities. He had staked a claim where the "blue ground" proved of a most ungenerous nature, and it took many "washings" to find a diamond, and having purchased a corrugated iron shanty at considerable cost he had set it down where it offered the greatest opposition to the frequent dust-storms, which sometimes threatened to carry it away altogether.

All this would not have been of any great consequence had Mr. Maxwell had only himself to consider—failures and hardships were common enough in the camp—but he had a daughter with him, who was not accustomed to living on the edge of civilisation.

It was just like "the Psalmist," everybody said, to bring a young girl out to such a God-forsaken place; no one with any sense would have done such a thing. "The Psalmist" was the nickname bestowed on Maxwell by the camp, partly on account of his Christian name and partly, perhaps, because he was "of a cheerful countenance" and given to song. Maxwell was never discomposed by



"'We can't complain of not having fine weather'"

anything that happened; he had suffered so many reverses that, possibly, he took them as a matter of course. Indeed, his persistent cheerfulness would occasionally irritate gentlemen of a less optimistic turn of mind. Fortune had no sooner given him a knock-down blow than he was up again, waiting with smiling expectancy for what she would bring him on the morrow.

And his daughter was almost as light of heart as her father. She had only recently left school, and when he announced his intention of starting for the diamond-fields she had begged him not to leave her behind again, and, as he could refuse her nothing, he had, with some misgivings, allowed her to accompany him on his new venture. And, to do her justice, she had not been dismayed when she saw her surroundings, or uttered one word of reproach or complaint, though the strip of desert on which they lived seemed like the end of the world, it was so unfinished and forsaken, even by the beasts of the field and the birds of the air.

Jessie Maxwell, being young and romantic, was capable of creating an agreeable atmosphere of her own, even in such unpromising circumstances. She had read Bret Harte, and it pleased her to invest the camp with some of the charm and colour of his mining stories.

"Good morning, daddy," she cried now, as she saw him coming across the veldt with his pickaxe over his shoulder. "Make haste, breakfast is quite ready."

She was standing on the little verandah, an attractive figure with her bright face and curly hair, though her alpaca skirt and pink blouse had seen much service, and her pretty hands were roughened by unaccustomed toil.

The breakfast-table was placed on the verandah in a spot that the ubiquitous sun had, as yet, not discovered. Close by was Jessie's one attempt at a garden, an old biscuit-tin containing a sickly arum-lily, which had been procured at great cost by an admirer, and which she managed to keep just alive by giving it the remains of the teapot every morning, an extravagance at which even her father occasionally grumbled, for it meant that he must go without washing his hands.

Needless to say, water was almost as expensive as the fiery concoction christened "tangle-foot barbed wire" by the consumers, which the bar-keeper sold as whisky.

"Well, little girl," he said cheerfully as he kissed her—a salute which provoked much bitter feeling when it was witnessed by the camp—"here's another beautiful morning. We can't complain of not having fine weather, at all events."

He sat down in a folding canvas chair and wiped the perspiration from his heated brow. Maxwell's "little girl" was tall and slender, and could look down on her father several inches, but it pleased him to call her so. She laughed now and patted his shoulder.

"No," she said, "we can't complain of that. But if we wanted to grumble, we might say that a little rain would be acceptable, as we have had none for weeks. And though I acknowledge that from four till five in the morning is all that a morning should be, I think I could improve on the rest of the day."

"But the nights, my dear," said her father a little anxiously, "the nights are beautifully cool, are they not?"

"They are, indeed," she replied with a little shiver. "I sometimes wonder how they manage it, and wish they wouldn't. But there," helping him liberally to condensed milk (which in his perverse, optimistic way he had grown to prefer to fresh), "it's a shame to tease you," as he puzzled over this ambiguous remark.

"I always say you're a pattern to the camp. All the same, dear, I'm afraid there's a dust-storm blowing up, and I think you had better make haste over your breakfast," which the Psalmist did.

When the red cloud advanced over the veldt, it generally left an inch of fine sand behind it, even in the houses, and Jessie, who was fastidiously clean, felt a personal enmity towards it. It seemed to her to be actuated by vicious motives, coming, as it so often did, just after she had made everything clean and tidy.

"And what are you going to do with yourself all day?" her father inquired when he was ready to start again. "I don't like your working, so hard. You'll spoil your pretty hands," holding one of them out on his broad palm and looking admiringly at the taper fingers, "and then what'll you do when our fortune's made and you go home to be a lady?"

"I'm sorry you don't think I'm one now, daddy," the girl laughed.

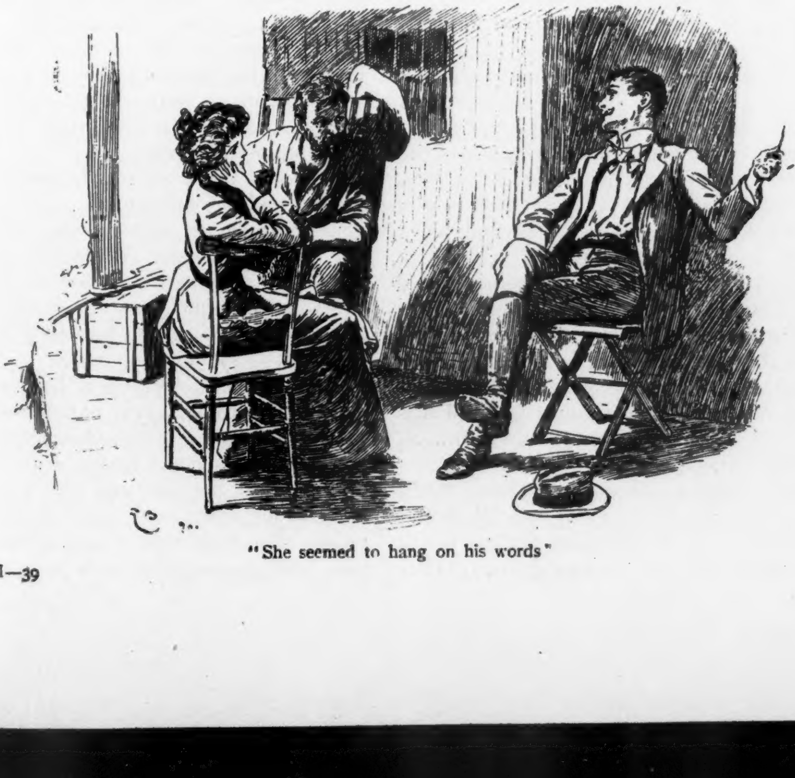
"Why not," he went on persuasively, "why not sit down to your piano or read some of your books? I'm afraid you'll forget all they taught you at your grand London school. And that would be a pity," he added, with a thought of the heavy bills he had paid, which had made serious inroads on his small income, though the knowledge that his daughter was living like a young lady while he was roughing it in various parts of the world had always had power to cheer him. "I think sometimes I did very wrong in bringing you out here."

"You couldn't help yourself, dear. But I'll promise to have a lady-like morning with the piano, though it *is* trying to find a string broken in the most pathetic parts and to have to lift up a note before you can strike it."

"That never seems to trouble Carew," the Psalmist observed.

"Mr. Carew is a genius, or something like it, as far as music is concerned," the girl replied as she turned away.

The piano—the only one on the fields—



"She seemed to hang on his words"

had originally been the property of the proprietor of the "Diamond" drinking-saloon, who had brought it up as an extra attraction to his establishment for the benefit of his customers. But it had been purchased from him—without his consent—by the youth of the fields when they heard that Miss Maxwell was fond of music, and presented by them to her. There were so few ladies in the camp that the tastes and wishes of the youngest and prettiest of them carried considerable weight, and if it had been possible to spoil Jessie Maxwell by unlimited masculine adoration she would certainly have been spoilt already.

"I daresay I'll bring young Neal back with me to-night," Maxwell remarked as he said good-bye. "The boys are not the best company for a young chap like him; a bit too wild and high-spirited, though well-meaning enough. He'll be better here quiet with you and me." And he smiled to himself; the well-pleased smile of an old diplomatist.

The little party of three spent a peaceful evening on the verandah, enjoying the cool air and the wild but picturesque scene before them, for the great African moon that floated overhead in a cloudless sky endowed even the rough mining camp with beauty. It lit up the iron roofs until they shone like silver, and gave a weird charm to the rolling veldt with its illimitable distances. Only the noisy gathering in the "Diamond" saloon broke the peace of the summer night with their drunken disputes and bursts of merriment.

Dick Neal was a fresh, manly-looking young Englishman, who had been one of the first settlers on the diamond fields and had done exceedingly well. He was now one of the richest men in the camp, and being steady and hard-working, as well as a practical mining engineer, he seemed likely to continue to prosper. In spite of his holding himself aloof from the riotous orgies in which the diggers occasionally indulged—when the settlement became a veritable pandemonium, in which revolvers played the principal part—he was a favourite with all but the lowest class.

His somewhat abnormal steadiness might be partly attributed to Jessie Maxwell's influence; his admiration for her was patent to all beholders, and he instinctively shrank from doing anything that should make him less worthy to be her friend. For his devotion was as reverent as it was deep, and if he had not spoken yet, it was only because his love was humble enough to make him afraid.

He had just said good-night and gone off to his own quarters, having some writing to do, when a man strolled slowly across the moonlit veldt from the direction of the saloon. A man tall and slightly built, who walked with a languid, easy grace that seemed more suited to a London drawing-room than to the wilds of Africa.

"There's Brian Carew," Mr. Maxwell observed, and his daughter nodded her head and went on with her knitting. As he approached the verandah the man threw away his cigarette and lifted his wideawake hat in greeting.

"Good evening, Miss Maxwell. Doesn't a night like this make atonement for the wickedness of the day? You don't get such a moon in England."

He was an incongruous figure as he stood there; a type of advanced civilisation where all was so uncivilised. His refined voice and gentle manner, his hard, handsome face and well-dressed person, all set him apart from the motley crowd among whom he lived. And yet he was one of them; their leader in all kinds of devilry—utterly fearless, utterly reckless—in spite of his contradictory appearance. Only, where their coarse natures showed signs of their dissipated, worthless lives, Brian Carew—by grace, perhaps, of a fine constitution and a natural love of outdoor exercise—was able, as yet, to throw off any ill effects.

He could drink without becoming talkative or quarrelsome, and he could gamble from morning till night without turning a hair, though he might have staked, and lost, all that he possessed. Added to this that he was a wonderful shot—he could hit his man when galloping past him on a horse at full speed—and his popularity, as also the respect in which he was held by the rough community, may be easily understood.

Among his other accomplishments, Carew was a good talker, and Jessie's work dropped unheeded in her lap, and she seemed to hang on his words as he spoke of places and people that were only names to her. He went from one topic to another, lightly and easily, though speaking on each with knowledge; he was serious and gay by turns. And over all he threw the charm of a well-bred English gentleman. His boon companions would hardly have recognised him had they seen him now.

Maxwell moved uneasily once or twice, and at last he gave Jessie a plain hint that it was getting late and time for her to retire. Carew got up at once, but when Jessie had gone inside, her father detained him with a motion of his hand.

"If you're not in a hurry, I should like a talk with you," he said awkwardly. "That's why I sent the little girl to bed."

Carew threw himself down again in the canvas chair, the moonlight shining full on his face, which looked worn and old now the animation had gone from it.

"It," Maxwell began hesitatingly, "it's about young Neal. I want you to help me. Jessie thinks such a lot of your opinion—I've noticed you've a wonderful way with women—and she just laughs me off if I say anything."

"What about young Neal?" inquired Carew languidly. "Your remarks are not distinguished for lucidity, Psalmist."

"Well, it's just this," the older man went on, leaning forward confidentially, his hands clasped between his knees. "I daresay you've noticed that he's very fond of my little girl, and he's spoken about it once or twice to me and asked me whether I thought he had any chance. I tried to sound Jessie—but I don't know," doubtfully, "that I got much out of her—and I told the boy to go in and win, but he said he was afraid to risk it. She hadn't given him sufficient encouragement."

Brian Carew seemed to find the light in his eyes a little troublesome, and he pushed his chair back into the shadow of the verandah.

"I needn't tell a man of the world like you that this isn't exactly the place for a young lady, and that I've had some anxious moments since she's been out here. Now," impressively, "what I should like to do is to marry her to Dick, and send them off home. He's all that I could wish for my little girl, and they're suited to each other in every way. I could stay out here and look after his claim for him, or he could sell it and have enough to live on comfortably."

"It seems an admirable arrangement," Carew observed, suppressing a yawn. "Why don't you carry it out?"

"Well," said Maxwell, hesitating again, "it's Jessie, you see. As far as I can make out she's not inclined to fall in with our plans. It may be only a girl's wilfulness, or it may be something more—I don't pretend to understand the ways of women—but why shouldn't she like Dick unless there's somebody else in the way? It's that what makes me anxious."

"Have you any reason for supposing that—as you put it—there is somebody else in the way?" Carew inquired.

"No," weakly, "no, I don't know that I have. You'll agree with me," more decidedly, "that there's not many men in the camp who are fit to tie her shoestrings; that's why I'd be glad to see her married to a good chap like Neal. He'd do better for her than ever I can. It makes me go cold all over when I think that an accident might happen to me any day, and then she would be left alone and unprotected."

"Yes, we are not a desirable little community on the whole—derelicts and riffraff—and Neal comes out well by contrast," Carew observed, with a laugh. "But why tell all this to me?"

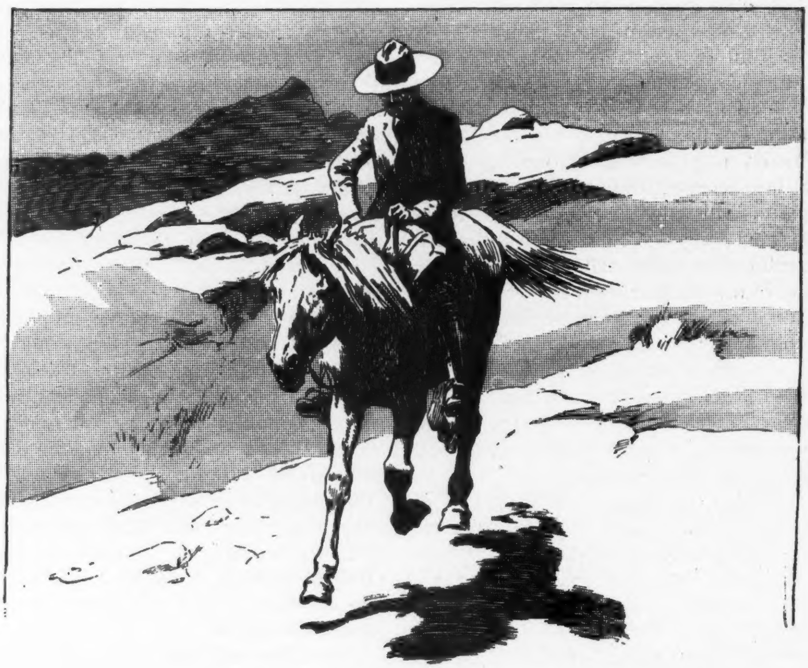
"Because," said Maxwell, in a tone of entreaty, "I want you to talk to Jessie. She thinks so much of what you say. If you talk to her, like you've a way of doing, so that one can't help listening, you'll soon make her see things as she ought. I'm afraid it's asking a lot, but you and I have always been friends, and there's nobody else who can help me."

Carew sprang up with unwonted haste.

"You want me to try and persuade your daughter to marry Dick Neal?" he asked excitedly.

"No, only to show her just how things stand," Maxwell said persuasively. "You're a gentleman born, and know the world as I could never know it, and she'll listen to you when she wouldn't to me. Make her see that it is for her own good; she is young, and she doesn't understand."

"It'll be a new *rôle*," Carew said at last, with a strange laugh—"adviser to a young girl. Are you not afraid to trust me? . . . Well, I'll see you to-morrow; I'm tired, and must be off now."



"The next moment he was riding away across the veldt"

But he was not too tired to saddle his mare, Ladybird, and go for a long ride after he left Maxwell. Ladybird was used to these midnight expeditions, and when she had shaken the sleep from her eyes she enjoyed stretching her legs in a rousing gallop through the cool, invigorating air, almost as much as her master did. But to-night she was held in check; the hand on the reins was heavier than usual, and she had to amuse herself by pretending to be frightened of shadows.

Carew was thinking deeply, and, like most men who have lived much alone, he spoke his thoughts aloud from time to time.

"I'm not fit for her," he murmured; "it would be a failure, and worse than a failure—a crime. Poor little girl, what does she know about the lives of such men as I? She pictures me as a sort of glorified Jack Hamlin or Oakhurst, endowed with a generous, chivalrous kind of wickedness, which is more attractive than most goodness." He laughed grimly. "How little she knows! And when she found out the truth, she would hate me." His fingers closed sharply. "And that—well, that would be a punishment greater than I could bear."

Ladybird wondered what was the matter with her master to-night that he had never a word for her, and she shied at a thorn-bush, whose long needles glittered like silver in the moonlight, as though she had never seen such a thing before.

"It's not as if I could become a reformed character," he went on, his hard face growing more cynical, "it's not in me—I couldn't. For a little space, while the charm lasted, it would be all right, then satiety would come, the craving for freedom, the lust of the old life, and, sooner or later, I should have to go. Better a thousand times a wrench now—and her memory."

"And yet," after a minute, "I know I have only to hold out my hand and she would come." He threw up his head and drew a deep breath. "How the follies of our youth come back to us! What need of a hell when, even in this life, every sin brings its own punishment?"

"I wonder whether the old man suspected anything? . . . Well! he trusted me, I won't fail him—not for his sake—not for mine—but for *hers.* He was right enough, she has every prospect of a happy life with Neal, and I should like her to be happy. What did the old song say I used to hear at home?—'Tears in the radiant eyes.' Ah! I couldn't bear that, and they would come—with me."

He stopped the mare, holding her between his knees, and, tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, he wrote the following lines:

"I am starting off on my wanderings again sooner than I expected, but I could not go without expressing my gratitude to you and your father for all your kindness. Your house has been more of a home to me than I have known for a long time. It is not probable that we shall meet again, so I should like to wish you now all happiness in your future life. Will you allow me the privilege of an old friend, and let me say that I think that happiness would be quite safe in Dick Neal's hands? He is a good fellow. In the hope that you will reward his devotion at no distant date, I am enclosing a little wedding-gift. I should like to think that you will wear it in remembrance of

"Your sincere well-wisher,
"BRIAN CAREW."

'There, I can't do more than that," he muttered, as he signed his name. "Maxwell must be content. No doubt it will have the desired effect. She likes young Neal, and this cool piece of leave-taking should kill any kindness she had for me." He sighed heavily.

From an inner pocket he took a large uncut diamond, which he had found a few days before, and folded it up in the letter. Then he turned Ladybird in the direction of Maxwell's shanty. Throwing the reins over a post, he walked softly round the verandah to Jessie's room; he knew which was her window.

Everything was very quiet now, even the "Diamond" saloon had turned out the last loafer and was sunk in repose. The camp was, to all appearances, as harmless and peaceful as any country village.

Brian Carew placed his little packet on Jessie's window-sill, where she must find it in the morning, and then turned to go. But he still lingered. Was she dreaming of him, the girl inside, whose soft breathing he could almost fancy he heard? His face was white and drawn, as though something clutched at his heart.

He stooped until his head rested against the window-pane and his lips seemed to touch the senseless glass . . . . the next moment he was riding away across the veldt, the only sign of life in that sweeping expanse of moonlit loneliness.

A MILLION MILES OF BREAD

THE NATIONAL LOAF

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE

THE adventurous explorer amongst the tangled jungle of figures that comprise the reading matter in the two or three hundred pages forming the Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom, discovers not unfrequently a number of instructive data that have only to be prepared for human consumption, to be exceedingly interesting.

The abstract, for instance, tells us that we import 94,418,359 cwt. of wheat and flour (the latter being expressed in its grain equivalent) from the colonies and abroad, and grow 74,885,280 bushels of wheat ourselves. Even when this statement is reduced to a common denominator, and we realise that we import two and a quarter times the quantity of wheat that we grow at home, the figures (10,574,800,000 lbs. imported, 4,717,770,000 lbs. grown in the United Kingdom) are too vast to convey much to the ordinary mind unaccustomed to dealing with thousands of millions, it is therefore with the idea of converting these extensive figure landscapes into something more tangible that the paragraphs that follow are penned.

One hundred pounds of wheat can be

reckoned upon to give 82 lbs. of flour, and 280 lbs. of the latter commodity will make 368 lbs. of bread when the flour is made of English wheat, and 420 lbs. if it is from American grain. With this data we can easily find out the amount of bread, biscuit, and kindred edibles that are annually consumed in the United Kingdom, our calculations speedily informing us that the yearly ration of grain food amounts to 430 lbs. per head; that is to say, a person weighing ten stone practically eats during the year three times his or her weight of bread.

The National Loaf, which weighs considerably over 7,000,000 tons, contains rather over 1,015,000,000 cubic feet of the staff of life; that is to say, if turned out having the width and height of the ordinary loaf, *i.e.*, 6¾ inches high and 4⅜ inches wide, it would have a length of 937,895 miles, which would give every man, woman, and child in the kingdom a daily ration rather less than four inches long, or in the aggregate a daily loaf (2567 miles in length) extending from London to 300 miles beyond Mount Ararat into the heart of the dominion owing allegiance to the Shah.

If baked in the form of a biscuit or cake a quarter of an inch in thickness the area of the same would amount to over 1,119,000 acres, and if baked in a circular form would entail a walk of 148 miles to circumscribe it.

It has frequently, but incorrectly, been stated that the area of the base of the Great Pyramid exactly coincides with that of Lincoln's Inn Fields, whereas in reality the latter measures 821 feet by 625½ feet, and the former 764 feet square. If we took Lincoln's Inn Fields as the base of a bread pyramid, the summit of the same would in height exceed that of Ben Nevis, our highest mountain, by some 15,000 feet.

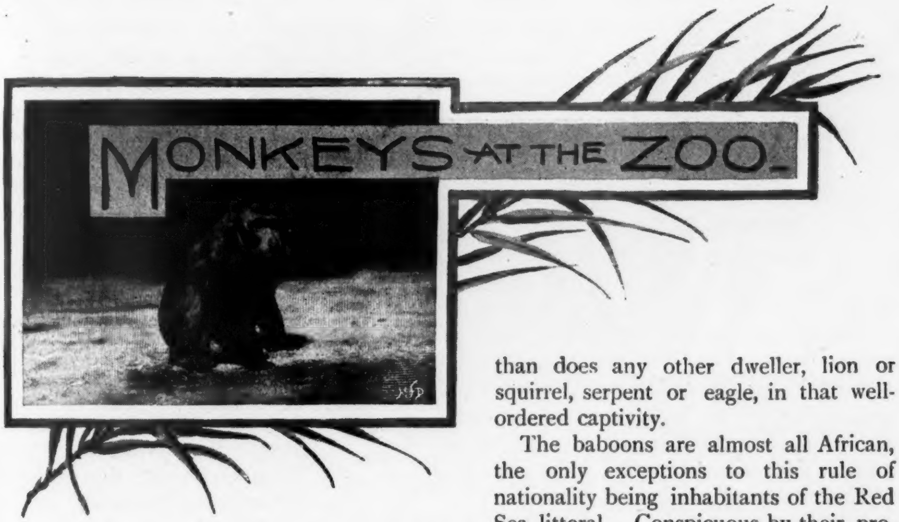
One of the very necessary ingredients in bread is salt, although as little as four pounds are required to make three hundred and sixty odd pounds of bread. It is a remarkable illustration of the enormous quantity of bread required to keep the inhabitants of this country going for the year that no less than 191,800,000 lbs. of salt are used in the national loaf, notwithstanding the fact that it forms but a trifle over one per cent. of the same. If we piled up the salt used in the nation's yearly bread into a four-sided pillar as high as the Eiffel Tower, it would take at least twenty-seven men with arms outstretched to the fullest extent to form a complete circle about it; moreover, if it were desirable there would be sufficient salt to line a tunnel forty feet across at the base and twenty feet high in the centre to the depth of one foot and having a length equal to that of the Severn tunnel, that is to say, 4 miles 624 yards.

Another important item of the kneading-trough is water. For the purposes of the National Loaf, however, it would suffice if all the liquid flowing over the Niagara Falls in one minute, sixteen and a half seconds were conducted into a reservoir and used as required, for Niagara discharges 18,000,000 cubic feet of water every sixty seconds, and the minimum quantity required for the record loaf would be 143,850,000 gallons, which, by the way, could just be stored in a canal six feet deep, 100 feet wide, and the length of Bassenthwaite if that lake were connected with the neighbouring Derwentwater, a total of seven and a quarter miles.

There are in the United Kingdom some 77½ million acres of land of which 47¾ millions are regarded as cultivated area. At present out of these many millions of acres only 2,158,000 carry crops of wheat. If it were deemed advisable to be self-supporting, so far as bread is concerned, it would therefore not be on account of want of space that the growing in the United Kingdom of all the wheat we require would be found unfeasible. As a matter of fact, taking the average of 34¾ bushels of wheat to the acre, we should have to cultivate 4,830,340 acres of wheat crops, in addition to those we have already under cultivation, in order to be independent of the over-sea sources to which we at present apply for the greater proportion of the National Loaf.

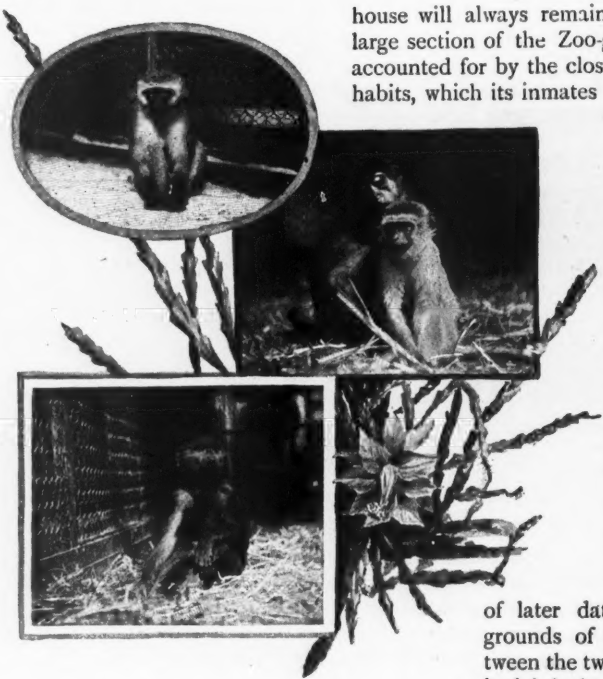
The price of wheat and of bread fluctuates to such an extent that it is difficult to arrive at the exact cost of the National Loaf; but it is interesting to note that when a short time ago it was proposed to raise the price of bread by one half-penny the quartern, the increase in price that the consumer, John Bull, would have to pay, if the extra halfpenny remained on for a whole year, amounted to £9,196,000. With these data to guide her the experienced housewife can gauge for herself what the National Loaf will cost.

MONKEYS AT THE ZOO



WITH English gaols, as seen from within, I am, save under the spirited magazine guidance of Major Arthur Griffiths, unacquainted. But the memories of visits to Darlinghurst, at Sydney (N.S.W.), with its high-walled exercising ground, patrolled by closely-watched equivalents of the bushranger doomed by railroad and telegraph, are enduring, and the monkey-house at the Zoo, its imitation human beings grimacing and gambolling behind their bars, is certain to call up the picture. The spectacle of these hairy travesties of men, the brutish baboon, the graceful Mozambique, even the little mangabey recently lodged there by the C.I.V., always gives me more idea of imprisonment than does any other dweller, lion or squirrel, serpent or eagle, in that well-ordered captivity.

The baboons are almost all African, the only exceptions to this rule of nationality being inhabitants of the Red Sea littoral. Conspicuous by their prominent snout and massive skull, their terrific teeth and ungraceful all-fours way of getting about, the baboons are also noticeable by reason of their violent temper and treacherous disposition. Some judgment, indeed, has to be



exercised in choosing for them suitable companions, though I have always observed that quaint little Indian macaque, the bonnet-monkey, perfectly content in the company of baboons. The bonnet-monkey—you may know him by the parting in his hair—is either more valiant, or the baboon less brutal, than we have been taught to think it.

Another uncertain customer is the Mozambique monkey, particularly when old age makes it irritable; and it differs in this from the good-natured Sooty Mangabey. This is not the picture of the Sooty Mangabey given by the C.I.V., which I interviewed in its new quarters a day or two after its arrival. Its skin was not in the best condition, but clean quarters and the solicitude of Jungbluth, who is a very father to his monkeys, will no doubt work wonders. On the same day—a cold Sunday in November—I was introduced to the little Bosman's Potto, one of the most singular inhabitants of the monkey-house, having, to all appearance, a spine that fits so badly as to protrude from the skin behind the back, where it feels to the touch like a coarse comb.

I suppose, its somewhat peculiar atmosphere notwithstanding, that the monkey-house will always remain the chief attraction for a very large section of the Zoo-going public, and this must be accounted for by the close resemblance, in both form and habits, which its inmates bear to the human race. As a matter of fact, the differences are far more puzzling to any one who will study them, but I suppose they are less attractive to that element in the population that is pleased to affect what it calls "Darwinism," fathering on the Master Thinker a theory of direct descent from apes that might well make him turn in his grave. On anatomical grounds no Englishman ever devoted more careful attention to the subject than Professor Owen and the late Dr. Mivart, who collected, in an article nearly half a century old, but more valuable than most popular scientific contributions of later date, some of the more striking grounds of resemblance and difference between the two. In this article, if I remember it rightly, he showed the impossibility of establishing a regular ascending series from the lower monkeys to man, the highest animal type; since, whereas the orang comes closest to man in the possession of a beard, the chin is far less conspicuous in the orang than in the siamang: whereas the orang is nearest ourselves in the normal number of ribs, as well as in the formation of the lower region of the backbone and in the condition of the brain, the lowly tarsier of Celebes is more human than the orang in its teeth, and the gibbons are infinitely more manlike in their nose and brain. The futility of fixing up such a scale is best realised when we learn that the small American squirrel-monkey has a yet more prominent brain-case than man himself, while the Malayan proboscis-monkey has more nose.

All apes, moreover, have that inhuman reversible big toe to give away their plebeian origin, so that they are four-handed rather than four-footed beasts. Anatomists have given these ape-hands some attention, and I even remember reading, though in what book or periodical I have forgotten, that Galton's studies of the human finger-print had been extended to the finger-prints of baboons and

mandrills, the monkeys being held in a bag, from which a hand was protruded. and the impression taken on glass plates with a film of printer's ink. I mention this only as another instance of the many phases of monkey life and organisation that have attracted students, and the precise object of the investigation, if it had any, I have forgotten. More recently, Dr. Lydekker has given attention to the same subject in the pages of *Knowledge*.

The bonnet-monkey has here a more gentle companion than the baboon in the vervet, a native of Cape Colony, that probably saw or heard some of the recent fighting. Heard, indeed, more probably than saw, for, in spite of their native curiosity, monkeys are a nervous race, and the sound of an elephant trumpeting, or even of a passing horse, is quite sufficient, so Jungbluth assures me, to send them all chattering to the roof of their cage. This is mere fright, for even those monkeys that could not in their own home have known either the trumpeting of the elephant or the roaring of the lion, are just as alarmed by those notes as the others who come from the same regions as those mighty beasts. On this I questioned their keeper very closely.

Here again the amiable mangabey keeps judicious distance between itself and the vicious Indian rhesus, a form not unfamiliar to those who know the temples of the East. This mangabey makes an excellent pet and is moreover a monkey of some cunning, for Jungbluth caught one only lately trying for all it was worth to turn somersaults on its hands, even like the small boys in the oriental gutters of London town.

And last of all in our Zoo gallery comes a quite ordinary macaque, a creature with no pretensions to high rank, or even the distinction of rarity, but gifted with an expression so wistful that Mr. Rudland could not resist taking a snap-shot. The only macaque in my own circle of acquaintances is the "Barbary Ape" of Gibraltar's Rock, to call on which I have before now climbed that escarpment in a hot sun, finding the object of my ambition ensconced on some unattainable ledge up by the Devil's Gap. Some regard him as a true European, a survival of the ages when there was dry land between ourselves and the Barbary States; but, knowing something of the Moor's fondness for keeping pet monkeys, gazelles and other animals, I have always preferred to think of him as an African, who came to Spain under the protection of the conquering Moor, and remained there under the protection of the conquering Briton.

F. G. AFLALO.

OUR OCEAN FLORA

By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. E. STEP

THERE are certain branches of natural science which man in all ages has ignored, and one of these is the study of seaweeds. Only to be seen when the receding tide had left them on the rocks in a collapsed condition, their beauty was not obvious at a casual glance; nor did they produce brilliant flowers or edible fruits. Early references to seaweeds are always of a contemptuous character: the poet Horace, for example, describing them as "*inutilis alga*" and "*vilior alga.*" Couched in the same spirit, though in recent times, was the remark of the botanist of repute of whom the story is told that upon being shown a collection of seaweeds in the hope that the pains taken in their preservation and classification would earn a word of commendation from the great man, he dismissed them as beneath his notice, with the words, "Pooh, sir, a parcel of seaweeds!"

No botanist of to-day, great or humble, would take up such an attitude towards a branch of study of which he was ignorant; nor can the term "useless" be applied to seaweeds without exposing the ignorance of the speaker. The truth is, seaweeds are useful in a very high degree, though they may not be marketable, as roses and potatoes are. They perform in the ocean similar offices in purifying the medium in which they grow as do the tall trees, the grass and lowly herbs of the dry land: they absorb carbonic acid gas and give off abundance of oxygen. They provide a cover and a dinner for innumerable forms of animal life; within the submarine jungles and forests many creatures find protection, and their myriads of floating spores are eaten by small animals which in turn become the food of fishes. The Diatoms, upon which oysters feed largely, are but a class of minute seaweeds. In addition, the larger weeds have value as manure, and they may be used in the manufacture of soda, as formerly they were largely employed. From them the chemist extracts the medicinally valuable iodine; but perhaps their greatest value of all to the dwellers on these little islands in the ocean consists in their constituting a natural breakwater. Were it not for the leather-like meshes of the *Fuci* which grow from the rocks between tide-marks, the inroads of the sea upon our shores would be far greater than they are. A reef of weed-covered rocks is far more effective than some of the breakwaters which man constructs. The breaker coming in with full force to strike against the cliff is entangled among the myriad branches of the seaweed, its force split up and dissipated.

There is really little excuse for ignorance concerning seaweeds on the part of any person who has access to the coast. In most cases specimens may be obtained in abundance, they are easily preserved, they present considerable variation in structure, as well as in form and habit, and their lines satisfy the æsthetic sense. In size they range from species which individually can be seen only with the aid of the microscope to the opposite extreme, where will be found the largest of all known plants, with branches hundreds of feet long. It will be understood that between these limits there must be a very large number of species; and yet—to show how once they were neglected—in the days of the great Linnæus there were but seventy species known from the whole world. To-day the student who confines his attention to the species that may be found upon the British coasts has to deal with something like 450 kinds, to say nothing of *Diatoms*. The *Diatom* specialist who draws his specimens from all parts of the globe has the comparatively unrestricted field afforded by no less than 10,000 species. The possibility of using figures like these shows that there have been at least a few students to whom our ocean flora has not appeared absolutely uninteresting.

A noteworthy fact about these *algæ*, no matter how large and tree-like they may be, is the absence of vessels; they consist of a mere aggregation of cells, which, though they do form simple tissues, are never differentiated into wood, bark, etc. Their hard parts, so for as they have any, are more of the consistence of cartilage than wood. They have no roots, but merely attachment discs and these once separated from the rocks do not adhere again. The larger kinds grow from the solid face of the rock, no matter how hard, and not from fissures; therefore roots would be of little use to them, and, indeed, the fact that the whole surface of the plant absorbs its nutriment from the surrounding waters renders the possession of true roots unnecessary. The more minute species lead a free, roving life in the waters, especially near the surface, and may easily be palmed off as animals upon those who regard the power of movement as an attribute peculiar to animal life. There are, indeed, a few forms, such as the luminous *Ceratium tripos*, which are claimed as subjects by both botanist and zoologist. The spores, or reproductive bodies, also move freely through the waters, some of them being propelled by the lashing of two or more *cilia*, until they settle down upon some surface and develop into new plants.

Some are coloured with most beautiful and delicate tints, others excrete coats of chalk or flint, and when they die these firm coats drop to the sea-bottom and contribute to the formation of those chalk-beds of the future which the *Challenger* naturalists discovered to be now in process of formation. Among these are masses which look exactly like coral from their solid stoniness, and we learn that they actually play a part in the construction of coral islands, helping to bind the work of the coral-polyps together. Even on our own coasts these attain sufficient size and hardness to do considerable damage to fishing-nets that come in contact with their short, hooked branches. There are beaches on our coasts where the fine yellow gravel is composed almost entirely of the broken pieces of these stony weeds.

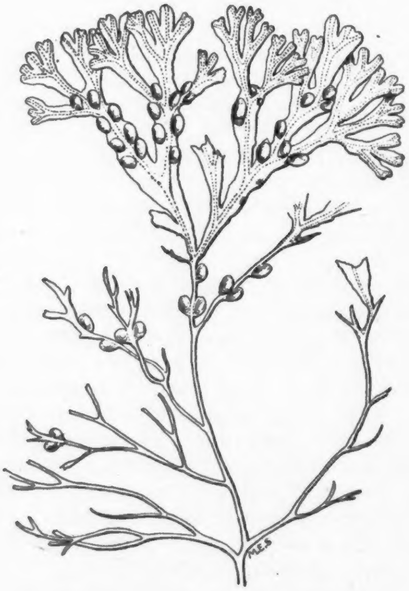
As these plants produce no flowers, it is quite clear that they are not propagated by means of seeds, which are always the product of flowers of some kind. The sea-weeds are reproduced by means of spores which may be roughly and unscientifically described as detached cells having the power to give rise under suitable conditions to plants similar to those by which they were produced. These spores are of several kinds and of different morphological values, some being the product of a sexual process, others quite non-sexual in origin.

The vast number of seaweeds now known are arranged by systematists in four grand series, which are again divided up into cohorts, orders, tribes and genera, or their classification would be unmanageable. It is not our intention to attempt to take the reader through the mazes of this system; but we do wish to glance at a few of the more striking representatives of these four principal legions. The first of the four series, known to science as the *Cyanophyceæ*, consists of plants of low order, usually characterised by their bluish-green colour. All these are not very distantly allied to *Bacteria*, and they are either single cells or single rows of cells. Many of them abound in the warm surface waters of the ocean, some again boring holes in shells on the bottom. Others, when they occur in waters strongly charged with lime, cause a precipitate of the same around them by the absorption of carbonic acid gas from the water. A red-coloured form—*Trichodesmium*—occurs at times in such vast quantity in warm waters that it has earned the name of Red Sea for that arm of the Indian Ocean which separates Arabia from Egypt and Ethiopia.

The second series, the *Chlorophyceæ*, are commonly bright green, and chiefly freshwater forms, though there are a considerable minority of marine representatives. These are not found in deep water, and consist either of one cell, branched or simple rows of cells, or thin layers. Among these single-celled forms are some of the most remarkable specimens of plant structure, for they appear to be of the most complex character. One of these, named *Caulerpa*, resembles nothing so much as a cluster of very intricately divided fern-fronds of great beauty. Yet all this lace-like division is found to be compatible with the unicellular type of structure: astonishing as it may appear, the entire plant of *Caulerpa* is but a single cell drawn out into a cylindrical tube with many branches. The danger of any of these collapsing is insured against by the presence of minute beams and girders thrown across at intervals from wall to wall to keep them apart. *Caulerpa* does not occur on our coasts, the waters not being warm enough to suit it; but nearer to the tropics it may be found growing out from the submarine rock-walls much as the Polypody-fern climbs the terrestrial walls and trees of our own country. It is said to be a favourite food of the turtle.

A very similar species, *Bryopsis plumosa*, may be found in the rock-pools of the English Channel. It will not be found in profusion, but chiefly isolated specimens growing out from the wall of a pool, or more rarely from a shell or stone at the bottom. It resembles a miniature clump of male-fern, and here again the whole plant consists of but one cell. A similar arrangement prevails in *Codium*, though the outward form is very different. Here the frond forks again and again into erect, more or less cylindrical, woolly branches, somewhat slimy to the touch—all merely divisions of one cell.

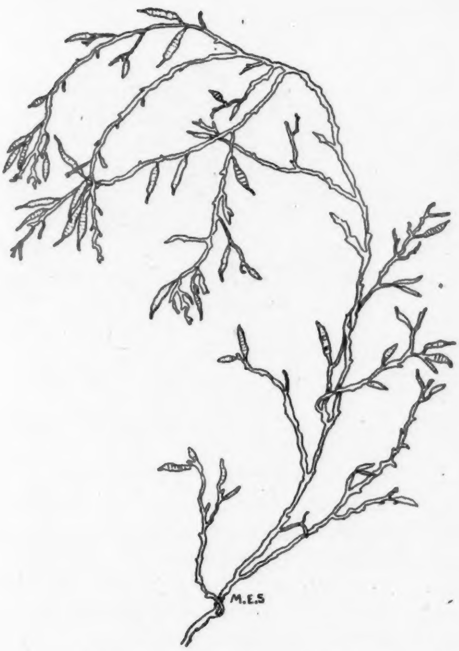
In this group we find the plant popularly known as Sea Lettuce (*Ulva latissima*), from the frond being a thin, broad, crinkled expansion, very similar to a lettuce-leaf in consistence and colouring, though lacking the midrib and veins. In the genus *Monostroma*, found principally on the west coast and along the Channel, the frond, though composed of a great number of cells, is only one cell thick. In the better-known *Ulva* that grows abundantly on stones in shallow water we have a similar kind of frond, but it is two cells thick. The still more plentiful *Enteromorpha*, with which some of the higher-lying pools are filled, is first shaped like long, slender ribbons two cells thick, but after a little while so much oxygen gas is given off between these layers that the frond becomes a distended tube.



BLADDER-WRACK (*Fucus vesiculosus*)

Here, too, is placed the remarkable genus *Zoochlorella*, whose members exist as separate cells in the bodies of low forms of animals (Radiolarians), where they were discovered long ago and known as "yellow cells," but their true nature has only been known in later years. To some extent at least the animal derives sustenance from the products of the plant's vital activity, and the plant apparently subsists upon the waste of the animal organism. Some of these smaller organisms, had they but consciousness of what is being done by scientific men, would either be enjoying considerable fun because zoologists claim them as animals of low estate and botanists declare they are plants, or they would be intensely miserable because of their equivocal position and uncertain status in the scale of life. *Ceratium tripos* is one of these—a minute organism with three processes looking like a pair of slender wings and a tail; in addition it has a long lash by the movement of which it is propelled through the surface waters near the coast. At night it gives forth a silvery light, and much of the luminosity of the sea is due to this plant (or animal?). It occurs all round our shores in enormous quantities, and forms a principal ingredient in the food of the very small animals which in turn are consumed by the fishes. Such forms, with Diatoms, may really be considered the basis upon which the whole fabric of animal life in the sea is built up. An allied species, *Pyrocystis*, though it is not found in British waters, is interesting not only because it is equally luminous—and the *Challenger* naturalists attributed to it some of the most glorious displays of marine fireworks they witnessed in the tropics—but also from its strong resemblance to *Noctiluca*, the infusorian which causes much of the luminosity of our own seas.

The third series, the *Phæophyceæ*, is more popularly interesting because its members are mostly of considerable size, and include familiar Wracks, Tangles and Oar-weeds, as well as the huge *Macrocystis* and *Lessonia* of other seas. Among the species of *Fucus* which cover the littoral rocks, it is quite a common thing to find the fronds buoyed up by air bladders which form in the central layer of cells. The stems of these weeds are of very dense, horny consistence, and they



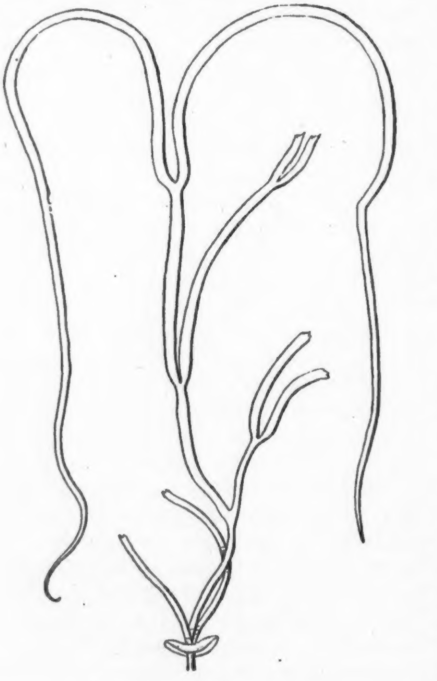
POD-WEED (*Halidrys siliquosa*)

are incapable of floating without the aid of the air-bladders. Growing, as all these olive weeds do, on the exposed rocks in no great depth of water, they must be sufficiently tough to withstand the constant fretting of the surf and the greater friction caused by the waves in stormy weather. But stubborn, hard-wearing material of this sort has to be built with such solidity as is not consistent with buoyancy—that is, if the thin, flexible type of frond is to be retained. So a compensating element is brought in, and these round or oval bladders are formed and filled with nitrogen and oxygen. In *Fucus vesiculosus*, the familiar Bladder-wrack, these are scattered irregularly over the frond, on each side of what appears to be a midrib, though it does not exactly correspond with the midrib of true leaves. The Saw-edged Wrack (*Fucus serratus*), which has a broader, thinner frond, has no vesicles, but in the Knotted Wrack (*Ascophyllum nodosum*) the bladders are more evident than the frond itself, which is, in truth, reduced to a cord upon which the bladders appear to be threaded. In the Pod-weed (*Halidrys siliquosa*) they are always at the extremity of the lateral shoots, and are of long, narrow shape, with slight constrictions which give them the appearance of furze-pods.

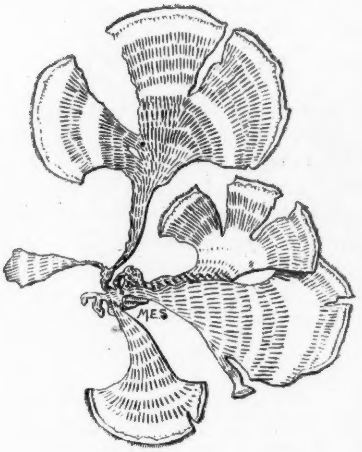
The reproduction of these olive weeds is of a high order, there being a distinct process of fertilisation of *oogonia* by motile *antheridia*, which are often produced in different conceptacles. These are usually found near the tips of the shoots, and in some cases—as in *Fucus serratus*—these are distinguished by a spongy enlargement in which the conceptacles are embedded. In the Sea Thongs (*Himanthalia lorea*) these specialised branches become the most conspicuous parts of the whole plant, which is ordinarily a mere button-like disc, little more than half an inch across. From the depressed centre of this arise the fertile branches, which are three or four feet in length, dotted with minute punctures, which are the openings of the conceptacles. In *Cutleria multifida* the spores are borne on the outside of the frond.

Among noteworthy members of this olive series we may mention the Gulf-weed (*Sargassum*), of which there are about one hundred and fifty species, some of them constituting the enormous floating beds of tropical seas. The Gulf-weed is buoyed up by spherical bladders the size of a pea, and is not known to occur in a fixed condition, though some authors have fancied they must grow attached to rocks and afterwards become detached. Occasionally stray pieces are drifted to our shores, carried hither by the Gulf Stream; but the great mass which Columbus saw in the Atlantic, and which still occupies practically the same position, has an area of about two hundred thousand square miles. Of somewhat similar character, though without the leaf-like branches, is *Cystoseira ericoides*, a plant that is attached to the rocks of our own shores, and which attracts the attention of those who go down to the sea at low water, because when submerged it has a pearly iridescence playing over it, but great is their disappointment on hauling it out to find the colour-beauty has departed. Another beautiful member of this series is the so-called Peacock's-tail (*Padina pavonia*), whose fan-shaped frond, with its several curved divisions, is prettily zoned with bands of glistening hairs from which the light is reflected with prismatic effects. This species will only be found on our southern coast.

The group of ***Laminarians*** are bold and conspicuous objects just below ordinary low-tide marks all round our shores, and form a submarine forest in which many creatures find sanctuary. They are distinguished by the flat, broad fronds, which are divided into a leaf-like and a stalk-like portion, and have this remarkable character, that the growing point is not at the free end of the frond, but situated between the stalk and the blade, so that growth of these two parts takes place at the same time by the multiplication of the cells at this point. Another remarkable feature is the annual shedding of the blade of the frond and the subsequent growth of a new one from the summit of the stalk. The Sugar Tangle (*Laminaria saccharina*), which produces crystals of ***mannite*** on its frond, has a short, thin stalk and a thin, puckered blade; it is commonly used by people inland as an indicator of coming rain. The Oarweed (*Laminaria digitata*) is an advance upon this, the stalk being large and thick and the blade split up into a number of long, finger-like segments. These plants are attached to rocks and stones by claw-like processes, popularly regarded as roots. The Badderlocks or Murlins (*Alaria esculenta*), parts of which are eaten raw by poor people on some portions of our coasts, is of this group also; it has a long, cylindrical stem, and a midrib to the blade. This blade is always a good deal split by the waves, and ranges in length from three to twenty feet. What appear to be young fronds spring in clusters from each side of the stalk, but are really special organs (*conceptacles*) in which the spores are produced. The Sea Furbelows (*Saccorhiza bulbosa*) has a thick, heavy stem, three or four inches broad and as many feet in length, from whose summit springs a broad, thin blade, split up into ribbons. At the lower end of the stem there is a more or less spherical cavern or congeries of caverns, formed by the growth of the attachment suckers.



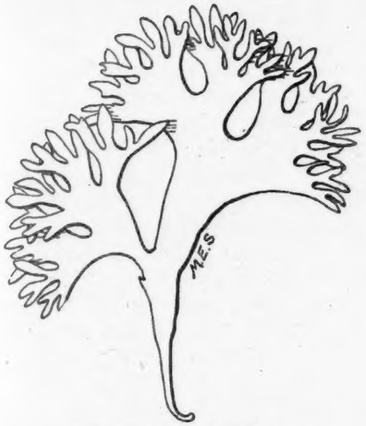
SEA-THONGS (*Himanthalia lorea*)



PEACOCK'S-TAIL (*Padina pavonia*)

The well-known Sea Lace (*Chorda filum*), though closely allied to the Tangles, presents a strong contrast to them. There is here no distinction between blade and stalk, the entire frond consisting of a very long and slender frond of equal thickness throughout, like an immense leather boot-lace. No matter how long these may be, they never fork or branch.

The fourth series—the *Rhodophyceæ*, or

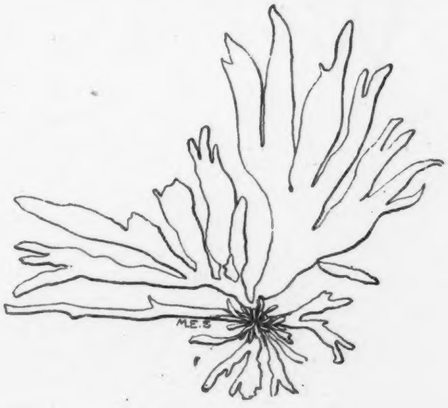


CARRAGEEN (*Chondrus crispus*)

Red-weeds—are remarkable as a rule for their splendid colouring, and many of them on account of the delicate beauty of their fine divisions. In none of them do we find that great elongation and branching of a single cell we noticed in *Codium* and *Bryopsis;* these are all multicellular. Growth always proceeds from a cell at the extremity of the shoot, and the branching is effected by the lateral division of this cell. There is a mode of reproduction peculiar to this series and distinctly sexual; a female cell or *carpogonium* being fertilised by non-motile male-cells known as *pollinoids*, which are wafted through the waters much as the pollen-cells of fir-trees are carried by the wind. These red-weeds always claim principal attention from the seaside visitor who has an idea of learning something of the treasures of the deep, though as a rule he only gets the bruised and broken specimens that have been cast up by the waves. They will be found in all their beauty at extreme low water, growing from the rocks under the shadow of the larger *Fuci*, and further out beneath the great Tangles. We should explain that what are known as red-weeds are not really red in all cases — some are nearly white, others yellowish, purple, or brown—but the great majority of the species are red beyond question, and most beautiful tints of red. And their colour has relation to their habitat. The few bright green seaweeds are found very near high water, the olive-coloured *Fuci* just below them, and the red below these. It would appear that as certain of the rays of light become obstructed by their passage through the waters the quality of the light that reaches the deeper parts is impaired, and the ordinary processes cannot be carried on by the chlorophyll of the weeds unless it is masked by tints of olive, brown or red, according to depth.

A well-known species in this series is the Carrageen or Irish Moss (*Chondrus crispus*), which is very variable both in form and colour. The frond is flat and fleshy, branched again and again in the same plane; in some forms these branches so overlap as to leave very regular elliptical spaces between, as shown in the figure. In colour it may be greenish white, white with crimson tips, yellow or purplish. It was in repute thirty or forty years ago as an invigorating, easily-digested food for invalids, but lately little has been heard of it. Another of the edible red-weeds is the Dulse (*Rhodymenia palmata*), with a dull purple frond divided into a number of slender lobes, which branch off in a fan-like manner from a common base. Under the same name in some districts there is also eaten an undivided iridescent purple strap called *Dilsea edulis.* We have never tried these weeds as food, but we learn from those who have that their chief recommendation is that they are better than nothing; that being so we have deferred the experiment until harder times come. At present we are content to feast upon them in the artistic sense.

Another plant bearing a similar name is the Pepper Dulse (*Laurencia pinnatifida*),



DULSE (*Rhodymenia palmata*)

only an inch or two high, like a minute purple fern of the Polypody type, growing over the rocks between tide-marks. Here, too, we find the Purple Laver (*Porphyra laciniata*), esteemed of epicures, closely resembling the Sea Lettuce (*Ulva*) in general form, but of much firmer texture and of dull purple colour. The group also contains such beautiful forms as the cactus-like *Catenella opuntia*, the somewhat similar but larger and more beautiful *Lomentaria articulata*, the purple, hair-like *Cystoclonium purpurascens*, the *Nitophyllums* and *Delesserias*, the *Ceramiums*, the *Polysiphonias*, and the *Plocamiums*, of clearest crimson tints and most delicate filaments. These are subjects that the tyro in seaweed-collecting considers his most desirable finds, and they certainly invest his album with striking beauty. Another group—most of which do not find their way into the albums—includes the Corallines, the *Melobesias* and the *Lithothamnions*, plants which coat themselves with a stony crust of lime, so that their vegetable character was long unsuspected, some species being regarded as of similar nature to corals, and others as mineral matter. The Corallines have slender branching, jointed fronds of white or purple; *Melobesia* coats the surface of submerged rocks and lines the pools; *Lithothamnion* forms irregular masses in the deep pools and at low water.

For the present, enough has been said to show that the "worthless Algæ" are worthy of consideration, and that the nature-lover will find among them no lack of variety in form, colour, habit or habitat, and that in all respects they are deserving of a better fate than passing them over as being unworthy of our consideration or study. Many an otherwise dreary seaside vacation might be made a time of mental rest and real recreation by a little knowledge of the myriad forms of life with which the sea is teeming.

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

By the Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE DUTY OF SYMPATHY

"Weep with them that weep."—Rom. xii. 15

"Whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it."—1 Cor. xii. 46

"WEEP with them that weep." But have we not all troubles enough of our own? Must we add the burden of other men's cares to the load which already life lays upon our tired shoulders? So, perhaps, the question may be put; but not, I think, by those who acknowledge any kind of relation to Christ, or to the teaching of the New Testament. For the duty of sympathy is bound up with the whole Christian conception of life. It does not depend on the authority of this or that "text"; it springs directly from our intimate relation to mankind revealed to us in Christ. Those who wish to know what may be said in defence of sympathy from the standpoint of Christian philosophy should read Butler's two famous sermons "Upon Compassion"; but it is not that aspect of the subject which concerns us just now. The shade of Hobbes does not vex us, and we surrender at once to the learned bishop's arguments. But to admit a duty is not the same thing as to perform it; and not unfrequently it comes to pass that the duties which we question least we neglect most. Men have a claim upon our sympathy, we know; and sometimes we take our acknowledgment of the debt as equivalent to its discharge. How, then, can we quicken the sympathetic spirit? How can we bring about in our own lives a more faithful fulfilment of this great New Testament duty?

The duty comes easier to some than to others, but no man can fulfil the whole law of sympathy without more or less careful self-discipline. When we sympathise with others, as Butler says, "we, as it were, substitute them for ourselves, their interest for our own." But this supplanting of self is sometimes the hardest thing in the world. "I thought of myself, and wrought for myself—for myself and none beside." Of how many days in our life is that one line the sum! But when that is so it needs the determined effort, the violent hands, of mind and will to drive self out of its little narrow road, and force it to have regard to the things of others. And even those who are by nature compassionate and tender-hearted have need to set a watch upon themselves that they do not grow callous and indifferent. True, there is such a thing as over-sensitiveness; but that is always the peril of the few. The world hardens most of us quickly enough, and except the inner life of the spirit be continually renewed, the moral nature becomes seared, the fount of pity is dried up, the power to feel with others is lost.

But more than self-discipline is needed to quicken the spirit of sympathy. We must learn from experience—our own experience and the experience of other men—how much God trusts to the ministry of human sympathy for the restoration and healing of broken, wounded souls. Every miracle of repair that sympathy works is His call to us to suffer with them that suffer, to weep with them that weep. "When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, 'Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear none ill, for thou art with me.' Then was he glad, because he gathered from thence that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself." That is what sympathy can do for suffering; it is a light in the dark throat of the pass, the voice of a friend in the solitude that wasteth at noonday. He who has no friend to whom he can open himself becomes, as Bacon says, a cannibal of his own heart. But true sympathy means the doubling of our joys, the halving of our griefs. "For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend but he grieveth the less." And greater works even than this sympathy can do; for by saving man's faith in goodness it has often saved his faith in God. We speak sometimes of the gracious mysteries of sorrow; but there is, as we know, a sorrow that has no balm in it, a sorrow that worketh death—the death of faith, the death of hope, the death of love—in which the soul grows hard and bitter, and is ready to curse God and die. Then comes the white-winged angel to lead us away from the city of destruction back to sanity, and peace, and life. And the angel's name is Sympathy.

God forgive us that so often we forget these things! God forgive us that so often we leave undone the many things it is within our power to do!—the writing of a letter, the paying of a call, the silent hand-grip which might say better than many words what some poor heart aches to hear, "I know, I understand, I am with you,"—all that "helpless goodwill," those "ineffectual assistances" (as Butler calls them) which are so little and yet mean so much, and which God has appointed for the healing of the grievous hurts of sorrow.

SECOND SUNDAY

THE ABUSE OF SYMPATHY

"He longed after you all, and was sore troubled, because ye had heard that he was sick."—Phil. ii. 26

CHRIST bore our griefs and carried our sorrows; and this mind which was in Him must be also in all them that are His. We must "put on," as the first of the garments of the renewed soul, "a heart of compassion." We must learn to show sympathy to others in their sorrows, and to receive it from them in our own. But there is another side to the subject which should not be disregarded. Sympathy may be abused; and while we encourage in every way its manifestation we must take care sternly to check its abuse.

When I speak of the abuse of sympathy, I am thinking of those who are always craving for pity, who love "to make parade of pain." Their own troubles are their continual theme; they talk about them until they come to have a kind of independent existence; they advertise them to every new-comer; they are almost aggrieved if you do not know everything about them. They have no ears for the woes of others, for their tongues are always busy with their own, and, at last, by this "importunate canvass for sympathy," they wear out affection itself. "Who has not watched a fretful invalid recounting his woes, blind to the pain in the patient listening face?"

But there is surely a nobler temper than this. Epaphroditus, who was Paul's "brother and fellow worker and fellow soldier," and the Philippians' "messenger and minister" to his need, "longed after you all," the Apostle writes, "and was sore troubled because ye had heard that he was sick." His friends at Philippi, Epaphroditus knew, had troubles enough of their own; why should they be burdened with his? He would bear them alone and be silent.

> If, in the paths of the world,
> Stones might have wounded thy feet,
> Toil or dejection have tried
> Thy spirit, of that we saw
> Nothing—to us thou wast still
> Cheerful and helpful and firm.

Is it not so that true love always strives to show itself? It will not talk much of its own griefs and disappointments; it will not burden the hearts of the tender with its own weary load; it is always sparing of the feelings of others; it learns to suffer and be silent.

I do not mean, of course, that all desire for sympathy is unworthy and ought to be repressed. Within limits it is natural and has a right to be satisfied. But, as Butler says, "any disposition, prevailing beyond a certain degree becomes somewhat wrong." And the perpetual craving for commiseration, the delight in being pitied, of which alone I am speaking just now, always implies, as Butler points out, "a certain weakness and feebleness of mind, which is and ought to be disapproved." For our own sake, too, it is good not to talk much of what distresses us; for "expression reacts upon emotion, and makes the burden heavier"; it "is apt to carry with it exaggeration, and this exaggerated form becomes henceforth that under which we represent our miseries to ourselves, so that they are thereby increased." Therefore, as Mark Rutherford says, let us "early apprentice ourselves to the art of self-suppression and sternly apply the gag to eloquence upon our own woes."

> Go bury thy sorrow,
>   The world hath its share;
> Go bury it deeply,
>   Go hide it with care.

I am aware that, to some, what I have written in this chapter will read almost like a contradiction of the chapter which precedes it. There I have urged the duty of showing our sympathy, here the duty of hiding our sorrows. Yet, perhaps, it is only so that the whole truth can be set forth. "Bear ye one another's burdens (βάρη), and so fulfil the law of Christ," Paul wrote to the Galatians; and then two or three verses further down we find he has worked his way round to the apparently contradictory precept, "Each man shall bear his own burden (φορτίον)." But (apart from the fact that Paul uses a different Greek word in the two sayings) there is no real contradiction. There are burdens which those who love us are sharing with us every day; this is the work of sympathy. And there are burdens, as we all know, which no man can share, which we must carry alone; and of these, save when we are in the presence of God, it is best to be silent.

THIRD SUNDAY

DELIGHT IN OTHER MEN'S GOOD

"Rejoice with them that rejoice."—Rom. xii. 15

"Whether one member is honoured, all the members rejoice with it."—1 Cor. xii. 26

I HAVE dealt in the two previous papers with some aspects of the great Christian law of sympathy; but there is another aspect of the subject which still remains to be considered. The whole law of sympathy is not summed up in this word, "Weep with them that weep"; we must learn also to "rejoice with them that rejoice." Sorrow in other men's sorrow—that is one half the circle; joy in other men's joy—that makes the perfect round. And until we have learned both we have learned but half our lesson.

Moreover, it is this second half of the lesson which most of us find it hardest to learn. As Butler truly observes, compassion for other men's distresses is felt much more generally than delight in their prosperity. Our very language bears witness to the fact. Take, *e.g.*, the two words by which we commonly describe the emotion of which we are now thinking: "sympathy" and "compassion." One is a Greek, the other a Latin, word, and the meaning of each is expressed exactly by their Anglo-Saxon equivalent, "fellow feeling." When we sympathise with a person, or have compassion upon him, we *feel with* him. Strictly speaking, therefore, the words are wholly neutral in their meaning—*i.e.*, they give no indication of the nature of the feelings which we share, whether they are of sorrow or of joy. Usage, however, has restricted the application of the terms to feelings of one kind only, and we are now left without any single word by which to express delight in other men's good.

But it is not only our language which shows how much easier it is to suffer when others suffer than to rejoice when others are honoured. One glance into our own hearts will reveal the same fact. "Never," said a wise man once, "praise any potter's pots in the hearing of another potter." And there are some of us who can never hear another man's work well spoken of, especially if he be in the same walk of life as ourselves, but immediately the devil of depreciation begins his ugly work. We go, it may be, to offer some one our congratulations on the success which has crowned his labours—in business, or in public life, or in the church—and straightway the same evil spirit takes possession of us. In what a gingerly, half-hearted, insincere fashion do we set about our task, until at last the insincerity clogs our tongue and the unreal words we had prepared stick in our throat, and cannot get themselves spoken. But the moment our friend's back is turned, the flood-gates are opened, and the dark, bitter stream flows forth. "His usual luck," we say; "can't understand how it is. Ah well! but it won't last, you know, it won't last—more showy than solid"; and then we mutter something about going up like a rocket and coming down like a stick. Ay, anything, anything, we will admit sooner than that the laurels have been won by hard work and honest worth. So hard is it to rejoice when another is honoured! So hard is it to cast out the devil of depreciation!

But until that evil spirit is cast out, and we can unfeignedly rejoice in another's good, there is not in us the mind which was in Christ Jesus. He who cannot respond, heartily and ungrudgingly, to a call like that of the man in the parable, when he called together his neighbours and friends, saying, "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost," is not only missing one of life's purest delights, he is neglecting one of its plainest duties. Sympathy, I say, in this larger, wider meaning of the word, is a duty as well as a delight. Because sorrows shared are halved, therefore ought we to weep with them that weep; because joys shared are doubled, therefore ought we to rejoice with them that rejoice. It is not enough that we pray with Pope, "Teach me to feel another's woe"; we must likewise learn to pray, "Teach me to feel another's joy."

Was not this the law of Christ's own life? When He saw the leper, the widow at Nain, the blind man by the wayside, the multitudes "distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a shepherd," He was moved with compassion, He suffered with the suffering. But when Matthew the publican "made Him a great feast in his house," Jesus did not refuse it, but sat down with His disciples, saying that while the bridegroom was with them it was meet that they should rejoice. And once again, by His presence and first miracle which He wrought in Cana of Galilee, He entered into the simple gladness of those whom He loved, sharing their joys as He shared their sorrows, and leaving to all His disciples an example that they should follow in His steps.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS

"The fruit of the Spirit is . . . joy."—Gal. v. 22

"THERE is no duty we so much underrate," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "as the duty of being happy." "A happy man or woman," continues the same gay philosopher, "is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good-will, and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted." Such are the men and women that Christianity is meant to create. God Himself is the "blessed," or the "happy," God. The fruit of the Spirit is joy. "Rejoice alway" is one of the "standing orders" of the Gospel. And however some of the facts of the Church's history, and certain still current conceptions of religion may conspire to convey a different impression, the fact remains that the typical New Testament Christian is cheerful, sunny, joyous. We must learn, therefore, to make room in our ideal of Christian perfection for the virtue of happiness. We must think of joy, as Dr. Dale says, not as a happy accident of the Christian life, an ornament and a luxury, but as a duty; and while we ask God to forgive us for our evil thoughts and evil temper, we must also ask Him to forgive us for our sadness.

But though joy is the duty of all who profess and call themselves Christians, there is—if I may venture to say so without being misunderstood—a special obligation in this matter resting upon those of us who inherit the special traditions of the great Evangelical Revival. The double truth with which, in the eighteenth century, John Wesley turned England upside-down was this: All men may be saved, all men may know that they are saved. Wesley believed and taught, not only that men may be forgiven, but that every forgiven man may receive the joyful assurance of the favour of God. And the preaching of that rediscovered truth was like the ringing of innumerable bells which for generations had hung silent and joyless in dark, forsaken towers. Look, *e.g.*, at some of the hymns in which the early Methodists set their faith to music, and then contrast them with the mournful, dirge-like chants we so often sing to-day. We come together for public worship, and the minister gives out,

Weary of earth and laden with my sin,

or,

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest,

or, again,

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near.

I do not say we ought never to sing such hymns; but this is not the note which the New Testament strikes. The book which reflects the life of the first believers "does not contain a querulous word from beginning to end. It is the book of infinite joy." And that same glad music breaks out continually in the hymnology of the great Revival—

Come, ye that love the Lord,
  And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
  While ye surround His throne.

. . . .

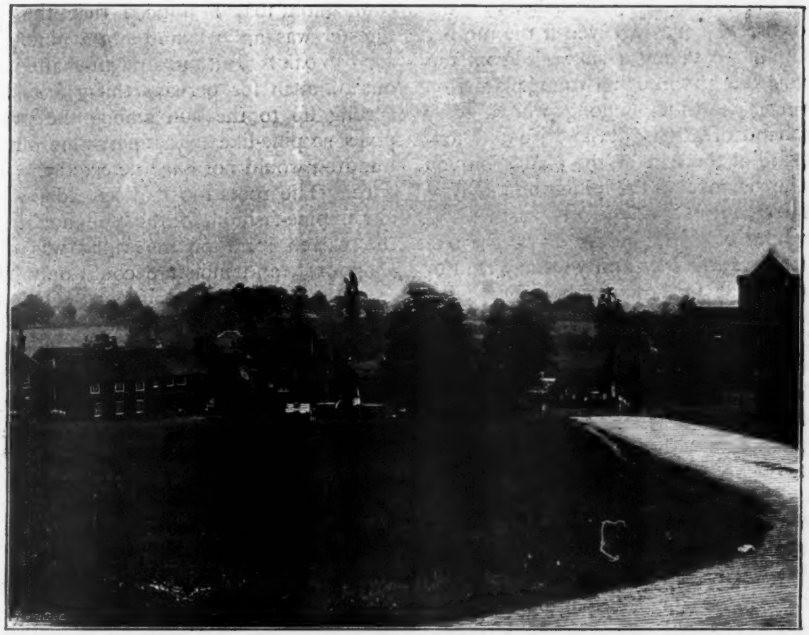
Then let our songs abound,
  And every tear be dry;
We are marching through Immanuel's ground
  To fairer worlds on high.

Happy the souls to Jesus joined
  And saved by grace alone,
Walking in all His ways they find
  Their heaven on earth began.

They did not know—the men who sang these hymns—the sunless gulfs of doubt, they trod the sunlit heights of faith; they could not sing the sad litanies of sorrow, they shouted the jubilant Te Deums of triumph and of gladness.

Ought not our religion to strike, more often than it does, this same high note to-day? We falter in our "great task of happiness"; the goodness of God knocks at our sullen heart in vain. We serve God, but not "with gladness"; nay, often we sin against Him by our "self-cherished sadness." I do not forget the deep differences of circumstances and temperament which divide men. It is easy for some to rejoice, for they are the children of the sunshine and the noonday; but for others it is hard, for they were born of the twilight and the gloom. Nevertheless, true religion must always mean a definite access of joy; it must always mean the heightening and deepening of the emotional life. Christ makes His appeal to the whole man; and as religion means the expansion and enrichment of the intellect, and the strengthening and bracing of the will, so also does it mean the exaltation and kindling of the emotions.

This joy of which I write is, be it remembered, not carnal but spiritual. It is something wholly different from the merely physical excitement which may or may not accompany it, and which alone is but as the crackling of thorns under a pot. It is a fruit of the spirit, and has its roots deep in that new life which is the gift of God to all them who receive His Son. And as it is spiritual in its source, so also it is practical in its issue. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Joy in service is always strength for service. The sad heart tires in a mile; but they whose joy is in God shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint. "The joy of the Lord, the joy that is strength, the joy that no man taketh from us, the joy wherewith we joy before God, the abundant joy of faith, and hope, and love, and praise, this it is that gathers like a radiant, fostering, cheering air around the soul that yields itself to the grace of God, to do His holy, loving will."



(West, photographer, Godalming)

CHIDDINGFOLD GREEN, SURREY

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

HERE at Hambledon, barely a mile and a half from the direct line to Portsmouth, one is on the edge of that tract of Surrey which is known as the Fold Country. If ever there was magic in a name, it is surely in this, with its promise of tranquillity of heart, of soft grass for silent walking, of day-dreams under green shadows beyond which the sunshine lies warm and drowsy on the level acres. The Fold Country! The peace of the ancient Psalms seems to hush its meadows and its open woodland, and it is rare indeed that one finds oneself so completely attuned by a mere name to the stillness and contentment of solitary places. It is true that the old dwellers who cleared spaces in the great woods, and fenced with the felled trees these "folds" which occur in so many place-names hereabout, had no thoughts of this kind—the happier we, who cannot divest the word "fold" of the comfortable association of a watchfulness and provision which shall not fail us in all our mortal years.

Hambledon itself straggles far between its heath and great ridge of pines on one side and the wooded "strays" on the south. There is more of common than of houses, hedgeless except where the land is under crops; and in the wet weather the flocks of geese must find abundant water. Even now in the drought there are pools, though these are shrunken; but in the strays the baked earth, honeycombed with the deep prints of cloven hoof and iron shoe, tells plainly what a lodgment the rain must find in these low grassy spots. From the top of the heath, where the savage whins leave little room for the heather, one looks south for miles over village and farm to the South Downs; and there on the hottest day you shall find "the babes of breeze" playing, even if the mother wind should be taking a siesta. From the heath you may go through a young plantation of Spanish chestnuts, among which every vacant handsbreath is lit up with tall foxgloves, and at the end of the plantation you enter the heights of the pine-wood. And here it is delightful to be in any weather and at any hour of the night or day. No one seems to pass this way, and you may read or smoke or muse for hours without hearing a sound except those of the wild creatures. A casual shower scarcely penetrates at all, and in a high wind the tree-tops rock and roar, but the air about you is still. Rise, however, from your seat on the whortleberry leaves, and lean with the palm of your hand against one of the slender ruddy trunks. Do you not feel the bosom of the tree-nymph under the bark, rising and falling with the deep respiration of a troubled heart? The sensation is so real, so unexpected, that it is not till you have glanced upward and seen the top of the pine swaying far above that you understand the cause of the strange life-like palpitation.

None of the trees are old enough to have the red flakes of the trunk encrusted with the hoary lichen one sometimes sees, and indeed it is safer to refrain from associating the pines with the forest primeval. Once, on the edge of the Hurtwood, I talked to a cottager who, like her father and her grandfather, had spent all her days under the same thatched roof, and in speaking of old times, she told me she remembered how in her girlhood the knoll before us was planted with larch and fir. The regular linear planting of pines, which enables one to see so far into the heart of a wood, and, if need be, to send an arrow through a tyrant at a thousand feet, is somewha irritating; Nature does not range her trees in that fashion; still if the bracken be tall and plentiful the defect is easily condoned. One of the curious things among these Hambledon pines is the way in which the oaks have been driven into imitation of the ways of growth of their more numerous wood-mates. On the slope of the ridge I came upon a sand-pit which had been dug too near one of the trees, so that in some fierce gust of wind it had fallen across the cavity. It was not till my attention had been directed to it by my companion that I noticed that the fallen forester was an oak and not a pine. And such an oak! Tall and straight-shafted, without a branch for perhaps thirty feet, it had sprung up to the sun among the press of pines so pine-like that ninety-nine out of a hundred would not have detected the difference. The roots too had spread out laterally in pine-fashion, for the blue mould above the barren sand of the ridge was of the shallowest, and moisture could only be had from the rain-drenched surface. On looking round, I perceived that this oak was no peculiar exception to the laws of oak-development, for I counted at least half a dozen others which had so adapted themselves to their surroundings that I began to question whether they did not belong to some special species which had abandoned the gnarled, agonised tortuousness of the ordinary tree.

It is at sunrise and sunset that the pine-wood is most enchanted. In the cool wind of the early day the white vapours begin to steal off down the slopes into the darkest recesses of the undergrowth; then a sudden light catches the high tops of the sombre trees and turns them to gold; and a minute or two later the long pillars are brightened, and it is broad June through the length and breadth of the forest. The scarlet leaves on the oak seedlings burn like flames; the cuckoo calls from some branch unseen; a squirrel darts across the path and flashes up a trunk. But sunset is the diviner hour. The low light, which seems to deepen the sombre green into a transparent darkness, dapples the stems with brightness, changes ledges of leaves to brilliant emerald, and flecks the bracken with patches of fairy gold. Then if you are fortunate enough to have a small comrade with you, bid him go and get some of the brightness for himself. He will touch the shining leaves with wonder, bathe his face with the magical air, and put his feet half timidly on the bracken so that he may be "the Boy with the Golden Shoes," whose happy legend you will, of course, have to make up on the spot for his delectation. Before you have finished, the wood will have grown dim; but if you glance upward you will still see a relique of the after-glow on the topmost spires, and when you leave the shadows and get out once more on the fresh heath you will hear the cuckoo calling and the larks singing hilariously in the high clear air.

The Fold Country makes a welcome alternative to the Pinewood, and the nearest of the ancient forest clearings is Chiddingfold. You will probably fail to reach it by the mysterious tracks which are said to lead through the fields, but the high road with its big barns and cottages and "strays"—those good stretches of green and now wooded common which used to run alongside all our old English roads—is pleasant to follow. Even the Romans found their way to Chiddingfold, though for centuries no one suspected it, for it was only about eighteen years ago that the foundations of a Roman villa were discovered. Long after their time, according to the chronicler, there were eleven glass houses on the green, but in the days of Elizabeth they were abolished as a nuisance. For one moment, as I read the record, I was delighted at the idyllic character of the age in which people lived in glass houses, but in the next I quite agreed that the Elizabethan villagers were right, in spite of the proposal in our own days to build with glass, in rebelling against dwellings in which so little reticence was possible. It was not till I had read further of masses of vitreous slag having been dug up that I understood the kind of glass house to which my author referred. Then, too, a century or two later, the smiths of Chiddingfold did some pretty work in grates, fenders and fire-dogs, in the days when there was an iron-trade on the Weald. All these things are mere memories now. Chiddingfold is simply a green peaceful village of the quaintest Old English type, with brown-roofed half-timbered or weather-tiled houses, a delightfully picturesque hostelry, and an interesting church. In front of the inn swings the gorgeous sign of the Crown beside three red hawthorns on a patch of sward. Opposite stands the lych-gate with a massive slab of oak on which to place the coffin on its entrance to the most restful of graveyards. Outside on the east wall, below the great window, the eye falls on a tablet bearing the inscription:

(West, photographer, Godalming)

THE OLD HOSTELRY "THE CROWN," CHIDDINGFOLD

NEAR THIS SPOT
AT EVENTIDE ON MONDAY JVLY XXI, MDCCCLXXIII
RESTED THE BODY OF
SAMVEL WILBERFORCE,
BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,
ON ITS LAST JOURNEY HOME TO LAVINGTON.
BY A FALL FROM HIS HORSE HE WAS CALLED
SVDDENLY
FROM VNWEARIED LABOVR TO ETERNAL REST.
BE YE THEREFORE READY ALSO.

As I entered the church and heard the swing of the pendulum beating like a heart in the stillness, I realised how little we think of the story of these numberless village churches scattered over the land—how little of the interesting things that might be recorded of many of them, and how much less of the lives of the generations who have lived and died around them. And I remembered how a few miles away on the east there was a small restored edifice of ancient date, the interior of which the rector had decorated with his own hand, painting on the eastern wall the Apostles fishing, and swinging out the net along the other three walls so as to enclose the whole congregation. Then, further east, in the wall of the aisle of another church a recess contains in its shrine the heart of a knight who died —*how* legend and history have forgotten—under Syrian skies; while, away in the south-west there may still be seen in the Prior's Chamber of a ruined monastery a rude fresco of the Nativity, in which the

Cock crows, "Christus natus est" (The Christ is born), the Duck quacks, "Quando?" (When?), the Raven replies, "In hac nocte" (This night), the Cow lows "Ubi, ubi?" (Where, where?), and the Lamb bleats, "Bethlem." Singularly enough this same pictorial conception of the Nativity is mentioned by Hone in his "Every-Day Book" as occurring on a sheet of carols printed in London in 1701. Did the author derive his design from the "religious man, inventing the concerts of both birds and beasts," who painted the chamber at Schulebrede Priory, or was it a familiar device of the Middle Ages?

In the porch at Chiddingfold I observed two fragments of stone from the graveyard, which had been built into the walls. On one appeared the broken lettering:

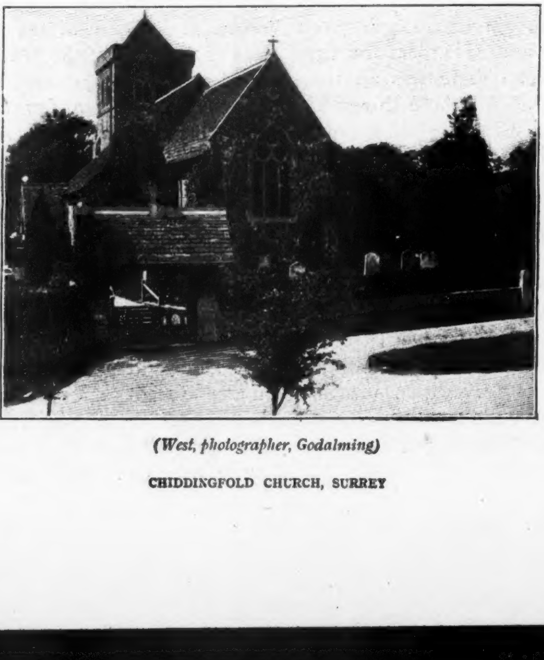
YE WIFE OF IOH . . .
SEN^{r}. WHO DIE . . .

on the other:

. . . V (Nov?) 16, 1722, AO . . .
ALSO IOHN . . .
WAS BURIED A . . .

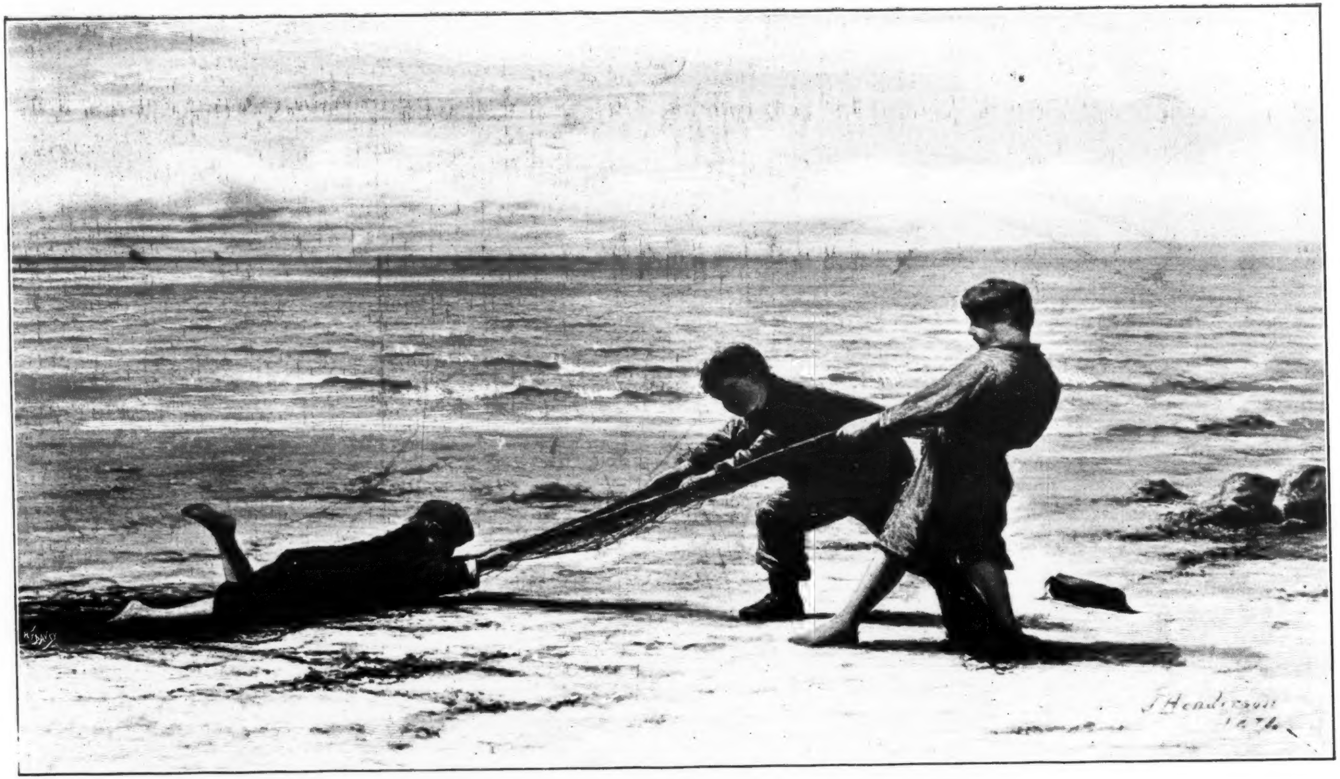
And this is all that is left of the earthly lives of John and his wife! One cannot brush aside the obvious commonplaces of mortality when one comes upon them in so palpable a shape.

Time your visit to Chiddingfold so as to return in the clear twilight, when you can hear the belated labourer still sharpening his scythe in the meadow, and the voices of children calling to each other among the trees. You will pass old-fashioned cottages with open windows, set in gardens full of rose-bushes, with a draw-well in the centre of each garden. But you will see scarcely any one to give you the time of day or to answer a question. You know there are people about, but they are all invisible, and busy in wood or field. In spite of all the "folds" the country might still be forest, so unfrequented does it look. In his "Words and Places," I recollect, the Rev. Isaac Taylor gives an interesting comparison between the condition of Surrey and that of Suffolk as indicated by place-names. "Of the total number of names in Surrey," he writes, "36 per cent. have terminations like *wood*, *holt*, *hurst*, *ley*, *den* or *moor*, and 12 per cent. end in *don*, *combe*, *ridge*, *hill*, &c., while 40 per cent. exhibit such suffixes as *ham*, *worth*, *cote*, *ton*, *sted* or *borough*, whence we gather that the proportion of uninhabited to inhabited places was 48 to 40. In Suffolk, on the other hand, the population seems to have been much more dense, for 65 per cent. of the names denote habitations, 18 per cent. denote wood and moorland, and 7 per cent. denote hills." The analysis does certainly convey an idea of what these counties must have been like in by-gone centuries, and even now sufficient of hurst and holt and moor remains in Surrey to give it the peace and noiselessness and easeful green which so many love to find in a holiday land.



(West, photographer, Godalming)

CHIDDINGFOLD CHURCH, SURREY


J Henderson
1876

(*By kind permission of George Beatson, Esq., M.D., Glasgow*)

A GOOD HAUL

By Joseph Henderson

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE

By NEIL MUNRO

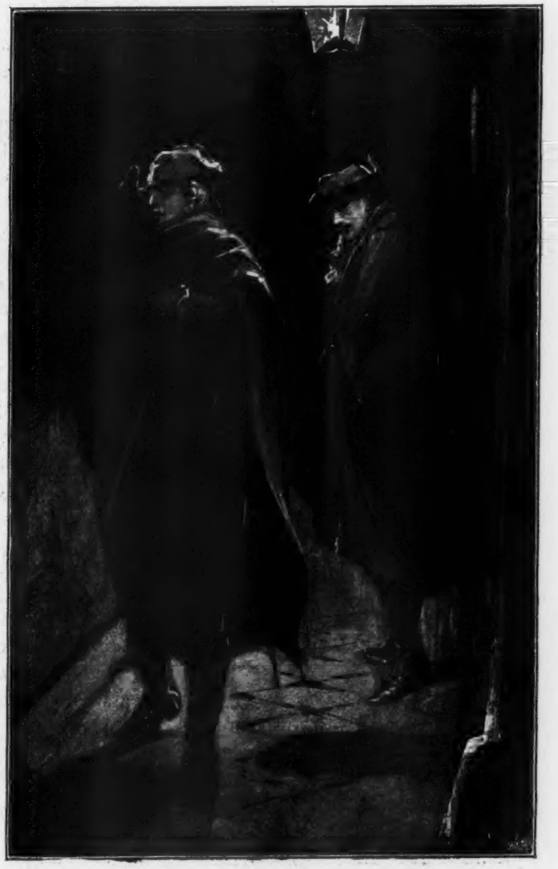
ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XXXII

THE DUEL IN THE AUBERGE GARDEN

WHOEVER it was that moved at the instigation of Madame on my behalf, they put speed into the business, for the very next day I was told my sous-lieutenancy was waiting at the headquarters of the regiment. A severance that seemed almost impossible to me before I learned from the lady's own lips that her heart was elsewhere engaged, was now a thing to long for eagerly, and I felt the sooner I was out of Dunkerque and employed about something more important than the tying of my hair and the teasing of my heart with thinking, the better for myself. Teasing my heart, I say, for Miss Walkinshaw had her own reasons for refusing to see me any more, and, do what I might, I could never manage to come face to face with her. Perhaps on the whole it was as well, for what in the world I was to say to the lady, supposing I were privileged, it beats me now to fancy. Anyhow, the opportunity never came my way, though, for the few days that elapsed before I departed from Dunkerque, I spent hours in the Rue de la Boucherie sipping sirops on the terrace of the Café Coignet opposite her lodging, or at night in the old game of humming ancient love-songs to her high and distant window. All I got for my pains were brief and tantalising glimpses of her shadow on the curtains; an attenuate kind of bliss it must be owned, and yet counted by Master Red-Shoes (who suffered from nostalgia, not from love, if he had had the sense to know it) a very delirium of delight.

One night there was an odd thing came to pass. But, first of all, I must tell that more than once of an evening, as I would be in the street and staring across at Miss Walkinshaw's windows, I saw his Royal Highness in the neighbourhood. His cloak might be voluminous, his hat dragged down upon the very nose of him, but still the step was unmistakable. If there had been the smallest doubt of it, there came one evening when he



"I saw his Royal Highness in the neighbourhood" passed me so close in the light of an oil lamp that I saw the very blotches of his countenance. What was more, he saw and recognised me, though he passed without any other sign than the flash of an eye and a half-step of hesitation.

"H'm," thinks I, "here's Monsieur Albany looking as if he might, like myself, be trying to content himself with the mere shadows of things."

He saw me more than once, and at last there came a night when a fellow in drink came staving down the street on the side I was on and jostled me in the by going without a word of apology.

"*Pardonnez, Monsieur!*" said I in irony, with my hat off to give him a hint at his manners.

He lurched a second time against me and put up his hand to catch my chin, as if I were a wench. "*Mon dieu! Monsieur Blancbec*, 'tis time you were home," said he in French, and stuttered some ribaldry that made me smack his face with an open hand.

At once he sobered with suspicious suddenness if I had had the sense to reflect upon it, and gave me his name and direction as one George Bonnat, of the Marine. "Monsieur will do me the honour of a meeting behind the Auberge Cassard after *petit dejeuner* to-morrow," said he, and named a friend. It was the first time I was ever challenged. It should have rung in the skull of me like an alarm, but I cannot recall at this date that my heart beat a stroke the faster, or that the invitation vexed me more than if it had been one to the share of a bottle of wine.

"It seems a pretty ceremony about a cursed impertinence on the part of a man in liquor," I said, "but I'm ready to meet you either before or after *petit déjeuner*, as it best suits you, and my name's Greig, by your leave."

"Very well, Monsieur Greig," said he; "except that you stupidly impede the pavement and talk French like a Spanish cow (*comme une vache espagnole*), you seem a gentleman of much accommodation. Eight o'clock then, behind the *auberge*," and off went Sir Ruffler singularly straight and business-like, with a profound *congé* for the unfortunate wretch he planned to thrust a spit through in the morning.

I went home at once, to find Thurot and Clancarty at lansquenet. They were as elate at my story as if I had been asked to dine with Louis.

"Gad, 'tis an Occasion!" cried my lord, and helped himself, as usual, with a charming sentiment: "*A demain les affaires serieux;* to-night we'll pledge our friend!"

Thurot evinced a flattering certainty of my ability to break down M. Bonnat's guard in little or no time. "A crab, this Bonnat," said he. "Why he should pick a quarrel with you I cannot conceive, for 'tis well known the man is M. Albany's creature. But, no matter, we shall tickle his ribs, M. Paul. *Ma foi!* here's better gaming than your pestilent cards. I'd have every man in the kingdom find an affair for himself once a month to keep his spleen in order."

"This one's like to put mine very much out of order with his iron," I said, a little ruefully recalling my last affair.

"What!" cried Thurot, "after all my lessons! And this Bonnat a crab too! Fie! M. Paul. And what an he pricks a little? a man's the better for some iron in his system now and then. Come, come, pass down these foils, my lord, and I shall supple the arms of our Paul."

We had a little exercise, and then I went to bed. The two sat in my room, and smoked and talked till late in the night, while I pretended to be fast asleep. But so far from sleep was I, that I could hear their watches ticking in their fobs. Some savagery, some fearful want of soul in them, as evidenced by their conversation, horrified me. It was no great matter that I was to risk my life upon a drunkard's folly, but for the first time since I had come into the port of Dunkerque, and knew these men beside my bed, there intruded a fiery sense of alienation. It seemed a dream—a dreadful dream, that I should be lying in a foreign land, upon the eve, perhaps, of my own death, or of another manslaughter, and in a correspondence with two such worldly men as those that sat there recalling combats innumerable with never a thought of the ultimate fearful retribution. Compared with this close room, where fumed the wine and weed, and men with never a tie domestic were paying away their lives in the small change of trivial pleasures, how noble and august seemed our old life upon the moors!

When they were gone I fell asleep and slept without a break till Thurot's fingers drummed reveille on my door. I jumped into the sunshine of a lovely day that streamed into the room, and soused my head in water, and in a little stood upon the street with my companion.

"*Bon matin*, Paul!" he cried cheerfully. "Faith, you sleep *sur les deux oreilles,* and we must be marching briskly to be at M. Bonnat's rendezvous at eight o'clock."

We went through the town and out upon its edge at the Calais road. The sky was blue like another sea; the sea itself was all unvexed by wave; a sweeter day for slaughtering would pass the wit of man to choose. Thurot hummed an air as he walked along the street, but I was busy thinking of another morning in Scotland, when I got a bitter lesson I now seemed scandalously soon to have forgotten. By-and-bye we came to the inn. It stood by itself upon the roadside, with a couple of workmen sitting on a bench in front dipping their morning crusts in a common jug of wine. Thurot entered and made some inquiry; came out radiant. "Monsieur is not going to disappoint us, as I feared," said he; and led me quickly behind the *auberge*. We passed through the yard, where a servant-girl scoured pots and pans and sang the while as if the world were wholly pleasant in that sunshine; we crossed a tiny rivulet upon a rotten plank and found ourselves in an orchard. Great old trees stood silent in the finest foggy grass, their boughs all bursting out in blossom, and the air scent-thickened; everywhere the birds were busy; it seemed a world of piping song. I thought to myself there could be no more incongruous place nor season for our duelling, and it was with half a gladness I looked around the orchard, finding no one there.

"Bah! our good Bonnat's gone!" cried Thurot, vastly chagrined and tugging at his watch. "That comes of being five minutes too late, and I cannot, by my faith, compliment the gentleman upon his eagerness to meet you."

I was mistaken but for a second; then I spied my fiery friend of the previous evening lying on his back beneath the oldest of the trees, his hat tilted over his eyes, as if he had meant to snatch a little sleep in spite of the dazzling sunshine. He rose to his feet on our approach, swept off his hat courteously, and hailed Thurot by name.

"What, you, Antoine! I am ravished! For, look you, the devil's in all my friends that I can get none of them to move a step at this hour of the morning, and I have had to come to M. Greig without a second. Had I known his friend was Captain Thurot I should not have vexed myself. Doubtless M. Greig has no objection to my entrusting my interests as well as his own in the hands of M. le Capitaine?"

I bowed my assent. Captain Thurot cast a somewhat cold and unsatisfied eye upon the ruffler, protesting the thing was unusual.

Bonnat smiled and shrugged his shoulders, put off his coat with much deliberation, and took up his place upon the sward, where I soon followed him.

"Remember, it is no fool, this crab," whispered Captain Thurot as he took my coat from me. "And 'tis two to one on him who prefers the parry to the attack."

I had been reading Molière's "Bourgeoise Gentilhomme" the previous morning, and as I faced my assailant I had the fencing-master's words running in my ears as well as Captain Thurot's: "To give and not receive is the secret of the sword." It may appear incredible, but it seemed physically a trivial affair I was engaged upon until I saw the man Bonnat's eye. He wore a smile, but his eye had the steely glint of murder! It was as unmistakable as if his tongue confessed it, and for a second I trembled at the possibilities of the situation. He looked an unhealthy dog; sallow exceedingly on the neck, which had the sinews so tight they might have twanged like wire, and on his cheeks, that he seemed to suck in with a gluttonous exultation such as a gross man shows in front of a fine meal.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" said Thurot; and we nodded. "Then in guard!" said he.

We saluted, fell into position and thrust simultaneously in tierce, parrying alike, then opened more seriously.

In Thurot's teaching of me there was no lesson he more unweariedly insisted on, whose object was to keep my point in a straight line and parry in the smallest possible circles. I had every mind of it now, but the cursed thing was that this Bonnat knew it too. He fenced, like an Italian, wholly from the wrist, and, crouched upon his knees, husbanded every ounce of energy by the infrequency and the brevity of his thrusts. His lips drew back from his teeth, giving him a most villainous aspect, and he began to press in the lower lines.

In a side-glance hazarded I saw the anxiety of Thurot's eye and realised his apprehension. I broke ground, and still, I think, was the bravo's match but for the alarm of Thurot's eye. It confused me so much that I parried widely and gave an opening for a thrust that caught me slightly on the arm, and dyed my shirt-sleeve crimson in a moment.

"Halt!" cried Thurot, and put up his arm.

I lowered my weapon, thinking the bout over, and again saw murder in Bonnat's eye. He lunged furiously at my chest, missing by a miracle.

"*Scélérat!*" cried Thurot, and, in an uncontrollable fury at the action, threw himself upon Bonnat and disarmed him.

They glared at each other for a minute, and Thurot finally cast the other's weapon over a hedge. "So much for M. Bonnat!" said he. "This is our valiant gentleman, is it? To stab like an assassin."

"*Oh malédiction!*" said the other, little abashed, and shrugging his shoulders as he lifted his coat to put it on. "Talking of assassination, I but did the duty of the executioner in his absence, and proposed to kill the man who meditated the same upon the Prince."

"The Prince!" cried Thurot. "Why, 'tis the Prince's friend, and saved his life!"

"I know nothing about that," said Bonnat; "but, do you think I'd be out here at such a cursed early hour fencing if any other than M. Albany had sent me? *Pardieu!* the whole of you are in the farce, but I always counted you the Prince's friend, and here you must meddle when I do as I am told to do."

"And you tell me, Jean Bonnat, that you take out my friend to murder him by M. Albany's command?" cried Thurot incredulous.

"What the deuce else?" replied the bravo. "'Tis true M. Albany only mentioned that M. des Souliers Rouges was an obstruction in the Rue de la Boucherie and asked me to clear him out of Dunkerque, but 'twere a tidier job to clear him altogether. And here is a great pother about an English hog!"

I was too busily stanching my wound, that was scarce so serious as it appeared, to join in this dispute, but the allusion to the Prince and the Rue de la Boucherie extremely puzzled me. I turned to Bonnat with a cry for an explanation.

"What!" I says, "does his Royal Highness claim any prerogative to the Rue de la Boucherie? I'm unconscious that I ever did either you or him the smallest harm, and if my service—innocent enough as it was—with the priest Hamilton was something to resent, his Highness has already condoned the offence."

"For the sake of my old friend M. le Capitaine here I shall give you one word of advice," said Bonnat, "and that is, to evacuate Dunkerque as sharply as you may. M. Albany may owe you some obligement, as I've heard him hint himself, but nevertheless your steps will be safer elsewhere than in the Rue de la Boucherie."

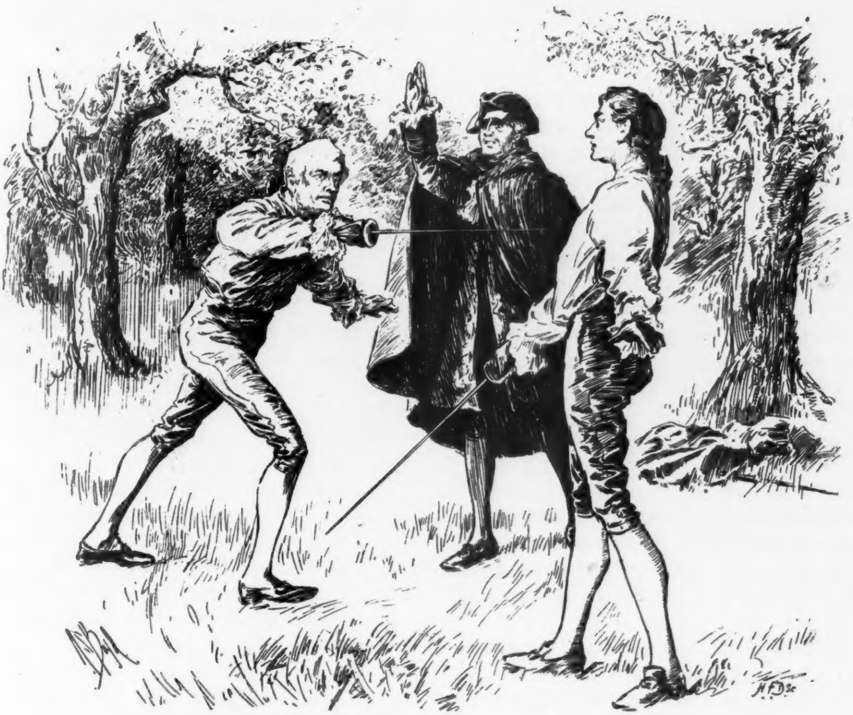
"There is far too much of the Rue de la Boucherie about this," I said, "and I hope no insult is intended to certain friends I have or had there."

At this they looked at one another. The bravo (for so I think I may at this time call him) whistled curiously and winked at the other, and, in spite of himself, Captain Thurot was bound to laugh.

"And has M. Paul been haunting the Rue de la Boucherie too?" said he. "That, indeed, is to put another face on the business. 'Tis, *ma foi!* to expect too much of M. Albany's complaisance. After that, there is nothing for us but to go home. And, harkee! M. Bonnat, no more Venetian work, or, by St. Denys, I shall throw you into the harbour."

"You must ever have your joke, my noble M. le Capitaine," said Bonnat brazenly, and tucked his hat on the side of the head. "M. Blancbec there handles *arme blanche* rather prettily, thanks, no doubt, to the gallant commander of the *Roi Rouge*, but, if he has a mother, let me suggest the wisdom of his going back to her." And with that and a *congé* he left us to enter the *auberge*.

Thurot and I went into the town. He was silent most of the way, ruminating upon this affair, which it was plain he could unravel better than I could; yet he refused to give me a hint at the cause of it. I pled with him vainly for an explanation of the Prince's



"He lunged furiously at my chest, missing by a miracle"

objection to my person. "I thought he had quite forgiven my innocent part in the Hamilton affair," I said.

"And so he had," said Thurot. "I have his own assurances."

"'Tis scarcely like it when he sets a hired assassin on my track to lure me into a duel."

"My dear boy," said Thurot, "you owe him all—your escape from Bicêtre, which could easily have been frustrated; and the very prospect of the lieutenancy in the Régiment d'Auvergne."

"What! he has a hand in this?" I cried.

"Who else?" said he. "'Tis not the fashion in France to throw unschooled Scots into such positions out of hand, and only princes may manage it. It seems, then, that we have our Prince in two moods, which is not uncommon with the same gentleman. He would favour you for the one reason, and for the other he would cut your throat. M. Tête-de-Fer is my eternal puzzle. And the deuce is that he has, unless I am much mistaken, the same reason for favouring and hating you."

"And what might that be?" said I.

"Who, rather," said Thurot, and we were walking down the Rue de la Boucherie. "Why, then, if you must have pointed out to you what is under your very nose, 'tis the lady who lives here. She is the God from the machine in half a hundred affairs no less mysterious, and I wish she were anywhere else than in Dunkerque. But, anyway, she sent you with Hamilton, and she has secured the favour of the Prince for you, and now—though she may not have attempted it—she has gained you the same person's enmity."

I stopped in the street and turned to him.

"All this is confused enough to madden me," I said, "and, rather than be longer in the mist, I shall brave her displeasure, compel an audience, and ask her for an explanation."

"Please yourself," said Thurot, and seeing I meant what I said, he left me.

CHAPTER XXXIII

FAREWELL TO MISS WALKINSHAW

It was under the lash of a natural exasperation I went up Mademoiselle's stairs determined on an interview. Bernard (of all men in the world!) responded to my knock. I could have thrashed him with a cane if the same had been handy, but was bound to content myself with the somewhat barren comfort of affecting that I had never set eyes on him before. He smiled at first, as if not unpleased to see me, but changed his aspect at the unresponse of mine.

"I desire to see Miss Walkinshaw," said I.

The rogue blandly intimated that she was not at home. There is more truth in a menial eye than in most others, and this man's fashionable falsehood extended no farther than his lips. I saw quite plainly he was acting upon instructions, and, what made it the more uncomfortable for him, he saw that I saw.

"Very well, I shall have the pleasure of waiting in the neighbourhood till she returns," I said, and leaned against the railing. This frightened him somewhat, and he hastened to inform me that he did not know when she might return.

"It does not matter," I said coolly, inwardly pleased to find my courage much higher in the circumstances than I had expected. "If it's midnight she shall find me here, for I have matters of the first importance upon which to consult her."

He was more disturbed than ever, hum'd and ha'd and hung upon the door-handle, making it very plainly manifest that his instructions had not gone far enough, and that he was unable to make up his mind how he was further to comport himself to a visitor so persistent. Then, unable to get a glance of recognition from me, and resenting further the inconvenience to which I was subjecting him, he rose to an impertinence—the first (to do him justice) I had ever found in him.

"Will, Monsieur," said he, "tell me who I shall say called?"

The thrust was scarcely novel. I took it smiling, and "My good rogue," said I, "if the circumstances were more favourable I should have the felicity of giving you an honest drubbing." He got very red. "Come, Bernard," I said, adopting another tone, "I think you owe me some consideration. And will you not, in exchange for my readiness to give you all the information you required some time ago for your employers, tell me the truth and admit that Mademoiselle is within?"

He was saved an answer by the lady herself.

"La! Mr. Greig!" she cried, coming to the door and putting forth a welcoming hand. "My good Bernard has no discrimination, or he should except my dear countryman from my general orders against all visitors." So much in French; and then, as she led the way to her parlour, "My good man of Mearns, you are as dour as—as dour as——"

"As a donkey," I finished, seeing she hesitated for a likeness. "And I feel very much like that humble beast at this moment."

"I do not wonder at it," said she, throwing herself in a chair; "to thrust yourself upon a poor lonely woman in this fashion."

"I am the ass—I have been the ass—it would appear, in other respects as well."

She reddened, and tried to conceal her confusion by putting back her hair, that somehow escaped in a strand about her ears. I had caught her rather early in the morning; she had not even the preparation of a *petit lever*, and with a certain chagrin at being discovered scarcely looking her best, her first remarks were somewhat chilly.

"Well, at least you have persistency, I'll say that of it," she went on, with a light laugh, and apparently uncomfortable. "And for what am I indebted to so early a visit from my dear countryman?"

"It was partly that I might say a word of thanks personally to you for your exercises in my poor behalf. The affair of the Régiment d'Auvergne is settled with a suddenness that should be very gratifying to myself, for it looks as if King Louis could not get on another day wanting my distinguished services. I am to join the corps at the end of the week, and must leave Dunkerque forthwith. That being so, it was only proper I should come in my own person to thank you for your good offices."

"Do not mention it," she said hurriedly. "I am only too glad that I could be of the service to you."

"I cannot think," I went on, "what I can have done to warrant your displeasure with me."

"Displeasure!" she replied. "Who said I was displeased?"

"What am I to think, then? I have been refused the honour of seeing you for this past week."

"Well, not displeasure, Mr. Greig," she said, trifling with her rings. "Let us be calling it prudence. I think that might have suggested itself as a reason to a gentleman of Mr. Greig's ordinary intuitions."

"It's a virtue, this prudence, a Greig could never lay claim to," I said. "And I must tell you that, where the special need for it arises now, and how it is to be made manifest, is altogether beyond me."

"No matter," said she, and paused. "And so you are going to the frontier, and are come to say good-bye to me?"

"Now that you remind me, that is exactly my object," I said, rising to go. She did not have the graciousness even to stay me, but rose too, as if she felt the interview could not be over a moment too soon. And yet I noticed a certain softening in her manner that her next words confirmed. "And so you go, Mr. Greig," she said. "There's but the one thing I would like to say to my friend, and that's that I should like him not to think unkindly of one that values his good opinion—if she were worthy to have it. The honest and unsuspecting come rarely my way nowadays, and now that I'm to lose them I feel like to greet." She was indeed inclined to tears, and her lips were twitching, but I was not enough rid of my annoyance to be moved much by such a demonstration.

"I have profited much by your society, Miss Walkinshaw," I said. "You found me a boy, and what way it happens I do not know, but I'm a man that's leaving you. You made my stay here much more pleasant than it would otherwise have been, and this last kindness—that forces me away from you—is one more I have to thank you for."

She was scarcely sure whether to take this as a compliment or the reverse, and, to tell the truth, I meant it half and half.

"I owed all the little I could do to my countryman," said she.

"And I hope I have been useful," I blurted out, determined to show her I was going with open eyes.

Somewhat stricken, she put her hand upon my arm. "I hope you will forgive that, Mr. Greig," she said, leaving no doubt that she had jumped to my meaning.

"There is nothing to forgive," I said shortly. "I am proud that I was of service, not to you alone, but to one in the interests of whose house some more romantical Greigs than I have suffered. My only complaint is that the person in question seems scarcely to be grateful for the little share I had unconsciously in preserving his life."

"I am sure he is very grateful," she cried hastily, and perplexed. "I may tell you that he was the means of getting you the post in the regiment."

"So I have been told," I said, and she looked a little startled. "So I have been told. It may be that I'll be more grateful by-and-bye, when I see what sort of a post it is. In the meantime, I have my gratitude greatly hampered by a kind of inconsistency in—the—in the person's actings towards myself!"

"Inconsistency!" she repeated bitterly. "That need not surprise you! But I do not understand."

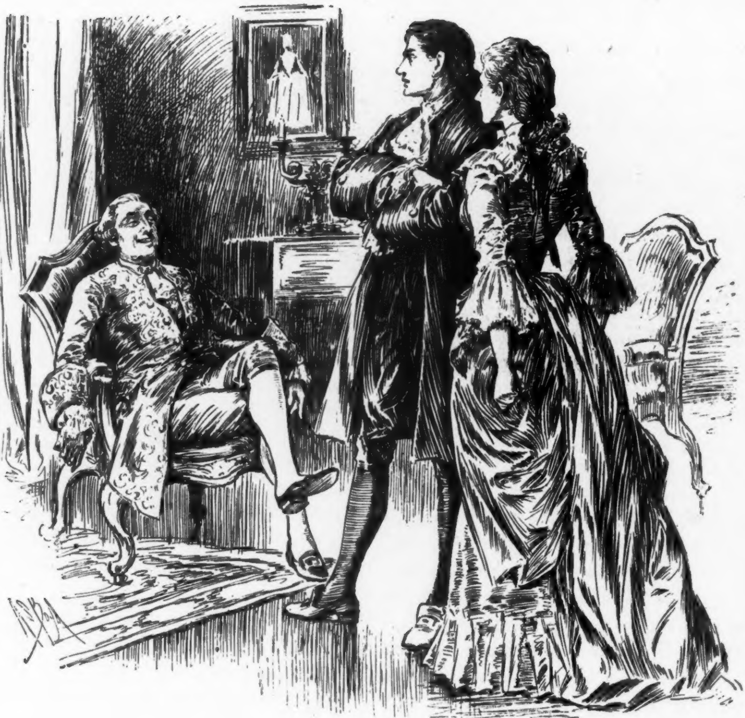
"It is simply that—perhaps to hasten me to my duties—his Royal Highness this morning sent a ruffian to fight me."

I have never seen a face so suddenly change as hers did when she heard that; for, ordinarily she had a look of considerable amiability, a soft, kind eye, a ready smile that had the hint (as I have elsewhere said) of melancholy, a voice that, especially in the Scots, was singularly attractive. A temper was the last thing I would have charged her with, yet now she fairly flamed.

"What is this you are telling me, Paul Greig?" she cried, her eyes stormy, her bosom beginning to heave.

"Oh, just that M. Albany (as he calls himself) has some grudge against me, for he sent a man—Bonnat—to pick a quarrel with me, and by Bonnat's own confession the duel that was to ensue was to be *à outrance*. But for the intervention of a friend, half an hour ago, there would have been a vacancy already in the Régiment d'Auvergne."

"Good heavens!" she cried. "You must be mistaken. What object in the wide world could his Royal Highness have in doing you any harm? You were an instrument in the preservation of his life."



"He lounged to a chair where he sunk in inextinguishable laughter"

I bowed extremely low, with a touch of the courts I had not when I landed in Dunkerque first.

"I have had the distinguished honour, Miss Walkinshaw," I said. "And I should have thought that enough to counterbalance my unfortunate and ignorant engagement with his enemies."

"But why, in Heaven's name, should he have a shred of resentment against you?"

"It seems," I said, "that it has something to do with my boldness in using the Rue de la Boucherie for an occasional ramble."

She put her two hands up to her face for a moment, but I could see the wine-spill in between, and her neck was purpled.

"Oh, the shame! the shame!" she cried, and began to walk up and down the room like one demented. "Am I to suffer these insults for ever in spite of all that I may do to prove—to prove——" She pulled herself short, put down her hands from a face exceedingly distressed, and looked closely at me. "What must you think of me, Mr. Greig?" she asked suddenly in quite a new key.

"What do I think of myself to so disturb you?" I replied. "I do not know in what way I have vexed you, but to do so was not at all in my intention. I must tell you that I am not a politician, and that since I came here these affairs of the Prince and all the rest of it are quite beyond my understanding. If the cause of the white cockade brought you to France, Miss Walkinshaw, as seems apparent, I cannot think you are very happy in it nowadays, but that is no affair of mine."

She stared at me. "I hope," said she, "you are not mocking me?"

"Heaven forbid!" I said. "It would be the last thing I should presume to do, even if I had a reason. I owe you, after all, nothing but gratitude."

Beyond the parlour we stood in was a lesser room that was the lady's boudoir. We stood with our backs to it, and I know not how much of our conversation had been overheard when I suddenly turned at the sound of a man's voice, and saw his Royal Highness standing in the door!

I could have rubbed my eyes out of sheer incredulity, for that he should be in that position was as if I had come upon a ghost. He stood with a face flushed and frowning, rubbing his eyes, and there was something in his manner that suggested he was not wholly sober.

"I'll be cursed," said he, "if I haven't been asleep. Deuce take Clancarty! He kept me at cards till dawn this morning, and I feel as I had been all night on heather. *Pardieu——!*"

He pulled himself up short and stared, seeing me for the first time. His face grew purple with annoyance.

"A thousand pardons!" he cried with sarcasm, and making a deep bow. "I was not aware that I intruded on affairs."

Miss Walkinshaw turned to him sharply.

"There is no intrusion," said she, "but honesty, in the person of my dear countryman, who has come to strange quarters with it. Your Royal Highness has now the opportunity of thanking this gentleman."

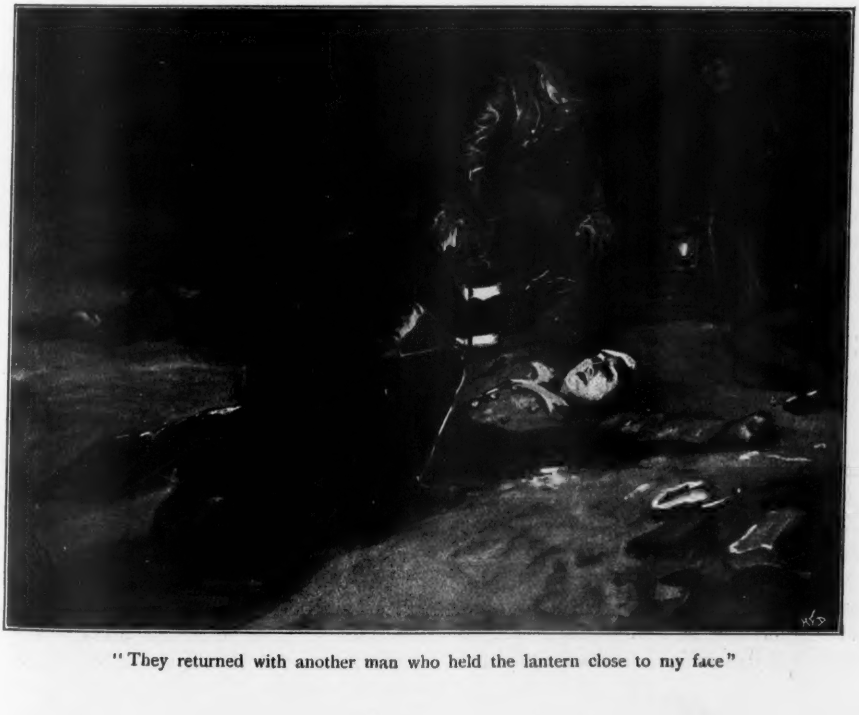
"I' faith," said he, "I seem to be kept pretty constantly in mind of the little I owe to this gentleman in spite of himself. Harkee, my good Monsieur, I got you a post; I thought you had been out of Dunkerque by now."

"The post waits, M. Albany," said I, "and I am going to take it up forthwith. I came here to thank the person to whose kindness I owe the post, and now I am in a quandary as to whom my thanks should be addressed."

"My dear Monsieur, to whom but to your countrywoman? We all of us owe her everything, and—egad!—are not grateful enough," and with that he looked for the first time at her with his frown gone.

"Yes, yes," she cried. "We may put off the compliments till another occasion. What I must say is that it is a grief and a shame to me that this gentleman, who has done so much for me—I speak for myself, your Royal Highness will observe—should be so poorly requited."

"Requited!" cried he. "How now? I trust Monsieur is not dissatisfied." His face had grown like paste, his hand, that constantly fumbled at his unshaven chin, was



"They returned with another man who held the lantern close to my face" trembling. I felt a mortal pity for this child of kings, discredited and debauched, and yet I felt bound to express myself upon the trap that he had laid for me, if Bonnat's words were true.

"I have said my thanks, M. Albany, very stammeringly for the d'Auvergne affair, because I can only guess at my benefactor. My gratitude——"

"Bah!" cried he. "'Tis the scurviest of qualities. A benefactor that does aught for gratitude had as lief be a selfish scoundrel. We want none of your gratitude, Monsieur Greig."

"'Tis just as well, M. Albany," I cried, "for what there was of it is mortgaged."

"*Comment?*" he asked uneasily.

"I was challenged to a duel this morning with a man that calls himself your servant," I replied, always very careful to take his own word for it and assume I spoke to no prince, but simply M. Albany. "He informed me that you had, Monsieur, some objection to my sharing the same street with you, and had given him his instructions."

"Bonnat," cried the Prince, and rubbed his hand across his temples. "I'll be cursed if I have seen the man for a month. Stay!—stay—let me think! Now that I remember, he met me last night after dinner, but—but——"

"After dinner! It should have been in a more favourable mood to myself, that has done M. Albany no harm," I said. "I do not wonder that M. Albany has lost so many of his friends if he settles their destinies after dinner."

At first he frowned at this and then he laughed outright.

"*Ma foi!*" he cried, "here's another Greig to call me gomeral to my face," and he lounged to a chair where he sunk in inextinguishable laughter.

But if I had brought laughter from him I had precipitated anger elsewhere.

"Here's a pretty way to speak to his Royal Highness," cried Miss Walkinshaw, her face like thunder. "The manners of the Mearns shine very poorly here. You forget that you speak to one that is your prince, in faith your king!"

"Neither prince nor king of mine, Miss Walkinshaw," I cried, and turned to go. "No, if a hundred thousand swords were at his back. I had once a notion for a prince that rode along the Gallowgate, but I was then a boy, and now am a man—which you yourself have made me."

With that I bowed low and left them. They neither of them said a word. It was the last I was to see of Clementina Walkinshaw and the last of Charles Edward.

CHAPTER XXXIV

OF MY WINTER CAMPAIGN IN PRUSSIA, AND ANOTHER MEETING WITH MACKELLAR OF KILBRIDE

I HAVE no intention here of narrating at large what happened in my short career as a soldier of the French Army, curious though some of the things that befell me chanced to be. They may stand for another occasion, while I hurriedly and briefly chronicle what led to my second meeting with Mackellar of Kilbride, and through that same to the restoration of the company of Father Hamilton, the sometime priest of Dixmunde.

The Régiment d'Auvergne was far from its native hills when first I joined it, being indeed on the frontier of Austria. 'Twas a corps not long embodied, composed of a preposterous number of mere lads as soft as kail, yet driven to miracles of exertion by drafted veteran officers of other regiments who stiffened their command with the flat of the sword. As for my lieutenancy, it was nothing to be proud of in such a battalion, for I herded in a mess of foul-mouthed scoundrels and learned little of the trade of soldiering that I was supposed to be taught in the interval between our departure from the frontier and our engagement on the field as allies with the Austrians. Of the Scots that had been in the regiment at one time there was only one left—a major named MacKay, that came somewhere out of the Reay country in the shire of Sutherland, and was reputed the drunkenest officer among the allies, yet comported himself, on the strength of his Hielan' extraction, towards myself, his Lowland countryman, with such a ludicrous haughtiness I could not bear the man—no, not from the first moment I set eyes on him!

He was a pompous little person with legs bowed through years of riding horse, and naturally he was the first of my new comrades I introduced myself to when I joined the colours. I mind he sat upon a keg of bullets, looking like a vision of Bacchus, somewhat soiled and pimply, when I entered to him and addressed him with a certain gladness in our tongue.

"Humph!" was what he said. "Another of his Royal Highness's Sassenach friends! Here's a wheen of the lousiest French privates ever shook in their breeks in front of a cannon, wanting smeddum and courage drummed into them with a scabbard and they send me Sassenachs to do the business with when the whole hearty North of Scotland is crawling with the stuff I want particularly."

"Anyway, here I am, major," said I, slightly taken aback at this, "and you'll have to make the best of me."

"Pshaw!" cries he vulgarly and cracked his thumb. "I have small *gout* of his Royal Highness's recommendations; I have found in the past that he sends to Austria—him and his friends—only the stuff he has no use for nearer the English Channel, where it's I would like to be this day. They're talking of an invasion, I hear; wouldn't I like to be among the first to have a slap again at Geordie?"

My birse rose at this, which I regarded as a rank treason in any man that spake my own language even with a tartan accent.

"A slap at Geordie!" I cried. "You made a bonny-like job o't when you had the chance!"

It was my first and last confabulation of a private nature with Major Dugald MacKay. Thereafter he seldom looked the road I was on beyond to give an order or pick a fault, and, luckily, though a pleasant footing with my neighbours has ever been my one desire in life, I was not much put up or down by the ill-will of such a creature.

Like a hole in plain hillside then, a break in a dream, a space of all unfriended travelling, which is the worse travelling of all, appears my time of marching with the Régiment d'Auvergne. I was lost among aliens—aliens in tongue and sentiment, and engaged, to tell the truth, upon an enterprise that never enlisted the faintest of my sympathy. All I wished was to forget the past (and that, be sure, was the one impossible thing), and make a living of some sort. The latter could not well be more scanty, for my pay was a beggar's, and infrequent at that, and finally it wholly ceased.

I saw the world, so much of it as lies in Prussia, and may be witnessed from the ranks of a marching regiment of the line; I saw life—the life of the tent and the bivouac, and the unforgettable thing of it was death—death in the stricken field among the grinding hooves of horses, below the flying wheels of the artillery.

And yet if I had had love there—some friend to talk to when the splendour of things filled me; the consciousness of a kind eye to share the pleasure of a sunshine or to light at a common memory; or if I had hope, the prospect of brighter days and a restitution of my self-respect, they might have been much happier these marching days that I am now only too willing to forget. For we trod in many pleasant places even when weary, by summer fields jocund with flowers, and by autumn's laden orchards. Stars shone on our wearied columns as we rested in the meadows or on the verge of woods, half satisfied with a gangrel's supper and sometimes joining in a song. I used to feel then that here was a better society after all than some I had of late been habituated with upon the coast. And there were towns we passed through: 'twas sweet exceedingly to hear the echo of our own loud drums, the tarantara of trumpets. I liked to see the folks come out although they scarce were friendly, and feel that priceless zest that is the guerdon of the corps—the crowd, the mob—that I was something in a vastly moving thing even if it was no more than the regiment of raw lads called d'Auvergne.

We were for long in our progress no part of the main army, some strategy of which we could not guess the reasoning making it necessary that we should move alone through the country; and to the interest of our progress through these foreign scenes was added the ofttimes apprehension that we might some day suffer an alarm from the regiments of the great Frederick. Twice we were surprised by night and our pickets broken in, once a native guided us to a *guet-apens*—an ambuscade—where, to do him justice, the major fought like a lion, and by his spirit released his corps from the utmost danger. A war is like a harvest; you cannot aye be leading in, though the common notion is that in a campaign men are fighting even-on. In the cornfield the work depends upon the weather; in the field of war (at least with us 'twas so) the actual strife must often depend upon the enemy, and for weeks on end we saw them neither tail nor horn as the saying goes. Sometimes it seemed as if the war had quite forgotten us and was waging somewhere else upon the planet far away from Prussia.

We got one good from the marching and the waiting; it put vigour in our men. Day by day they seemed to swell and strengthen, thin faces grew well-filled and ruddy, slouching steps grew confident and firm. And thus the Régiment d'Auvergne was not so badly figured when we fought the fight of Rosbach that ended my career of glory.

Rosbach!—its name to me can still create a tremor. We fought it in November month in a storm of driving snow. Our corps lay out upon the right of Frederick among fields that were new-ploughed for wheat and broken up by ditches. The d'Auvergnes charged with all the fire of veterans; they were smashed by horse, but rose again, and fell and rose again though death swept across them like breath from a furnace, scorching and shrivelling all before it. The Prussian and the Austrian guns went rat-a-pat like some gigantic drum upon the braes, and nearer the musketry volleys mingled with the plunge of horse and shouting of commanders so that each sound individually was indistinguishable, but all was blended in one unceasing melancholy hum.

That drumming on the braes and that long melancholy hum are what most vividly remains to me of Rosbach, for I fell early in the engagement, struck in the charge by the sabre of a Prussian horseman that cleft me to the skull in a slanting stroke and left me incapable, but not unconscious, on the field.

I lay for hours with other wounded in the snow. The battle changed ground; the noises came from the distance; we seemed to be forgotten. I pitied myself exceedingly. Finally I swounded.

When I came to myself it was night and lanterns were moving about the fields gathering us in like blackcock where we lay. Two Frenchmen came up and spoke to me, but what they said was all beyond me for I had clean forgotten every word of their language though that morning I had known it scarcely less fully than my own. I tried to speak in French, it seems, and thought I did so, but in spite of me the words were the broadest lallands Scots such as I had not used since I had run, a bare-legged boy, about the braes of home. And otherwise my faculties were singularly acute, for I remember how keenly I noticed the pitying eye of the younger of the two men.

What they did was to stanch my wound and go away. I feared I was deserted, but by-and-bye they returned with another man who held the lantern close to my face as he knelt beside me.

"By the black stones of Baillinish!" said he in an unmistakable Highlan' accent, "and what have I here the night but the boy that harmed the bylie. You were not in your mother's bosom when you got that stroke!"

I saw his smile in the light of his lanthorn, 'twas no other than Mackellar of Kilbride!

He was a surgeon in one of the corps; had been busy at his trade in another part of the field when the two Frenchmen who had recognised me for a Scot had called him away to look to a compatriot.

Under charge of Kilbride (as, in our country fashion, I called him) I was taken in a waggon with several other wounded soldiers over the frontier into Holland, that was, perhaps, the one unvexed part of all the Continent of Europe in these stirring days.

I mended rapidly, and cheery enough were these days of travel in a cart, so cheery that I never considered what the end of them might be, but was content to sit in the sunshine blithely conversing with this odd surgeon of the French army who had been roving the world for twenty years like my own Uncle Andrew, and had seen service in every army in Europe, but yet hankered to get back to the glens of his nativity, where he hoped his connection with the affair of Tearlach and the Forty-five would be forgotten.

"It's just this way of it, Hazel Den," he would say to me, "there's them that has got enough out of Tearlach to make it worth their while to stick by him and them that has not. I am of the latter. I have been hanging about Paris yonder for a twelvemonth on the promise of the body that I should have a post that suited with my talents, and what does he do but get me clapped into a scurvy regiment that goes trudging through Silesia since Whitsunday, with never a sign of the paymaster except the once and then no more than a tenth of what was due to me. It is, maybe, glory, as the other man said; but my sorrow! it is not the kind that makes a clinking in your pouches."

He had a comfortable deal of money to have so poor an account of his paymaster, and at that I hinted.

"Oh! Allow me for that!" he cried with great amusement at my wonder. "Fast hand at a feast and fast feet at a foray is what the other man said, and I'm thinking it is a very good observation too. Where would I be if I was lippening on the paymaster?"

"Man! you surely have not been stealing?" said I with such great innocency that he laughed like to end.

"Stealing!" he cried. "It's no theft to lift a purse in an enemy's country."

"But these were no enemies of yours?" I protested, "though you happen to be doctoring in their midst."

"Tuts! tuts, man!" said he shortly. "When the conies quarrel, the quirky one (and that's Sir Fox if ye like to ken) will get his own. There seems far too much delicacy about you, my friend, to be a sporran-soldier fighting for the best terms an army will give you. And what for need you grumble at my having found a purse in an empty house when its by virtue of the same we're at this moment making our way to the sea?"

I could make no answer to that, for indeed I had had, like the other three wounded men in the cart with me, the full benefit of his purse, wherever he had found it, and but for that we had doubtless been mouldering in a Prussian prison.

It will be observed that Mackellar spoke of our making for the sea, and here it behoves that I should tell how that project arose.

When we had crossed the frontier the first time it was simply because it seemed the easiest way out of trouble, though it led us away from the remnants of the army. I had commented upon this the first night we stopped within the Netherlands, and the surgeon bluntly gave me his mind on the matter. The truth was, he said, that he was sick of his post and meant to make this the opportunity of getting quit of it.

I went as close as I dared upon a hint that the thing looked woundely like a desertion. He picked me up quick enough and counselled me to follow his example, and say farewell to so scurvy a service as that I had embarked on. His advices might have weighed less with me (though in truth I was sick enough of the Régiment d'Auvergne and a succession of defeats) if he had not told me that there was a certain man at Helvoetsluys he knew I should like to see.

"And who might that be?" I asked.

"Who but his reverence himself?" said Kilbride, who dearly loved an effect. "Yon night I met you in the Paris change-house it was planned by them I was with, one of them being Buhot himself of the police, that the old man must be driven out of his nest in the Hôtel Dieu, seeing they had got all the information they wanted out of him, and I was one of the parties who was to carry this into effect. At the time I fancied Buhot was as keen upon yourself as upon the priest, and I thought I was doing a wonderfully clever thing to spy your red shoes and give you a warning to quit the priest, but all the time Buhot was but laughing at me, and saw you and recognised you himself in the change-house. Well, to make the long tale short, when we went to the hospital the birds were both of them gone, which was more than we bargained for, because some sort of trial was due to the priest though there was no great feeling against him. Where he had taken wing to we could not guess, but you will not hinder him to come on a night of nights (as we say) to the lodging I was tenanting at the time in the Rue Espade, and throw himself upon my mercy. The muckle hash! I'll allow the insolency of the thing tickled me greatly. The man was a fair object, too, had not tasted food for two days, and captured my fancy by a tale, I suppose there is no trusting, that he had given you the last few livres he had in the world."

"That was true enough about the livres," I said with gratitude.

"Was it, faith?" cried Kilbride. "Then I'm glad I did him the little service that lay in my power, which was to give him enough money to pay for posting to Helvoetsluys, where he is now, and grateful enough so far as I could gather from the last letters I had from him, and also mighty anxious to learn what became of his secretary."

"I would give the last plack in my pocket to see the creature," said I.

"Would you indeed?" said Kilbride. "Then here's the road for you, and it must be a long furlough whatever of it from the brigade of Marsl a' Clermont."

CHAPTER XXXV

BRINGS ME TO HELVOETSLUYS IN WINTER WEATHER

KILBRIDE and I parted company with the others once we had got within the lines of Holland; the cateran (as I would sometimes be calling him in a joke) giving them as much money as might take them leisurely to the south they meant to make for, and he and I proceeded on our way across the country towards the mouth of the River Maas.

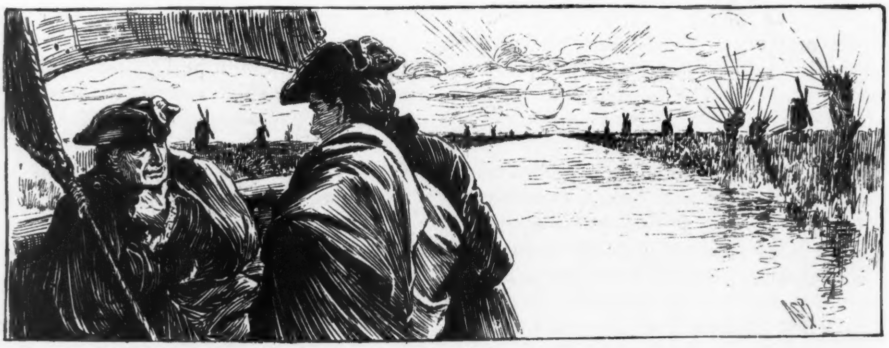
It was never my lot before nor since to travel with a more cheerful companion. Not the priest himself had more of humour in his composition, and what was more it was a jollity I was able the better to understand, for while much of Hamilton's *esprit* missed the spark with me because it had a foreign savour, the pawkiness of Kilbride were just the marrow of that I had seen in folks at home. And still the man was strange, for often he had melancholics. Put him in a day of rain and wind and you would hear him singing like a laverock the daftest songs in Erse; or give him a tickle task at haggling in the language of signs with a broad-bottomed bargeman, or the driver of a rattel-van, and the fun would froth upon him like froth on boiling milk. Indeed, and I should say like cream, for this Mackellar man had, what is common enough among the clans in spite of our miscalling, a heart of jeel for the tender moment and a heart of iron for the hard. But black, black, were his vapours when the sun shone, which is surely the poorest of excuses for dolours. I think he hated the flatness of the land we travelled in. To me it was none amiss, for though it was winter I could fancy how rich would be the grass of July in the polders compared with our poor stunted crops at home, and that has ever a cheerful influence on any man that has been bred in Lowland fields. But he (if I did not misread his eye) looked all ungratefully on the stretching leagues that ever opened before us as we sailed on waterways or jolted on the roads.

"I do not ken how it may be to you, Mr. Greig," he said one day as, somewhere in Brabant, our sluggish vessel opened up a view of canal that seemed to stretch so far it pricked the eye of the setting sun, and the windmills whirled on either hand ridiculous like the games of children, "I do not ken how it may be with you, but I'm sick of this country. It's no better nor a bannock, and me so fond of Morvern!"

"Indeed and there's a sameness about every part of it," I confessed, "and yet it has its qualities. See the sun on yonder island—'tis pleasant enough to my notion, and as for the folk they are not the cut of our own, but still they have very much in common with folks I've seen in Ayr."

He frowned at that unbelievingly, and cast a sour eye upon some women that stood upon a bridge. "Troth!" said he, "you would not compare these limmers with our own. I have not seen a light foot and a right dark eye since ever I put the back of me to the town of Inverness in the year of 'fifty-six.'"

"Nor I since I left the Mearns," I cried, suddenly thinking of Isobel and forgetting all that lay between that lass and me.



"'I do not ken how it may be with you, but I'm sick of this country'"

"Oh! oh!" cried Kilbride. "And what's the way of it? There's more than Clemie Walkinshaw, is there? I was ill to convince that a nephew of Andy Greig's began the game at the age of twenty odd with a lady that might have been his mother."

I felt very much ashamed that he should have any knowledge of this part of my history, and seeing it he took to bantering me.

"Come, come," said he, "you must save my reputation with myself for penetration, for I aye argued with Buhot that your tanglement with madame was something short of innocency for all your mim look, and he was for swearing the lady had found a fool."

"I am beat to understand how my affairs came to be the topic of dispute with you and Buhot," said I, astonished.

"And what for no?" said he. "Wasn't the man's business to find out things, and would you have me with no interest in a ploy when it turned up? There were but the two ways of it—you were all the gomeral in love that Buhot thought you, or you were Andy Greig's nephew and willing to win the woman's favour (for all her antiquity) by keeping Buhot in the news of Hamilton's movements."

"Good God!" I cried, "that was a horrible alternative!" even then failing to grasp all that he implied.

"Maybe," he said pawkily, "but you cannot deny you kept them very well informed upon your master's movements, otherwise it had gone very hard perhaps with his Royal Highness."

"Me!" I cried. "I would have as soon informed upon my father. And who was there to inform?"

Kilbride looked at me curiously as if he half doubted my innocence. "It is seldom I have found the man Buhot in a lie of the sort," said he, "but he led me to understand that what information he had of the movements of the priest came from yourself."

I jumped to my feet, and almost choked in denying it.

"Oh, very well, very well," said Kilbride coolly, "it is no need to make a fracas about the matter. I am just telling you what Buhot told me. And troth! it was a circumstantial story he had of it; for he said that the Marshal Duke de Bellisle, and Monsieur Florentin, and Monsieur Berrier, and all the others of the Cabinet, had Fleuriau's name and direction from yourself, and found the plot had some connection with the affair of Damiens. George Kelly, the prince's secretary, was another man that told me." He gazed along the deck of the scow we sat in, as if thinking hard, and then turned to me with a hesitating suggestion. "Perhaps," said he, "you are forgetting. Perhaps you wrote the woman and told her innocently enough, and that would come to the same thing."

I was overwhelmed with confusion at the idea, though the possibility of my letters being used had once before occurred to me.

"Well, if you must know, it is true I wrote some letters to Miss Walkinshaw," I confessed shamefacedly. "But they were very carefully transmitted by Bernard the Swiss to her, for I got her answers back."

He burst out laughing.

"For simplicity you beat all!" cried he. "You sent your news through the Swiss, that was in Buhot's pay, and took the charge from Hamilton's pistols, and did his part in helping you to escape from jyle with a great degree of humour as those of us who knew what was afoot had to agree, and you think the man would make any fuss about peeping into a letter you entrusted to him, particularly if it was directed to hersel'! The sleep-bag was under your head sure enough as the other man said."

"And I was the unconscious wretch that betrayed our hiding in the Hôtel Dieu," I cried with much chagrin, seeing at a flash what all this meant. "If I had Bernard here I could thraw his neck."

"Indeed," said he, "and what for should it be Bernard? The man but did what he was told, and there, by my troth! when I think of it, I'm no so sure that he was any different from yourself."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Oh, just that hersel' told you to keep her informed of your movements and you did so. In Bernard and you she had a pair of spies instead of only the one had she trusted in either."

"And what in all the world would she be doing that for?"

"What but for her lover the prince?" said he with a sickening promptness that some way left me without a doubt he spoke with knowledge. "Foul fa' the day he ever clapt eyes on her! for she has the cunning of the fox, though by all accounts a pleasant person. They say she has a sister that's in the service of the queen at St. James's, and who kens but for all her pretended affection for Tearlach she may be playing all the time into the hands of his enemies? She made you and this Bernard the means of putting an end to the Jesuit plot upon his Royal Highness by discovering the source of it, and now the Jesuits, as I'm told, are to be driven furth the country and putten to the horn."

I was stunned by this revelation of what a tool I had been in the hands of one I fancied briefly that I was in love with. For long I sat silent pondering on it, and at last unable to make up my mind whether I should laugh or swear. Kilbride, while affecting to pay no heed to me, was keen enough to see my perturbation, and had, I will swear, a sort of pride that he had been able to display such an astuteness.

"I'm afraid," said I at last, "there is too much probability in all that you have said and thought. I am a stupendous ass, Mr. Mackellar, and you are a very clever man."

"Not at all, not at all," he protested hurriedly. "I have just some natural Hielan' interest in affairs of intrigue, and you have not (by your leave) had my advantages of the world, for I have seen much of the evil as well as the good of it, and never saw a woman's hand in aught yet but I wondered what mischief she was planning. There's much, I'm telling you, to be learned about a place like Fontainebleau or Versailles, and I advantaged myself so well of my opportunities there that you could not drive a hole but I would put a nail in it as the other man said."

"Well," said I, "my hope is that I may never meet the woman again, and that's without a single angry feeling to her."

"You need not fear about that," said he. "The thing that does not lie in your road will never break your leg as the other man said, and I'll be surprised if she puts herself in your way again now that her need for you is done. A score of your friends in Dunkerque could have told you that she was daft about him. I might be vexed for you if I did not know from your own mouth of the other one in Mearns."

"We'll say nothing about that," I says, "for that's a tale that's by wi'. She's lost to me."

He gave a little chuckle and had that turn in the eye that showed he had a curious thought.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked.

"Oh, just an odd word we have in the Language, that with a two-deer stag-hound it will be happening often that a stag's amissing."

"There's another thing I would like you to tell me out of your experience," I said, "and that is the reason for the prince's doing me a good turn with the one hand and a bad one with the other; using his efforts to get me the lieutenancy and at the same time putting a man on my track to quarrel with me?"

"It's as plain as the nose on your face," he cried. "It was no great situation he got you when it was in the Régiment d'Auvergne, as you have discovered, but it would be got I'll warrant on the pressure of the Walkinshaw one. Just because she had that interest in you to press him for the post, and you were in the trim to keep up a correspondence with her (though in his own interest, as he must know, so far as she was concerned), he would want you out of the road. Love is like lairdship, Hazel Den, and it puts up very poorly with fellowship as the other man said."

I thought of the occasions when his Royal Highness had seen me at night in front of a certain window in the Rue de la Boucherie, and concluded that Kilbride in this too had probably hit the mark.

And so we passed through Holland in many changes of weather that finally turned to a black frost, which covered the canals with ice whereon skated the populace very pleasantly, but we were the losers, as the rest of our journey had to be made by post.

It was well on in the winter when we got to Helvoetsluys.

BRASS BAND CONTESTS

By T. W. WILKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY L. DAVIEL

A MAN may know a good deal about the music of the masses without ever having attended a brass band contest, just as he may be versed in rural affairs, and yet never have participated in the delirious delights of a ploughing match. Such competitions are localised. Absolutely unknown in some parts of the country, they are common in the Midlands, in Lancashire and Yorkshire and the northern counties generally, and, to a lesser degree, in Scotland. In these portions of our land they evoke white-heat enthusiasm, and are important factors in the social life of the people. Thousands take the keenest interest in them; huge audiences assemble and follow the playing with intelligent approval or censure according to its quality; and a successful body of musicians, on returning home, receives an ovation similar to that accorded to the winners of a football cup.

All the bands known in the competition world are composed of amateurs. Some are joint-stock concerns, others are attached to works, mills, and collieries, and others, again, are town or village organisations. The funds for attending a contest are sometimes raised by giving semi-public rehearsals, to which "followers" are admitted on payment of a small sum. Very seldom do the players, mostly working men, get for their services at a competition more than the equivalent of a day's wages, plus an allowance for expenses. It is whispered that before now a mill-owner has found some light and easy employment for a professional soloist that he might play with a local band. In several cases, too, manufacturers have given £100 towards the cost of procuring a tutor for the musicians in their employ. When the Leeds Forge Band was established, the proprietor of that works openly did more than provide a conductor for it: he fitted out the players in the most lavish manner, furnishing them with uniforms as well as instruments. Subsequently, moreover, he gave them leave of absence whenever necessary, and promised them a gold medal each in the event of their defeating the famous Besses-o'-th'-Barn, of Whitefield, near Manchester—an achievement they accomplished after four years of honourable rivalry. But although there is a good deal of gossip about the status of this player and that, pseudo-amateurism is certainly not rampant in connection with the bands that take part in competitions.

They are, to be sure, dependent on professional assistance in regard to tuition. At most competitions a "test piece," sometimes specially arranged for the occasion, has to be rendered. About two months beforehand the bands which have entered receive copies of the score, whereupon they proceed "to get it up," at first under the bâton of the several regular conductors, and afterwards under that of professional musicians. The first-class organisations usually take six lessons from a gentleman more or less well known in brass band circles, paying him two guineas a lesson for his service. This extraneous aid, however, is quite legitimate. There is nothing secret about it, nor does one body of contestants get an advantage over another. Indeed, the professional who puts the finishing touches to a band's interpretation of the "test piece" almost invariably conducts at the contest, while in some cases he plays the cornet solos in addition. On one occasion —at Hyde, in Cheshire—there was absolute equality in this respect, a certain tutor conducting and playing with all of the seven bands which competed.

To be present at a contest is a rather novel and decidedly interesting experience. The most important is that which has taken place annually at Belle Vue, Manchester, since the year 1853—an event which nowadays draws together thirty thousand people from all parts of the country. More than once the actual playing there has extended over nine or ten hours, no fewer than thirty-three of the finest amateur brass bands in England ascending the platform in the order decided by ballot. But the number of competitors is now limited to twenty, though there are still, as a rule, between thirty and forty entries. On reaching the great hall where the contest takes places, the visitor "finds himself," as our Gallic neighbours say, in the presence of thousands of sweltering but enthusiastic "followers" of the various bands that are to appear, one-half of them provided with copies of the conductor's score. Presently No. 1 ascends the platform. To the three judges—musicians of acknowledged competency, who are seated in a private room near the stage—it is a number, and nothing more; they do not know its name. And, of course, they award the prizes accordingly, as: No. 4 (the band that played fourth), 1; No. 2, 2; and so on. Reaching the music-stands, the sturdy instrumentalists all pull off their coats—some, indeed, discard waistcoats and collars and ties also—and deposit well within reaching distance their bottles of ginger beer; and a minute later they tackle the opening of the test piece vigorously.

Instantly the vast audience becomes absorbingly interested. Some men keep their eyes on the score, following the notes closely, and making pencil marks here and there. Others maintain a running fire of criticism. "Oh, they're draggin' that cruel," says one. A little later one finds just the opposite fault. "Too fast," he murmurs sorrowfully. A third then disapproves of the tone. "A bit brassy," is his terse comment. All present are quick to recognise any failure or success. Let a nervous soloist make a slip—a shudder runs through the assembly; let him give a nice rendering of a difficult passage — a loud, almost deafening, cheer arises. Many of the audience, too, are quite familar with the music through having heard it repeatedly at rehearsals, though very few can appreciate its beauty and meaning. It is the playing that is generally understood and valued at its worth. The selection is regarded simply as a means by which a body of instrumentalists can show their capacity, individually and in combination. When the last note has sounded watches are hastily consulted; and then the efforts of the band are acknowledged with rare heartiness and goodwill. Not that applause is bestowed indiscriminately. So far from this being the case, the audience is most intolerant of mediocrity. Some years ago a celebrated band visited Belle Vue, and, its playing failing to reach the high standard to which the attenders of the contests had become accustomed, it was not allowed to reach the end of the selection, but was indignantly hissed from the platform at a rather early stage.

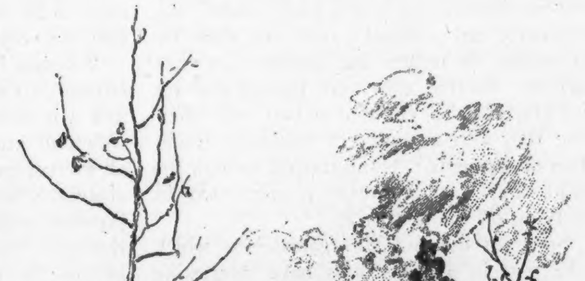
Immediately No. 1 retires its place is taken by No. 2, and so the contest goes on to the close. Then there is an anxious interval. At last an attendant comes forward to the front of the platform and nails up boards on which are printed in large letters the names of the prize-winners. The judges, like editors, give no reasons for their decisions. Their notes, however, can be seen by those affected, and are generally printed in the local and class papers.

All the principal contests are conducted pretty much on the same lines as that at Belle Vue; but the smaller ones, and particularly those which constitute village carnivals, are of quite another class. Before they begin, and while they are in progress, bands are scattered all over the district in the agony of the final rehearsal. In fields, by the roadside, in inn yards, with the music propped up on beer barrels and other extemporised stands—everywhere they take up a pitch to get the last drilling by their respective conductors. Rather than go without this a band has before now hired a small public hall for a few hours. Occasionally the thing is overdone, and the men, being lip sore, cannot do themselves justice at the critical time. The poor villagers are also liable to suffer, only in another way. Hearing the one tune played so often, they have it ringing in their ears for weeks afterwards. They cannot get away from it any more than the town dweller can get away from the reigning catchword of the streets. It is a bigger nuisance to them than "Punch, brothers, punch," was to Mark Twain.

The sums at stake in connection with country contests, also, are necessarily much smaller than those offered by the promoters of the principal competitions. One year the first prize alone at Belle Vue was worth £231 13*s*., though in this total is included the value of two challenge cups, namely, £100. This, however, is quite an exception, good firsts ranging from £40 to £100 and upwards. For instance, the premier award at Kirkcaldy, won for twelve consecutive years by Besses-o'-th'-Barn, is £50. At village carnivals, on the other hand, the whole of the prizes may be worth only £30 or £40.

Rural contests, moreover, usually take place in fields, the judges alone being provided with shelter in the form of a small tent, though this structure is furnished more for the purpose of ensuring impartiality than as a protection from the elements. It is not only isolated, but guarded by a couple of policemen, who have the strictest injunctions not to allow anybody to communicate with its occupants. Such a precaution is not wholly superfluous, because "followers" frequently attempt to influence or mislead the adjudicators. A common practice is for two to get as near the tent as possible. One then remarks to the other, in a voice designedly loud enough to reach the judges' ears, "Black Dyke's got No. 4," or something to that effect. Or, if it is believed that the inmates of the tent are biassed in favour of a particular band, the sapient trickster remarks, when that band is ascending to the stage, "Now So-and-so" (mentioning another) "is going to play." Dodges of this kind are very common; but, of course, they are never successful.

Unprotected in any way, the instrumentalists have at times to draw largely on their



"Bands are scattered all over the district in the agony of final rehearsal" stock of enthusiasm to pull through. Last year rain descended in torrents during the greater part of the time a certain rural contest was in progress. But for all that the bandsmen, with a fortitude and determination little less than heroic, gave their renderings of the test piece almost as well as if they had been dry and comfortable under a roof.

To the humours of minor contests there is no end. On one occasion a committee was so badgered by unruly "followers" who differed from the judges that to restore peace and harmony it gave two first and two second prizes. At another competition there was an amusing case of personation. A well-known band was practically two men short. It had its full strength numerically; but two of the regular members had not been able to come, and in their stead had been pressed a couple of "followers" who (in the vernacular) "could not play for nuts." Effectually to prevent their getting out a single sound, the conductor had jammed a cork into their instruments, or rather, the instruments they carried. So that they were players and yet not players; they counted as two, but otherwise they were a source of weakness rather than of strength. Handicapped though the band thus was, however, it succeeded in carrying off the first prize.

Some of the musical organisations which take part in competitions have interesting histories. Besses-o'-th'-Barn has been established more than a century. Its first success dates back as far as 1821, when it won a prize at the local festivities in connection with the Coronation of George IV. Since then it has carried off more than £4000 in awards—a total which is being added to largely every year. In addition it earns a considerable sum annually by playing at concerts. Although many engagements have to be refused because the men cannot get off work, its receipts from this source have aggregated as much as £1000 in twelve months. No other band holds nearly as many "records" as Besses.

Black Dyke, the famous Yorkshire combination, has also won more than £4000 in prizes, while, in only thirteen seasons, from 1871 to 1883, Meltham Mills netted £3401 2*s.* 6*d.* in money and kind. Other bands — Kingston Mills (of Hyde), Wyke Temperance, Kettering Town, and many more—have had careers which, if not as striking when put into figures as those of their older rivals, none the less prove that they are very fine organisations.

Whether brass band contests have much educational value is, perhaps, open to doubt, and it is certainly one of those points upon which all argument is vain. This much, at all events, cannot be gainsaid, that they are absolutely harmless and afford innocent enjoyment to thousands. They may have their humours, their sordid side, their bitter jealousies; but there is nothing really pernicious about them, nor do they possess any of the objectionable features of most kinds of popular competitions.

THE FACT AND ROMANCE OF THE MINE

By JOHN PENDLETON

THE recent commotion with regard to the coal-tax directed attention anew to the collier. Roughly-clad and toil-stained, he is certainly only a very prosaic figure as he slobs, with pick on arm and tea-can in belt, somewhat wearily home from toil; yet he has an interesting personality, and his calling is inseparable from romance and daring. It is inevitable that he should go into the recesses of the pit before any fireside group can realise Robert Louis Stevenson's poetic fancy:

> Now we behold the embers flee,
> About the firelit hearth, and see
> Our faces painted as we pass,
> Like pictures on the window-glass.

The coal-miner, notwithstanding the adoption of many scientific safety appliances, still runs risk from explosion, flood, and fall of bind. Daily he has to face peril more imminent than that of the Shakespearian warrior who "o'erwalked a current, roaring loud, on the unsteadfast footing of a spear." But he is not flustered; he is neither without hope nor consolation. The eight-hours day is his millennium; and he derives the keenest satisfaction from the fact that he is the autocrat of industry. He never disputes the assertion that "a live collier is better than a dead cardinal." Nay, he believes that he holds the first place in the country, and that the king, however great and powerful, comes after him.

In polite society, perhaps, prejudice lingers against the miner; but the product of his labour is in demand enough, and if he threatens to restrict the yearly output of coal, now amounting to two hundred millions of tons, there is consternation on the hearth and in the workshop and mill. But the fuel so indispensable in the home, in the factory, and as a motive power in travel, was not at all precious in the seventeenth century. The citizens of London distrusted it, and memorialised the Crown against its use, saying: "This coal flies abroad, fouling the clothes that are a-drying on the hedges. Being thus incorporated with the very air that ministers to the necessary respiration of our lungs, the inhabitants of the metropolis, and such as frequent it, find it in all the expectorations which proceed from them, being for the most part of a blackish colour; besides, the acrimonious soot produces another sad effect by rendering the people liable to inflammations, and comes in time to affect the lungs, when a mischief is produced so incurable that it carries away multitudes by languishing consumptions." Fortunately for the country's progress the citizens of London found their protest of little avail. They also discovered that coal, though possibly not "less black than painted," did not, after all, make much havoc among the people. Anyhow, London, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Sheffield, all smoky, are content to endure the sooty canopy for the comfort and trade profit that coal brings.

Its use has developed a great industry, which gives employment in this kingdom alone to nearly seven hundred thousand men and boys. It is also satisfactory to note that with the extension of coal-getting, the methods of working have improved. The safety-lamp, the fan, the steel hauling-rope, the telephone, and the electric light have been utilised to secure better conditions of toil, and a larger output; and mining experts believe that by the electric transmission of power to the pit and the coal-cutting machine, work underground will be altogether revolutionised. Meantime, it is worthy of record that neither women nor boys of tender age are permitted to toil in coal-pits. Sixty years ago, however, a very different state of things obtained. The evidence given before the Royal Commission, which inquired into mining life in the forties, was almost incredible. One witness said that girls, ranging from ten to eighteen years of age, worked in the Yorkshire pits, naked to the waist, and were clad in trousers only. "A broad belt was buckled round the girl's waist, to the front of which a chain was fastened. When she went on all fours the chain passed between her legs, and was attached to the corve, and she dragged the coal-waggon after her, being harnessed to it like an animal." Some of the girls, the fillers of the corves in the working-places, shovelled the coal in the presence of miners who worked in a state of nudity; and the demoralisation of both men and women in the mine aroused the indignation of the Commissioners. The pitmen had become so accustomed to the prevailing shamelessness that they were surprised at the sensation the revelations caused, and one miner admitted, though in rather lukewarm tone, that "it did make the girls rather boldish being in the pits." Where self-respect was absent there could be little religion, and two piteous answers to questions on Christianity were given by girl workers, one saying: "No; I never heard of Christ. Nobody ever told me about Him"; and another asserting this singular travesty of Scriptural fact: "Jesus was Adam's son, and they nailed Him to a tree."

The law was amended, and as it stands prohibits the employment of women in the mine; but in Lancashire, Wales, and Scotland the fair sex, though not permitted to descend the pit to work, have not been driven off the bank. At several collieries, and notably at Wigan, the pit-brow lassies twirl and unload the corves and screen the coal. Attempts have been made to legislate them out of their employment; but they cling tenaciously to their distinctive means of livelihood; and a few years ago, clad in their novel working garb—pitman's close-fitting cap, jacket, short skirt, moleskin trousers, and clogs—they journeyed to London, and not only interviewed the Home Secretary, but convinced him that there was nothing unwomanly in their toil.

The collier, knowing that he can make or mar the trade of the country, is apt to be a little impulsive. His continual tussle in the pit with the forces of nature, and out of it with the capitalist, have given him a rugged independence that is occasionally embarrassing to the labour-leader he has created, the coal-owner, and the Government; but he is an infinitely better man than his predecessor of half a century back—neither so brutal nor so dissatisfied. Education and combination have extended his interest in life, socially and politically. There are people who consider that his industrial gospel, "that wages should govern prices," needs revision; but he thinks differently, and he has to be reckoned with, not only in pit villages but at general elections and in Parliament.

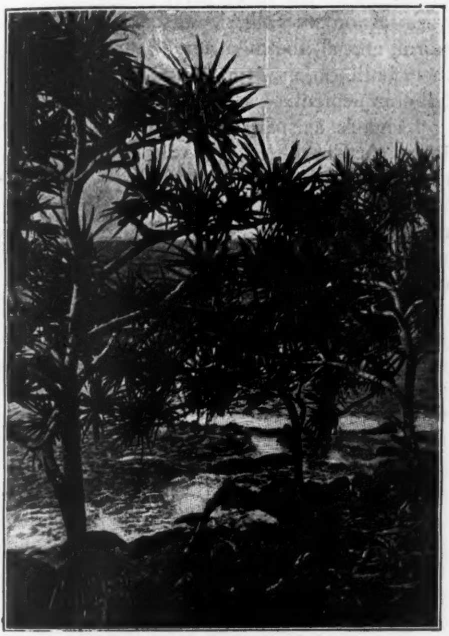
But despite his sturdy defence of his own interests his life is full of paradox. He will risk death as an explorer in the mine in which calamity has occurred; but he will not do another stroke in his own working. The Oaks colliery explosion—one of the most dramatic disasters in the history of English mining—brought every man out of the pits for miles round. The colliers said they were irresistibly compelled to "lake"—to play, to idle; that they could not work with the consciousness of the dread scene in the other mine. They are absolutely fearless in the presence of tangible danger, yet they are exceedingly superstitious. Not long ago the coal-getters deserted the Morfa colliery, in Wales, declaring that there was a ghost in the workings; that they had heard strange noises in the mine—cries, groans, and mysterious music, and that a dove had perched on a coal-truck! The unlucky omen of a bird in the mine was, no doubt, a freak of imagination. The disquieting sounds were possibly due to earth tremor, or to the settling of the strata; but nothing could shake the conviction of the men that the pit was haunted.

In another district in the Principality, in the Mynydd Newydd pit, near Swansea, there is a place of worship—a miners' chapel—hewn out of the coal; but one scarcely dare quote this novel conventicle as evidence of widespread religious feeling among the mining population. There are thousands of God-fearing pitmen; but the week's toil, and the Saturday's athletics, or other diversion, tend to keep the bulk of the colliers out of church and chapel. Habit also wars against the spirit, for the miner is inclined to take his ease out of the pit—to stroll, pipe in mouth, into market-square, village, or country lane, balance himself on his haunches, and smoke reflectively or gossip with his mates.

Now and again, however, he arouses himself to attend entertainment or tea in connection with the place of worship to which his family are attached. Humour blends with devotion at some of these gatherings; and in a mining village in which a representation of the parable of the prodigal son was given by the scholars, the scene was so realistic that a calf was led upon the platform. The animal was in a condition of unrest. It evidently anticipated the pastor's announcement that it was intended as a practical sequel to the parable, to kill the fatted calf and "have a veal and ham tea!" The pitman is grim enough at work and in labour dispute; but he, too, has the exquisite gift of humour. A Lancashire miner, watching the burly form of Bishop Fraser as he swung down the long straggling street of a colliery village, said to his mate: "Eh, mon; yon's a gradely bishop. What a chap 'e'd be for a hup and deawn foight!"

NO GREAT CATCH

By F. J. DAVEY



"The cool breath of the sea"

THE hottest day of the year and the Wimbriatta races in full swing. A choking all-pervasion of dust—a torment of glare—and the women's white dresses a smarting offence to the eye. Worse than all, a noisy crowd steadily growing more excited and quarrelsome. A few farmers of the better sort are gathered together, exchanging grumbles; one says: "I know a place." Blessed thought! And there under the bread-fruit trees the shade was deep, the grass had the fresh touch of the living green, and the cool breath of the sea came to us through a rainbowed spray, as the waves splashed in on the rocks almost at our feet. This is the story Tom Vincent gave us that afternoon—as near to his telling as I can remember:

It was away back in the early seventies that I first drifted on to the Wimbriatta, and here I soon made up my mind to stay. I'd had enough of the drought-stricken West; here was a land that was always fresh and green, and it struck me that the soil which could carry over a hundred big trees to the acre could comfortably support one Tom Vincent. My sole belongings were youth, strength, and as much poverty as there's room for outside one-and-ninepence—a fair share of it for one man. Jenny Fletcher had no one-and-ninepence that I know of, but she had more than the money's worth of good looks, so my first move was to fall in love with her, and we considered our prospects only needed a little steady coaxing, and then we would get married. I made a start by tickling Dame Fortune with a stalk of sugar-cane; the sugar industry was then in its early days, and for several seasons I worked in one of the cane-cutting gangs. It was piece-work, of course, just as it is now, only far better pay, and we earned big cheques every season. But, my word! we worked for our money! I know I've never worked like that before or since. I wonder what you fellows nowadays would say to fourteen hours a day, aye, and sometimes an extra hour or two by moonlight to finish a job, every man working like a compressed steam-nigger, for it was share and share alike with us all, and if any fellow had tried to loaf, we should have smartly bulged him out of the gang. The man who could straighten his back after such a day's work as that was the sort it was just as well not to quarrel with, unless you particularly wanted to; there was no local hospital in those days, remember.

But, hard as the work was, it meant a chance of getting on, and the third year I was not only made foreman of a gang, but also had some cane of my own, and a cottage built ready for Jenny, for we were to be married at the close of the season. Unfortunately, many of the usual hands were away at the gold rush that year, and somehow the shortest-handed gang of all fell to my lot, although they made up in strength to a certain extent for their lack of numbers. Anyhow, there was no help for it, so to work we went, harder than ever, and you should have seen the way our cane-knives played,

"Leading a pack horse"

cutting and lashing and topping from the earliest dawn right on and on until we could no longer see the glint of them in the evening dusk. But it was all of no use! The carts began to catch us up; by the third morning they were waiting for their loads, and no cane cut ready for them. Of course there was trouble at once; the drivers began to tune up their silvery tongues, and—though it was a disgusting waste of time—we gave them three very fair stand-up fights; after that, the boss carter notified me that if I didn't put on a full gang before next morning he'ld take his horses off the field! I was supposed, as ganger, to smooth over any such little difficulties, but where on earth was I to get more men? On the other hand, if he carried out his threat—and I could see he meant to—the mill-manager would certainly blame us for it and discharge the gang straight away, and then there'ld be no Jenny in the cottage for at least another year!

By all the streaks of luck that ever slipped out of the sky, two fellows came tramping along the road that very afternoon, one of them leading a pack-horse carrying his swag. The elder of the two, Bob Simmons, was an old cane-cutter, and just the sort of man we wanted, but the other—Charlie Wright he called himself—was a mere lad, much too slim-built, to my thinking, for such nigger-work as ours. Still, it was any port in a storm, and all the men agreed to my taking them both on, as even then we hadn't our full complement.

"There's a spare bunk in that tent of Bratson's, Charlie," I said to the lad. "You can put your swag in there."

"No fear! I've got my own tent with me, on the pack-horse," he answered. Bratson, who was standing near, turned and looked curiously at the boy, and then turned to me.

"I say, boss," said he, "I'ld let the—the youngster have his way, if I was you. I don't mind my tent-mate, Alick—he's a perfessional snorer same as me—me an' him won a gold meddle for the champion midnight duet, but I'm blest if I want any stranger in our tent listenin' to my privit snorin'."

"All right," I said. "Well, then, Charlie, you and your mate Simmons will camp together. I suppose your tent is big enough for two?"

"He's not my mate. I never saw the man till to-day—we jus' tramped along together, that's all. And I'ld rather have my tent to myself."

"If that's your sort, my lad," I exclaimed, "I fancy you won't be with this gang very long. If you're so particular as all that——"

"I didn't think you'ld mind," whined the boy, almost tearfully. "I'm always offendin' people without meanin' it. Why can't Simmons camp with Bratson?"

His almost girlish voice somehow reminded me of Jenny's, and a vague half-suspicion of I didn't know what just flickered in my mind, but it was gone in a moment, and as I'd no real reasons for refusing, I snapped out: "Keep your tent to yourself, then. I don't care where you camp."

Next day, the boy soon proved himself a worse cane-cutter even than I had expected. He invented a perfectly new style for himself; the knives were of course kept as keen as razors, and how it was he escaped cutting off his mates' heads and his own toes seemed to me just pure miracle, and overproof at that. I was half inclined to shunt him off the job, but he seemed so willing to learn and answered my bullying so cheerfully, that I hadn't the heart to do it. Before long he seemed to be getting fagged, and very soon all the others were growling and swearing at him—except Bratson, who I noticed said nothing at all. Every one of us, remember, was slaving away up to the last ounce, while Charlie was barely earning his keep, let alone his pay, and it didn't seem fair that we should do the work while he would be paid for it. I made up my mind he should go at the end of the day.

I was away for some time attending to the punts, and on coming back to the field found the boy scarcely even pretending to work—taking it about as easily as the hour hand of a clock. That didn't astonish me, but guess my surprise to find the others actually encouraging him to loaf, and—think of it!—even one of the carters patiently waiting—with a brand-new 4-inch oscillating smile where he generally kept his oaths—while Charlie leisurely finished cutting his load for him!

After tea I spoke to Bratson. "Of course this youngster will have to go; such loafing is not fair to the rest of us, and——"

"Well, I dunno," said he; "none of us are objectin' to it, and I didn't think you'ld be the one to perk out yer spikes, seein' we're all married men except you, an' you ought to know there's no harm meant. What are you takin' us for?" he added, indignantly.

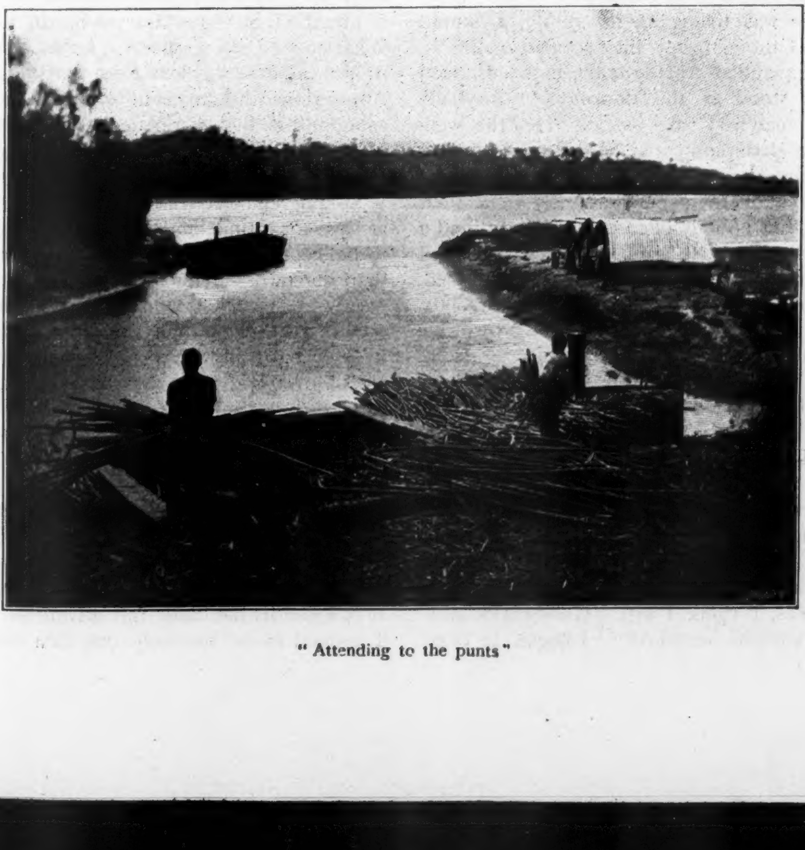
"For a pack of tom-fools," I rejoined, "if you want to know. What's 'married men' got to do with it?"

Bratson stared at me in puzzled surprise. "Oh, my gosh!" he chuckled. "You don't mean to say you haven't twigged? Why, I'ld have thought a blind snail would ha' cantered right on to the spot! An' a man like you, too, with a nose sharp enough to take a prickle out of yer finger!"

"Never mind my nose," I exclaimed, angrily. It annoyed me that they all seemed to have discovered something which I had somehow missed. "That's not the point."

"It's terrible like one, anyways," he muttered. "But I can see it'll be no use to steer by, till you clap a rudder on it."

"Will you tell me what you're driving at or not?" There wasn't a soul within hearing, but Bratson lowered his voice to a wheezy whisper, meant to be impressive:



"Attending to the punts"

"You think she's a boy, but he's really a girl, of course."

I remembered my still-born suspicion of the day before. I knew now what the half prompted thought had been—still, I didn't really believe it to be true, nor intend to give myself away, either. Said I, "This is one of your idiotic ideas, Bratson, I'm sure. It's just like you, you can't see a girlish sort of boy without——"

"A boyish sort o' girl, you mean."

"No, I don't. I mean a boy."

"An' I mean a girl, but I'm willin' to split the diff'rence, an' say animal, if that 'll suit you. What I says is, the figger alone would give her away, an' what about her privit tent an' her penny-whistle voice an' her way of swingin' the knife from the shoulder 'stead o' the elbow? Tell me that! Why, a glass-eyed man could see it at a peep. Besides, I've proved it."

"Proved it? How?"

"Come along, an' I'll show you." There was a barn where the men took their meals, and I expected to find it empty, for usually we were all glad enough to turn in directly after tea, not even lighting our pipes till we were comfortably settled in our bunks, but that evening the whole crowd were sitting around listening to some sort of fairy-story Charlie was telling them, rather a stupid story, I thought, but they seemed to like it, and applauded heartily at tne end. Bratson and I stood in the doorway. "Anybody got a match?" he asked. He, the well-known champion consumer of other people's matches, knew exactly what to expect; two or three of them ostentatiously re-lit their pipes, but nobody offered him a light, and a low chuckle went around the room. "Got a match, Charlie?" The youngster nodded. "You might put two or three in my box, then. Here! catch!" he said, throwing the little tin box across to him. Bratson's case was proved! No boy would have palpably dodged such an easy catch, and who ever saw one actually walk right across a room to give such a thing back when he might just as well have thrown it? It struck me that this thing ought to be settled at once. "You look tired, Charlie," I said. "Why don't you turn in?"

"Yes, I think I will. Good-night, all!" and Charlie vanished. I began at once: "I see you all know about this. Of course she'll have to go——"

"What for?" interrupted Phillips, indignantly. "The pore girl 's run away from some crool home, or p'r'aps been turned out, or somethin' like that. There's no doubt but what she's a good girl, nothin' o' the flighty sort about her, an' now when she's tryin' to earn a honest livin', what's the matter with lettin' her think she's doin' it—that's what we want to know."

"She's a reg'lar brick!" put in one.

"Aye, of the first water!" added another.

"She's all that—an' as soft an' tender as a chicken," said a third.

"Well, let's make a subscription for her, then, and let her go," I said, and that led to a long discussion, which got pretty warm at times. You know the foreman of a cane-gang has little real authority beyond his own personal influence, and in this matter they were inclined to stand firm, for their sympathies had been strongly aroused. Of course I pointed out all the objections on the other side, and I think I might have carried the day, only that Jim Garland drawled out, between his teeth—too lazy to take the pipe out of his mouth, too tired even to open his eyes—"Strikes me Boss is afraid of his sweetheart a-hearin' of it." What could I say to that? I was afraid of it, and my case was lost from that moment. Any serious disagreement soon breaks up a gang, and if that happened, there'ld be no Mrs. Tom for me for some time to come. I wasn't going to risk that.

So I agreed that the girl should stay on, at least for a time, and the whole thing was to be kept strictly dark, more for her sake than our own—as for the men, they were all steady, respectable fellows, and I knew I could trust them, but fancy expecting to keep such a thing dark on a river like this, where everybody knows what you had for dinner last Sunday! And somehow we forgot the carters, for of course some of them knew. So things settled down for some weeks, Miss Charlie—we of course still called her Charlie—doing as little work as she could possibly manage, for although it had never been even hinted to her that we had penetrated her disguise, I suspected she not only knew it, but took full advantage of it. I seemed to be the only one that grudged

"Steady work"

her the pay she would draw, and I had good reason to do so before long.

One rainy evening, I was sitting in my tent, totting up the tally-book; by dint of sheer grit, long hours, and steady work, we were doing very well that season, after all, and I was thinking what a big, able-bodied cheque I would surprise Jenny with when we were paid up, when who should appear but Jenny herself. She had always avoided the camp until then, and I guessed at once what was coming, for she was as cold as the North Pole and miles more distant; you'ld have thought she'd been brought up on ice-creams—without sugar. I tried to kiss her, but no! she wouldn't as much as shake hands, wouldn't sit down, wouldn't even come in or close her umbrella, but just stood at the tent-flap, and opened fire at once. I expected a hot stream of words, but she only bowled me over with a few heavy chilled shot, fired at regular intervals, like a minute-gun, the rain all the time keeping up a soft, steady drumming on the fly. To this day, that sound always reminds me of it.

"You've got a woman in the camp," she began. For the life of me I couldn't tell whether it was a statement or a question.

"What makes you think that?" I said, stupidly.

"Worse than that—a woman shameless enough to dress like a man."

"Oh, come, I say! This isn't like my warm hearted Jenny——"

"And you knew it from the first."

"No, really—not till the next day, and then——"

"'The next day' was five weeks ago."

"Well, but, you see——"

"It is true, then?"

"Yes, but——."

"You have seen me every Sunday and—well—forgotten to mention it."

"I was bound to keep faith——"

"But not with me, it seems."

"I suppose I ought to have——"

"The woman is still here."

"Oh, as for that——"

"In fact, is to stay the whole season."

"If you'ld only let me explain——"

"Of course—that's what I've come for."

I tried hard to show her how perfectly innocent the whole affair was, and how entirely against my better judgment and wishes.

"Then why have kept it so secret?" she objected.

"Of course, I see now I ought to have told you. You'll forgive me, won't you, Jenny?"

"That's not the question at all," she said. "Even now you haven't said you'll send her away."

"Of course I will, like a shot, if you'll agree to kiss and be friends again."

"Do you think I would make such a bargain? Send the woman away, or not—just as you please. But understand I won't have it done for my sake."

"Then it won't be done at all!" Perhaps it was a foolish thing to say, but any man will kick if he's lashed hard enough, and with one kind word she could have twisted me round her finger. I regretted it the moment after, but by that time she was gone, her voice coming to me out of the dark: "Good-night, then—I mean—good-bye."

Good-bye it proved to be. After that, Jenny refused to see or speak to me, and I believe nothing but the constant grind kept me from turning sour. I didn't care a rap then whether Miss Charlie stayed or went, so stay she did, the whole season, after a time giving up even the pretence of work, although she was always good-naturedly willing to do anything else to please us, but work she would not, and after all, very few people seemed to know anything of the gang's idiotic secret.

Well, the season came to an end at last, and I was glad enough when the day came for the final pay-off at the mill, for I had nothing to work for now. All the men, including Miss Charlie, had been paid, and when, last of all, I received my own cheque, I remember feeling absurdly angry that it was so big, now that I'd no Jenny to share it with. I found all my fellows waiting for me outside the gates. The hard work had been well paid, but some of them had drawn various amounts on account during the long season, and with a two-foot rule I could have estimated any man's cheque by measuring the breadth of his particular grin. Charlie alone had no grin at all—on the contrary, she looked decidedly unhappy, for an elderly little grey-whiskered man, evidently a farmer, was gripping her firmly by the arm, and the expression on his face must have been ominous enough to his prisoner. "Oh, you're the foreman, I understand?" asked the old chap. I nodded.

"Well, my name's Ridgway. I suppose you've no further use for this youngster? The young runaway scamp is my son, if it's all the same to you."

"Your *son?*" I gasped.

"Ay, what else? You didn't take him for my grandmother, did you?"

The grins had dropped off the men's faces like dead leaves in a gale of wind, not that I believe they were thinking of all the hard work they had wasted on the boy, or even of the handsome cheque he held in his hand, but every man, I fancy, was trying—I know I was, for one—to size up just how many such fools as himself it would take to make one thoroughly competent idiot. Brat-

"They passed down the road"

son even let out a low groan. I turned on him with a wicked joy. It was a relief to get a jab at our lunatic-in-chief. "What's the matter with *you?* D'you think her—I mean his—own father can't tell?"

"How should I know?" answered Bratson, vacantly. "It isn't that. On'y a sort o' queer feelin' come over me—a kind o' achin' void, like—in my head."

"Well, Mr. Ridgway," I resumed, "I don't doubt your word, but he said his name was Charlie Wright—not Ridgway."

"Shouldn't wonder!" said the old man, drily. "It was James Clarke last time." The old fellow looked me in the face with a mocking twinkle in his eye. "Maybe you won't believe what I'm goin' to tell you, but you can please yerself about that. Last year he ran away to Marrathool plantation with his clothes rigged up to look somethin' like a girl in disguise." We all looked at Charlie's clothes—and winced. "The men took pity on him, too—till they found him out, an' then they hurt him a goodish bit. Raw hide does hurt, don't it, Charlie?"

"I never said I was a girl," he replied.

"No, but you laid yerself out to make 'em think so," said his father. "An' now, Mr. Foreman, I want to know if you'll answer me one question, true an' straight, as man to man?"

"Yes," said I. "I will if I can."

"You see the lad's mother died when he was just a little nipper, an' I s'pose I've been too easy with him, and gave him too much of his own way, so I doubt it's all my fault his runnin' away an' carryin' on the way he does. But if you can tell me"—a wistful look crept into the old fellow's face, and his voice quavered—"on'y tell me he ain't been loafin' on you—on'y tell me he's *worked*—even on'y a middlin' stroke—an' I don't care what monkey tricks he's been up to. But true an' straight, mind."

"Well, I can hardly say that, but——"

"Thank you," he said, with a heavy sigh. "I had a sort o' last hope, like, but I'm afraid he'll never be any good now. I never could get him to work." Then, turning to the men, "I know—I'm sure—you've all been kind to the lad, an' thank you kindly for it, one an' all. But here! that cheque is not his—it belongs to them that's worked for it. I ain't takin' any charity jus' now. So 'long!"

We watched the two as they passed down the road, the boy with downcast head and dragging steps, the old man erect and firm, but carrying, I fear, the heavier weight of sorrow.

Look here, you fellows, the races must be all over by this, and Mrs. Tom will be expecting me home. She and I have never found anything worth quarrelling about since that night when the rain was drumming on the tent—and I don't want to begin now.

OLD LONDON COACHING INNS

By A. W. JARVIS

ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD PRINTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

ONE by one the old coaching inns of London have disappeared entirely, or been converted into the palatial hotels which form so prominent a feature in the new London now so fast replacing the picturesque, if ofttimes dirty, narrow and crooked, streets of bygone days. Even the name "inn" has almost died out, though it is difficult to understand why "hotel" should be substituted for the good old English word associated by Dr. Johnson with so much real comfort and goodfellowship.

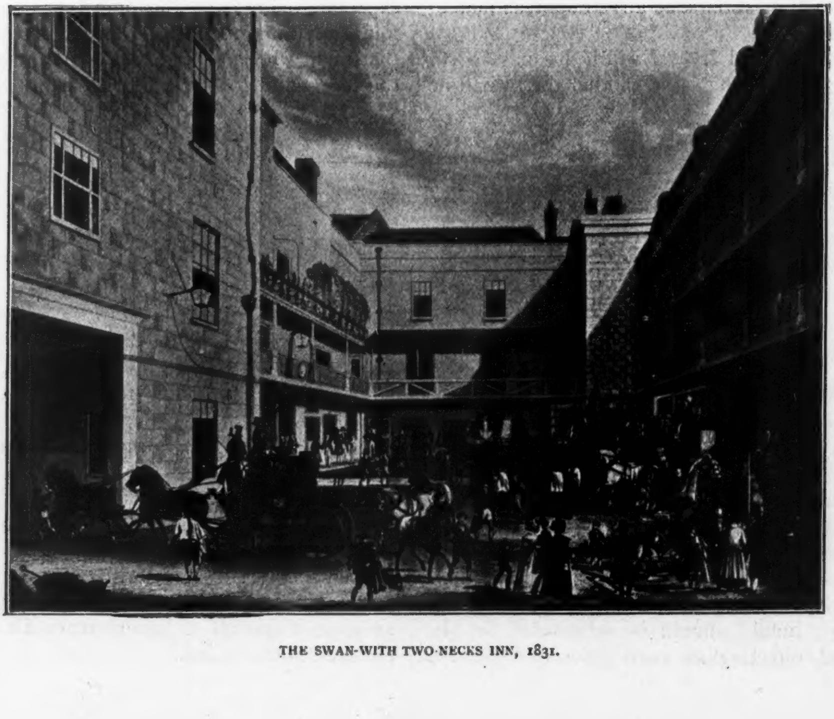
Later Dickens, too, loved to dwell on the homely comforts and glories of the old-fashioned coaching inns. Scattered through his works is to be found many a word-picture: "Great, rambling, queer old places they are," he writes, "with galleries, and passages and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories."

In "Pickwick Papers" he gives a glimpse of a rare old inn, situated in the Borough, the "White Hart," in its days of decadence. It is when we are introduced to Sam Weller, who is busy cleaning boots in the yard. The latter, writes Dickens, "presented none of that bustle and activity which are the usual characteristics of a large coaching inn. Three or four lumbering waggons, each with a pile of goods beneath its ample canopy, about the height of a second floor window of an ordinary house, were stowed away beneath a lofty roof which extended over one end of the yard; and another, which was probably to commence its journey that morning, was drawn out into the open space. A double tier of bed-room galleries, with old clumsy balustrades, ran round two sides of the straggling area, and a double row of bells to correspond, sheltered from the weather by a little sloping roof, hung over the door leading to the bar and coffee room. Two or three gigs and chaise-carts were wheeled up under the different little sheds and pent-houses; and the occasional heavy tread of a cart horse, or rattling of a chain at the further end of the yard, announced to anybody who cared about the matter, that the stable lay in that direction. When we add that a few boys in smock-frocks were lying asleep on heavy packages, woolpacks and other articles that were scattered about on heaps of straw, we have described as fully as need be the general appearance of the yard of the 'White Hart' Inn, High Street, Borough."

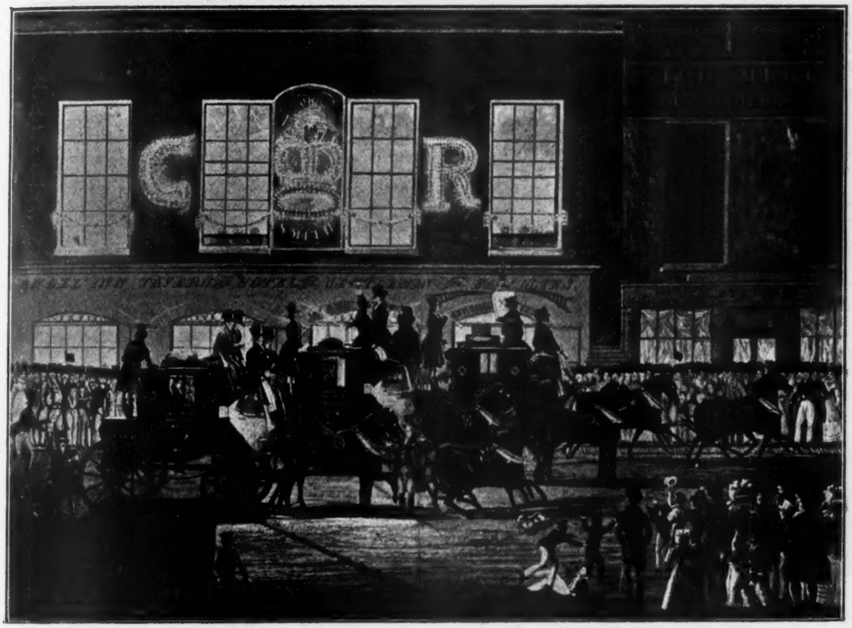
Such a description seems to indicate that Dickens wrote of the place from personal inspection; yet he has lapsed into error on one point, for the galleries were, in the common way, built around *three* sides of the yard. The latter was entered through a great arched gateway.

This old inn is embalmed in the pages of English history and in those of Shakespeare. It was there that Jack Cade fixed his headquarters when, in 1450, for a brief time he dominated London. It was also the scene of more than one bloody act. Several people were executed there; or, being slain elsewhere, their remains were taken to the rebel captain at the White Hart—like the headless body of Lord Say, which was drawn to the inn at the horsetail.

Another fine old hostelry immortalised in the pages of Dickens was the Bull Inn,



THE SWAN-WITH TWO-NECKS INN, 1831.



ROYAL MAILS AT THE ANGEL INN, ISLINGTON, ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 4, 1812

Aldgate. In its day it was one of the most prosperous of the coaching inns, and possessed large stabling and some of the best coaches on the road. It was long kept by John Nelson. On his death he was succeeded by his widow, a very able woman, assisted by her son John. Most of the coaches for the Eastern counties started there, beside one or two others, including the celebrated "Telegraph." This ran between London and Exeter—164½ miles. Seventeen hours only were allowed for the journey, including twenty minutes for breakfast at Bagshot, and another thirty minutes at Deptford for dinner, by no means bad work.

From the yard of the Bull Inn, Mr. Pickwick started on his famous journey to Ipswich; and here we make the acquaintance of the nervous Mr. Magnus.

"'Now, gen'l'm'n,' said the hostler, 'coach is ready, if you please.'

"'Is all my luggage in?' inquired Mr. Magnus.

"'All right, sir.'

"'Is the red bag in?

"'All right, sir.'

"'And the striped bag?'

"'Fore boot, sir.'

"'And the brown paper parcel?'

"'Under the seat, sir.'

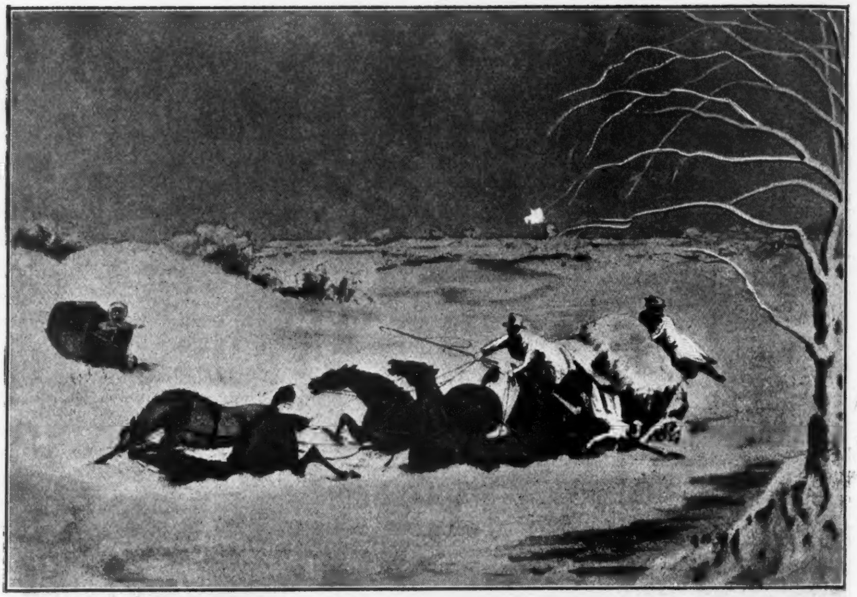
"'And the leather hat-box?'

"'They're all in, sir.'

"'Now, will you get up?' said Mr. Pickwick.

"'Excuse me,' replied Mr. Magnus, standing on the wheel. 'Excuse me, Mr. Pickwick. I cannot consent to get up in this state of uncertainty. I am quite satisfied from that man's manner that the leather hat-box is not in.'

"The solemn protestations of the hostler being wholly unavailing, the leather hat-box was obliged to be raked up from the lowest depth of the boot, to satisfy him that it had been safely packed; and after he had been assured on this head, he felt a solemn presentiment, first, that the red bag was mislaid, and next that the striped bag had been stolen, and then that the brown paper parcel had 'come untied.' At length when he had received ocular demonstration of the groundless nature of each and every of these suspicions, he consented to climb up to the



THE LIVERPOOL MAIL IN A SNOWSTORM, DECEMBER 1836

roof of the coach, observing that now he had taken everything off his mind, he felt quite comfortable and happy.

"'You're given to nervousness, ain't you, sir?' inquired Mr. Weller, Senior, eyeing the stranger askance, as he mounted to his place.

"'Yes, I always am rather, about these little matters,' said the stranger, 'but I am all right now—quite right.'

"'Well, that's a blessin',' said Mr. Weller. 'Sammy, help your master up to the box: t'other leg, sir, that's it; give us your hand, sir. Up with you. You was a lighter weight when you was a boy, sir.'

"'True enough, that, Mr. Weller,' said the breathless Mr. Pickwick, good humouredly, as he took his seat on the box beside him.

"'Jump up in front, Sammy,' said Mr. Weller. 'Now, Villam, run 'em out. Take care o' the archway, gen'lm'n. Heads, as the pie-man says. That'll do, Villam. Let 'em alone.' And away went the coach up Whitechapel, to the admiration of the whole population of that pretty densely populated quarter."

Mrs. Nelson seems to have been a particularly cheerful and energetic body, who personally superintended her extensive establishment. There was accomodation for a hundred and fifty visitors, besides some thirty of the coachmen and guards who lodged in the house. There, in a sitting-room reserved for their especial use, these "knights of the whip" frequently entertained some of their aristocratic amateur brethren, men of birth and title who followed "the road" for the pure love of the thing. Many of them took the places of the professional men with unflinching regularity, and in all weathers drove the public coaches. They delighted to fraternise with the professional Jehus, a practice which Captain Gronow notices in his "Reminiscences." They mounted the box, handled the ribbons, and bowled along the high-roads, touching their hats to their passengers, and some amongst them not disdaining to take the tip of a shilling or half a-crown, with which it was the practice to remunerate the coachman, to whom, of course, it was handed over. Sir Vincent Cotton was frequently to be seen on the Brighton "Age"; and on the Holyhead, Oxford, Bath, and Bristol roads, Lord Harborough, Lord Clonmel, Sir Thomas Mostyn, Sir Charles Bamfylde and others of the Four-in-Hand Club, were often seen either driving the coach or sitting cheek byjowl with the coachman, talking about horses and matters relating to "life on the road." One gentleman, Mr. Akers, was so determined to be looked upon as a regular coachman that he had his front teeth so filed as to enable him to expel his spittle in the true fashion of some of the most knowing stage-coach drivers.

The *outré* costume of the amateur coachman gave rise to innumerable squibs and caricatures. Here is one from a popular song of the time:

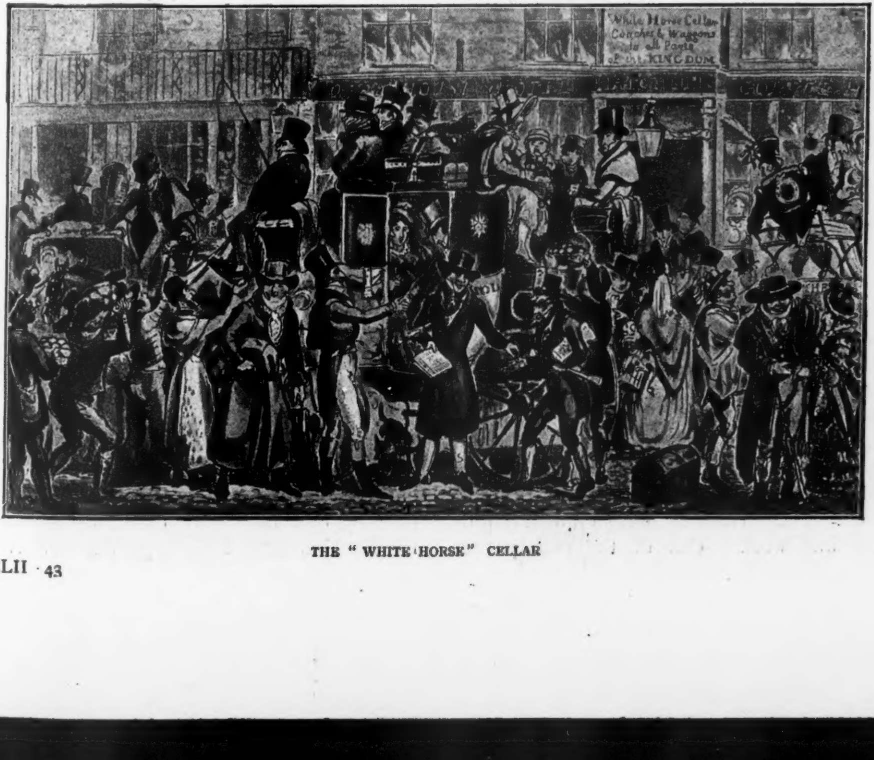
"On Epsom Downs,"
Says Billy, "Zounds
That cannot be Lord Jackey,
Egad, but now
I see it is;
I took him for his lackey."

Amusing incidents naturally occurred from some of these aristocratic Jehus being mistaken for the regular coachman. Malet tells a tale of an old lady, who calling a well-known and wealthy gentleman-whip to the coach-window, showed him half-a-crown. "Now," said she, "I intend to give you this at the end of the journey, but it must be on one condition, which is that I do not see you enter another public-house, as I think you have already been into enough of them for any refreshment you ought to require."

For some time before the "Telegraph was taken off the road, Mrs. Nelson was joined in it by Sherman—who kept the celebrated "Bull and Mouth" Inn, in St. Martin's-le-Grand. This he rebuilt, and constructed extensive stabling underneath for his numerous stud. He was the second largest coach proprietor, and had all the Scotch mails.

One of cheery Mrs. Nelson's sons, Robert, was the proprietor of another famous old inn—"La Belle Sauvage," on Ludgate Hill, the site of which is now occupied by Messrs. Cassell and Co's printing and publishing offices. Long before the time of which we are writing, in the days when inn-yards served the purposes of modern theatres—which, indeed, are modelled on the lines of the old galleried inns—it was a favourite place with the strolling players. Their performance was given on a movable platform arranged across the gateway, the public being distributed round the galleries, and the yard serving for the pittites—then called the "groundlings."

In the coaching age this inn held a foremost place as one of the most extensive and popular of its kind. Mr. Nelson owned about four hundred horses and some of the fastest coaches on the road; amongst others, the coach that ran between London and Norwich, the Oxford "Defiance," and the celebrated Devonport mail—the "Quick-



THE "WHITE HORSE" CELLAR

silver." The latter was one of the fastest and most popular mails in England. It was timed throughout at eleven miles an hour, including all stoppages; forty-five seconds being all the time allowed for changing horses. One night this crack mail had a very narrow escape from a bad collision on Hartford Flat, for particulars of which we are indebted to the Badminton book on "Driving."

The down mail was nearing the spot, when the coachman turned round to his guard with the remark, "Bill seems to be in a hurry to-night" (referring to the coachman of the up-mail). "I can hear the pebbles flying, and he must be over a mile off." It was a lovely, still, moonlit summer's night, or rather early morning. Presently the coachman exclaimed, "Why, there's not a soul on the coach!" and immediately pulled as much into the heather on the Flat as he could, in order that the other might pass him without accident. The coachman hit his off-wheeler, and that saved them. The two boxes of the off-wheels of both coaches just clinked together sufficiently to be heard, but not to shake them. A lucky escape! There was one passenger, a Frenchman, inside the flying up-mail. He quietly sat the journey out; but no sooner had the horses drawn up at their usual stopping place at Blackwater, where, not having the coachman to steady them, they all four tripped up—when he opened the door and rushing at the off-wheel horse, kicked him violently three or four times as he lay on the ground, saying, "Ah, ——you beast! I see your vhite legs"—he was a chestnut with white legs—"going all de vay."

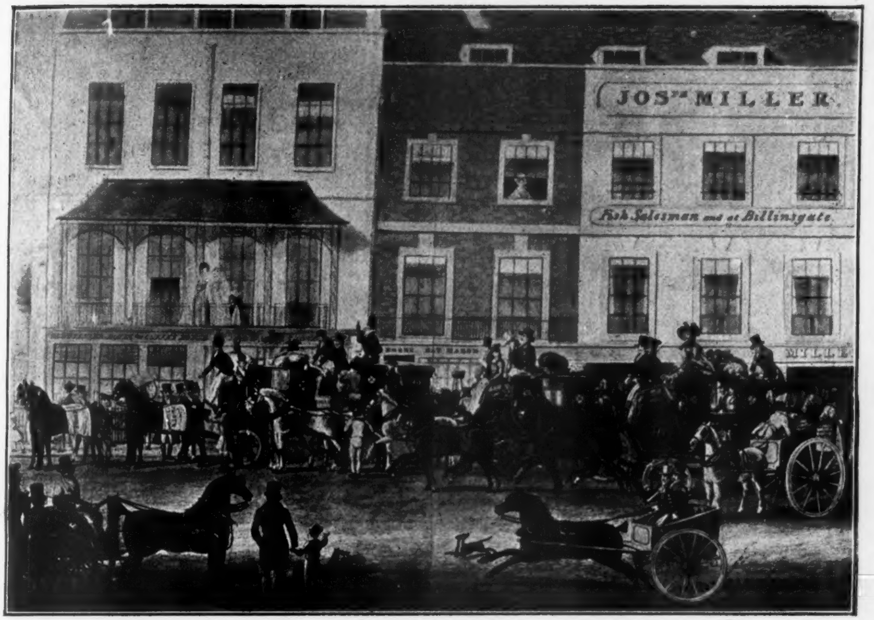
Although one of the best appointed coaches on the road, and admirably conducted in every way, Nelson did not succeed in making the "Quicksilver" a financial success. But later on it was taken over by William Chaplin, when matters speedily improved.

Chaplin was the largest coach proprietor of his day, owning three considerable establishments in London—"The Swan with Two Necks," in Lad Lane, now Gresham Street, the "Spread Eagle," Gracechurch Street; and the "White Horse," Fetter Lane—besides extensive stables a stage out, at Whetstone, Hounslow, and on the Brighton Road. His coaches went north, south, east and west. Out of the twenty seven mails which left London every night, fourteen were owned by him, and one way and another he found work for about two hundred coaches and seventeen hundred horses.

One of the mails sent out by him was the Liverpool, which is seen in our illustration turning over and half-buried in a snow-drift. This incident took place during the terrible snowstorm of December 1836, when travelling was brought to a complete standstill all over the country. Near by, deeply buried in the snow, is seen an abandoned post-chaise in which the guard discovered two affrighted ladies. They told him that they had been there two hours, the post-boy having left them to get fresh horses from the neighbouring town of St. Albans.

When the coaches were finally swept off the road by George Stephenson's invention, Chaplin shrewdly availed himself of the advances made to him by the railway folks, and ultimately became chairman of the company now known as the London and South-Western. It is said that he was originally a coachman himself, though later on in life he was elected M.P. for Salisbury. The "Swan with Two Necks" was converted into huge warehouses, and there he founded the great carrying business, still in existence under the style of Chaplin and Co. Associated with him in the venture was another large and well-known coach proprietor, Benjamin W. Horne, originally the owner of three important coaching establishments: the "Cross Keys" in Wood Street, Cheapside, the "George and Blue Boar" in Holborn, now the Inns of Court Hotel, and the "Golden Cross," Charing Cross, where Mr. Pickwick had his encounter with the philosophic cabman.

All the mails started from St. Martin's-le-Grand at eight o'clock in the evening, except those for the western counties. These started from the "Gloucester" Coffee House, which stood where the Berkeley Hotel now stands in Piccadilly. The "bags" were brought down by the guards in the quaint little carts seen in our illustration. The start of the mails must have been a pretty and imposing sight; the spick-and-span crimson-coloured coaches with their splendid teams of smartly harnessed horses, and the guards in their imposing-looking coats and gold-braided hats. One by one they were called up by their names, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Nor-


JOSPH MILLER
Fish Salesman and at Billinsgate

THE WEST COUNTRY MAILS LEAVING THE "GLOUCESTER" COFFEE-HOUSE, 1828

wich, and so on; and as soon as the precious "bags" were packed in the boot, bang down would go the lid, and with a merry tootling of the horn away rattled the coach on its long journey, to the delight of the crowd, who never failed to put in an appearance to see the mails off.

One portion of the road between Hounslow and Staines bore the ominous title of the "hospital ground," owing to the number of accidents which occurred there in consequence of the terrific rate of speed maintained over the level six miles. This recalls a little story: "Coachman," said an outside passenger to one who was driving at a furious rate along one of the hilly roads in the north of England, "have you no consideration for our lives and limbs?" "Can't help your life or limbs," was the prompt reply, "*I'm behind my time.*"

Most of the stage-coaches for the western road started from Hatchett's—the "White Horse" cellar—a little below the "Gloucester" Coffee House—among others, the renowned "Tantivy." Our illustration of this well-known hostelry is one which Cruikshank did for Pierce Egan's "Tom and Jerry." Jerry is returning to Hawthorne Hall, fairly knocked up by the excitement of his "Rambles" and "Sprees" about town; and his "staunch pals," Tom and Logic, are seeing him off.

The great day of the year for the mails was the King's birthday, when all the coaches were paraded in Lincoln's Inn Fields and drove through the chief streets of the West End, before the more serious business of the evening commenced. For the occasion all coaches were made splendid with fresh paint and varnish, and the horses had new sets of harness; while the coachmen and guards donned their new liveries of scarlet and gold, and wore mighty nosegays. Special teams of horses were used on this great occasion—many gentlemen, lovers of the road, lending their own teams to join in the procession—all gaily decked out with flowers and ribbons. Sherman's mails were drawn by black horses, which on this day wore handsome harness of red morocco. In the front of the procession rode the Inspectors of Mails, then came the Bristol mail as the oldest on the road, the rear being brought up by the mail-carts. Numbers of gentlemen, interested in coaching, rode with them on horseback. Our illustration gives us a glimpse of the mails for the North road, calling at the "Angel" Inn, Islington, on one of these occasions.

The mails, like ships, were required to carry lights after sunset. Everything on the road had to give way to them, and woe betide the unlucky keeper of the turnpike-gate if he did not have it open for the mail to go through: for a report from the guard to this effect rendered him liable to heavy fines and penalties.

For London and the first stages out none but the best horses were used; but in the middle grounds sorry "crocks" were occasionally to be met with. Mr. Harris tells us that one night he noticed a black horse, with long tail down to the ground, put in as a near leader. Closer inspection revealed it to be a funeral coach-horse treated to a night out by its considerate master, whose business evidently included the "black-job" department.

"That's a very wretched-looking donkey you've got there," remarked a gentleman to a costermonger. "Yes, sir, he *h*is," came the reply, "a werry miserable ass. He've bin a-standing twixt two mourning-coach-'orses for a fortnight, and he aint rekivered his spirits."

THE GRACE OF DOUBLE-DEALING

By MRS JAMES MARTIN

AN honest old couple, far away from the madding crowd, sent off their son to push his fortune. They agreed with good John Newton, of Olney fame, that London is a dangerous and seductive place, as to all which they well forewarned him. He had the vigour of youth, sufficient money in his pocket with the pleasant certainty of more when lawfully needed, and a score of friends ready to encourage. So he set out in hope. After long years and varied experiences he came back disappointed, unsuccessful. "You started me," he said, "with this injunction, 'Wherever you go, whatever you do, be strictly, rigidly upright through all.' What has been the result? I tried law first. The innocent, I found, had to be assailed, and vilified as guilty; the guilty, in spite of admitted wrong, had to be held up as innocent martyrs. Only on such conditions would briefs come my way. The facts of each case, or my real opinion, went for nothing!

"Then I turned to medicine, my favourite study. Dared I tell anxious, grasping, expectant heirs that, for aught I could see, there was a good ten years of life before my patient yet? Could I cruelly blight young loving hopes by ruthlessly making it plain that no skill on earth could lengthen out that fair girl's life by one short season of bliss? Was it worth while to say to some withered old creature that youth was gone for ever, and that the only disease, really, which filled the selfish soul with dread was the unadmitted, unwelcome, approach of threescore years and ten? To be popular, a physician must be even more than politic!

"The Church remained to me! But there are 'evil influences' working all around and within men now! The old, strong, personal, wicked devil is disposed of somewhere! Good and evil, right and wrong, have each the shibboleth of the different schools of religious thought. Everywhere there is a paring down, a shaping, an accommodating. To have the courage of one's convictions is for the most part to have a very limited field for cultivation!"

So, sadly repeating the words of Solomon, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," the man, it may be assumed, retired into obscurity.

Yet, one of the first lessons taught us in our childhood is the importance of uprightness. We visit heavily the earliest lapses from accuracy with sharp displeasure. Is it possible to preserve that high ideal? Is it even at all times desirable? Imagine if that were attainable, that for one day only a given community agreed that not a word should be spoken in any home, not a transaction should be carried out in any business house, but in strict integrity! Not a visit should be paid except as prompted by true unselfish, loving interest—what would be gained? Long before sunset, would not all the wheels within wheels have come to a standstill, and utter confusion and dismay reign supreme? Could life be really sustained without a liberal yet wise use of what a very astute and silent observer of things as they are was wont to call "little trimmings." Nudity is usually repellent. Is it necessary always to expose the naked truth?

There is a significant sentence in the English prayer book, of wider import than in the administration of Holy Baptism, in which service the words occur. The infant thus presented is to be certified as able to bear complete immersion, and is then to be dipped into the font "discreetly and warily." The mother's feelings at beholding such treatment of the baptismal robe, perchance a cherished heirloom of costly lace, can only be faintly imagined! But the phrase is suggestive.

It is appropriate for many circumstances hardly less important in possible bearings on the future than this reception of a little child into the visible Church. The stigma, "double-dealing," has come to be used almost exclusively in an evil sense. Meanness, equivocation, masking, wilful deception are the supposed equivalents. "Give a dog a bad name"—we all know the result. Yet in this, as in many other cases, the sin, if any, must be determined by the motive, and neither by the act nor by the consequences.

Our opinion, for example, of a neighbour. The little we do know we dislike. We think of Edna Lyall's powerful "autobiography of a slander," and we wisely refrain our speech, or interject in the midst of a babble of unkindly criticism a mildly favourable remark. We could condemn strongly, for, somehow, a feeling of antipathy has been aroused, but we shelter ourselves behind a screen of platitudes. Are we wrong? Granted that our suspicions are correct, is it incumbent upon us boldly to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"? The public prosecutor, the official hangman is never a coveted aquaintance. Yet in social life are there not well-bound small editions of each, sometimes tastefully gilt-edged too, to be met at every function? That there are cases where a fearless exposure of unpleasant facts is imperatively demanded must be admitted. To all right-thinking souls the necessity creates sharp pain. Yet it must be done "discreetly and warily." But in the thousand and one smaller details which arise every day, is a little veiling of awkward actions or unwise statements to be wholly condemned? If we cannot approve do we do well to be angry? Or may we, by discreet silence, cover a multitude of sins?

"I am nothing if not thoroughly candid and above board," said a man, famed for outspoken opinions at once heedless and needless. "Just so," was the quiet rejoinder, "and every one gives you a wide berth as a most disagreeable man!" Candour is not always wise or necessary.

You have spent an evening at the house of a friend. Much trouble has evidently been taken to gratify the guests, but the arrangements have not worked out harmoniously and you are conscious of growing weariness, and a sense of relief when you can courteously withdraw. Need you add to the affliction of your hostess by admitting her failure to entertain as she desired? Will your moral sense be seriously blunted if when you next call you resort to the double-dealing of conventional thanks?

You listen to the well-meant, carefully prepared essay of a young divine, perchance on the swellings of Jordan, or Jonah's gourd, subjects often favourites with the Davids still ruddy and of fair countenance. He is rash enough to beg afterwards for your honest opinion, betraying by the very request his secret hope for a favourable verdict. Can you tell him that in ten years time he will blush at ever having uttered such heroics, and be only too happy if he can put the memories of his performance, with the manuscript, into the glowing depths of his study fire? Will not a kindly criticism, "discreetly and warily" given, meaning much the more it is pondered, yet not closing the door of hope, be an incentive to higher effort and a graceful use of double-dealing? Not quite straightforward, you object? Possibly not, yet you may remind yourself that on one noted occasion when an outspoken statement would certainly have involved our Lord's disciples in difficulty with the collectors of the Roman tribute money, He put the money into the fish's mouth and worked a miracle, giving as His only reason, "lest we should offend."

A thoughtful consideration for the feelings of others, a desire wisely to help the weak, a set purpose to screen where no principle is involved, a firm intent to baulk impertinent curiosity, or to defeat purely selfish schemes justify, as we think, the process commonly known as throwing dust in one's eyes. What is to be very earnestly and at all times deprecated is the use of equivocation, evasion, or misleading statements for personal and unworthy motives. Yet double-dealing is for the most part two-edged. Like all sharp weapons unskilfully handled, it may work disastrous results. Used judiciously, it will be as ointment poured forth.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

By SIGMA

ILLUSTRATED BY W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS

"AY, the sea is bonny the day, but it's a cruel sea for a' that: ye hae fine games doon there, paidlin', and braw it is to see ye; but yon rocks are fearsome when the storms come; ye wouldna ken it was the same place."

The old woman put down her knitting and looked thoughtfully out over the shore; it was low tide, and the sea had run out between the reefs, leaving long stretches of wet sand, and the children of the village were all out playing in the pools and clambering over the rocks. The sun was getting low after a long and cloudless day, and the sea shone peacefully in the sunset light.

"How high does the sea come, Granny—in a bad storm I mean?"

One of the players had left the shore and come to sit by the cottage door.

"I hae seen it cover the rocks, richt up to the De'il's Back—and then, ye see, the sailor lads dinna ken whaur they are. There's that rock oot ayont the laddies—it doesna look muckle the noo, but oh, it's a sair place on a rough nicht!"—she shook her head sadly—"and it's a sair place to me."

The little girl looked up inquiringly, but the old woman's face had grown dark, and her eyes had a look as though intent on something beyond. The little cottage before which she sat was perched on the edge of the cliff, with room only for a small garden in front. A bleak enough spot it would be in winter, but now it was bright with summer flowers, and a pleasant spot to the little town child who had come to play away a month of summer by the sea shore. To the right a winding path led down to a break in the cliffs, and there in the hollow nestled a little fishing village. Boats were drawn up on the beach below, and every one was out enjoying the evening cool—the men mending their nets, and the women sitting about and gossiping. Merry sounds came up from the children at play, but the old woman did not seem to hear them.

Presently she turned to the child sitting at her feet.

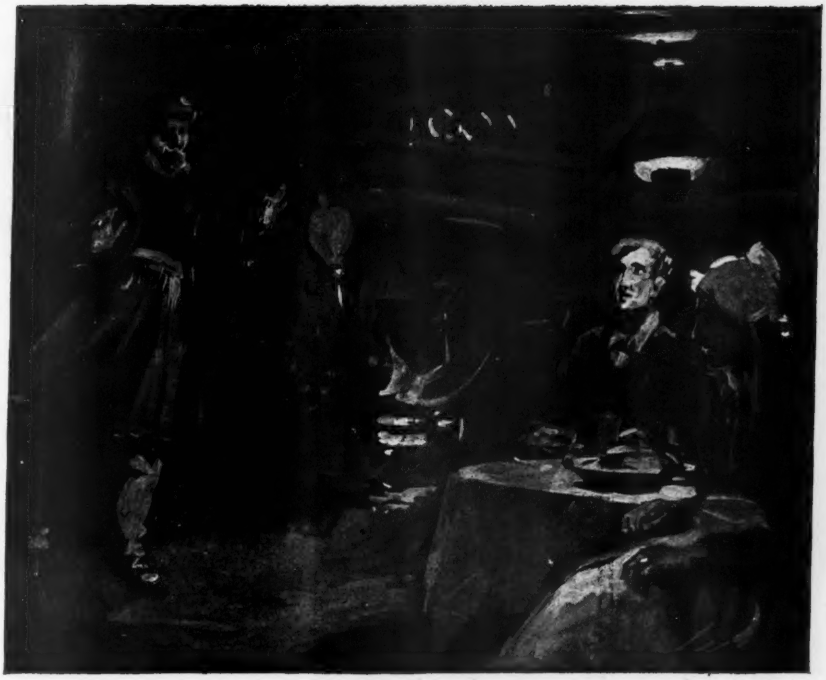
"Time enough when ye're a woman, to hear o' sadness," she said, stroking her head gently, "they rocks hae mony a sad story."

"Oh, *do* tell me, Granny," said the little girl, all alive for a story at once, "do you mean shipwrecks?"

"Ay, ay, shipwrecks," she said slowly; "they ca' yon rock the De'il's Back, and it's been the death o' mony a fine lad."

"Hae they no told ye o' your uncle Jimmie?" she went on. "For he would ha' been your uncle gin he'd been spared. He was my youngest son, and the sea took him before my very een. But if he hadna been the bravest o' a', he'd be here yet," and she drew herself up with a pride her long sorrow had not been able to efface. "There was twenty men wad hae drooned before us, but for my Jimmie, and no anither man o' them a' wad gang."

"Was he shipwrecked here?"



"'Mary,' he says, 'I'm feared there's a ship coming in'"

"Na, na, he was safe at hame wi' me; but there was a ship cam' on the rocks—furriners they were when they cam' ashore, but nane o' them wad hae cam' livin' if it hadna been for Jimmie. There was twenty saved that nicht, but I'd hae gi'en them a' to get him back, as he lay there still, wi' his bonny hair a' drippin'.

"Their mithers wad be listenin' to get them safe back too," she went on, "but a body canna think o' that. They tel't me I should be prood o' my son, and 'deed I was, but he took my hairt wi' him, the lad. Will I tell you, Jeanie?"

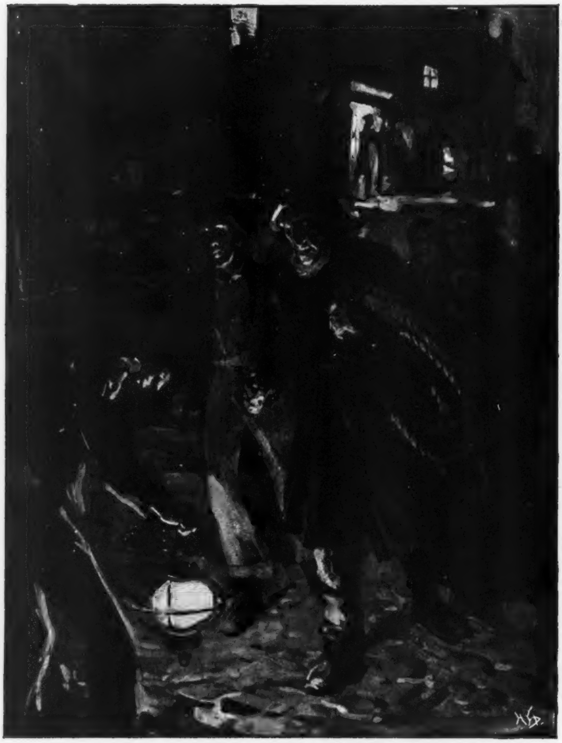
"Oh please," was the earnest answer.

"But not if it will make you sad," she added, half-ashamed of her eagerness, as she saw that the eyes which looked down on her were glistening. It was a face generally calm and smiling, and, if the lines were drawn deep on it, the child was too young to read in them her patient sorrow. The familiar smile returned as she spoke.

"The sair hairt will no be the waur o' speakin'," she said; "it is lang syne, but my auld een see it as though it were yestreen. I'll tell't ye a', for I canna forget."

Jeanie was burning for the story now, and she nestled close up to her grandmother's feet and waited.

"It was the winter your mither was married; it was at the New Year she gaed awa', and the storms that cam' that winter, I ne'er saw the like—snaw that cam' drivin' in when we opened the door, and ill was't for ony ship that was oot. Gey and glad I was to hae my Jimmie wi' me; ye see the boats is a' laid up for the winter and the lads at hame. We was that happy i' the hoose for a' the ill weather, and he was busy mendin' the chairs to me; he was aye fond o' a job for his mither. There was nane o' them took to the fishin' but him, they was a' for awa' to the toon; but he aye likit the sea frae the time he was a little chap. He was quiet they a' said, and there was maybe some better likit, for he wasna ane for daffin' aboot wi' the ither lads, but they respeckit Jimmie for



"'Get oot on the rocks, you lads,' cried auld Jock"

a' that, and he wasna twenty when he dee'd. And for sae quiet he was determined, and when he said he wad gang that nicht, there was nane could stop him.

"Weel, I was tellin' ye there was an awfu' wind after the New Year, and we was bidin' at hame twa three days, and then a nicht cam' the warst o' a'. We heard the waves like thunder as we sat at oor supper, and we said, 'God help the puir men at sea.' We couldna sleep wi' the wind, and they were aye in and oot the door, watchin'. Weel, it was maybe twal' o'clock, my man cam' rushin' in. 'Mary,' he says, 'I'm feared there's a ship comin' in.' 'Gude preserve us,' says I, and I ran oot, and Jimmie too. But it was ower dark to see onythin', and the wind was that awfu' I could scarce hear him speak.

"'What was't, John?' says I. But he gaed doon the wee path fechtin' wi' the wind, and we a' listened.

"'There 'tis,' says he, sudden-like, and Jimmie and me started too, for it was like a gun, but we couldna richtly tell wi' the noise on the rocks. Ye ken the ships has a wee gun, and they fire it as a signal like when they want help, and we was that feared, for nae ship could get clear o' the rocks wi' a wind like yon.

"Weel, we listened, for we wasna sure, and there it cam' again, the soond o' a gun, sae clear we a' three turned and ran doon wi'oot a word, for we kent what it wad be. I had the cover aff the bed roond me, I jist took the first thing. The rain was lashin' an' the wind, but we didna heed; doon on the shore they was a' gethered, nane could bide in.

"'Did ye hear?' and 'Whaur is she?' they was a' sayin' and the women as fain as the men, but naebody seemed to ken.

"Then Jock McPherson—he was an auld fisherman and weel respeckit—he cries oot, 'Ye're nae use clatterin' here,' and 'deed, the sea was drivin' us back to the street, for it cam' up whiles richt to the hooses at the laigh end"—and she pointed to where the village street ran down to the beach, far above ordinary tides, but with a clear way below for the angry waves of winter to sweep up.

"'Get oot on the rocks, you lads,' cried auld Jock, 'as far's ye can, and ye'll maybe can tell.' And awa' they were, Jock first wi' a lantern, to see if they couldna warn them.

"'Tak' a rope,' says my John, and he awa' up to get one, for it wasna safe to gang oot on yon rock wi' sic a wind, for it's gey slippery."

The boys were all climbing about the rock she indicated: a sharp spit running out from the cliff to the right of the village, and affording considerable shelter to the sea within. Scarcely three yards wide at the widest, in some places it narrowed down to two feet, and though the broken surface of the rock afforded a safe foothold in ordinary times, and the mothers could watch their children clambering over it with unmoved countenance now, in a storm it would be very different. Even those who have seen the wild storms of winter find it hard to believe on a summer's day that the rocks, which shine peacefully with the wet of the receding tide, to which delicate limpets cling trustfully, and where the children play as in their own garden—with the sea just moving on the sand—can be the same as the wicked demons which wrestle with the raging sea for their prey of human lives.

"Jimmie was awa' too, but he cam' to me first, and he says, 'Mither, will ye no gang back to the hoose, it's no a nicht for ye to be oot.' It was jist the word, I minded it after. But I says, 'Na, na, I'll no gang till I hae ye wi' me an' your feyther.' So he happit the shawl better roond me, and awa' he was. I said, 'Will ye no wait for the rope?' But no, they a' gaed up on the rock, each grippit by the hand to the next, whiles creepin' to get the better haud.

"It wasna lang, there cam' back the word, sure enough there was a ship comin' in, and they could see her lichts. I couldna bide doon on the beach, and I jist up on the rock too. But for a while naethin' could we see; voices whiles frae the men, for the wind cam' that way, but naethin' plain. And then they got mair excited like, we could hear them cry, and jist in a moment sic a crash, we could hear it through a' the racket.

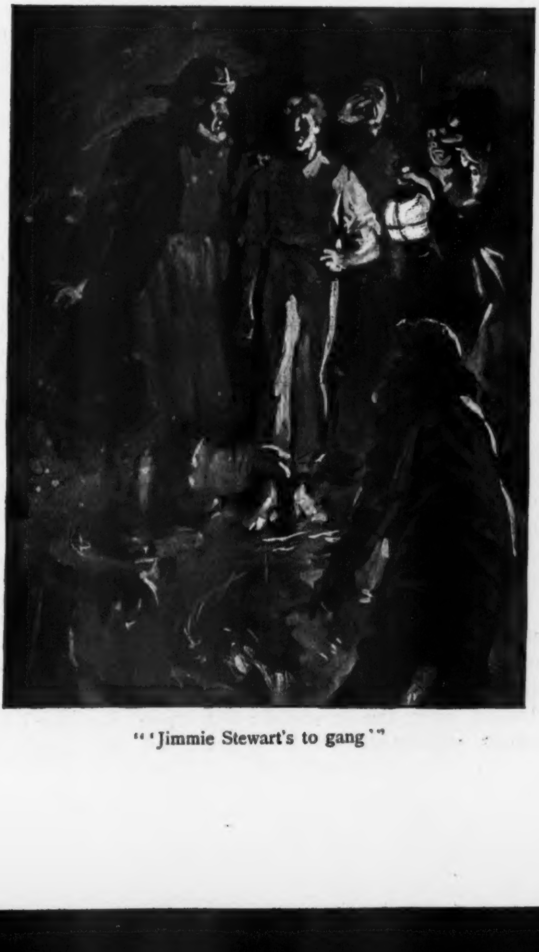
"'Lord hae mercy,' cries ane o' them, and deed it gie me an awfu' start, though nane o' us had kin at sea. She had gone richt on the rocks below the De'il's Back.

"Was't a big ship? Weel, I thocht it wad be frae the noise, but she was no sae big, jist twenty-two o' a crew; I crept oot alang the rock as weel's I could, and a few o' the lassies cam' too, and there we saw the puir ship. The clouds had cleared a wee, and it wasna sae dark, and oh, it was a sicht, the sea fai burstin' ower the deck, and the men haudin on for a' they could, wee black things. It wasna sae far, we could see them, but there was a black wicked sea atween them and us.

"Puir lads, they were tryin' to cry something' to us, but it wasna muckle guid wi' their haythen tongue, and Jock he shouted to them to send ower a rope. But there's ae speech when folk are in need, and in a wee while we saw them mak' fast a rope to the mast and send it overboard wi' a plank at the end to see if it wad wash in to shore.

"Weel, it bashed and battered in the sea; but the waves washed it richt to the fut o' the rock whaur we was, and we saw it brakin' agin the rock below. Jist then there was a cry, and the man that threw it was washed into the sea, and it made us kind o' mad to get them saved.

"'Is there ony o' ye will gae doon on a rope and catch it below?' cries Jock, and



"'Jimmie Stewart's to gang'"

some o' them looks, but naebody speaks; for we could a' see the waves, and they'd brak' a man as easy as a stick. They was brave lads too, but they lookit ane at the ither and doon again.

"'They're nane o' oor kin that we should brak' oor banes for them,' says Lucy Davidson. An' deed they wasna, for when they cam' ashore they was Rooshans; but they was men too.

"'Shame on ye, Lucy,' says my John, 'gae hame wi' yer stony hairt;' and we felt the same staundin' there and the sailors dyin' before us.

"'Gin there was onythin' reasonable,' says anither, and he lookit doon at the sea and shook his heid.

"Weel, they cried again frae the sinkin' ship, and oh, I felt shamed mysel'. Naebody could blame them, but it's a feelin' ye'll carry to your grave to hae watched folk dyin' and no lifted a hand: I felt I could hae gone mysel' wi' that cry. But they stood kind o' stupid, and the roar o' the wind and sea went on; it seemed an awfu' time wi' us glowerin' to see the ship gae to pieces.

"And then I see'd twa three o' them thegither, speakin', and Jimmie in the midst, I kent him frae the bonnet he had on. I tried to win oot, for my hairt stood still, and then I heard the word, 'Jimmie Stewart's to gang.' Oh, lassie, wait till ye've gotten a braw son, and hae to send him oot while ye bide at hame. I kent it then, I kent hoo it wad be, and may ye never feel an hour like yon. I see't still sae plain, that awfu' sea and the lads on the rock."

She stopped for a moment almost overpowered, and the little girl stole her hand up to hers. "Oh, Granny, did he go," she said in a whisper.

"Aye," she said, and the wrinkled hands were trembling. "I couldna get to him, it was a' sae quick dune." With sudden fire—"But this has been a tower o' strength to me—I didna shame my son. I wad hae held him back that nicht, but wha was I to mak' him feared?"

Child, you will learn life soon enough; meanwhile look at the old woman's face, and read its alphabet. There is sorrow without light unredeemed, the sorrow of the straight over the crooked; but there is sorrow untainted, which prints itself in nobleness on the face. The deed of the son had—who can tell?—made his mother great.

Presently she went on.

"We could see the rope dashin' in the sea, but the plank was a' to pieces; and this was his plan, he would catch the rope and get to shore in the wee bay. He was a fine swimmer, and he thocht he could keep aft the rocks. He took a loup into the sea, and I shut ma een wi' fear, but there, in a moment, up cam' his heid, and ye should hae heard them cheer, through the racket o' the storm and a'. It was an awfu' job he had to catch the rope in the ding-dongin' o' the water, but he got it; my word, he was strong to live in that sea. The puir things i' the ship saw him too, and they was wavin'. He had a terribul fecht no to be thrown on the rocks, but he was swimmin' aye, and whiles his heid went under, and I was fair sick wi' fear. The men got back aff the rock, and they was doon in the bay stretchin' oot a lang line, wi' hands grippit, into the sea.

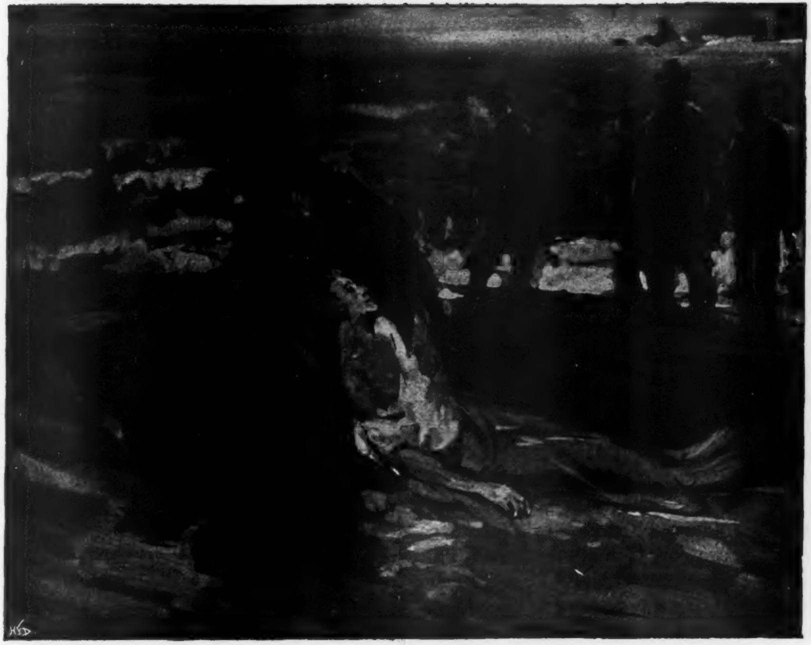
"I kenna hoo lang it was, till sudden a great shout, and doon I was rushin' thro' the water. They had catched him as he was washed in on a great wave wi' the rope roond him. They carried him up and loused the rope, and the folk a' gethered roond, but I didna heed them, me wi' my lad in my airms."

"Then he was saved?" cried the excited listener.

Stay, lest you recall that hour of cruel hope. Picture the scene—the roaring sea, the fierce blast, the fitful light: a slender chain of human arms stretched out to the wild snatching sea: the mother rushing down, regardless of all, to take her rescued son, in wild joy of relief. Of course, she thought he was saved; had he not escaped being broken on the rocks? Had she not his head on her knee? Was she not smoothing the wet hair off his brow? Unconscious, yes, but he would come round.

"I canna tell't ye a'," said the old woman, while the slow tears ran. "I couldna believe the Lord had gi'en me back my son—deid in my airms. They said he was thrown on his heid, and he was fair dune wrastlin' wi' the waves.

"I held him to my breast, I rubbed his hands, and they did a' they could, but he



"'I couldna believe the Lord had gi'en me back my son—deid in my airms'"

never moved again. Maybe the Lord had need o' him, for he was a guid lad."

Night was falling over the sea now, quiet and beautiful; and within the cottage there was sound of busy voices, and preparation for the evening meal. The story was almost done, but the child did not like to break the pause. As the calm which had fallen on the sea erstwhile so wild, so perhaps had peace come to the old woman in the evening of her days.

"Were they a' saved? Ay, they were, a' but the man we saw washed overboard and anither. Ye see, he had brocht the rope safe ashore and they got the puir men alang it. I didna heed them, ye may be sure, but ane o' them—it wad be the Captain—he cam' to me wantin' to say somethin', but I couldna understand, nor John neither. I could understand his face though, when he lookit at me and my boy. It was twenty lives, lassie, and they'd a' hae drooned but for him."

Jeanie was very still and grave; and for a while the silence was only broken by the voices of the few who lingered on the shore, and mothers calling the children home.

"It's ower sad for ye," said her grandmother; "I'll hae to get ye a braw story the morn."

"Oh, I *like* it, Granny," said the child earnestly; "I do wish I could be brave like that."

"Ye'll hae time yet," she replied, smiling, "and the lassies maun be as brave as the lads, though it's no jist the same way. Rin awa' in to your mither noo."

But the child waited to pick up the old woman's stick, and the fallen knitting, and together the two passed up the little path in the gathering twilight; and a cool breath came up from the sea, and stirred the creepers over the cottage door as they entered in.

EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS

By MATTHEW CRIPPS

IT has been said, chiefly by disappointed literary aspirants, that the editor has very little sympathy for the contributor; the following remarks will help to dispel that purely fictitious idea. My experience of editors—and it extends over a period of several years—is that they are among the most kind of men and women. When it is borne in mind what a great strain they have to bear—the petty and worrying demands of some Quixotic scribe, the warnings of some eccentric subscriber, the laziness of some popular writer, the supervision of a large staff, the possibility of judicial battles, not to mention the hundred and one other worrying details of the editorial office, is it to be wondered at that these long-suffering editors are occasionally human and become for the nonce irritable and unapproachable? Who was more kind, patient, and gentle than Charles Dickens when he edited *Household Words;* James Payn when in the editorial chair of the *Cornhill;* R. H. Hutton of the *Spectator;* and his long tried friend and co-editor, Meredith Townsend; H. D. Traill of *Literature;* and Mr. Henley, when he looked after the *National Observer?* These men are but a few that suggest themselves to me at the moment. To Dickens and to Payn I shall refer again. It is entirely a mistaken idea that the budding writer gets little or no consideration at the hands of the editor; and many who read these lines can no doubt refer to their letter-files, and find therein notes containing words of encouragement and sympathy from many men whose daily lives find very little time for meditation and repose, and who are often content to forego such pleasures in which the literary man delights, to add one more minute to those golden hours which have been given in pure unselfishness to the struggling writer, in the shape of a kind-hearted letter. There are still left among us men who conduct the most influential of magazines old-fashioned enough to be actuated by the nobler side of journalism and letters, although there is a band of young Philistines who would have us think otherwise. These altruistic editors may not be able to show as great a circulation as a younger and more up-to-date editor of some popular magazine, but they can point with legitimate pride to their pages, into which creep no personal hate, no cringeing log-rolling and slipshod writing, but rather a generosity in criticism, justice to friend and foe alike, and sound, practical, common-sense English, minus those "high-faluting" phrases with which the twentieth-century journalism will be, and is, crammed. It is these men and their journals that produce, quietly but slowly, the real and effective result both intellectually and morally, and that they do exist and will exist bids the young and earnest thinker to put away once and for all those instincts of cynicism, disdain, and indifference which have been doing their best to sap those higher motives faintly struggling for life. That these men take the trouble to interest themselves in persons totally unknown to them—a fact which the contributor, as a rule, seems to lose sight of—redounds to their credit, especially when hundreds of young writers beg the editor during the year to tell them if they have any ability in the direction of journalism, and ask if he will kindly point out the weak points in their, very often, badly written, badly spelt, and badly punctuated (if at all) MSS. The subscriber who calmly picks his monthly up ensconced in a comfortable chair, and at one with all men, bent on enjoying the literary *menu* before him, little realises what trouble it has caused the editor to provide it for him.

Of course it is very bitter to the contributor to have his MS. back from editor after editor, but he need not be downhearted over it. An editor very often refuses an article, or story, because its tone does not fit in with his paper; in fact, I know of two prominent journals, one English (*The Bookman*), the other American (*New York Times Saturday Review*), who explicitly state that it does not follow because they have rejected a MS. that it is entirely unsuited for publication in any other direction. Think of the MSS. that have gone the round and finally found a medium. Remember "Vanity Fair" and its escapades, and a "Gentleman of France" and its difficulties. Miss Mary Angela

Dickens tells the story how "John Inglesant" was rejected by so capable an editor and critic as James Payn. It came in the ordinary way, and went back to its author in a similar manner, and the matter was forgotten. Some time afterwards Mr. Payn was alarmed and disturbed by a paragraph in one of the papers which accepted such dangerous tit-bits that he had stupidly refused the work. The matter had appealed to him so little that he had apparently forgotten all about it, and emphatically denied that he had ever refused it. And he could not be pacified until it was proved to him from the records that he had actually received it and declined it. He had, no doubt, done so honestly and conscientiously, for if ever there was an editor who realised the greatness of his calling it was James Payn. He was once a contributor, in the strictest sense of the word, himself, and tells how "long years ago 'when life and hope were new' I received a letter from him whom Bret Harte calls 'the master,'" praising something he had written for *Household Words*. "It was a kind thing to do, for his written words were literally golden, and his time very precious. Moreover, although a very young beginner, I had met with many rejections as a would-be contributor, and might well have been even despaired of by an impartial judge." Mark the effect of this kindly interest, on the part of Charles Dickens, on the young contributor. "I made a vow," said James Payn, "to myself that if ever in the years to come I should find myself an editor, I would take example from one who had, as it seemed, made a man of me." That he kept his vow, those of us who write know full well.

There is a class of editors who do not always get what they want. Realising how easy it is for them to persuade certain more or less known literary men to send them this or that article, they likewise imagine that it is just as easy to get something out of, say a Mr. Gladstone, for an example. His work was always sought after by editors, but they were not always successful in their efforts; notably American editors. A man of Mr. Gladstone's nature was not to be tempted by the allurements of large sums of money. If he was interested in a subject, payment was of a secondary importance. Of course he was paid handsomely for his articles; his "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture" brought him a hundred guineas per article in Good Words. He was always patient and kindly disposed towards those editors with whom his work brought him into contact. The late manager of Messrs. Isbister & Co., Mr. John Nicol, had close relations with Mr. Gladstone. When Mr. Nicol died he made the following remarks: "I have received with deep concern the news of the death of Mr. Nicol. My intercourse with him was comparatively recent, but during the last year and a half it had been sufficient to enable me to appreciate his qualities. He seemed to me an admirable man of business, exact, rapid, circumspect, obliging, liberal, and having his heart in his work." There was a bond of trust and sympathy between them, a condition of things which produces the best results, and which made the relations of the late Mr. G. M. Smith and his *Cornhill* contributors, Mr. Alexander Macmillan and his, and in America, Mr. G. P. Putnam and his, of the happiest kind.

William Gifford, who was at one time travelling tutor to a son of Lord Grosvenor, and was unsuccessfully prosecuted for libel in "The Baviad" in 1797, was editor of the *Quarterly Review* from February 1809 to September 1824. He always made it a rule that all contributions should be paid for at the rate of so much per sheet. A certain article was submitted by a Government official and accepted. Gifford altered it considerably, and payment was made in proportion. The official refused the cheque; he did not want to be paid for the article. Gifford insisted that he must accept payment, as he could not break the rule of the *Review*, but suggested that his contributor should send it on to some charitable institution. This did not satisfy the gentleman, and he flatly refused, so Gifford returned the article, and the Government official got indignant, and would send no more contributions. "Poor man," said Gifford; "the truth was he did not like my alterations; and I am sure I did not like his article, so there was an end of our connection." If it is necessary to "edit" the articles of experts, how much more is it necessary to alter those of beginners? Yet there are many who are indignant if so much as a stop is altered. There is no school like the school of experience.

It is remarkable how often an editor is

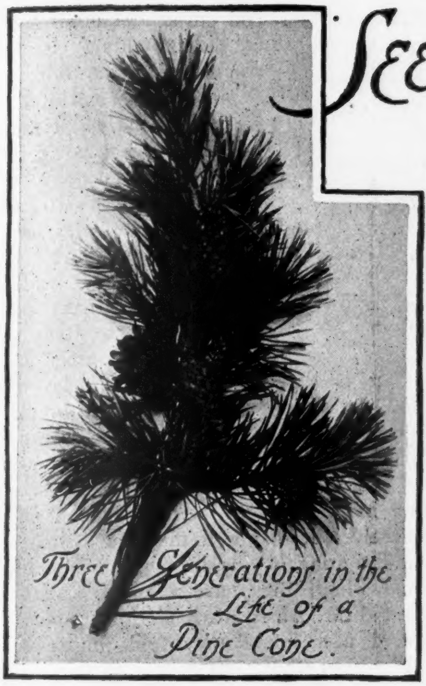
deceived in the character of his contributor; writers whom he has thought to be men have frequently turned out to be women, and *vice versâ.* The following is an instance known to the writer. Some time ago the editor of a well-known monthly magazine had been receiving some piquant articles on country life from, as he then thought, a young sportsman, in which he brought to bear an intellect of a higher nature than one generally looks for in a man who follows the gun and the hounds; then he sent up some stories, all of which showed that rare touch which is so essential to the successful writing of good fiction. When he wrote to the editor that he was coming up to town the editor was pleased, for he was rather anxious to make his acquaintance, so he made an appointment. On the arrival of the time appointed a card was handed to the editor bearing the name of a single lady whom he did not know, but whom he consented to see for a moment. She was shown up, and before the editor could say a word, introduced herself as the "Young Sportsman" who had been contributing to the magazine for some months past!

Another *Quarterty Review* editor was John Wilson Croker, an Irishman born in Galway, and who studied law for two years. He contributed letters to the *Times* on the French Revolution and assisted in starting *The Cabinet* and *The Picnic.* He returned to Dublin and was called to the Bar in 1802, was M.P. for Downpatrick (1807–1812) and acting Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1808. In 1809 (February) he helped to start the *Quarterly Review,* into which he threw his whole heart on retiring from his official life. He was the first to make use of the term "Conservative" in the *Quarterly* for January 1830. He always treated his contributors strangely, which may be traced to the fact that his mind had become exceedingly cynical, possibly in consequence of a disappointed political career. He felt that the pension which he received from the Government was insecure when Lord Grey came into office, so he added to his income considerably by "tomahawking" Liberal authors in the *Quarterly Review.* He did it in such a manner as to involve in the trouble many *Reviewers* who were compelled, in self-defence, to demand the republication of their articles from which Croker had quoted so largely.

A further instance of how contributors manage to hide their identity from the editors who accept and publish their work may be gathered from the following instance: A man had been sending up to a popular magazine some trenchant articles on life in one of the most sordid districts of London. These had duly appeared in the pages of the magazine and had attracted some considerable attention. The author was evidently an educated man and treated his subject in a most delicate manner and very thoroughly. He had been asked on more than one occasion to call, and had always declined the honour until one day he did turn up at the office, but he was so shabby and unkempt and down-at-heel that the clerk turned him away in disgust, believing him to be an impostor. But he came back and saw the editor. He was completely penniless, and all the experiences that he had given to the world were his own. Morally he was a failure; he was an opium eater, and eventually his slavery to the drug was the cause of his destruction.

Charles Dickens was painstaking and conscientious, and particularly considerate both to friend and stranger. He was a ruthless "cutter," said Edmund Yates, who tells how one morning he called on him at his office in Wellington Street and saw him run his blue-ink pen through about half a column of the proof before him: "Poor gentleman," he remarked, "there is fifteen shillings lost to him for ever." There must of necessity be a great deal of this "blue pencilling," because the journal is not a book, and there is so much important matter to go in, written by most capable hands, and therefore somebody's manuscript has got to suffer. Personally, I have, before this, sent up a five-thousand-word article and have been considerably disappointed on seeing it published to find it cut down to less than half that amount. It all depends upon the importance and merit of the matter. Personal influence among the better class of editors nowadays, I am positive, counts for absolutely nothing.

I think it may be said with justice that editing is decidedly harder than contributing. It is comparatively easy to find writers of decent English, but it is not so easy to get the men of ideas who can think out fresh schemes and fresh skeletons of articles. They are the editors, and the obligations that the public owe to them are not sufficiently recognised and I fear they never will be.



Three Generations in the Life of a Pine Cone.

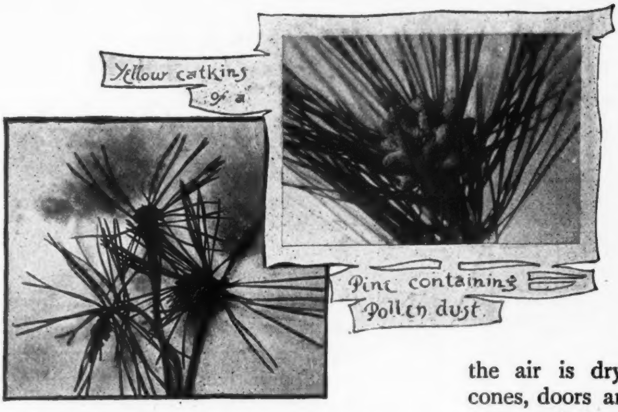
Seed-homes in Pine Land.

By G. Clarke Nuttall, B.Sc.

An air of mystery always seems to hang over the pines and firs. They are the "dark horses" of the pine world, their ways look devious to the onlooker, weird, unfathomable; the dark foliage, the quaint needle-like leaves so different to the forest leaves of oak or elm, above all the cones which appear to have a life altogether unlike any other offspring in plant-land, all add their quota to the incomprehensibleness of the whole. Certainly the cones are felt to be, in some sort, a kind of equivalent to the familiar flower, yet their absolute unlikeness in appearance and behaviour set them as a "thing apart." Indeed, a fierce controversy as to what precisely cones are has long raged without settlement among those studying plant history. Is a cone the equivalent of a single flower, or should it not rather be regarded as a bunch where every scale is a flower? But that is a deep-reaching question only to be settled by the botanists themselves, and in the meanwhile we can note infinitive variety among the cones and find infinite interest in their method of life.

Now the pines, and the firs in a lesser degree, are trees which do not wish to hurry over important matters. They take deliberate action in most things, and in particular they take their time in the way they launch their young into the world and equip them for the battle of life. It is no matter of a day or a week or two; the dandelion may indeed flower one day and the next fit out its young with parachutes to fly away with the first breath of wind to seek their fortunes, but the pine is stately and deliberate. It will certainly be months, it is often years, before it considers its young fit to leave its kindly care; and the young are slow-growing, too, like a backward boy whose development is leisurely. Naturally the seeds need protection all this time, and so the pine or the fir, as the case may be, builds up homes for its offspring—homes which are warm and dry, homes which cannot easily be entered and spoiled by robbers; homes, above all, where unmolested the little seeds can work out their own development from birth to maturity. And these are the cones, which are nothing more or less than many-storied houses containing many chambers. And it should be noticed that these chambers are arranged not one above the other as in our houses, but in long spirals, as though they opened each on to a winding staircase round and round the cone; and every chamber on every storey has two tenants—twin seeds—which lie side by side during the long time of growth.

Let us watch for an instant how a pine builds up these houses for its offspring, and how it adapts them as time passes to their various needs and their increasing development. It is an interesting sight though too often passed unnoticed. Here is a branch which will show three stages in the process. At the very tip can be seen small bulgings,



Yellow catkins of a Pine containing Pollen dust.

convent school, no whisper of their budding charms reaches the outer world.

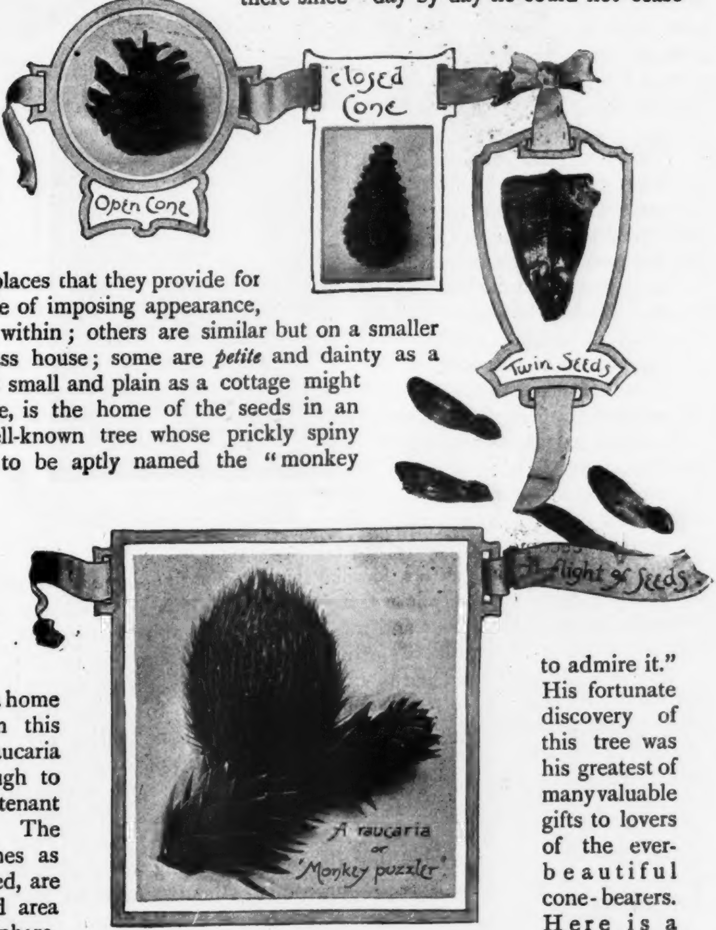
Now at the end of the second season, or it may be not until the third season, the offspring of the pine, hitherto so jealously guarded, have "grown up" and are ready to face the world; so one day, usually one afternoon when there is some wind blowing and the air is dry, "crack! crack!" go the cones, doors and windows are thrown wide open, and there lie the little seeds, each furnished with a single delicate wing. Through the branches the breeze rustles, the seeds lying in their brown berths stir and raise themselves in answer to the call; a stronger puff and away they fly, leaving the sheltering home where they have been so carefully guarded through so many months of waiting. Round and round they spin, hither and thither they whirl, looking for all the world like little fluttering moths; and thus they are borne on the breeze, some to fall within a few yards of their parent pine, others to be carried long distances, perhaps miles, to found, if they are lucky, new settlements for themselves.

But here it must be whispered that the infant mortality among the inmates of the cones is terrible. True, the trees ensure posterity to themselves by a lavish provision of offspring, still the fact remains that the large majority of the young, so protected to begin with, are doomed to perish from starvation and competition in an already overcrowded world. Take, for instance, one of the long spruce cones figured later. Suppose it has eight spiral rows of chambers, twenty chambers in a row. Within each of these twenty chambers are twins, say, therefore, at least, that there are three hundred winged young who fly away in the afternoon breeze. Think also that there are many cones on a single tree, and yet how many of the thousands who leave it yearly ever grow up into a great tree. Not one in ten thousand!

If we look once more to the first photograph we see in the third or lowest tier two cones, one of which has opened and

which are cones in their infancy—the houses in their earliest stage—which were begun in the spring of the present year. They are often of a reddish-brown hue, and the layers of tiny scales are not yet tightly closed up together as we know them later on. On a neighbouring branch, perhaps on the same tree, perhaps, as in other cases, on a neighbouring tree, hang a number of little yellow catkins full of a yellow dust. The next picture is a photograph of one of these yellow catkins. The spring wind blows, the yellow dust puffs out in golden clouds, often with such lavishness that the ground all round is covered as by a thick dainty carpet. The great Canadian lakes are sometimes covered by a yellow scum which, when examined, proves to be nothing but the contents of the myriads of the little catkins of the pines on the lake banks. Some of this dust finds its way to the tiny homes where the infant offspring are dwelling, it passes in between the little scales, and touches the embryo seeds with a magic touch.

The days pass, summer draws to an end, and the scales grow up together. It is as if a house closed its doors and put up the shutters at its windows to bar out any eye intruding on the events taking place within. And so, when the second spring arrives, the cones are hard round green masses, presenting impenetrable faces to the inquisitive. We see them in the second stage half-way down the branch in the first photograph. Thus they remain throughout the summer, giving no clue to the outsiders of the wonderful development of their inmates that is going on within. Like girls growing up in a scattered its inmates, the other one is still firmly closed; perhaps it has yet to open, or perhaps the magic yellow dust failed to find an entrance and the young therein are dead and the house desolate. But, anyway, this branch picked in the summer shows three generations born in three successive springs.

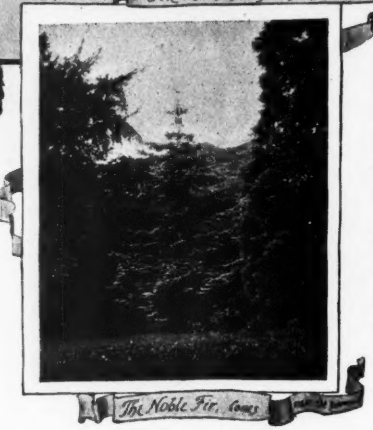


But just as different classes of people have different tastes and possibilities in the matter of homes, so the various kind of pines, firs, cypresses, larches, and so forth, have varying tastes in the kind and arrangement of dwelling-places that they provide for their young. Some are of imposing appearance, grand without, roomy within; others are similar but on a smaller scale, like a middle-class house; some are *petite* and dainty as a bijou residence; others small and plain as a cottage might be. Here, for instance, is the home of the seeds in an araucaria, the now well-known tree whose prickly spiny leaves have caused it to be aptly named the "monkey puzzler." It is large and round, and may be even as big as a man's head. In this country it is something of a rarity, and even when it is seen it is, alas! often a home without inmates, for in this cold climate the araucaria rarely has energy enough to produce offspring to tenant the imposing residence. The araucarias, or Chili pines as they are sometimes called, are natives of only a limited area in the southern hemisphere, and they were not even known to the inhabitants of the northern hemisphere until a little over a hundred years ago, when explorers looking for timber and bark came across the quaint curious trees in the forests of Chili and Peru.

The next seed-homes, three in a row, are those of the silver fir, and are also built on an imposing scale; in fact, they are one of the specially remarkable objects of the Vegetable Kingdom. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful tree than a silver fir bearing these magnificent cones, and it is well designated popularly as "the noble fir." Its discoverer, a certain David Douglas, wandering in Oregon in an eager search for new pines and firs, came across a whole forest composed of it alone, and spent three weeks there since "day by day he could not cease to admire it." His fortunate discovery of this tree was his greatest of many valuable gifts to lovers of the ever-beautiful cone-bearers. Here is a picture of one. The tips of the branches gleam silvery white in the sunshine, the inner recesses form a background of darkest green, while the cones stand up in striking simplicity among the loftiest branches. It is a sight not easily to be forgotten, the picture of a most noble tree. But though these cones are remarkable and beautiful, they, in common with all fir cones, are not "built to last," as we saw those of the pine are. Only for a single season do they persist, and then their inhabitants are ready for flight, the scales fall apart, the seeds fly out, and the purpose of the cone-home is done.

Beautiful seed homes in a Spruce

The Cones of the Noble Fir.



The Noble Fir, Cones

The following illustration is of a fir also, but this time it is a spruce, and the long slender handsome cones, some eight inches in length, hang down from the branches, a striking contrast to the stately erect cones of the silver fir. And then there is another variety of spruce with lesser cones, reminding one in colour and size of half a dozen cigars hung on a Christmas tree. None of these ever become hard and brown and woody as do the familiar pine cones; like those of their close relative the silver fir they live but a year and are always soft and yielding to the touch.

And next we have a branch of the beautiful feathery foliage from the Douglas fir; three cones of this year's growth hang from the tips of the lower branches; they are yet tightly closed up and are jealously guarding the immature young. Further in among the branches can be seen, by careful looking, other older cones, not closed, for they are more than a year old and their purpose is fulfilled, and so they yawn open at every pore, bespeaking the desolation of a dwelling whose inhabitants have fled. The name, the Douglas fir, recalls again David Douglas the pine searcher, and recalls too the tragic ending of his eventful career. He was at the time travelling in the Sandwich Isles engaged on one of his usual scientific explorations, and wandering about alone he fell into one of the deep pits which the natives there dig as traps for wild beasts, covering them over with treacherous leafy branches that look secure and yet give way to the first intruding foot. Within the pit in question a savage beast had already been trapped, and as Douglas fell it seized him, and when he was found only his mangled remains spoke of the tragedy.

A branch of the Weymouth pine follows the Douglas fir, and is interesting because it shows the baby cone produced in the spring at the extreme end of the branch. A year's growth lower down is a fine large cone just opened (this piece of pine was gathered in late autumn), and a year ago it was in the position that the baby cone is in now. And many of the seeds still lie within it waiting for a rougher wind to shake them out, fine handsome seeds measuring a good inch from seed end to tip of wing.

The next photograph is a great contrast. It shows the seed-homes which the larch provides, quite bijou residences these with nothing of the noble or imposing about them. Arranged along the extended boughs the little brown objects more resemble rows of sparrows huddling together in the cold than anything else, and though they, too, like the fir, lose their tenants at the close of their first season, yet often on the older part of the bough behind the new season's growth may be found remnants of the sparrow-like rows of the year before, darker, desolate, with wide open scales.

Smaller than the seed-homes of the larch, and smallest of all the firs, are those of the hemlock fir—just cottage homes these—

whose photograph is next given. At the tip of the new branches they are found, greyish-brown masses of interlapping scales. On an autumn morning they may be tightly closed up, in the afternoon they may suddenly fly open, even as one watches, all together as though moved by machinery. It is the work of a single instant, and multitudes of tiny seeds, each with its own minute wing, fall out, scattering broadcast. These seeds have one interesting fact to their credit, they are said to be the smallest seed from which a tree may spring. For a time perhaps the hemlock cone still clings to the branches' tips, but its hold loosens and soon it too is swept away. The home of this particular hemlock fir is in Canada, and the tree first made its début in England, introduced by a certain Peter Collinson, in the middle of the eighteenth century.

But there are still smaller cones as seed-homes, and these are hidden away on the back of the branching foliage of the sombre cypresses, foliage which recalls, only in a coarser degree, the graceful feathery leaves of many of the ferns. Very small they are too, often not bigger than good-sized peas, yet still there are the overlapping scales, and within their recesses lie the wee seeds each with wing complete. Now on all counts the cypresses with their delicately-traced foliage, and their pill-like cones, are distinctly interesting, but the interest increases when we consider them from an historical point of view. In Great Britain it is true there are no particularly old trees, but this is because the cypress is a native of a warm, genial climate, and in this chilly clime its tale of years cannot run into any great length. In Rome, on the other hand, there are, in the gardens of a convent, some still vigorous cypresses which were planted by Michael Angelo more than three and a half centuries ago; and tradition asserts (almost incredibly it is true) that a certain aged cypress in Lombardy actually saw in its infancy the stirring times of Julius Cæsar. Anyway, its venerable age appealed so forcibly to the great Napoleon that he—a man unaccustomed to brook the slightest interference with his smallest arrangements—actually diverted his renowned Simplon road over the Alps from the straight line so that the veteran tree might, if possible, end its days in peace.

Weymouth Pine

Douglas Fir.

Spruce Cones.

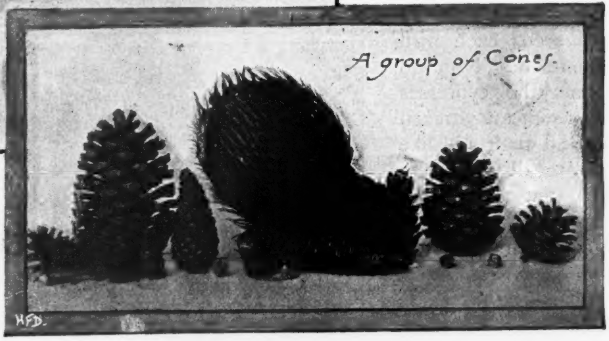
And thus we come to see how diverse are the dwellings of the seeds in pine-land, some as big as a man's head weighing perchance several pounds, others no larger than a pea, several going to the ounce, and all the intermediate stages filled in in an uninterrupted line. And though they are often reproached for being, in most cases, of a sober unattractive brown, yet even here there are subtle gradations of tint for those who have eyes to see, while certain "beauties of the family" redeem the reputation as a whole. Thus one of the most magnificent of the fir cones sports an intense purple colouring, a colouring which has been extracted and used as a beautiful dye, and the cones of "the noble fir" stand out on the branches in the daintiest dress of green.

And so we pass the seed-homes of the cone-bearers in review, not attempting to visit all or even representative ones, the task would indeed be impossible where so many are really interesting and all worth notice

Cones on a Hemlock Fir.

The tiny homes which the Cypress provides for its seeds.

Seed Homes of a Larch.



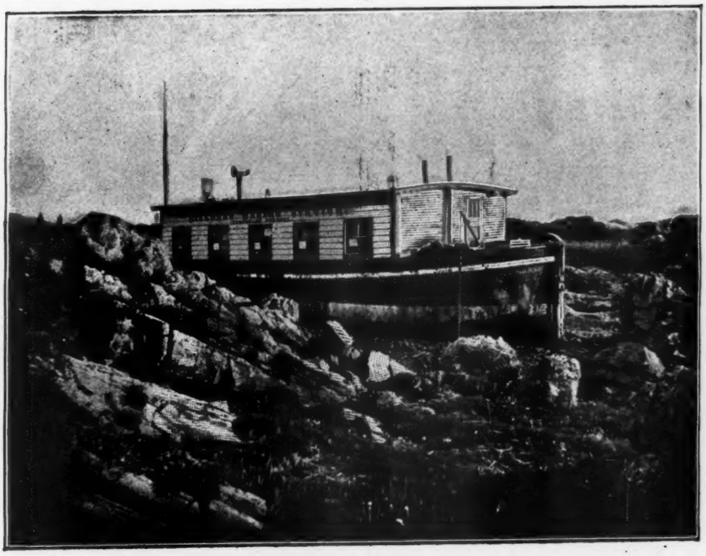
A group of Cones.

in their varying peculiarities; we can only glance here and there as one glances at the houses in a casual walk through a strange town, attracted here by size, there by picturesqueness, and elsewhere by a quaint turn of architecture. But even the casual glance will give some idea of the realm of cones, some idea of the reason of their structure, of their history, of their life, and the inhabitants that dwell therein.

THE LOOK

Beside the fire he sits between my feet,
And, snuggling, feels how winter can be sweet.
Then leaning back—such love in his clear eyes!—
"You look at me a little bit!" he cries.
"I *have* been looking, dear!" "You look again!"
O least importunate of tiny men,
Have eyes such power? Can such a trifling thing
So lift up your fond heart upon the wing?
Yet I that know Whose eyes upon me brood
Have never felt this child's beatitude.

Vida Briss.



THE "ARK"

A SCOTTISH MARINE STATION AND ITS DEVELOPMENT

By W. SINCLAIR

TEN years ago the present writer gave a brief account in this magazine* of the remarkable career of David Robertson, F.L.S., F.G.S., who was, and is, perhaps, better known as "the Naturalist of Cumbrae," under which title his life-story was written by his friend and fellow-scientist, the Rev. Thomas R. R. Stebbing: a story as interesting and as remarkable almost as that of any of the humble workers in science of whom Scotsmen are justly proud. The suggestion was then made that a permanent memorial of Robertson's life-work would be specially appropriate if established at Millport, on the Firth of Clyde, where he had so long resided, and where his scientific labours had been so successfully accomplished. Several eminent scientists—among others, Dr. Anton Dohrn, of the well-known marine station at Naples—wrote favourably of this proposal, and some time thereafter the committee in charge of the marine station at Millport, then in temporary quarters, were encouraged to secure a suitable site for the proposed building. The scheme was generously entertained and vigorously carried to a successful issue. The purpose of this paper is to briefly describe the rise and development of the marine station and "Robertson Museum," which is to-day recognised as a suitable memorial to commemorate the scientific life-work of "the Naturalist of Cumbrae." Before doing so, however, a few particulars of the later years of Robertson's life may be of interest to our readers.

In 1891, when David Robertson was in his eighty-fifth year, it was recorded that his eagerness in his favourite study was continued with unflagging zeal. To those who were privileged to see the wonderful collections made by the veteran naturalist it was cause for surprise that, in spite of his early struggles and educational disadvantages, he had, by sheer force of genius, been able to accomplish all that he did. It was certainly an object-

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* "GOOD WORDS," 1891.

THE "MERMAID"

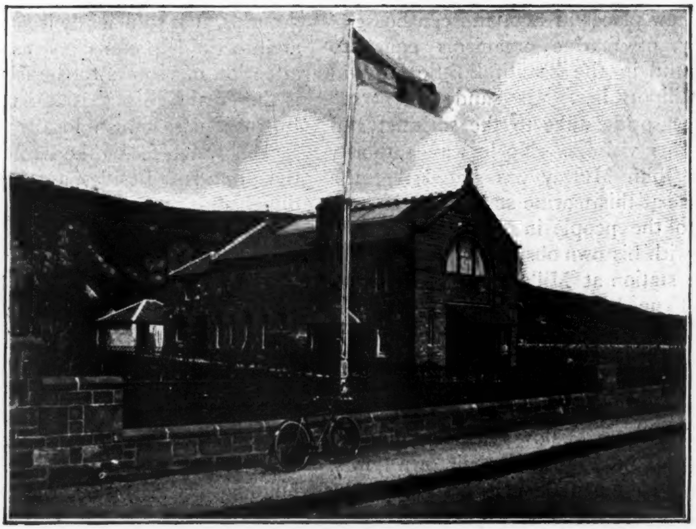
lesson to see him in his study; there he was as keenly absorbed in the work on hand as if he had a lifetime before him. He knew the value of time; not a day passed without some work being done in the study he loved so much. Sometimes he remarked that however long human life might be—and he had had a longer and more robust life than most of his contemporaries—he thought it was too short for the scientist to overtake or solve a tithe of the many problems awaiting solution. The discovery of a new specimen was ever an added interest to life. Nothing was a greater pleasure to him than a dredging expedition in the Firth of Clyde. Often he was to be found in summer-time in company with other scientists in his favourite haunts, taking his share in the work with as much enthusiasm as the youngest worker of the party. Although, also, he was a fellow of many scientific societies and received many honours in his lifetime, certainly the crowning honour came to him in his eighty-ninth year. On April 16, 1895, the Glasgow University honoured itself by conferring on him the honorary degree of LL.D. in recognition of his eminence as a scientific worker. The aged naturalist, hale and hearty, was capped before a distinguished audience, and was greatly gratified at receiving this honour. Only one thing more remained to gratify his ambition, and that was to see the new marine station completed and thoroughly equipped. On August 7, 1895, he cut the first sod of the free site generously granted by the late Marquis of Bute; but when the foundation-stone was laid, on October 17 following, Dr. Robertson was unable to be present owing to illness. Of robust health always, it was hoped he would recover and see his ambition attained, but, alas! a month later, November 20, he died, within a few days of his ninetieth birthday. Full of years and of honours he passed to his rest; and to-day, in the secluded churchyard of the Cathedral of Argyll and the Isles, in his island home, a beautiful Celtic cross has been erected to his memory. His name and fame as a naturalist will long be held in remembrance, while the story of his career will interest and instruct every one who admires lofty aims, integrity and zeal, courage and character in the battle of life.

When the marine station was first started at Cumbrae it was largely indebted to many well-known scientists for active support, and especially for an old barge which was originally the property, and latterly the gift, of Sir John Murray, K.C.B., in which to house the marine and botanical collections and provide accommodation for students and others who, during the summer months, came to prosecute their studies in zoology. This barge was named the *Ark*, and found a resting-place in one of the creeks of the east bay, where it became a well-known landmark. To enable the public to take a greater interest in the wonders of the shore, it was, on Robertson's suggestion, agreed to admit visitors on payment of an admission fee of one penny. At once it was found that the public were not slow to take advantage of a visit to the *Ark*, and they were soon numbered by thousands. It was an interesting sight at any time to see visitors being instructed by the curator, who explained the various objects and their functions. It was by no means a show place, but rather a students' laboratory and scientific museum for those who were anxious to learn by a series of practical object-lessons the wonders of marine life found around the shores of the Firth. Few places in Scotland can boast of a variety of marine organisms equal to those found in the beautiful little bay in which Millport lies. Its sandy shores are its greatest pride, alike to the scientist and the summer visitors. No less an authority than Sir John Murray has stated that the work done at this marine station has been of service to the people in Norway. In connection with his own observations conducted from the station at Millport, he tells us that in Loch Fyne, Loch Long, and the open part of the Clyde, north of Arran, when dredging was carried on in deep water, even as deep as one hundred fathoms, large numbers of shrimps of different kinds were found. The Norwegians were not slow to take hold of the idea, and followed it out in their own fjords, which are so much deeper than the lochs opening into the Clyde. They found shrimps in such abundance, and of such size, that they have developed an economic fishery, and are now sending tinned shrimps all over the world. This is only one instance of how other people have profited by the experience of scientific research on the Firth of Clyde, and also one of the reasons that urged those who were interested to establish a permanent marine station of such a character as would suitably commemorate the scientific labours, and be a memorial, of David Robertson.

On May 15, 1897, the Millport Marine Biological Station and Robertson Museum—to give it the name by which it was first known—was opened by Sir John Murray in the presence of a distinguished audience. The building, which is of red sandstone, occupies a prominent site on the main road, yet close to the sea, and within a short distance of Keppel Pier. It is at this pier that steamers in direct communication by trains *via* Wemyss Bay and *via* Fairlie call to land passengers before proceeding to the old pier in Millport Bay. Situated some distance from the nearest house, and standing within its own grounds, it is sufficiently isolated and of such architectural pretensions as to attract the attention of visitors to the island. Near by is the great wall of basaltic rock of interest to geologists, known locally as "the Deil's Dyke," which forms the western boundary of the grounds. Besides, as it is of considerable dimensions, it acts as a bulwark in stormy weather.

The lower portion of the station provides a house for the curator, and also a laboratory for the use of students. The laboratory is a roomy apartment fitted with table accommodation for ten workers at one time, although many more have been provided for during the busiest period of the summer season. Through the generosity of an enthusiastic supporter who gave £500 towards the building of the station, one table has been permanently endowed, and in compliment named after the donor, while the Edinburgh and Glasgow University Courts annually provide each for a table for the use of its students who are interested in scientific studies. In the laboratory all ordinary chemicals and re-agents are provided, and a plentiful supply of sea-water is at hand for cleansing the contents of the dredge prior to being laid out on the table for examination under the microscope. Every facility is provided for students to enable them to

INTERIOR, ROBERTSON MUSEUM

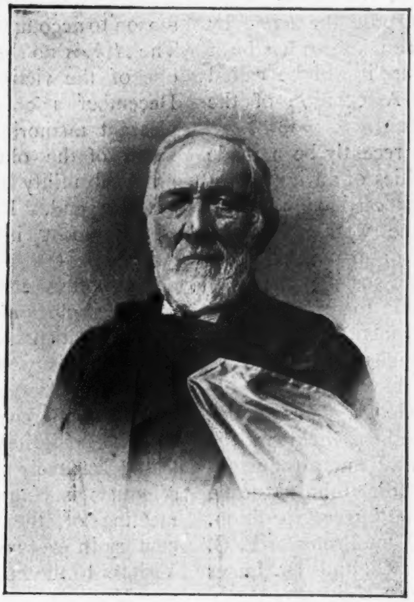


MILLPORT MARINE BIOLOGICAL STATION

prosecute their studies with the best possible results. The upper apartment is reached by a stone stair from the main entrance, and is known as the "Robertson Museum." It is over fifty feet in length and some twenty-five feet wide, and is lighted both from the window in the front gable and from the roof. The light is regulated in summer-time by a series of curtains or screens. It is also fitted up with steam pipes for use in winter, and recently an installation of lighting by gas was completed. It is here that the wonderful and unique collections of a long lifetime are to be seen, all carefully classified, and mounted on beautiful slides. They are arranged in a series of cases specially made for exhibition purposes, and which occupy the sides and end of the apartment. So great was the wide field of observation and discovery of the veteran naturalist that it was found the museum could not contain them all. Not the least interesting feature of the museum is the beautifully-mounted series of British seaweeds arranged and classified by Mrs. Robertson, which occupy all the available wall space provided.

In the Museum visitors are provided with special microscopes for examining the specimens on the tables. Many of the wonders of the sea give occasion for surprise to those accustomed to study natural science from text-books, and their interest is thereby considerably increased. Besides the minuter objects only to be seen by the microscope, additional interest is added by living organisms placed in a series of glass tanks in a little room adjoining the museum. Here are to be seen sea flowers, the anemones in rich and varied hues, tiny barnacles with delicate fan-like feet in energetic sweeping of the water for smaller organisms, delicate spider crabs, gorgeously-coloured star-fish, prickly sea urchins, water tritons, and many more wonderful sea and fresh water specimens full of suggestion and instruction to all who have eyes to see. The late Professor Huxley has described the barnacle as standing on its head and kicking food into its mouth, but if the observer closely watches the process he will see that Huxley, in stating his facts concerning the barnacle, was not quite equal to his usual accuracy of description. In the barnacle the food particles in fact are drained off from the sea-water by its wonderful net and brought, not kicked, into the mouth, as stated by the distinguished scientist. Generally it may be said that the art of seeing is not indeed one that is possessed by every visitor to a marine station, and it is only too true what the American ornithologist, John

Burroughs, has written in this connection: "Some people seem born with eyes in their heads, and others with buttons or painted marbles, and no amount of science can make the one equal to the other in the art of seeing things." What, however, the average visitor needs who has not been trained in the art of critical observation, and may also lack in scientific knowledge, is generously supplied by the services of the curator in the marine station at Millport. Gifted with genuine enthusiasm for the love of the study, he can interest the novice equally with the student in all that pertains to, and supplies motives for, continuing the study with hope of some measure of success. This is no common gift, and it is one that is greatly appreciated by all who are interested in the multitude of wonderful objects to be seen in the tanks and elsewhere in this marine museum. And in connection with the museum proper there is a library containing a valuable collection of scientific works, one of the most recent gifts being the volumes, forty-one in number, giving an account of the great works of discovery of the *Challenger* Expedition.



(Warneuke, photographer, Glasgow)

DAVID ROBERTSON, LL.D.

In 1897 it was stated by Sir John Murray that while the Millport Marine Biological Station was a memorial of very modest pretensions in respect of accommodation, tanks and the appliances necessary for the thorough investigation of the ocean, and did not compare with similar institutions in this country, on the Continent or in America, it still had a future of great possibilities. In one respect, however, it was superior to all other stations, and that was in its disposition, its environment. Around the island of Cumbrae there is to be found every variety of sandy beach, rocky shore and muddy bank, each with its own peculiar fauna and flora, which with the rise and fall of the tide can easily be reached. Between Arran and the Cumbraes there is a depth of six hundred feet, where are to be found deep-sea animals unlike those found near the shore. Nowhere else, indeed, is the inquiring naturalist within reach of a greater variety of organisms of interest than in the Firth of Clyde. It will therefore be easily seen that the singular advantages to the student of science to be enjoyed at Cumbrae will be found ample compensation for the shortcomings it has in the past laboured under. To-day, however, a brighter future is in store for all interested in the good work carried on, and with the dawn of a new century it is likely that its influence and importance in the field of science will be more and more acknowledged. To enable the best results to be obtained and to place the station in a position equal to any in the country, a wealthy donor, who desires to remain anonymous, has recently made special benefactions, which have been as welcome as they are gratifying to the committee of management. The gifts consist of a specially-built steamer to enable deep-sea dredging being undertaken on the Firth, as also the necessary equipment for dredging purposes. An addition has been built to the station to accommodate a gas-engine to allow a constant supply of sea-water, with the aid of compressed air, being circulated through a specially-arranged series of tanks, to artificially produce the natural conditions under which the larvæ exist and are developed, and without which it would be impossible to obtain practical results. The same generous donor has also offered to contribute £220 per annum for five years for the upkeep of the station and attendant expenses. This good fortune is interesting to all scientific workers, for by it they will be able to prosecute their researches with pleasure and profit on the Firth of Clyde. Being thus placed in an independent position, it has been arranged to alter the constitution under which the station was originally founded, and to appeal to a wider audience, to enlarge its sphere of operations and influence. For this purpose the name by which the station has been known has been altered, and for the future it will be called the Marine Biological Association of the West of Scotland.

A new departure has recently been made which opens up possibilities of an important development of the work carried on by this institution. Hitherto the workers at the station have mostly been drawn from the universities and scientific societies, but now an attempt is to be made to reach a much wider class of students by instituting a special class for teachers, designed to meet the requirements of the new code for the teaching of nature knowledge. The course consisted of nine meetings, held in the station every Saturday, and the introductory lecture was given by Sir John Murray, K.C.B., F.R.S., of the *Challenger* Expedition. Lectures were delivered by Professor F. O. Bower, Dr. Jas. F. Gemmell, and Dr. James Rankin, all of the Glasgow University teaching staff; Professor Malcolm Laurie, of St. Mungo's College; and Mr. Alex. Somerville, B.Sc., F.L.S., President of the Natural History Society of Glasgow, whose subject was "Land Plants." All the others devoted themselves to various departments of marine life, such as shells, seaweeds, sea-urchins, and the like. The course was eminently practical, including lantern exhibitions, collecting and dredging expeditions on shore and in the station steamer, and observation in the aquarium at the station. During the summer a fortnight's course of practical work in the laboratory was instituted for those who cared to pursue the subject further. The whole scheme is under the authority of the Glasgow and Govan School Boards, and arrangements have been made to obtain the consent of the Scotch Education Department.

From the humble origin of the station in 1885, when the ***Ark*** was placed in its well-known creek near Farland Point, to the present day, we have seen what has been done to advance the study of natural science in a spirit of broad and tolerant sympathy. For this advancement it is just and right that we should remember gratefully the labours of those scientists and others who have been working indefatigably in season and out of season to accomplish what has been achieved. The ***Ark*** is no longer to be seen, as it was one of the victims of the great storm of December 1900. Yet, by those who had pleasant memories of its early history, the wreck of the old barge, after its days of practical utility had ended, was considered a fitting end. It had served its day. One of the most interesting features of the station at the present time is the special efforts being made in compiling lists of marine zoology and botany for the meeting of the British Association to be held in Glasgow this year. 'Tis sixty years since the British Association first met at Glasgow—the second city in the Empire—the first meeting being held in 1840. It is therefore fitting that every preparation likely to interest scientists is being made to make the first meeting of the Association in the new century in every way worthy of the occasion. Visitors to the marine station and "Robertson Museum" are now numbered by thousands yearly, and the scientists who will visit it this year will have every reason to be proud of the advancement of science (for which purpose the British Association was originally founded) to be seen there. For indeed it is true, to quote the words of one of our most reverent-minded scientific thinkers,* "No occupation can be more delightful than to employ our minds in the study of the works of Creation, in every phase of which we can, if our eyes are clear, find evidence of the wisdom and goodness of God."

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* "Science and Faith." By Professor MacKendrick. Maclehose & Sons.

ST. LEONARD'S CART

By FRANCES THOMSON

MANY years ago, when as yet railways were few in the Bavarian Tyrol, we drove down from Munich to a pretty little town in the mountains close to a lake celebrated for its beauty.

Rooms had been secured for us in the large old-fashioned inn of the place (not then dignified by the name of hotel), and very glad we were of the warm welcome of the host, and his assurance of an excellent supper awaiting us. It was such an inn as may have existed in many an English village in coaching days, capable of accommodating a large number of guests, to be entertained with plenty and the kindness of friends from host and hostess.

Long corridors leading to our bedrooms were adorned with oil portraits of old electors and electresses in powder and ruffles, the predecessors of Bavarian monarchs, of whom the last, Max II. and his queen, were represented by good prints. Eugene Beauharnais and his bride looked quite modern in Empire costume, though we had recently witnessed the funeral of the latter — the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, who died in Munich at a good old age.

High-backed bedsteads in our room, were in form like the Coronation chair at the Abbey at home, as to the head, the rest was comfortable and long enough for English limbs to lie in. A crucifix was on the wall flanked by tapers in tin reflectors. Rows of pewter plates on shelves, and mysterious objects in wax under glass, completed the old-world interior.

We slept soundly, and were awakened at six by cow bells. Further slumber was impossible had we felt inclined for it, with the fresh mountain air, and the knowledge that breakfast would be served immediately.

Early hours were the order of the day. It was the feast of St. Leonard, and the Kirchweihe, or dedication festival of the church of the place. A very popular one for reasons not wholly ecclesiastical; and after our twelve o'clock dinner was over, we stood at the window of the inn to watch the peasants arriving from far and near, in full holiday costume. They came in flower-decked carts, and the favourite "Einspanner" or one-horse chaise of those days. It was a cross between a cabriolet and a Bath chair, and seemed—with its small body and high wheels, painted bright yellow—its immense black hood flapping like a sail, and threatening to overturn the little vehicle at every movement—a distinct survival from the eighteenth century, suited to convey Daphne and Colin to the fair.

Figures as gaily dressed as they alighted at the inn door, stayed only to unharness and lead horse and carriage to the stable yard, then went on foot in the direction of the church.

To us, who had never been in the Bavarian Tyrol before, the crowd presented an endless study of costume. Hats of every shape there were, low and high, in green felt, but the most usual was that with the high pointed crown, narrow brim, and flower or feather stuck in the gold band surrounding it. Nothing could be more picturesque and becoming than the short green velveteen jackets of the men, knee-breeches to match, and shirts girt in by a black belt, six inches in width, stiff with gold embroidery. On their feet were high black shoes with bright buckles, and their white stockings, reaching only to the knee and ankle, were knitted in raised patterns of extraordinary thickness. All was beautifully clean and fresh, doubtless preserved in old chests from fête day to fête day, for none could labour in such clothes.

The women's dress was equally charming. An immense Mother Hubbard hat of dark felt covered many a face young and old, and was softened by a natural rose in the gilt band. An ample white blouse, with full sleeves, was fastened at the neck by a collarette of silver chains, clasped to a gilt snap; the waist was confined by a neat black silk bodice, which was also laced across by silver chains. A bright-coloured print skirt reached to the high shoe with silver buckle.

We followed them all to the church, a plain whitewashed edifice, with barrel-shaped nave and high tower, roofed with red tiles, as is usual in Bavaria.

Once there the crowd ranged themselves in a large circle round the building, leaving a space of some width between it and them. At the farther end was an opening, as if for the admission of something of importance. No service was going on in the church. That had taken place early. All were on the tiptoe of expectation. A sound of singing was now heard faintly in the distance, of treble voices, evidently those of girls.

"They are coming!" shouted the crowd, as a movement swayed them, like the ruffling of grass by the breeze.

"They come! they come!" they repeated, "the maidens in St. Leonard's cart!"

The singing and yodling grew louder and nearer, the excitement of the crowd more intense, and soon a large waggon covered with arches of green boughs and flowers, was seen approaching through the space left open for its entrance.

It was a perfect bower of greenery, for the usual canvas covering of the cart had been taken away, and the laths used to support it transformed into floral arches, under which eight or nine young maidens were partly concealed, partly revealed. Such as were retiring in disposition might be unobserved, such as desired to make the best of their opportunities, could allow themselves to be seen, in a setting of boughs and roses. But what could it mean, and why were they there?

It was a tradition that all unmarried girls, desiring to be the contrary, would be married before the feast of St. Leonard came round again, if driven seven times round the church of his name. What connection the saint and the church had with this custom I could never discover; at any rate it was very popular, and provided mirth and amusement for many a long day, if a terror to young maids.

The cart was attractive, the maidens not perhaps so much so, but of cheerful disposition. They continued to laugh and sing during their long progress round the church and behaved as wisely as they could in such a trying position.

The crowd laughed too and clapped their hands at each successive turn of the waggon. Doubtless there was criticism, but not of a rude kind, as far as we heard.

Finally the maidens drove off to the inn to be refreshed and rested before their return. What more happened we did not stay to learn, the noise and bustle was too great. We sought the side of the lake, and the stillness and calm of its beauty, nor were we disappointed in the scene that met our gaze.

Two sharp-peaked mountains seemed to have started violently asunder in some remote age. A peaceful valley lay between them. Green meadows sloped down to the water's edge, a hint of a church spire marked the middle distance, and all beyond was blue and vague. This was the background to a lake of that clear emerald green, with deeper shades of blue and purple so peculiar to the Tyrol. A sunny island lay in its midst, where tradition said a lady had been immured by a jealous husband. Of her dwelling-place there were no traces, but high up on the wooded hills overlooking the isle grim walls of colossal stones marked the site of some ancient fort, while above and beyond all towered the "Wendlestoa" famous in Volkslied, cool and refreshing to the eye, in his cap of eternal snow.

The hamlet we inhabited lay in an opening between hills of less height. Soft-wooded declivities bounded the lake on each side. A small peninsula jutted out into it, crowned by a wooden châlet where it was customary for visitors to spend the afternoon drinking coffee in the open air.

The flat punt-like ferry-boat lying at no distance from the shore, and the girl who rowed it, with her immense Mother Hubbard hat, white blouse, black bodice, and flowered skirt, all mirrored in the clear water, added the one last touch needed to perfect the beauty of the picture. She was Liesel, the ferry maiden, who sat dipping an idle paddle in the waves, and inviting us, by a sweet smile from a pair of grey eyes in an oval face, to be rowed across. Seppel, her brother, held the other oar in readiness. His was an equally gay figure to behold in his short grass-green jacket, flowered waistcoat of old-world chintz, and high pointed hat.

They looked like a pair of Dresden china figures, taken down from the chimneypiece, but indeed had very workaday muscles to convey that heavy boat across, full freighted as it often was with passengers. We took our places in it, and had leisure to observe the primitive rowlocks formed by circles of twisted osiers, through which the round handles of the paddles passed. They were such as Charon is represented as using, and, though incapable of "feathering," had that advantage over the oar, that they might be used either sitting or standing, the latter for preference. We landed at the peninsula, and ran up its well-worn path, while the Dresden china shepherd and shepherdess returned to the other side.

Old Babette, the owner of the châlet, received us joyfully. She was in her working clothes, and only the invariable high hat indicated her nationality. She instructed us in the game of "Ringel" (while the Kellnerin made our coffee), and told us of the four generations of Bavarian royalties she had received, at her Gastwirth Schaftt, including the old Electress, who, she said, was the tallest and handsomest of them all. This seemed to take one far back, but as Babette was over seventy, might well be, the Bavarian Monarchy not having existed before the time of Napoleon I.

"Ringel" seemed a simple game to those who had not tried it, but was not so easy as it looked. A long pole was affixed to the wall of the cottage, at a good height. A large hook was on its foremost end, and also a long cord, with an iron ring attached. The aim was to throw this ring accurately on to the hook, but the cord swayed like a pendulum, and it was hard enough to succeed at first. Half an hour thus occupied soon slipped away, and we were called to enjoy our coffee and cakes at a small round table.

Very few other visitors at the inn had followed our example, but instead, a party of young fellows, Wildschützen it appeared, were seen standing up in the ferry-boat, all unconscious of the subject they would have made for an artist. They were well-knit graceful figures, attired in the useful grey and green coat of the shooter, the chamois beard, and tall feathers of the Spielhahn adorning their narrow-brimmed hats of pointed shape. Each carried his rifle, and climbed the little hill with the easy, swinging step of the true mountaineer.

The rifle range was at the further side of the cottage, and thither they betook themselves, to shoot at a target through a hole in a high paling, we were told by a young Englishman who joined the party. They handed him a rifle, and he was so fortunate as to get once or twice into the bull's-eye. The generous Tyroleans wanted him at once to take the prize put up (a new gun), but of course he would not hear of this.

We meanwhile were being shown over Babette's house, a typical one of its kind. Two large rooms on the ground floor, full of benches and tables, served to accommodate her visitors from the inn, or the peasants all the year round. Above were four bedrooms, of varnished wainscot, much like the cabin of a ship, and approached by a ladder; staircase there was none. These rooms she let to tourists (active enough to mount the ladder), and the broad balcony, under eaves eight feet long, served them as a sitting-room. The view was exquisite.

Returning to sit outside, opposite the ferry, we were attracted by the sound of music to look through a lattice window A fair-haired German student, in his somewhat theatrical costume of velvet coat, high boots, cap, and sash of crimson, white and purple, was playing the zither with great skill and expression.

Two simple labourers, in their working clothes and high green hats, sat leaning on the table opposite to him. Their dark Italian faces rested on their hands, their eyes were fixed on him, their whole being seemed absorbed in the sentiment of the songs he played. The trembling plaintive tones, wrung from the zither by a master hand, spoke as strongly to these uncultivated minds as to that of the student, trained to appreciate every phase of his art. Music had made them equals.

The Wildschützen now returned and stood on the brow of the hill, talking over the afternoon's exploits. A brother of ours, well versed in "echt Bayerisch" (true Bavarian) of which the Tyrolean dialect is but a softened edition, now joined them, and heard their stories of the chase, and how they had shot sixty head of chamois in one year.

One of them, a handsome fellow, with open face and blue eyes telling of his mixed descent, glanced at us as we sat with books in hand, but not unobservant. "Your sisters," he said, confidentially, to my brother, "are very much absorbed in their devotions." The unconscious rebuke told how ignorant as he was that any but books of prayer were ever printed, and is illustrative of the simple piety of these men.

To see them with their picturesque dress, fine aquiline features, and natural dignity of bearing, recounting their wild adventures, presented a new phase of life not easy to forget. Pity that it all meant slaughter though but of bird or beast, yet fine qualities of courage and endurance were formed in the hazardous stalking, one must own.

Nothing could be more striking than the picture they made as they stood for a moment, silent, on the brow of the hill, leaning in easy attitudes upon their rifles. They were waiting for the ferry-boat, and when it neared the shore the gay group bounded whooping and yodling down the hill, and we saw our pleasant Wildschütz friends no more.

We lingered on until evening closed in, charmed with the place and the delicious air.

Soon a loud sound of chanting reached our ears, and, glancing through the window we saw Babette and her little household the Kellnerin, the wood-cutter and day labourer standing together, and joining in their evening prayer.

More interesting to me was this last sight than all we had admired in that day. We did not disturb them by farewells, but stole quietly away, impressed with this ending to the fête, that an under current of genuine faith and piety was the keynote of the grand and noble character of the Tyrolese.

THE CALL

I WALKED with one whose child had lately died.
We passed the little folk i' the street at play,
When suddenly a clear voice "Father!" cried;
The man turned quick and glad; sighed; moved away.

I spoke not, but 'twas given me to discern
The love that watches through th' eternal years;
God surely so must start and quickly turn
Whene'er the cry of "Father!" strikes His ears.

G. D. C.

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

By the Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT: (1) IN THE CHURCH

> **"My speech and my preaching were not in persuasive words of wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."—1 Cor. ii. 4**

REFERENCE has been made in a previous paper to the gift of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. I turn now to speak of the Holy Spirit's work—(1) in the Church, and (2) in the individual.

In speaking of the work of the Holy Spirit in the Church it is natural we should begin with the Acts of the Apostles, which has been well named the Book of the Holy Spirit. In no other book of the New Testament are there to be found so many references to the work of the Third Person in the Holy Trinity. The whole history of the early Church, so far as it finds a place in this sacred record, reads like one long fulfilment of the great promise which stands as it were on the title-page of the book: "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come upon you." Pentecost came, and from that day onward the disciples laid all their plans, and did all their work, and won all their victories, in the strength and wisdom of Him whose symbols were the rushing mighty wind and the cloven tongues of fire. In all these simple annals of the Church's early days, there is nothing more impressive than this consciousness which never wavers of a divine power, which is over all, and in all, and through all. In every incident of the Church's life, in its gravest crises and in its homeliest tasks, the disciples speak and act as men who know themselves obedient to a will and wisdom not their own. "Why fasten ye your eyes on us?" they asked of the wondering crowd which saw with amazement the man that was lame walking, and leaping, and praising God, "as though by our own power or godliness we had made him to walk?" It was not unto men, Peter said, but unto God, God the Holy Spirit, that Ananias and Sapphira lied, when they agreed together to deceive the apostles. The enemies of Stephen, it is written, "were not able to withstand the wisdom and the Spirit [mark the capital S which the Revisers have inserted] by which he spake." When the prophets and teachers of the Church at Antioch were come together, it was the Holy Spirit who bade them, saying, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." "So they, being sent forth by the Holy Spirit, went down to Seleucia." And He who thus sent forth the first missionaries to the Gentiles journeyed with them whithersoever they went: "And they went through the region of Phrygia and Galatia having been forbidden of the Holy Spirit to speak the word in Asia; and when they were come over against Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia; and the Spirit of Jesus suffered them not," until at Troas they saw plainly whither the Divine finger pointed. Such is the unvarying witness of all these early records. When Paul preached in Thessalonica, his gospel came "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Spirit, and in much assurance." At Corinth his speech and his preaching "were not in persuasive words of wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." And when, to give but one illustration more, in the Council of Jerusalem the whole Church came together to determine the relation of their Gentile fellow Christians to the law of Moses, so conscious were they of their union with the Spirit of God that they did not hesitate, in recording their final judgment, to write, "It seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us. . . ." Open the apostolic writings where we will, everywhere there meets us, as I have said before, "not so much a doctrine as a consciousness, a consciousness of indescribable richness and power." The Church knew itself a spiritual organisation, existing for spiritual ends, and thrilling through its every fibre with spiritual life; and it is that same glad, perpetual sense of life in God which is the ever-present and pre-eminent need of the Church of Christ.

But our peril is that so often we are satisfied with less than the highest. Not leaning on the Spirit of God we are tempted to put our trust and to make our boast in other things. There is a remarkable sermon by Dr. Dale, entitled "The Work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of men," which every Christian worker would do well to have by heart. Dale points out how often in modern times we have failed to maintain the traditional spirit either of Judaism or of Christianity, by seeking the explanation of the marvellous triumphs of great spiritual leaders like Paul and Luther, and Baxter and Wesley, in their gifts of character or speech, or organisation, rather than in the co-operating might of the Holy Spirit. If only these men were here again, we think, the great days of the Church's history would be repeated, and we should witness a glorious revival in our midst. We forget that it was not by their power or godliness, or by anything that was theirs, but by a divine power, available for us as it was for them, that they wrought their mighty works.

And sometimes our error is still worse. We put our trust not merely in men, but in machinery, in organisation, in material wealth. We talk, in the detestable American phrase, of "running" a church. But, as some one has well said, though you may run a business or run a society you can never run a church. You may call the thing that is running a church, but the life that makes a church has gone out of it. One of the weirdest imaginings that ever filled a poet's brain was Coleridge's vision of a ship navigated by dead sailors,

> They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
> We were a ghastly crew.

But a far ghastlier sight is that of a church where all is neat and snug and trim, but where dead souls work the ropes and guide the helm, and no breeze from heaven fills the sails.

It is said that Thomas Aquinas once entered the chamber of the Pope while he and his steward were engaged in reckoning large sums of money. "You see, Thomas," said the Pope, "that the Church lives no longer in an age when she can say, 'Silver and gold have I none'." "True, holy father," answered the quick-witted monk, "neither does she live in an age when she can say, 'Rise up and walk.'" So true it is that the Church's real work can be done by no might or power of men, but only by the Holy Spirit of God. Let Whitsuntide, which is the birthday of the Church as Christmastide is the birthday of the Church's Lord, remind us that the one power which can make and keep her strong is the power that first called her into life. "He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith to the Churches."

SECOND SUNDAY

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT: (2) *IN THE INDIVIDUAL*

"The Spirit lusteth against the flesh."—Gal. v. 17

"The renewing of the Holy Spirit."—Tit. iii. 5.

"In the religious history of man," says Dean Church, "two great cries for help, for deliverance, meet us throughout in infinitely varied tones. One is the cry for forgiveness, for the wiping out of the dread and unknown debt of sin, for the averting of those incalculable consequences on which conscience dwells so obstinately, and with such terrible forebodings." That cry God heard and answered on Calvary. "But the cry for pardon is not the only cry of the soul. There is the cry for goodness, the cry for the power of doing right, the passionate cry for deliverance from the miserable weakness, the shame, the bitterness of always doing wrong." And that cry, too, God has heard and answered in the gift of Pentecost. Let us take heed that we do not limit the Gospel message. It begins, but it does not end, with the offer of pardon. And though we cannot think too much we may think too exclusively of the initial gift of forgiveness. It is written that "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, *and* to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And it is this latter promise which God makes good to us by the gift of the Spirit. Pentecost is the pledge that the work begun in pardon shall be perfected in purity.

The work of the Holy Spirit in the individual may be represented in two ways: (1) as a reinforcing and (2) as a renewing of man's nature.

(1) "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit." No commentator is needed to explain these words; every man has felt that terrible downward pull of the lower nature. But this is not the whole truth. "The Spirit lusteth"—or "desireth"—against the flesh; that is to say, there is an upward as well as a downward pull. The gift of the Spirit means the reinforcing of man's better self, the strengthening within him of all that is good, the weakening and, finally, the overthrow of all that is evil. Now we see with how much more we are concerned than merely a question of speculative theology To ignore the Holy Spirit is not simply to neglect a doctrine, it is to cut ourselves off from the source of strength; it is not only to wrong Him, it is still more to wrong our own souls; it is to maim and weaken our highest life, to deny ourselves help when help is most sorely needed.

(2) But there is a still deeper need than the need of reinforcing, the need of renewing; and this also is the work of the Holy Spirit. Without it the high ideals of the Gospel do but mock us. There are many to-day who are ready to strike out all the great days of the Christian calendar: Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide—let them all go. Yet these same men have nothing but praise for Christian ethics; by all means, say they, let a man seek so to live that Jesus Christ would approve his life. But the Christian ethic, without the Christian dynamic, will avail us nothing. Preach the one and be silent about the other and you do but add new burdens without adding new strength. It is very easy for us to speak or write our little eulogies of the Sermon on the Mount; but the moment we set ourselves to climb the awful steep our feet fail us; it is high, we cannot attain unto it. Experience knows no greater certainty than this, that without Calvary and without Pentecost there is no keeping of the commandments of Jesus.

But, on the other hand, let us remember, the keeping of the commandments is the one sure proof of the Spirit's presence. "The presence of the Spirit," it has been well said, "means the spiritual presence of Christ; and it is by the life and words of Christ that we must test and measure all that claims to be spiritual." "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance." And where these are not, we may be sure He, the Holy Spirit, is not. "The works of the Spirit are the witness of the Spirit." I do not mean that this is the only witness of the Spirit; I believe it is possible for devout souls to have a consciousness of God to them as real and vivid as their consciousness of the things they touch and see. But this does not make less, rather does it make more, necessary the manifest tokens of the Spirit's presence amid the homely tasks, the prosaic necessities, which are "the actual trial and touchstone of our fellowship and union" with Him.

"Receive ye the Holy Spirit," Christ said to His disciples; for this, like all other things necessary to salvation, is God's gift to man. How are we treating the divine gift? What are we making of it? We may receive the Spirit, or, we may resist, we may grieve, we may quench, the Spirit. I beseech you, in Christ's stead, that ye resist not, that ye grieve not, that ye quench not, but that ye receive the Spirit and be in all things led by Him.

THIRD SUNDAY

SOME ASPECTS OF SALVATION:
(1) *PAST*

"According to His mercy He saved us."—Tit. iii. 5

"By hope were we saved."—Rom. viii. 34

"By grace have ye been saved."—Ephes. ii. 8

It is always important, in our use of the New Testament words to see to it that we attach to them New Testament meanings; and it is specially important in the case of a great keyword like "salvation." All manner of false issues may be raised and endless confusion created through the unscriptural use of scriptural terms. Verbal accuracy in the quotation of Scripture is always desirable, but the most microscopic exactness will not save us from error unless at the same time Biblical phrases represent to us corresponding Biblical ideas. Now, in regard to this word "salvation," it has to be noted that its meaning is not fixed and invariable. "In the language of the New Testament," says Bishop Lightfoot, "salvation is a thing of the past, a thing of the present, and a thing of the future." In other words, salvation is thought of sometimes as accomplished, sometimes as in course of accomplishment, and sometimes as yet to be accomplished. Christians are those who are already saved, or who are being saved, or who shall hereafter be saved. And we have not made our own the full New Testament idea of salvation until we have learned to think of it under this threefold aspect. This is what we are to attempt in this and the two papers which follow.

The three short texts which stand at the head of this chapter may serve to illustrate what is meant by saying that salvation is sometimes represented as a thing of the past. Other passages might be added in which, though the word does not occur, the same idea is present: "Ye were washed, ye were sanctified, ye were justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the Spirit of our God"; "you did He quicken when ye were dead through your trespasses and sins"; "who delivered us out of the power of darkness and translated us into the kingdom of the Son of His love." In all these passages, the crisis of the spiritual life is thought of as past; the language points back to the great, decisive act in which the soul turned from darkness to light, from death to life, from sin to God; already it is delivered from the guilt and condemnation of sin; already it is in a true and scriptural, though limited, sense saved. There is, of course, much to follow. Conversion means for no man complete deliverance from the thraldom of sin; it is but the first step in the victorious life, and (as we shall see presently) we are none of us "saved," in the full meaning of the word, until the last victory has been won, and we are set safe and stable at the right hand of God.

Nevertheless, we do well to make much of the great initial change by which the soul's true relation to God is restored, for this is the way of the New Testament itself. In an interesting but very misleading comparison between Wesley and Newman, Mr. Gladstone once spoke of the Evangelical Revival as an attempt of men who felt themselves defrauded of the great living powers enshrined in the Gospel Covenant to recover those powers, and, "as it were, to ensure the possession and enjoyment of them by compressing their whole agency into a short and single crisis." "This device," he went on, "so short, so cheap, so simple, has long ago become full of cracks and fissures." The whole statement involves, as might easily be shown, an entire misconception of Evangelical doctrine; such a "device" as Gladstone describes was certainly not likely to be adopted by so faithful a disciple of the New Testament as was John Wesley. At the same time, it is true, all great evangelists, like Wesley or Moody, have urged with emphasis the necessity of conversion, the possibility of sudden conversion, and the danger of delay; and they have bent the whole energies of their souls to the task of persuading men to make their peace with God. Yet what are their most insistent pleadings but a dull echo of the passionate cry of the New Testament, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." If they are to be charged with exaggerating the gravity of the crisis when a soul's decision trembles in the balance, must not the same charge be laid at the door of the apostles themselves? We rebel sometimes against the uncompromising bluntness of the revivalist who, without hesitation, divides all mankind into converted and unconverted, saved and lost; yet, after all, is not the distinction a New Testament distinction? True, it is not for us to say where the line runs, who are on this side and who on that; but can any one read his New Testament and deny that the distinction is there, deep, clear and unmistakable?

Mark how St. Paul, to the end of his life, thought of his own conversion. It was no mere incident in the development of his spiritual experience; it was a rending revolution which made all things new, the origin and explanation of all that followed it. It was the deep gulf fixed between the man he was and the man he had been. On that side was unrest, on this side peace; there were bondage and death, here liberty and life. This was the difference which Christ had made when, on the road to Damascus, "according to His mercy," He appeared unto Paul and "saved" him. And this, which was the experience of one, was likewise the normal experience of the saints of the New Testament.

Do we know anything of a change like this, not necessarily sudden, dramatic, as Paul's was, but none the less a change, touching the very springs of life, making all things new? Then humbly let us thank God for it; let us be sure that, if we are faithful, He who has made a beginning will also make an end. For just as the rich greenery of the summer lies folded in the brown sheath of the spring-time, as in every little child there are hidden the infinite possibilities of noble manhood or womanhood, so in that first movement of the soul towards God there is the promise and potency of the perfect life of Heaven itself. And if no such change has been wrought within us, it may begin straightway. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," not only in the far-distant hereafter, but here and now. It was a present and immediate blessing in response to faith which was offered to the Philippian jailor; and a like faith can win for itself a like blessing still.

FOURTH SUNDAY

SOME ASPECTS OF SALVATION:
(2) *PRESENT*

"The word of the cross is . . . unto us which are being saved the power of God."—1 Cor. i. 18 (See also 2 Cor. ii. 15)

"The Gospel . . . by which ye are saved."—1 Cor. xv. 2

Cf. also "The Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved."—Acts ii. 47

In each of these four passages of Scripture—for the correct rendering of three of which we are indebted to the Revised Version—salvation is represented as a process, a continuous and progressive state, rather than as a complete act. The Christian man is not only one who has been saved, but one who is now being saved, gradually delivered from the sin which aforetime had dominion over him. And it is of this gradual deliverance that we speak when we say that salvation is, in one aspect of it, a thing of the present.

Suffer the word of exhortation. There are in the Christian Church to-day large numbers of men and women to whom salvation as a thing of the past is very certain. They rejoice publicly to testify how, at a definite time, and in a definite manner, God delivered them from the burden of their sins and filled them with peace through believing. Their conviction of the reality of that change has never wavered, and they are persuaded that what then was begun shall hereafter be perfected in the presence of God. The past, the future—of these we feel sure; but what of the present? We have been saved, we say; we shall be saved, we believe; but are we being saved? The "things that accompany salvation"—do our lives bear any witness to these? And if they do not, if divine grace is not day by day working its way to our final deliverance from all sin, have we any right to think ourselves saved at all? If we are not growing we are not living and have need again of the divine quickening.

Consider what this word "salvation" means. It indicates mainly two things: healing from a sickness, deliverance from a danger. Salvation, therefore—if for the moment I may emphasise the former of these two ideas—is wholeness, perfect moral and spiritual health; and the saved man, in this aspect of the truth, is the man who is healed of the deadly hurt of his sin. Now that restoration from sickness to health, and all that is needed to ward off from the restored soul the fell diseases which hourly threaten it, is not the work of an hour or a day, but the work of all the days, taxing to the uttermost our watchfulness and strength. And again I ask, is this a work in which we have any part? Are we "being saved" in this sense, that we are gradually throwing off the spiritual disorders—the ugly temper, the harsh uncharitableness, the unlovely suspicion—which in the past have weakened and disfigured our lives, and day by day are growing up into the strength and beauty of perfect health?

These are questions we have all need to bring home to ourselves; but there are some of us who have special need to ponder them. It was the good pleasure of God to reveal Himself to us as in an instant; at one moment—so at least it seemed to us, so swift and startling was the change—it was murky midnight, at the next there shone about us a light above the brightness of the sun. But the marvel of divine mercy may itself prove to us a stumbling-block, if it cause us to forget that conversion, however great and wonderful the change it works, is not the end but only the beginning of the Spirit's work within us. To be content with the past, whatever its glories may be, is fatal. There are no true Christians whose experience is only a memory. In a minute it may please God to save us, and then, that the sinner saved may become the sinner sanctified, every day we must give ear to the apostle's precept, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." What has come from forgetfulness of this the whole history of religion shows plainly enough. Whenever, as Bishop Lightfoot says, men lay the whole stress either on the past or the future, on the first call or the final change, at once we get the divorce of morality from religion with all the mournful consequences that follow in its train. The one sure way by which to banish the Antinomianism which seems like the attendant shadow of evangelical doctrine, and which like an evil spectre has haunted the Church of Christ since the days of St. Paul, is for every saved man to remember that the blessing which he has won can be kept by no past act of faith but only by "a present and continuous life of loving, faithful work in Christ."

One word more before I pass from this division of my subject. I have tried to show that salvation, according to the thought of the New Testament, is a process. The opposite thing is a process too. Twice in Paul's epistles, over against the phrase, "They that are being saved," he sets the phrase, "They that are perishing." One of our novelists has a grim picture of a man caught in the foul grip of a quagmire. "The black bog had him by the feet; the sucking of the ground drew him on, like the thirsty lips of death." Down, down, down he sank, until "the engulfing grave of slime" had swallowed him from sight. That is the apostle's picture of men who yield themselves up unto sin: they are perishing. Not all at once, but little by little they are sucked down until, at last, the foul ooze spreads over their heads, and they are lost in the bog for ever.

FIFTH SUNDAY

SOME ASPECTS OF SALVATION:

(3) FUTURE

"Now is salvation nearer to us than when we first believed."—Rom. xiii. 11

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FIFTH SUNDAY

SOME ASPECTS OF SALVATION:
(3) *FUTURE*

"Now is salvation nearer to us than when we first believed."—Rom. xiii. 11

"For a helmet, the hope of salvation."—1 Thess. v. 8

"The Lord will deliver me from every evil work, and will save me unto His heavenly kingdom."—2 Tim. iv. 18

St. Paul is not the only New Testament writer who represents salvation as a thing of the future. "We believe," said Peter at the Council of Jerusalem, "that we shall be saved through the grace of the Lord Jesus, in like manner as they (the Gentile Christians)." The same apostle, in his first epistle, speaks of "a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time"; and in the epistle to the Hebrews we read that Christ "having been once offered to bear the sins of many, shall appear a second time apart from sin, to them that wait for Him, unto salvation." In each of these passages, as in the words of Paul quoted above, salvation is regarded as still in the future. What we have received, what we are now receiving, is but a part of that which shall hereafter be ours. Like to the present in kind our future salvation will be infinitely greater in degree. Here, the holiest man is never out of sin's reach; old temptations, which he thought slain and buried, suffer a strange revival in him; sorrow strikes at him with her cruel dart. But there, in the land whither he moves, sin and sorrow have no place.

> We shall gain our calling's prize:
> After God we all shall rise,
> Filled with joy, and love, and peace,
> Perfected in holiness.

Is not this the message that some of us need to hear? We live under hard conditions, which make wrong-doing easy, right-doing difficult. Every inch of the road has to be fought for; it is so hard to go forward, it would be so easy to go back. And when things are so, is it nothing to the earnest man, the man who hates sin and loves righteousness, who mourns in secret before God his manifold failures to conquer the one and achieve the other, to be assured that it shall not always be so, that a day is coming, is even now nearer than when he first believed, when the power of sin shall be broken for ever, and instead of his poor half-victories and drawn battles, he shall win a perfect and a final triumph? Dr. Dale is right: one of the powers by which Christ saves us now is the hope of a complete salvation hereafter.

And will any one dare to say that in such a hope of the future there is aught ignoble? There has been much ignorant railing in our time against what is called "other worldliness"; and the clatter of foolish tongues has almost robbed some of us of the most precious portion of our Christian inheritance. Well, I do not want what Thomas Carlyle once contemptuously called "a heaven of lubberland, a paradise of Burton ale and greasy cakes"; but I do want a heaven wherein righteousness reigns, where the good I would I can, and the evil I would not has no place. And let no one fear that a hope like that will do aught but ennoble him in whom it dwells. "Every one that hath this hope set on Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." The vision draws them who behold it and makes them like it.

But if I read my New Testament aright, there is no promise of future salvation save for those who are now being saved. It is "to them that wait for Him," that Christ will appear a second time, unto salvation. Indeed, that future salvation is a part of, and a piece with, the salvation of the present. It is the completion and perfection in eternity of the beginnings of time. We have no right to fling shadows on the future which are not the projection of revelation itself; rather let us rejoice, because it is written that "in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to Him." The divine eye, we are sure, can often discern the first faint beginnings of salvation, the stirrings of life beneath the hard soil, where to us there is naught save barrenness and death. Yet let us not deceive ourselves, for God is not mocked. And if we are giving our days to selfishness and sin, if we are thinking wholly of what we have and can get, and nothing of what we are, then that great day of the Lord, which to others will come as a day of salvation, will dawn for us only as a day of darkness and of death. It is high time to awake out of sleep. We must give all diligence to make our calling and election sure. Deliverance is God's work; but even He cannot deliver those who hug their chains. Salvation is His gift; but we must take it and make it our own, or it will avail us nothing. Still does the great voice from Heaven cry in our ears, "Look unto me and be ye saved!" Hear, and your souls shall live.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

THE Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton was not an easy task, but Mr. Layard has accomplished it with marked ability.* He writes throughout in a discriminating spirit, and while his frankness lacks neither tact nor delicacy, his sympathy never lapses into partisanship or mere eulogy. The book, as a record of literary life in the century just closed, is of considerable interest, for Mrs. Linton came in contact with many of the most attractive people of her time, and her letters and the impressions communicated by those who knew her disclose a personality which, provoking as it is at one time and likable at another, is well worth attention. Yet it is on the whole a sad book. One closes it with a perplexed sense of the enigma of certain lives, which, one imagines, ought to have been happy and successful, and which seem, as the result of a temperament composed of generous impulses and vehement inconsistencies, to end not so much in failure as in self-defeat. It looks like the very irony of time that, after the experiences of her girlhood, Mrs. Linton should have married a socialistic enthusiast who, very much in the fashion of her own father, was quite willing to commit his household to the care of Providence; and that the girl who began her career with revolt, and who throughout life made her will her law, should have developed into the bitterest and most dogmatic antagonist of the claims of her sex to a larger, more independent, and happier life than custom had condemned them to. How far Mrs. Linton's career was darkened and sterilised by her loss of faith it would be presumptuous to say, but it is difficult to resist the feeling that therein the explanation of much that is puzzling must be sought. That she had not only great gifts but noble and lovable qualities is readily to be believed. Mr. Layard writes of her "genius for friendship." "Emotion she held higher than art. Intellect she worshipped; love and friendship she adored." Still more striking evidence appears in the letters of her husband long after their separation. The causes of their estrangement it is hard to understand, but when they had been parted five-and-twenty years, when she was seventy and he eighty, he was still able to write to her: "So you dream of the old lover! Was it not all a dream? Beloved! One looks back on life as if it were all no more than that—the long seventy, the long eighty years only dreams of the night. I can recollect in young hours speculating whether the whole of a life were any more than a long dream, and then hoping for the other-world awakening. Only another phantasy. Now I am content that I can be alive and cheerful and trust the Lord of the past to care for the future, mine included. What matters it? It seems to me enough to live in good repute, and to have still so much of love—the most, dear love, from you. Thank God for memory. Your old lover, your true, loving friend." Surely one of the most tragically pathetic letters ever penned.

To old readers of GOOD WORDS the name of Grace, Lady Prestwich, will not be unfamiliar; and many will yet remember the pleasure with which they perused her bright and well-informed articles on the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy, the Face of the Globe, and the various schemes projected for the bridging or tunnelling of the narrow strip of choppy sea between our chalk cliffs and the French coast. These contributions, with other papers original and reprinted, have now been gathered into a memorial volume, to which her sister, Miss Louisa E. Milne, has prefixed an interesting and unpretentious biographical sketch, and a very charming portrait.* Lady Prestwich, who was born in 1832 and died in 1899, was the daughter of James Milne, of Findhorn, and his wife Louisa Falconer, who numbered among her forbears a bishop of Moray and a Puritan ancestress who, in the

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* "Mrs. Lynn Linton: Her Life, Letters, and Opinions." By George Somes Layard. With twelve Illustrations. Methuen & Co. 12*s*. 6*d*.

* "Essays Descriptive and Biographical." By Grace, Lady Prestwich, author of "The Harbour Bar; a Tale of Scottish Life," and "Enga." With a Memoir by her Sister, Louisa E. Milne, and illustrations. William Blackwood & Sons. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Covenanting days, escaped a perilous trial at Edinburgh through a fall from her horse on her way to the capital. She married Mr. George M'Call, of Glasgow, in 1854, but in less than eighteen months she was left a widow with an infant son who was not long spared to her. In 1858 she travelled in France, Italy, and Sicily with her uncle, Dr. Hugh Falconer, the celebrated geologist, for whom she acted as secretary, and for whom, on their return to England, she kept house. Dr. Falconer died in January 1865, and five years later she married Mr. Prestwich, his old pupil and friend, and they took up their abode at Darent-Hulme, near the pretty village of Shoreham in Kent. From 1874 to 1887 Mr. Prestwich held the appointment of Professor of Geology at Oxford; in 1896 the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him, but he died in the same year. The long illness through which his wife tended him with an unwearied devotion left her very much of an invalid. She had strength enough, however, to complete the task of preparing the "Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Prestwich," published in 1899, and on the 31st of August in the same year she herself passed away. "All that is mortal of her rests beneath the granite cross erected to her husband's memory in the quiet churchyard of Shoreham." Miss Milne's memoir gives some indication of how much both uncle and husband owed to her sister's ability, helpfulness, and womanly sympathy; the president of the Geological Society for 1899 paid a fitting tribute to her memory when he mentioned that it was her sex alone which prevented "the niece of Falconer, the wife of Prestwich" from being enrolled in their fellowship.

The essays in this volume are still interesting reading on their own merits. In addition to that, however, they form excellent appendices to the brief biography. During her travels Lady Prestwich met many interesting people, and in several instances her magazine contributions supplement the casual reference in the memoir. Thus we have her recollections of Boucher de Perthes, Mrs. Somerville, and Madame Mohl, her experiences of the Naples Custom-house with a box of casts of fossil animals, and her picture of Mantua during the Austro-Italian war. It is curious to reflect that so lately as forty-three years ago it was impossible to conquer the incredulity of scientists who refused to believe in the possibility of flints chipped into weapons and tools by human hands being found associated with the remains of extinct animals, and that Dr. Hugh Falconer was the first English geologist to recognise the value of the French finds. He visited Boucher de Perthes at Abbeville in 1858, and in the following year Mr. Prestwich also went to Abbeville, and, as the result of his investigations, read before the Royal Society a paper which made a profound sensation, and followed it up with a letter to the French Academy of Sciences, which had the effect of awakening the interest of that body.

The reminiscences of Madame Mohl, at whose salon Lady Prestwich met Thackeray and his two young daughters, are vivid and amusing, but probably the most entertaining bit in the chapter is the account of the engagement of M. Mohl, the childlike Oriental sage, to the lady who was then Miss Clarke. Lady Prestwich shall tell the story: "During Mrs. Clarke's life he had been for some twenty years a daily visitor, and spent nearly every evening with mother and daughter for that daughter's sake; yet on the death of the former it did not occur to our philosopher that a certain step was necessary to ensure to him a continuance of that daily companionship which was essential to his happiness. He was obtuse, and it fell to the lady, who was ten years his senior, she being fifty-seven and he forty-seven, to point out that if they were to continue to spend their evenings together the *convenances* must be observed. His simple rejoinder was staggering, 'Quoi faire?' Was there ever a finer comedy! The celebration of their marriage was at the time kept a profound secret, and only two witnesses were present—Jules Mohl inviting a friend on the previous evening to come to him next day and act as *témoin*. The friend was punctual, but went under the impression that he was to serve as witness at a duel!" The newly-married couple separated at the church door, met two days later at a restaurant near the railway station, dined with the witnesses, and set off on their wedding tour. It would be hard to cite an odder wooing and wedding in the history of the bridal-ring.

Very charming too is the glimpse one gets of Mary Somerville, who at the age of seventy-eight still retained traces of that beautiful complexion to which she owed in girlhood the title of "The Rose of Jedwood," and who at the age of ninety-two was still able to read books on the higher algebra for four or five hours in the morning, and to take a keen interest in all the new discoveries and theories in the world of science. No doubt, too, she could still have plied a dainty needle or cooked a capital dinner had there been need for work of this kind. Indeed, the story of Mary Somerville ought to be told in every school in Great and Greater Britain.

Lady Prestwich's article on Channel Tunnels and Channel Bridges, with its geological illustrations, is as interesting to-day as it was when it first appeared in the pages of GOOD WORDS, exactly twenty years ago. The problem of superseding the sea-passage seems to have exercised the ingenuity of our lively neighbours very considerably at the beginning of last century. In 1802 M. Mathieu proposed to the First Consul a scheme for a submarine tunnel consisting of a double row of superimposed arches, the lower archway to serve for drainage, and the upper to carry a road, lit with oil-lamps and ventilated by iron shafts, for the use of diligences. Dr. Payerne proposed a colossal bridge raised on masses of concrete; MM. Franchet and Tessié a cast-iron tube laid across the sea-beds. M. Thomé de Gamond suggested four plans between 1834 and 1840: first, an iron tube lined with masonry to be laid on a bed levelled across the Straits; cost £18,400,000: next, a bridge from Blancnez to the South Foreland, with arches 171 feet above sea-level; cost £160,000,000: then a ferry between the same points, consisting of stone piers five miles long thrown out from each shore so as to leave only some eleven miles of waterway between the pier-heads; cost £9,200,000: and lastly, a solid isthmus of stone-work, with three navigable channels to be spanned by draw-bridges; cost £33,600,000. At this point more serious attention began to be given to the geological conditions of the problem, and engineers appreciated more thoroughly the necessity of taking advantage of the least permeable strata extending from coast to coast. A year or two later the completion of the Thames Tunnel served as a great object-lesson to theorists and practical workers alike. I do not purpose following the details of the story further, but it may be interesting to remind my readers that the distance across the Straits is about twenty-one miles, that for a long distance from our shore the depth does not exceed fifty feet, while for two miles outside the Calais coast it is only twenty feet; and that in the deepest parts the soundings show no more than 188 feet, so that were St. Paul's planted in the Channel as a sort of half-way house the whole of the dome would stand above water. Curiously enough, a line from Sandgate to Cape Grisnez would cross in mid-channel the Varne Shoal, a little-known reef of sand and blocks of Portland sandstone, the summit of which lies only three feet under the surface at low water. Indeed in his scheme of 1856 M. Thomé de Gamond intended that his tunnel should run from Grisnez to Eastwear Bay, Folkestone, and that there should be a "central station" about water-level on the Varne, with quays for the loading and unloading of freights conveyed to and from all parts of Europe. One more point is worth mention, that the London clay through which the 1320 feet of Tower Subway was driven in less than six months without leakage, extends from Essex to the coast of French Flanders, and is probably 400 feet thick all along a line from St. Osyth to Dunkirk. This would seem to present ideal conditions for a tunnel, were it not for the impracticable distance, eighty miles.

One of our most popular preachers, I am told by a friend who knows him, once made the remark that "he could always find something for a sermon in Skeat"—the said Skeat being the "Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," a new and enlarged edition of which, re-written and re-arranged, has just been issued by that most industrious and illuminative professor of Anglo-Saxon.* The work first saw the light in 1882, and has since passed through several editions, with corrections and additions which helped to bring it more or less up to date. In the interval, however, many important advances have been made in regions philological, and Professor Skeat has taken advantage of the vast amount of work that has been achieved by lexicographers and others at home and abroad to complete the excellence of the old standard book. In adopting an alphabetical arrangement in this new volume he has retained the chief advantages of the original arrangement—which to my poor thinking was extremely attractive and suggestive—by means of lists of Latin and Greek words showing at a glance the derivatives, often numerous and startling, into which their vitality has blossomed. The number of words now explained amounts to more than 12,750; and I think I may safely say that there are few volumes which one can turn to with a greater certainty of finding refreshment and stimulation than the preacher's "Skeat." A poet no less than a preacher ought "to discover new continents" in the scholarship which derives from the same root the words "blood," "blessing" and "bloom;" and even the man in the street might well be interested in the fact that the almighty "dollar," adapted and borrowed from the German "thaler," dates from about the year 1519, when a coin was made from silver found in Joachimsthal (Joachim's dale) in Bohemia, and became known as a Joachimsthaler. I remember the enthusiasm of an Orientalist when he discovered that the phrase "a diamond pen" was the Persian or Pushtu or some other linguistic equivalent for "literary sparkle"; but he was sadly taken back when he was assured that "a brilliant style" meant precisely the same thing, "a stylus, or pen, of beryl." I should like to know, by the way, why Professor Skeat has struck out in this new edition the statement that "berillus, an eye-glass" derives from the same bright stone. Pope Alexander VI. used a concave emerald for an eye-glass, and probably long before his time, since Roger Bacon was acquainted with the magnifying power of lenses, precious stones, including the beryl, were used to aid defective vision. In more than one instance, however, I find interesting suggestions deleted. Under "Daughter" the new edition reads "Orig. sense doubtful" in place of "the Sanskrit *duhitri* seems to have meant 'milker' of the cows"—the idyllic little milkmaid of Professor Max Müller's charming picture of Aryan life in the primordial mountain days. So too under "Jug" we read that Jug and Judge, "equivalent to Jenny or Joan," were usual as pet female names, and were given to drinking-vessels' but the author's pen has remorselessly struck through the suggestion that Jug stands for Judith, with a reference to Genesis xxvi. 34: "And Esau was forty years old when he took to wife Judith the daughter of Beeri"! On the other hand, instead of the "History obscure" and double conjecture under "Doll" of the older editions, we have here an unhesitating "From Doll for Dorothy," with a reference to the New English Dictionary. And in the Supplement under "Gun" Professor Skeat writes: "I once suggested that *gun* is of Scand. origin, and possibly connected with names beginning with *Gunn-*. Compare this with the account in the N. E. D. which shows that the name *Domina Gunilda* was conferred upon an engine of war; whence the name was transferred to a cannon." In both the old and the new editions I find "Whiskey" derived from *uisge-beatha*, the water of life. I should like to draw Professor Skeat's attention to a note in the second volume of Mr. Carmichael's recently published "Carmina Gadelica," in which he says that uisge-beatha is a corruption of uisge-beithe—water of the birch, from which it was made. Oddly enough, that industrious but rather slap-dash compiler, Dr. Brewer, mentions in his Dictionary of Phrase and Fable that *Eau de vie* is a translation of the Latin *aqua vitae*, which in turn is "a curious perversion of the Spanish *acqua di vite*, water or juice of the vine," *i.e.* brandy = brand-wine or burnt (distilled) wine. One might, however, continue in this strain indefinitely. I will only add, in conclusion, a note from "Babylonians and Assyrians,"* in which Professor Sayce tells us that every hymn in the sacred collection which was "at once the Bible and Prayer-book of Chaldea" ends with *Amanû*, "Amen," and that the name of the seventh day—the day on which the prophet should not practise augury or give medicine to the sick, on which even the King should not drive in chariot or eat flesh cooked by fire—Sabbatu, or Sabbath, was derived by the native etymologists from the Sumerian words *sa*, "heart," and *bat*, "to end," because it was a day of rest for the heart.

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* "A Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language." By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Ph.D. New Edition, re-written and re-arranged. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 5*s.* 6*d.*

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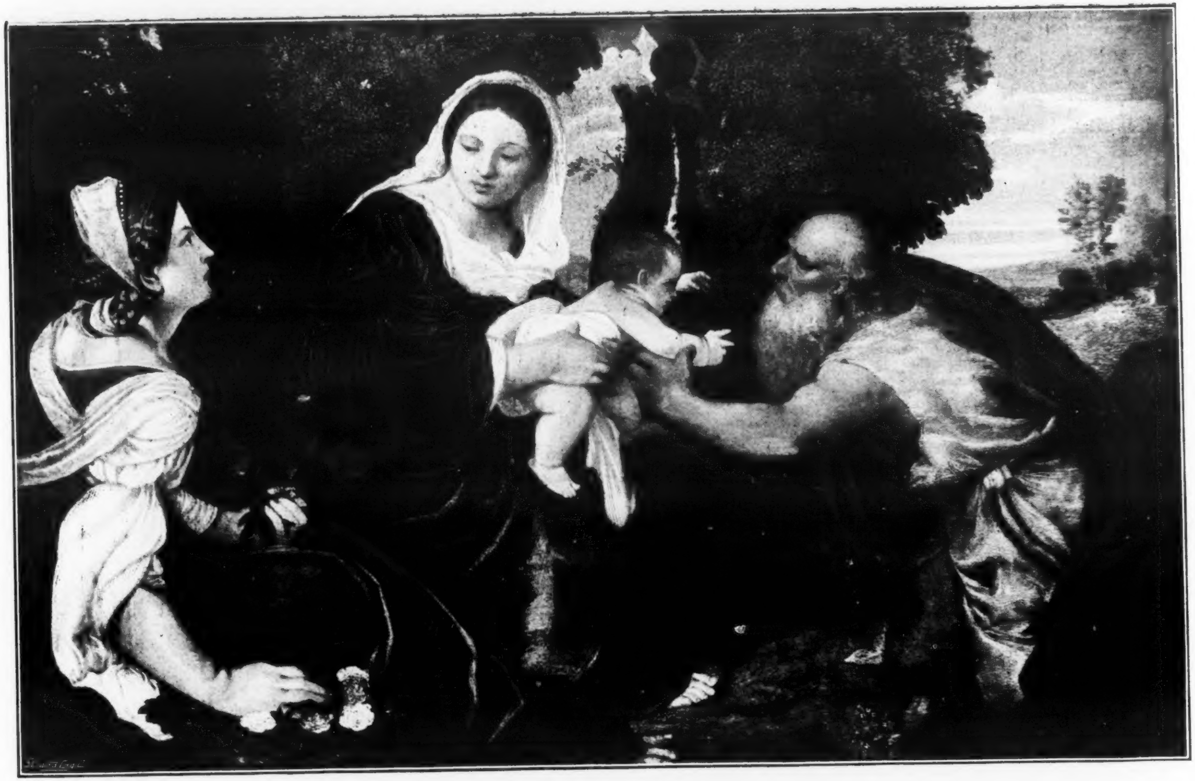
* "Babylonians and Assyrians: Life and Customs." (The Semitic Series). By the Rev. A. H. Sayce. John C. Nimmo. 5*s*. net.



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THE HOLY FAMILY

By TITIAN

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE

By NEIL MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XXXVI

FATHER HAMILTON IS THREATENED BY THE JESUITS AND WE ARE FORCED TO FLY AGAIN

THE priest, poor man! aged a dozen years by his anxieties since I had seen him last, was dubious of his senses when I entered where he lodged, and he wept like a bairn to see my face again.

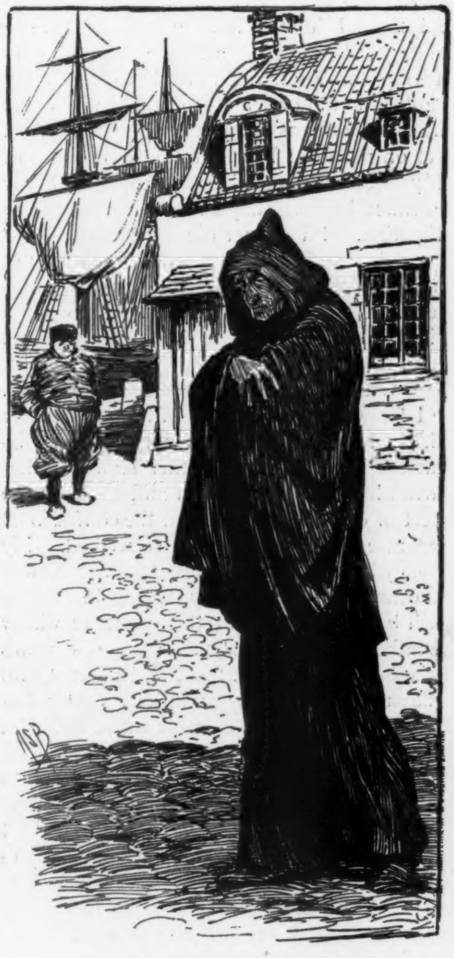
"Scotland! Scotland! beshrew me, child, and I'd liefer have this than ten good dinners at Verray's!" cried he, and put his arms about my shoulders and buried his face in my waistcoat to hide his uncontrollable tears.

He was quartered upon a pilot of the Schelde and Hollands Deep, whose only child he made a shift to tutor in part payment of his costs, and the very moment that we had come in upon him he was full of a matter that had puzzled him for weeks before we came to Helvoetsluys. 'Twas a thing that partly hurt his pride, though that may seem incredible, and partly gave him pleasure, and 'twas merely that when he had at last found his concealment day and night in the pilot's house unendurable, and ventured a stroll or two upon the dunes in broad sunshine, no one paid any attention to him. There were soldiers and sailors that must have some suspicions of his identity, and he had himself read his own story and description in one of the gazettes, yet never a hand was raised to capture him.

"*Ma foi!* Paul," he cried to me in a perplexity. "I am the marvellest priest unfrocked, invisible to the world as if I had Mambrino's helmet. Sure it cannot be that I am too stale quarry for their hunting! My *amour propre* baulks at such conclusion. I that have—heaven help me!—loaded pistols against the Lord's anointed might as well have gone shooting sparrows for all the infamy it has gained me. But yesterday I passed an officer of the peace that cried '*Bon jour*, father,' in villainous French with a smile so sly I could swear he knew my history from the first breeching. I avow that my hair stirred under my hat when he said it."

Mackellar stood by contemptuous of the priest's raptures over his restored secretary.

"Goodness be about us!" he said, "what a pity the brock should be hiding when



"Something eerie in the sight of this long, thin stooping figure" there's nobody hunting him! The first squirt of the haggis is always the hottest, as the other man said. If they were keen on your track at the start of it—and it's myself has the doubt of that same—you may warrant they are slack on it now. It's Buhot himself would be greatly put about if you went to the jail and put out your hands for the manacles."

Father Hamilton looked bewildered.

"Expiscate, good Monsieur Mackellar," said he.

"Kilbride just means," said I, "that you are in the same case as myself, and that orders have gone out that no one is to trouble you."

He believed it, and still he was less cheerful than I looked for. "Indeed, 'tis like enough," he sighed. "I have put my fat on a trap for a fortnight back to catch my captors and never a rat of them will come near me, but pass with sniffing noses. And yet on my word I have little to rejoice for. My friends have changed coats with my enemies because they swear I betrayed poor Fleuriau. I'd sooner die on the rack——"

"Oh, Father Hamilton!" I could not help crying, with remorse upon my countenance. He must have read the story in a single glance at me, for he stammered and took my hand.

"What! there too, Scotland!" he said. "I forswear the company of innocence after this. No matter, 'tis never again old Dixmunde parish for poor Father Hamilton that loved his flock well enough and believed the best of everybody and hated the confessional because it made the world so wicked. My honey-bees will hum next summer among another's flowers, and my darling blackbirds will be all starving in this pestilent winter weather. Paul, Paul, hear an old man's wisdom—be frugal in food, and raiment, and pleasure, and let thy ambitions flutter, but never fly too high to come down at a whistle. But here am I, old Pater Dull, prating on foolish little affairs, and thou and our honest friend here new back from the sounding of the guns. Art a brave fighter, lad? I heard of thee in the grenadier company of d'Auvergne."

"We did the best part of our fighting with our shanks, as the other man said," cried Kilbride. "But Mr. Greig came by a clout that affected his mind and made him clean forget the number of his regiment, and that is what for the lowlands of Holland is a very pleasant country just now."

"Wounded!" cried the priest, disturbed at this intelligence. "Had I known on't I should have prayed for thy deliverance."

"I have little doubt he did that for himself," said Kilbride. "When I came on him after Rosbach he was behind a dyke, that is not a bad alternative when the lead is in the air."

We made up our minds to remain for a while at Helvoet, but we had not determined what our next step should be, when in came the priest one day with his face like clay and his limbs trembling.

"Ah, Paul!" he cried, and fell into a chair; "here's Nemesis, daughter of Nox, a scurvy Italian, and wears a monkish cowl. I fancied it were too good to be true that I should be free from further trials."

"Surely Buhot has not taken it into his head to move again," I cried. "That would be very hirpling justice after so long an interval. And in any case they could scarcely hale you out of the Netherlands."

"No, lad, not Buhot," said he, perspiring with his apprehensions, "but the Society. There's one Gordoletti, a pretended Lutheran that hails from Jena, that has been agent between the Society and myself before now, and when I was out there he followed me upon the street with the eyes of a viper. I'll swear the fellow has a poignard and means the letting of blood. I know how 'twill be —a watch set upon this building, Gordoletti upon the steps some evening; a jostle, a thrust, and a speeding shade. A right stout shade too! if spirits are in any relation of measure to the corporeal clay. O lad, what do I say? my sinner's wit must be evincing in the front of doom itself."

I thought he simply havered, but found there was too real cause for his distress. That afternoon the monk walked up and down the street without letting his eyes lose a moment's sight of the entrance to the pilot's house where Father Hamilton abode. I could watch him all the better because I shared a room with Kilbride on the same side of the street, and even to me there was something eerie in the sight of this long thin stooping figure in its monkish garment slouching on the stones or hanging over the parapet of the bridge, his eyes, lambent black and darting, over his narrow chafts. Perhaps it was but fancy, yet I thought I saw in the side of his gown the unmistakable bulge of a dagger. He paced the street for hours or leaned over the parapet affecting an interest in the barges, and all the time the priest sat fascinated within, counting his sentence come.

"Oh, by my faith and it is not so bad as that," I protested on returning to find him in this piteous condition. "Surely there are two swords here that at the worst of it can be depended on to protect you."

He shook his head dolefully. "It is no use, Paul," he cried. "The poignard or the phial—'tis all the same to them or Gordoletti and hereafter I dare not touch a drop of wine or indulge in a meagre soup."

"But surely," I said, "there may be a mistake, and this Gordoletti may have nothing to do with you."

"The man wears a cowl—a monkish cowl—and that is enough for me. A Jesuit out of his customary *soutane* is like the devil in dancing shoes—be sure his lordship means mischief. Oh! Paul, I would I were back in Bicêtre and like to die there cleaner than on the banks of a Dutch canal. I protest I hate to think of dying by a canal."

Still I was incredulous that harm was meant to him, and he proceeded to tell me the Society of Jesus was upon the brink of dissolution and desperate accordingly. The discovery of Fleuriau's plot against the Prince had determined the authorities upon the demolition and extinction of the Jesuits throughout the whole of the King's dominion. Their riches and effects and churches were to be seized to the profit and emolument of the Crown; the reverend Fathers were to be banished furth of France for ever. Designs so formidable had to be conducted cautiously, and so far the only evidence of a scheme against the Society was to be seen in the Court itself, where the number of priests of the order were being rapidly diminished.

I thought no step of the civil power too harsh against the band of whom the stalking man in the cowl outside was representative, and indeed the priest at last half-infected myself with his terrors. We sat well back from the window looking out upon the street till it was dusk. There was never a moment when the assassin (as I still must think him) was not there, his interest solely in the house we sat in. And when it was wholly dark, and a single lamp of oil swinging on a cord across the thoroughfare lit the passage of the few pedestrians that went along the street, Gordoletti was still close beneath it, silent, meditating, and alert.

Mackellar came in from his coffee-house. We sat in darkness, except for the flicker of a fire of peat. He must have thought the spectacle curious.

"My goodness! cried he, "candles must be unco dear in this shire when the pair of you cannot afford one between you to see each other yawning. I'm of a family myself that must be burning a dozen at a time and at both ends to make matters cheery, for it's a gey glum world at the best of it."

He stumbled over to the mantle where there was customarily a candle; found and lit it, and held it up to see if there was any visible reason for our silence.

The priest's woebegone countenance set him into a shout of laughter. His amusement scarcely lessened when he heard of the ominous gentleman in the cowl.

"Let me see!" he said, and speedily devised a plan to test the occasion of Father Hamilton's terrors. He arranged that he should dress himself in the priest's garments, and as well as no inconsiderable difference in their bulk might let him, simulate the priest by lolling into the street.

"A brave plan verily," quo' the priest, "but am I a bowelless rogue to let another have my own particular poignard? No, no, Messieurs, let me pay for my own *pots casses* and run my own risks in my own *soutane*."

With that he rose to his feet and was bold enough to offer a trial that was attended by considerable hazard.

It was determined, however, that I should follow close upon the heels of Kilbride in his disguise, prepared to help him in the case of too serious a surprise.

The night was still. There were few in the street, which was one of several that led down to the quays. The sky had but a few wan stars. When Mackellar stepped forth in the priest's hat and cloak he walked slowly towards the harbour, ludicrously imitating the rolling gait of his reverence, while I stayed for a little in the shelter of the door. Gordoletti left his post upon the bridge and stealthily followed Kilbride. I gave him some yards of law and followed Gordoletti.

Our footsteps sounded on the stones; 'twas all that broke the evening stillness except the song of a roysterer who staggered upon the quays. The moment was fateful in its way and yet it ended farcically, for ere he had gained the foot of the street, Kilbride turned and walked back to meet the man that stalked him. We closed upon the Italian to find him baffled and confused.

"Take that for your attentions," cried Kilbride, and buffeted the fellow on the ear, a blow so secular and telling from a man in a frock that Gordoletti must have thought himself bewitched, for he gave a howl and took to his heels. Kilbride attempted to stop him, but the cassock escaped his hands and his own unwonted costume made a chase hopeless. As for me, I was content to let matters remain as they were now that Father Hamilton's suspicions seemed too well founded.

It did not surprise me that on learning of our experience the priest should determine on an immediate departure from Helvoetsluys. But where he was to go was more than he could readily decide. He proposed and rejected a score of places—Bordeaux, Flanders, the Hague, Katwyk further up the coast, and many others—weighing the advantages of each, enumerating his acquaintances in each, discovering on further thought that each and every one of them had some feature unfavourable to his concealment from the Jesuits.

"You would be as long tuning your pipes as another would be playing a tune," said Kilbride at last. "There's one thing sure of it, that you cannot be going anywhere the now without Mr. Greig and myself, and what ails you at Dunkerque in which we have all of us acquaintances?"

A season ago the suggestion would have set my heart in flame; but now it left me cold. Yet I backed up the proposal, for I reflected that (keeping away from the Rue de la Boucherie) we might there be among a good many friends. Nor was his reverence ill to influence in favour of the proposal.

The next morning saw us, then, upon a hoy that sailed for Calais and was bargained to drop us at Dunkerque.

CHAPTER XXXVII

I OVERHEAR THE PLAN OF ENGLAND'S INVASION

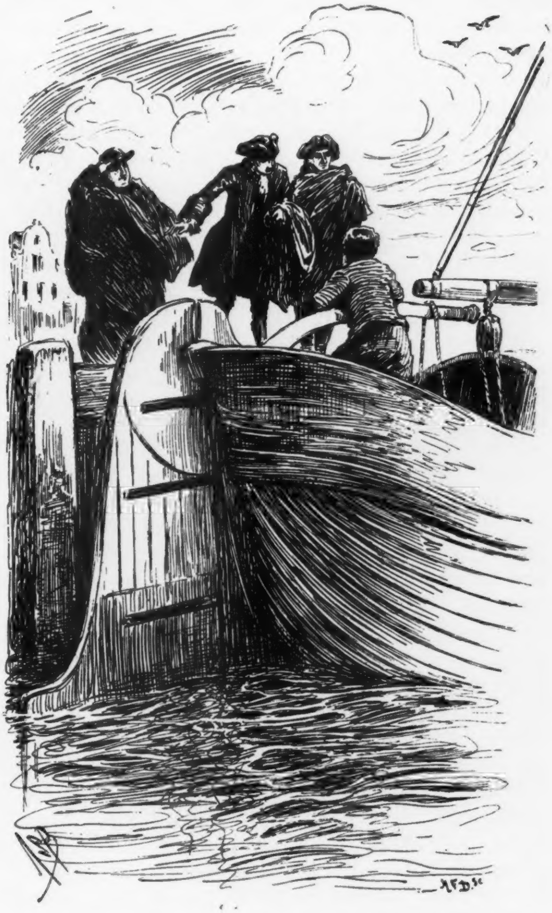
I BEGAN these chronicles with a homily upon the pregnancy of chance that gives the simplest of our acts ofttimes far-reaching and appalling consequences. It is clear that I had never become the Spoiled Horn and vexed my parent's lives had not a widow woman burned her batch of scones, and though perhaps the pair of shoes in the chest bequeathed to me by my Uncle Andrew were without the magic influence he and I gave credit for, it is probable that I had made a different flight from Scotland had they not led me in the way of Daniel Risk.

And even now their influence was not ended. During the months I had spent at soldiering, the red shoes reposed among my baggage; even when I had changed from the uniform of the Regiment d'Auvergne upon the frontier of Holland, and made myself again a common citizen of Europe, I had some freit (as we say of a superstition) against resuming the shoes that had led me previously into divers perils. But the day we left Helvoet in the Hollands Deep hoy, I was so hurried in my departure that the red shoes were the only ones I could lay hands on. As luck would have it, when I entered Dunkerque for the last time in my history some days after, I was wearing the same leather as on the first day of my arrival there, and the fact led by a singularity of circumstances to my final severance from many of those companions—some of them pleasant and unforgettable—I had made acquaintance with in France.

It was thus that the thing happened.

When we entered Dunkerque, the priest, Kilbride and I went to an inn upon the sea front. Having breakfasted, I was deputed to go forth and call upon Thurot, explain our circumstances, take his counsel and return to the hoy where my two friends would return to wait for me. He was out when I reached his lodging, but his Swiss—a different one from what he had before when I was there—informed me that he was expected in at any moment, and invited me to step in and wait for him. I availed myself of the opportunity.

Our voyage along the coast had been delayed by contrary winds, so that now it was the Sabbath; the town was by-ordinary still (though indeed Sabbath nor Saturday made much difference as a rule on the gaiety of Dunkerque), and wearied by the sea travel that had just concluded, I fell fast asleep in Captain Thurot's chair.



"The next morning saw us upon a hoy that sailed for Calais"

I was wakened by a loud knocking at the outer door, not the first, as it may be remembered, that called me forth from dreams to new twists of fortune, and I started to my feet to meet my host.

What was my chagrin to hear the Prince's voice in converse with him on the stair!

"Here is a pretty pickle!" I told myself. "M. Albany is the last man on earth I would choose to meet at this moment," and without another reflection I darted into the adjoining room and shut the door. It was Thurot's bed-chamber, with a window that looked out upon the court where fowls were cackling. I was no sooner in than I somewhat rued my precipitation, for the manlier course indubitably had been to bide where I was. But now there was no retreating, so I sat with what patience I could command to wait my discovery by the tenant of the place after his royal visitor was gone.

It was the Sabbath day as I have said, and the chimes of St. Eloi were going briskly upon some papist canticle, but not so loud that I could not hear, in spite of myself, all that went on in the next room.

At first I paid no heed, for the situation was unworthy enough of itself without any attempt on my part to be an eavesdropper. But by-and-by, through the banging of the bells of St. Eloi, I heard M. Albany (still to give the man his by-name) mention the name Ecosse.

Scotland! The name of her went through me like a pang!

They spoke in French of course; I think I could have understood them had it been Chinese. For they discussed some details of the intended invasion that still hung fire, and from the first of M. Albany's sentences I learned that the descent was determined upon Scotland. 'Twas that which angered me and made me listen for the rest with every sense of the spy and deterred by never a scruple. At first I had fancied Thurot would learn from his servant I was in the house, and leave me alone till his royal guest's departure from an intuition that I desired no meeting, but it was obvious now that no such consideration would have indued him to let me hear the vast secret they discussed.

"Twenty thousand men are between Brest and Vannes," said M. Albany. "We shall have them in frigates in a fortnight from to-day, and then, *mon Capitaine*, affairs shall move briskly."

"And still," said Thurot, who had some odd tone of dissatisfaction in his voice, "I had preferred it had been the South of England. Dumont has given us every anchorage and sounding on the coast between Beechy Head and Arundel, and from there we could all the sooner have thrust at the heart of England. This Scotland——"

"Bah! Captain Thurot," cried his Royal Highness impatiently, "you talk like a fool. At the heart, indeed! With all habitable England like a fat about it, rich with forts and troops and no more friendship for us than for the Mameluke! No, no, Thurot, I cry Scotland; all the chances are among the rocks, and I am glad it has been so decided on."

"And still, with infinite deference, your Royal Highness, this same West of Scotland never brought but the most abominable luck to you and yours," continued Thurot. "Now, Arundel Bay——"

"Oh! to the devil with Arundel Bay!" cried M. Albany; "'tis settled otherwise, and you must take it as you find it. Conflans and his men shall land upon the West, *mon dieu!* I trust they may escape its fangs; and there measures will be taken with more precaution and I hope with more success than in 1745. Thence they will march to England, sweeping the whole country before them, and not leaving a man or boy who can carry a musket behind them. Thus they must raise the army to 50,000 or 60,000 men, strike a terror into England and carry all with a high hand. I swear 'tis a fatted hog this England: with less than 10,000 Highlanders I have made her thrill at the very vitals."

Thurot hummed. Plainly there was much in the project that failed to meet his favour.

"And Conflans?" said he.

His Royal Highness laughed.

"Ha! Captain," said he, "I know, I know. 'Twould suit you better if a certain Tony Thurot had command."

"At least," said Thurot, "I am in my prime, while the Marshal is beyond his grand climacteric."

"And still, by your leave, with the reputation of being yet the best—well, let us say among the best—of the sea officers of France. Come, come, Captain, there must be no half-hearts in this venture; would to Heaven I were permitted to enjoy a share in it! And on you, my friend, depends a good half of the emprise and the *gloire*."

"*Gloire!*" cried Thurot. "With every deference to your Royal Highness I must consider myself abominably ill-used in this matter. That I should be sent off to Norway and hound in wretched Swedes with a personage like Flaubert! Oh, I protest, 'tis beyond all reason! Is it for that I have been superseded by a man like Conflans that totters on the edge of the grave?"

"I hope 'tis England's grave," retorted M. Albany with unfailing good humour, and I heard the gluck of wine as he helped himself to another glass. "I repeat *gloire*, with every apology to the experience of M. le Corsair. 'Tis your duty to advance with your French and your Swedes upon the North of England, and make the diversion in these parts that shall incovenience the English army front or rear."

"Oh, curse your diversions!" cried Thurot. "If I have a talent at all 'tis for the main attack. And this Conflans——"

The remainder of the discussion, so far as I remained to hear it, gave no enlargement upon the plan thus laid bare. But in any case my whole desire now was to escape from the house without discovery, for I had news that made my return to Britain imperative.

I opened the window quietly and slipped out. The drop to the court was less than my own height. Into the street I turned with the sober step of leisure, yet my feet tingled to run hard and my heart was stormy. The bells of St. Eloi went on ringing; the streets were growing busy with holiday-makers and the soldiers who were destined to over-run my country. I took there and then the most dreadful hatred of them, and scowled so black that some of the soldiers cried after me with a jeer.

The priest and Kilbride I found were not at the inn where I had left them, having gone back to the vessel. So I hurried down to the quay after them. The hoy had been moved since morning, and in the throng of other vessels that were in the harbour at the time I lost well-nigh an hour in seeking her. Whether that was well for me or ill would be folly now to guess, but when I had no more than set a foot upon the gunwale of a small boat that was to take me out to her, I was clapped upon the shoulder.

I turned, to see Thurot and two officers of marine!

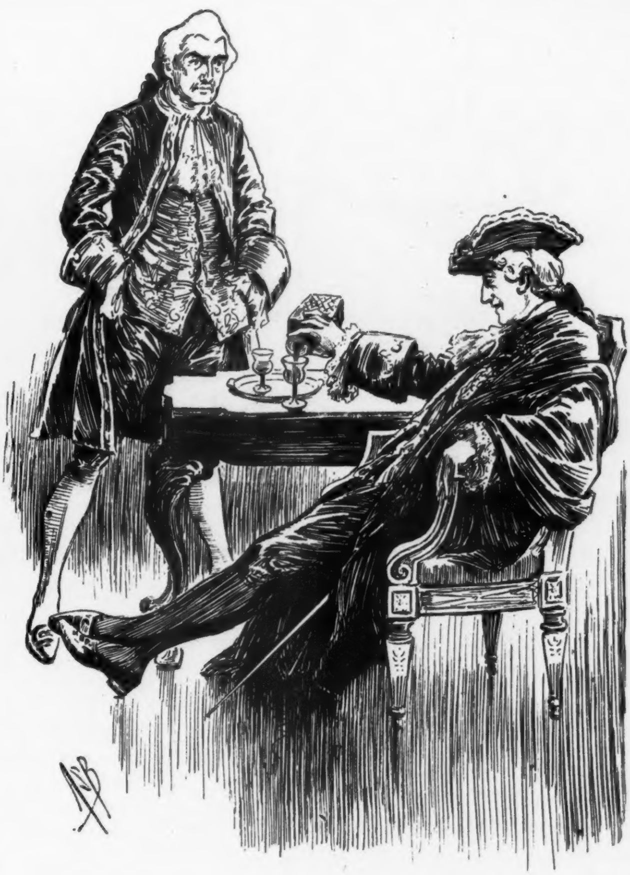
"Pardon, M. Grieg, a moment," said

Thurot, with not the kindest of tones. "Surely you would not hurry out of Dunkerque without a *congee* for old friends?"

I stammered some sentences that were meant to reassure him. He interrupted me, and not with any roughness, but with a pressure there was no mistaking, and I was not fool enough to resist, led me from the side of the quay.

"*Ma foi!*" said he. "'Tis the most ridiculous thing! I had nearly missed you and could never have forgiven myself. My Swiss has just informed me that you were in the house an hour ago while I was there myself. I fear we must have bored you, M. Albany and I, with our dull affairs. At least there was no other excuse for your unceremonious departure through my back window."

I was never well-equipped to conceal my feelings, and it was plain in my face that I knew all.



"I heard the gluck of wine as he helped himself to another glass"

He sighed.

"Well, lad," said he, rather sorrowfully, "I'd give a good many *louis d'or* that you had come visiting at another hour of the day, and now there's but one thing left me. My Swiss did not know you, but he has—praise *le bon dieu!*—a pair of eyes in his head, and he remembered that my visitor wore a pair of red shoes. Red shoes and a Scotsman!—the conjunction was unmistakable, and here we are, M. Grieg. There are a score of men looking all over Dunkerque at this moment for these same shoes."

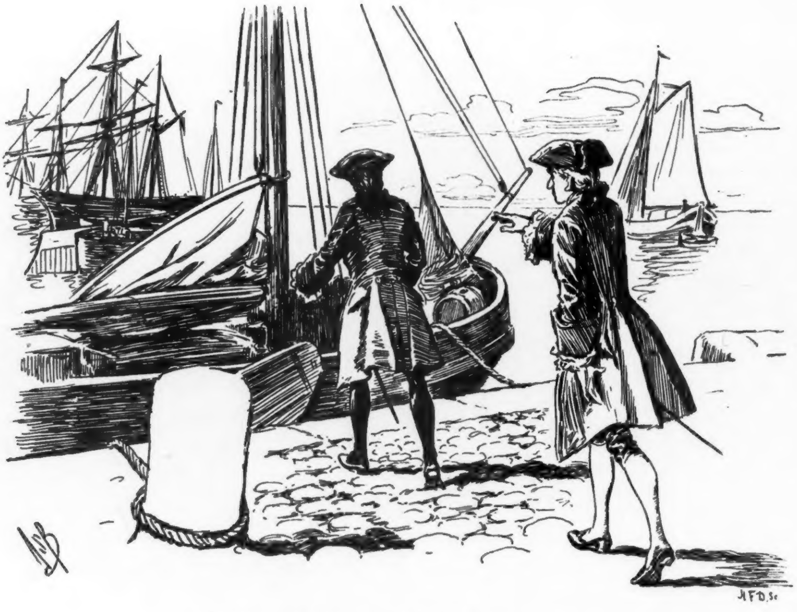
"Confound the red shoes!" I cried, unable to conceal my vexation that they should once more have brought me into trouble.

"By no means, M. Greig," said Thurot. "But for them we should never have identified our visitor, and a somewhat startling tale was over the Channel a little earlier than we intended. And now all that I may do for old friendship to yourself and the original wearer of the shoes is to give you a free trip to England in my own vessel. 'Tis not the *Roi Rouge* this time—worse luck!—but a frigate, and we can be happy enough if you are not a fool."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THUROT'S PRISONER. MY FRIEND THE WATCH

It was plain from the first that my overhearing of the plot must compel Thurot to



"So I hurried down to the quay after them"

the step he took. He was not unkind, but so much depended on the absolute secrecy of the things he had talked to the Prince, that even at the unpleasant cost of trepanning me, he must keep me from carrying my new-got information elsewhere. For that reason he refused to accede to my request for a few minutes' conversation with the priest or my fellow-countrymen. The most ordinary prudence, he insisted, demanded that he should keep me in a sort of isolation until it was too late to convey a warning across the Channel.

It was for these reasons I was taken that Sabbath afternoon to the frigate that was destined to be in a humble sense his flagship, and was lying in the harbour with none of her crew as yet on board. I was given a cabin; books were furnished to cheer my incarceration, for it was no less. I was to all intents and purposes a prisoner, though enjoying again some of the privileges of the *salle d'épreuves* for the sake of old acquaintance.

All that day I planned escape. Thurot came to the cabin and smoked and conversed pleasantly, but found me so abstracted that he could scarcely fail to think I meant a counter-sap.

"Be tranquil, my Paul," he advised; "Clancarty and I will make your life on shipboard as little irksome as possible, but it is your own cursed luck that you must make up your mind to a fortnight of it."

But that was considerably longer than I was ready to think of with equanimity. What I wished for was an immediate freedom and a ship to England, and while he talked I reviewed a dozen methods of escape. Here was I with a secret worth a vast deal to the British Government; if I could do my country that service of putting her into possession of it in time to prevent catastrophe, might I not, without presumption, expect some clemency from her laws for the crime I had committed in the hot blood of ignorant and untutored youth? I saw the most cheerful possibilities rise out of that accident that had made me an eavesdropper in Thurot's lodging—freedom, my family perhaps restored to me, my name partly re-established; but the red shoes that set me on wrong roads to start with still kept me on them. Thurot was an amiable enough gaoler, but not his best wine nor his wittiest stories might make me forget by how trivial a chance I had lost my opportunity.

We were joined in the afternoon by Lord Clancarty.

"What, lad!" cried his lordship, pomaded and scented beyond words; fresh, as he told us, from the pursuit of a lady whose wealth was shortly to patch up his broken fortunes. "What, lad! Here's a pretty matter! Pressed, egad! A renegade against his will! 'Tis the most cursed luck, Captain Thurot, and will't compel the poor young gentleman to cut the throats of his own countrymen?"

"I? Faith, not I!" said Thurot. "I press none but filthy Swedes. M. Greig has my word for it that twelve hours before we weigh anchor he may take his leave of us. *Je le veux bien.*"

"Bah! 'Tis an impolite corsair this. As for me, I should be inconsolable to lose M. Greig to such a dull country as this England. Here's an Occasion, M. le Capitan, for pledging his health in a bottle, and wishing him well out of his troubles."

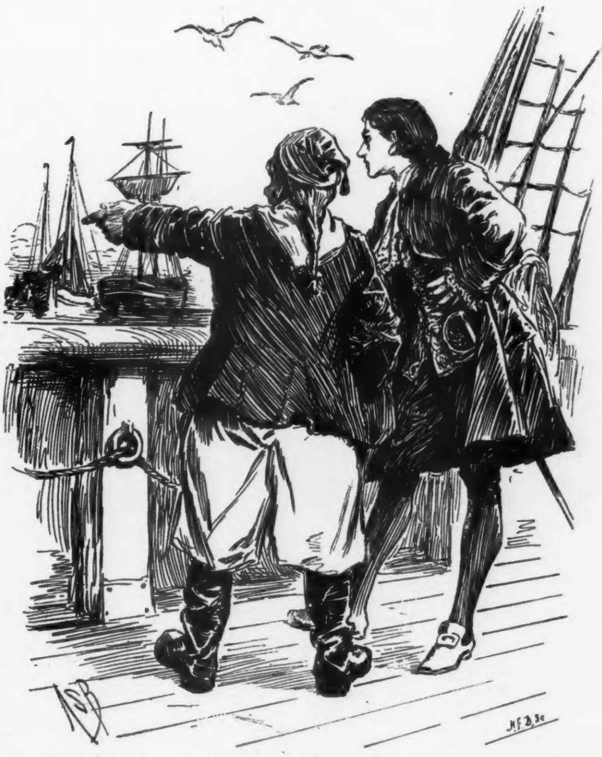
"You do not stand sufficiently on your dignity, Clancarty," laughed Thurot. "Here's the enemy——"

"Dignity! pooh!" said his lordship. "To stand on that I should need a year's practice first on the tight-rope. There's that about an Irish gentleman that makes the posturings and proprieties and pretences of the fashionable world unnecessary. Sure, race will show in his face and action if he stood alone in his shirt-sleeves on a village common juggling balls. I am of the oldest blood that springs in Irish kings. 'Tis that knowledge keeps my heart up when circumstances make the world look rotten like a cheese. But the curst thing is one cannot for ever be drinking and dining off a pedigree, and here I am deserted by M. Tete-de-Mouche——"

Thurot put up his hand to check one of these disloyalties to the Pretender that I had long since learned were common with Lord Clancarty.

"Bah!" cried his Lordship. "I love you, Tony, and all the other boys, but your Prince is a madman—a sotted madman tied to the petticoat tails of a trollope. This Walkinshaw—saving your presence, Paul Greig, for she's your country-woman and by way of being your friend I hear—has ruined Charles and the Cause. We have done what we could to make him send Madame back to the place she came from, but he'll do nothing of the kind. 'She has stuck by me through thick and thin, and lost all for me, and now I shall stick by her,' says foolish Master Sentiment."

"Bravo!" cried Thurot, "'Tis these



"He promptly pointed to her yellow hull on the opposite side of the harbour" things make us love the Prince and have faith in his ultimate success."

"You were ever the hopeful ass, Tony," said his Lordship coolly. "*Il n'est pire sourd que celui qui ne veut pas entendre*, and you must shut your ears against a tale that all the world is shouting at the pitch of its voice. Who knows better than Tony Thurot how his Royal Highness has declined? Why! 'tis manifest in the fellow's nose; I declare he drinks like a fish—another vice he brought back from your mountain land, M. Greig, along with Miss Walkinshaw——"

"There is far too much of Miss Walkinshaw about your lordship's remarks," I cried in an uncontrollable heat that the lady should be the subject of implications so unkind.

He stared, and then kissed his hand to me with laughter and a bow.

"Ha!" he cried, "here's another young gentleman of sentiment. Stap me if I say a word against the lady, for your sake, Andy Greig's nephew." And back he went to his bottle.

In this light fashion we spent a day that by rights should have been more profitably and soberly occupied. The frigate lay well out from the quays from which Thurot had conveyed me with none of the indignities that were due to a prisoner. There was, as I have said, none of her crew on board save a watch of two men. Beside her quarter there hung a small smuggling cutter that had been captured some days previously. As I sat in the cabin, yawning at the hinder-end over Clancarty's sallies, I could hear now and then the soft thudding of the smuggler's craft against the fenders as the sea rocked us lightly, and it put a mad fancy into my head.

How good it would be, I thought, to be free on board such a vessel and speeding before a light wind to Britain? Was it wholly impossible? The notion so possessed me that I took an occasion to go on deck and see how things lay.

The smuggler's boat had her mast stepped, but no sails nor sweeps in her. Over the bulwark of the frigate leaned one of the watch idly looking at sea-gulls that cried like bairns upon the smuggler's thwarts and gunnels. He was a tarry Dutchman (by his build and colour); I fancy that at the time he never suspected I was a prisoner, for he saluted me with deference.

The harbour was emptier than usual of shipping. Dusk was falling on the town; some lights were twinkling wanly and bells rang in the cordage of the quays. I asked the seaman if he knew where the hoy *Vrijster* of Helvoetsluys lay.

At that his face brightened and he promptly pointed to her yellow hull on the opposite side of the harbour.

Did my honour know Captain Breuer? he asked.

My honour was very pleased to confess that he did, though in truth my acquaintance with the skipper who had taken us round from Helvoetsluys went scarcely further than sufficed me to recall his name.

The best sailor ever canted ship! my Dutchman assured me with enthusiasm. How often have I heard such a sentiment from mariners! for there is something jovial and kind in the seaman's manner that makes him ever fond of the free and the brave and competent of his own calling, and ready to cry their merits about the rolling world.

A good seaman certainly! I agreed heartily, though the man might have been merely middling for all I knew of him.

He would like nothing better than to have an hour with Captain Breuer, said Mynheer.

"And I too," said I quickly. "But for Captain Thurot's pressing desire that I should spend the evening here I should be in Breuer's cabin now. Next to being with him there I would reckon the privilege of having him here."

There might be very little difficulty about that if my honour was willing, said Mynheer. They were old shipmates; had sailed the Zuyder Sea together and drunken in a score of ports. Dearly indeed would he love to have some discourse with Breuer. But to take leave from the frigate and cross to the hoy—no! Captain Thurot would not care for him to do that.

"Why not have Breuer come to the frigate?" I asked, with my heart beating fast.

"Why indeed?" repeated Myheer with a laugh. A hail across the harbour would not fetch him.

"Then go for him," said I, my heart beating faster than ever lest he should have some suspicion of my condition and desires.

He reminded me that he had no excuse to leave the frigate, though to take the small boat at the stern and row over to the hoy would take but a minute or two.

"Well, as for excuses," said I, "that's easily arranged, for I can give you one to carry a note to the care of the captain, and you may take it at your leisure."

At his leisure! He would take it at once and thankfully while we gentlemen were drinking below, for there was no pleasure under heaven he could compare with half an hour of good Jan Breuer's company.

Without betraying my eagerness to avail myself of such an unlooked-for opportunity, I deliberately wrote a note in English intimating that I was a prisoner on the frigate and in pressing humour to get out of her at the earliest moment. I addressed it to Kilbride, judging the Highlander more likely than Father Hamilton to take rational steps for my release if that were within the bounds of possibility.

I assured the seaman that if he lost no time in taking it over I would engage his absence would never be noticed, and he agreed to indicate to me by a whistle when he returned.

With a cheerful assurance that he would have Jan Breuer on this deck in less than twenty minutes, the seaman loosed the painter of the small boat and set forth upon his errand while I returned to the cabin where Thurot and Clancarty still talked the most contrary and absurd politics over their wine. The vast and tangled scheme of French intrigue was set before me; at another time it might have been of the most fascinating interest, but on this particular occasion I could not subdue my mind to matters so comparatively trivial, while I kept my hearing strained for the evidence that the Dutchman had accomplished his mission and got back.

The moments passed; the interest flagged; Clancarty began to yawn and Thurot grew silent. It was manifest that the sooner my Dutchman was back to his ship the better for my plan. Then it was I showed the brightest interest in affairs that an hour earlier failed to engage a second of my attention, and I discovered for the entertainment of my gaoler and his friend a hitherto unsuspected store of reminiscence about my Uncle Andrew and a fund of joke and anecdote whereof neither of them probably had thought me capable.

But all was useless. The signal that the Dutchman had returned was not made when Lord Clancarty rose to his feet and intimated his intention there and then of going ashore, though his manner suggested that it would have been easy to induce him to wait longer. We went on deck with him. The night was banked with clouds though a full moon was due; only a few stars shone in the spaces of the zenith; our vessel was in darkness except where a lamp swung at the bow.

"*Mon dieu!* Tony, what a pitchy night! I'd liefer be safe ashore than risking my life getting there in your cockle-shell," said Clancarty.

"Art all right, Lord Clancarty?" said Thurot. "Here's a man will row you to the quay in two breaths, and you'll be snug in bed before M. Greig and I have finished our prayers." Then he cried along the deck for the seaman.

I felt that all was lost now the fellow's absence was to be discovered.

What was my astonishment to hear an answering call, and see the Dutchman's figure a blotch upon the blackness of the after-deck.

"Bring round the small boat and take Lord Clancarty ashore," said the Captain, and the seaman hastened to do so. He sprang into the small boat, released her rope and brought her round.

"*A demain*, dear Paul," cried his Lordship with a hiccough. "It's curst unkind of Tony Thurot not to let you ashore on parole or permit me to wait with you."

The boat dropped off into the darkness of the harbour, her oars thudding on the tholpins.

"There goes a decent fellow though something of a fool," said Thurot. "'Tis his kind have made so many enterprises like our own have an ineffectual end. And now you must excuse me, M. Greig, if I lock you into your cabin. There are too few of us on board to let you have the run of the vessel."

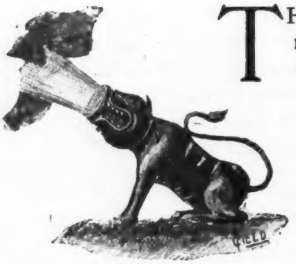
He put a friendly hand upon the shoulder I shrugged with chagrin at this conclusion to an unfortunate day.

"Sorry, M. Greig, sorry," he said humorously. "*Qui commence mal finit mal*, and I wish to heaven you had begun the day by finding Antoine Thurot at home, in which case we had been in a happier relationship to-night."

THE STORY OF THE CANNON

BY MAJOR C. FIELD, R.M.L.I.

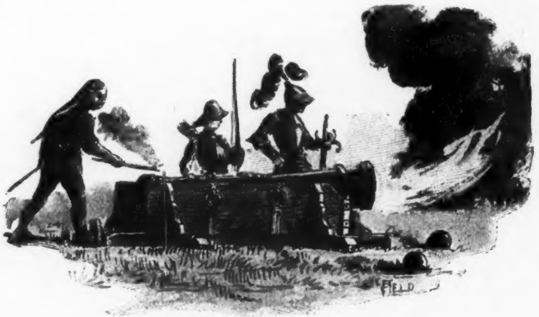
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



GROTESQUE CHINESE MORTAR, REPRESENTING A DOG OR A LEOPARD (AT WOOLWICH)

THANKS to the now prolonged warfare with "our brother Boer" we have all become (with the assistance of the daily and pictorial press) military experts, and are generally prepared to define and discriminate between 4.7 guns, "Long Toms," "pompoms," Maxims, and field-pieces.

But of the gradual process of the evolution of these wonderful and almost perfect weapons we are, most of us, profoundly ignorant and but little concerned. And yet the story of the progress of gun-making and explosives from the far-away period of 618 B.C., in which year the Chinese profess to have used a gun bearing the inscription, "I hurl death to the traitor and extermination to the rebel," down to the day on which they turned modern European guns of the latest type upon the hard-pressed garrison of the Pekin Legations, abounds in incident and curious and ingenious invention and contrivance.



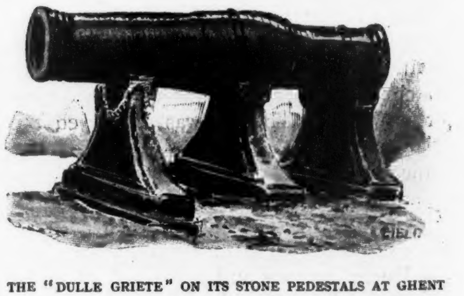
14TH CENTURY "BOMBARD"

Observe the wooden case which holds the block closing the breech in position

The popular story of the invention of gunpowder is that it was discovered by one Friar Bacon, an honour that he divides in the estimation of the readers of the ordinary school histories with the German monk Bartholdus Schwartz, who, pounding saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal in a mortar, blew himself up, or rather was astonished to see his pestle blown to a considerable distance by its unforeseen explosion.

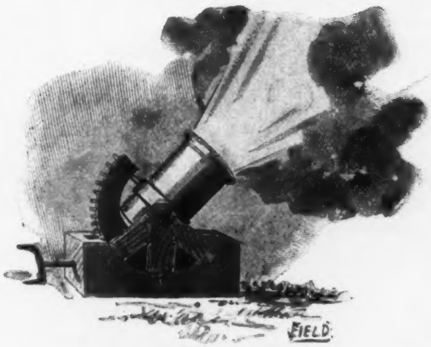
There may be a modicum of truth in this story, but as far as invention goes, if the learned ecclesiastic did invent gunpowder and cannon, he can only be said to have done so locally, for there is little doubt that both were known in various parts of the world, even in Europe, long, long before 1320, the year in which Schwartz performed with his pestle and mortar.

Friar Bacon, writing in 1270, mentions a powder of similar ingredients as being a well-known composition used for firework displays, and there are many indications in old writings that gunpowder, at any rate, was in use many centuries previous to this, or, if not exactly what we understand by the term, yet a composition having precisely similar properties. Not only does it seem to have been known



THE "DULLE GRIETE" ON ITS STONE PEDESTALS AT GHENT

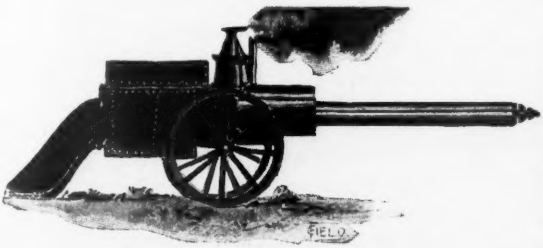
Those who have seen "Mons Meg" in Edinburgh Castle will recognise it as own cousin to that famous piece of ordnance from remote ages in China and India, but traces of its use have even been found in the prehistoric lake dwellings in Switzerland, while it would appear not at all unlikely that it was known to the Romans and other celebrated nations of antiquity. There is a hazy idea among old writers on the subject that Alexander the Great found cannon of some sort, or at any rate explosives, accompanied with noise and fire, opposed to him during his expedition to India; while Archimedes is said to have had an engine at the siege of Syracuse which "with a terrible noise did shoot forth great bullets of stone." *



LEONARDO DA VINCI'S MORTAR

Fitted with worm and arc elevating gear, just as most naval guns are to-day

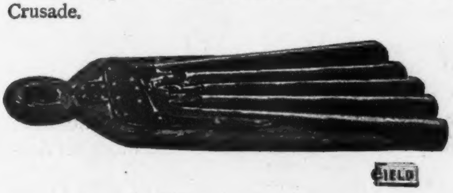
Then there is an account of a sea-fight between the Phœnicians and Iberians in the year 1100 B.C., just 84 years previous to the siege of Troy, in which there are indications of the use of artillery, in the modern sense of the word. The Phœnicians then occupied Cadiz, or, as it was then called, Gades, and, seeing the Iberian fleet coming down the coast from the North, put to sea to meet it. The Iberians, so says the story, imagined that they saw brazen lions on the prows of the Phœnician galleys, and that these beasts poured out flashing rays of flame which set fire to their ships and so led to their defeat. And it is further stated that these "lions" were long copper tubes out of which was projected a species of Greek fire, by the aid of some explosive composition.



ANOTHER OF LEONARDO DA VINCI'S FAMOUS INVENTIONS

"One-third of this instrument," he says, "consists of fire and coal, with which water can be heated, so as to produce steam so abundant and powerful that the effects of its force will propel a ball weighing rather more than a talent." The drawing is not guaranteed correct in every detail, as the sketch in Leonardo da Vinci's MS. is a very rough one.

The mention of Greek fire, that terror of the Crusaders, suggests the idea that sometimes the old chroniclers may have got rather confused between this composition and gunpowder, though they were entirely different in nature. Yet both were spouted or fired from tubes of one kind or another; and as most monkish writers wrote from hearsay, it is very possible that the history of gunpowder has been rendered more difficult to trace from having at times been confounded with Greek fire. The latter, it may be noted in passing, was an unctuous and sticky compound, highly inflammable, and of a nature to stick to anything it struck, when, "with a pernicious stench and livid flame, it consumes even flint and iron, nor could it be extinguished by water." * In all probability the first cannon was invented in China at some very remote period indeed. In the Great Wall, which was completed about the year 211 B.C., there are embrasures which were evidently intended for artillery, and it is stated by various historians that it was used there in the year 85 A.D., and that in A.D. 757 a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Li-Kouang-Pi constructed 12-pounder



A PRIMITIVE MITRAILLEUSE KNOWN AS AN "ORGUE"

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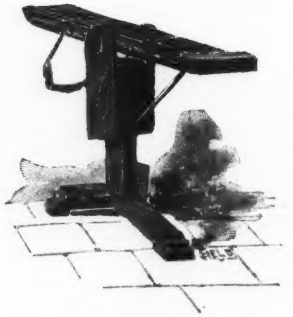
* "Vitruvius.'

* Geoffrey de Vinlauf's account of Richard I.'s Crusade.



ANOTHER "ORGUE" OF LATER DATE

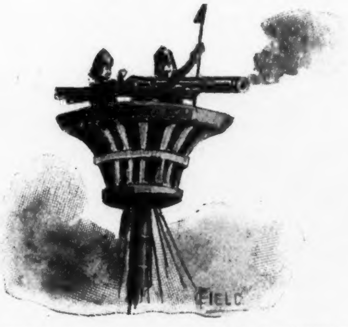
Which has very much the appearance of a four or five barrelled "Nordenfeldt"

guns which threw stone projectiles to a distance of 300 paces.

From the Celestial Kingdom the gun seems to have travelled westward by way of India and the North of Africa, its first appearance in Europe, strange to say, being in Spain, where it was used by the Moors in attacking Saragossa in the year 1118. The Spaniards soon adopted the invention, and it is on record that in 1132 they built a culverin throwing four-pound shot, which they termed a "Salamonica." "Built" is written advisedly, for the earlier cannon were all built—as indeed are our modern ones—in contradistinction to being cast, as they generally were during the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and largest half of the nineteenth centuries.

The first guns to be used in this country were those "crackeys of war"* as an old Scots writer terms them, which Edward III. took with him in 1327, when he went north to fight the King of Scotland. These very early European cannon were generally constructed of longitudinal iron bars, with rings shrunk or hammered over them to hold them together. Sometimes, even, they were made of tree-trunks bound with iron, but this must have been only in exceptional and out-of-the-way cases. They were open at both ends, and, being propped up or held in some sort of a carriage or stand at an angle, were closed by a piece of wood being wedged across the breech after loading. The next step was to provide a better and more serviceable breech-closing arrangement, and so we come to proper breech-loading bombardes, or "veuglaires," as they began to be called—at any rate over a great part of the Continent. These cannon were of much the same construction as before, but were placed in a sort of trough or cradle of wood. At the breech end of the gun a space was left in which fitted an iron plug or cylinder, which often contained a chamber for the powder. This, being wedged in place, more or less effectually closed the breech of the gun. Germany and Flanders were early in the field with the manufacture of cannon, and by some writers it is thought that Edward III. procured his "crakeys of war" from the latter country. Whether he used them at Cressy, as has generally come to be accepted, is more than doubtful, as they are not mentioned by Froissart or any other historian except one,* and that one an Italian. But Froissart does mention that cannon were used at the siege of Oudenarde by the men of Ghent, and artillery of considerable size too. Their leader, Jacob Van Artevelde, "caused to be made a marvellous great bombarde, which was fifty feet long, and threw great heavy stones of a wonderful bigness; when this bombard was discharged, it might be heard five leagues by day, and ten at night, making so great a noise in going off, that it seemed as if all the devils in hell were abroad."

One of the "lions" of Ghent to this day is a big "bombard" known as the "Dulle Griete," which now rests on three stone supports. This is of a smaller size than the



A FIGHTING TOP ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR TOWARDS THE END OF THE 15TH CENTURY, WITH ITS GUN

From a contemporary German print

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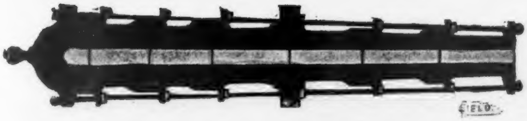
* John Barbour, "Metrical Life of King Robert the Bruce."

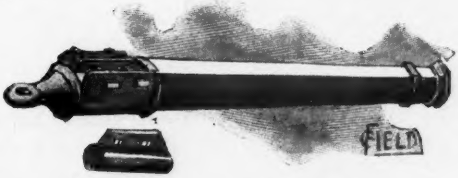
* Vilani.



SECTION OF A GUN IN SEVEN PARTS

When the rods at the sides are withdrawn it can be taken to pieces by unscrewing the various parts, and so its weight can be divided for convenience in transport

“marvellous great” cannon described by Froissart, but still is a big enough weapon, and in size and appearance own sister to the famous “Mons Meg” in Edinburgh Castle.[*] Both these guns are built of long iron bars welded together and strengthened by being covered with wrought-iron rings, and both date probably from the middle of the fifteenth century. At that period big or even enormous guns were much in favour. The Turks in especial made use of this species of artillery, and one gun used by them at the siege of Constantinople in 1453 is said to have projected stone balls of no less than 1200 pounds weight. There is a monster built-up gun still to be seen at the Arsenal in Vienna which dates from about this period, and is three feet seven inches in diameter and a little over eight feet in length. There is another large Turkish bronze gun lying in the grounds of the Rotunda at Woolwich. It is in two lengths, which are intended to be screwed together, holes being provided for the insertion of levers for this purpose, and there are records of many other giant bombards.

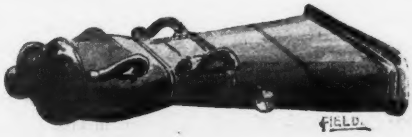


A 16TH-CENTURY BREECH-LOADING CANNON

Observe the spare chamber, which, like the one in position in the gun, contains the powder, and the system of fastening it into the gun with keys or wedges

Cannon were at this period in considerable use on land, though but few were carried at sea. The English, among many other “machines epouvantables,” used two large bombards when besieging Mont St. Michel in 1427. One of these was twelve feet long, with a bore nineteen inches in diameter,[†] the other eleven feet nine inches in length and of fifteen inches calibre. Several years previously John of Gaunt is said to have employed four hundred cannon, which fired night and day during his fruitless assault on St. Malo in 1378, but this number must be an exaggeration, one cannot help thinking. At Orleans in 1428 the English had a battery of fifteen breech-loading bombards, and ten years before that had bombarded Cherbourg with red-hot shot.

But as the use of artillery became more common and the advantages of portability and a greater rapidity of fire recognised, guns, except among the Orientals,[*] became smaller, but of better workmanship and construction. Inventors began to try their hands at all sorts of improvements or attempts at improvement, and in the course of a hundred years or so the number of different pieces of cannon, large and small, muzzle or breech-loading, was simply legion. There were cannon, cannon royal, and demi cannon, three or four classes of culverins, bombards, mortars, perriers, serpentines, carthouns, curtalls, passevolants or zebratanas, basilisks, orgues, sakers, minions, mojanes, falcons and falconets, robinets, fowlers, bases, slings, port-pieces, murderers, drakes, aspics, double dogs, and lagtors, to say nothing of



WIDE-MOUTHED CANNON OR “MURDERER”

From the collection in the Tower of London. Probably intended for use on ship-board against boarders

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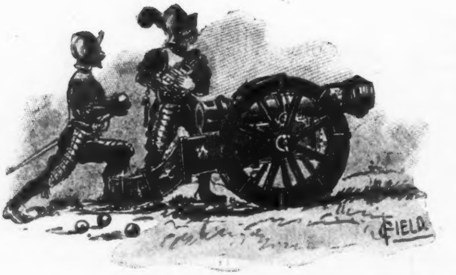
[*] Also cast in Flanders, according to some accounts.

[†] These guns were left behind by the besiegers, who were repulsed, and are still to be seen there. They are constructed on exactly the same principle as “Mons Meg” and the “Dulle Greite.”

[*] The Turks got over the difficulty of transport by taking the exact quantity of prepared metal for their siege train packed in bags on the backs of mules. On arrival at their destination trained gun-founders who accompanied the army cast the necessary cannon.



A GERMAN BREECH-LOADER OF THE 16TH CENTURY

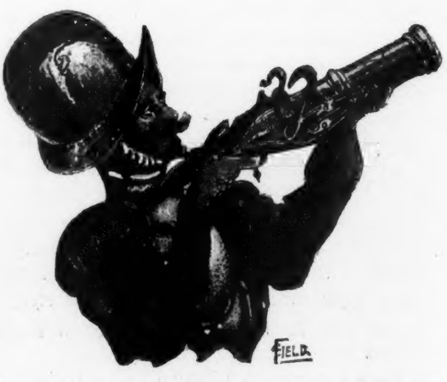
Observe the square slots in the gun and in the removable breech-piece, to which is chained an iron key to pass through both and lock the breech in place

ribadoquins, flying dragons, and partridge mortars.

The Maxim of the fifteenth century was Leonardo da Vinci, who designed hundreds of warlike instruments of all kinds, including conical shot and steam-cannon. A mortar of his design is here shown. It is placed on a simple but at the same time most efficient mounting. The arc, set with pegs at regular intervals, forms practically half a cogwheel, and is moved up or down by means of a worm or very coarse screw thread on the spindle below, which is turned by the handle in rear. When it is mentioned that the worm and cogged arc are to be found in the elevating machinery of all modern heavy gun mountings that are man-handled, it will be seen how very much up-to-date was this mediæval inventor.

Nothing, it may be remarked in this connection, brings more home to one the old adage that "there is nothing new under the sun" than to study the records and descriptions of some of these old instruments of war. There is hardly a weapon in our modern and extensive armaments that has not had its almost exact prototype hundreds of years ago. It would appear to have been only the want of sufficient mechanical appliances, and the consequent impossibility of turning out intricate pieces of workmanship in sufficient quantities and at paying rates, that prevented the battles of Blenheim, Trafalgar and Waterloo from having been fought with rifled cannon and machine-guns. Any quantity of the latter, generally known as "orgues," or organs, on which "death might be said to play dance music," were constructed during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Most, though, had to have their numerous barrels loaded one by one from the muzzle, a somewhat prolonged and tedious process. Some, again, were breechloaders, but to re-charge them must have taken a very considerable time also. Then there were small comparatively "quick-firing" guns, mounted on pivots or tripods very much in the same way as our modern guns of this class are. They loaded from the breech, and were each provided with two or three "chambers." These contained the powder, possibly in some cases the ball also, and were placed in a species of trough at the breech end of the gun in line with the bore, and wedged in place by means of a key provided for the purpose.* This class of gun was carried on board ship, just as their representatives are at the present day, along the rails and bulwarks and in the tops.

The *Mary Rose*, sunk in action with the French off Spithead in 1545, carried six cannon in her tops. The *Great Elizabeth*, of about the same period, had six, and one stone-throwing gun, in her main and mizzen tops alone. Pointed projectiles had been tried even before Leonardo da Vinci, as they were experimented with at Tournay in 1346 by one Piers, while the metallic cartridges used for the powder charges of the quick-firing ordnance of to-day had their representatives



ANOTHER GERMAN IDEA DATING FROM ABOUT THE BEGINNING OF THE 17TH CENTURY

It is a hand-mortar for throwing grenades, called a "Katzenkopf," and must have kicked like a horse

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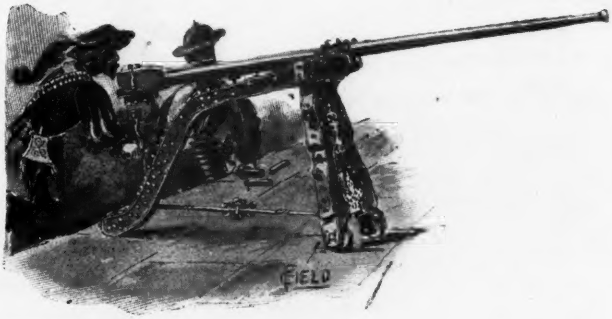
* Guns have been captured in China made on exactly the same principle.

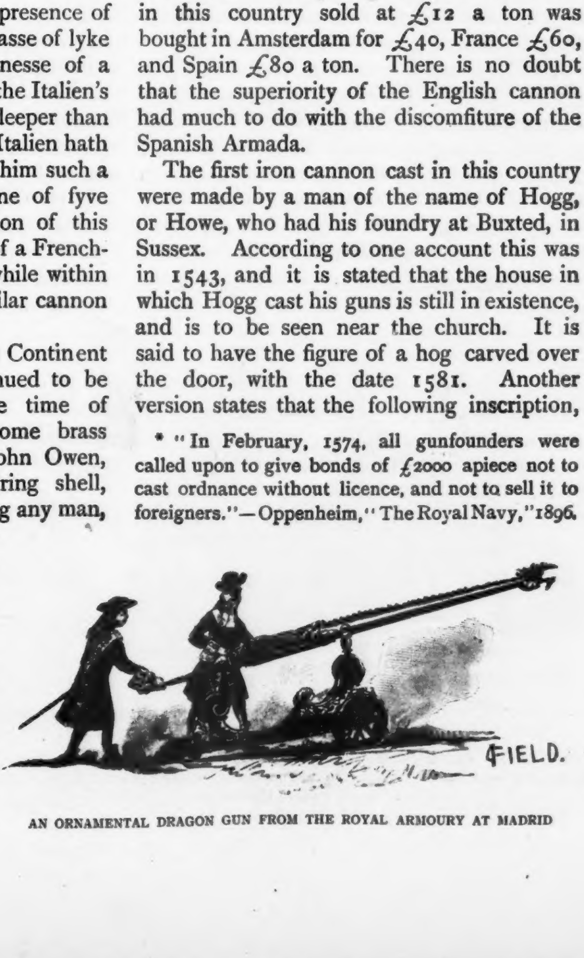


A HANDSOME GERMAN WALL-PIECE THROWING BALLS OF ABOUT A POUND WEIGHT

The breech mechanism with the falling block is extremely like that of the Hotchkiss quick-firing 6- and 3-pounders that are carried by nearly all war-ships afloat. Very similar guns were used by the Knights of Malta against the Turks, and are still to be seen in the armoury at Valetta

in the copper cylinders that were used for the same purpose when muzzle-loading guns first came into use. Guns for use in mountain warfare are generally made in two parts which can be screwed together for convenience in transport. This idea is also a very ancient one, as may be seen by the following extract from a letter of a Dr. Wotton to the council, dated Poissy, January 27, 1554–5. He says, "There was of late with the French King an Italien sent him from the Duke of Urbin, who hath made a peece of ordnaunce which is to be devyded yn six or seven score peeces, so as manye men may easilye carrye eche a peece of it. Which new peece was proved at Paris yn the presence of the king, with another peece of brasse of lyke biggnesse, which is of the biggenesse of a Sacre, and with lyke powdre; and the Italien's peece shotte further and perced deeper than the French peece did. And the Italien hath offered the French King to make him such a peece which shall shoote a stone of fyve hundred weight." A later notion of this kind is shown on p. 663, the idea of a Frenchman in the eighteenth century, while within the last twelve months a very similar cannon has been proposed.

Although guns were cast on the Continent some time previously, they continued to be built up in England until the time of Henry VIII. It is said that some brass pieces were then cast by one John Owen, and later, mortars or cannon firing shell, "whereof the smallest piece hitting any man, would kill or spoil him," were constructed for the same king by two foreigners, Peter Bawd and Peter Van Collen.



AN ORNAMENTAL DRAGON GUN FROM THE ROYAL ARMOURY AT MADRID

But it was not long before the English gunmakers followed the example of their Continental brethren and began to cast iron cannon. In the course of a comparatively short time the English-made cannon had achieved such a reputation that its export was forbidden* and a regular system of smuggling it out of the country arose. Sir William Monson, in his "Naval Tracts," points out that in his day English ordnance which in this country sold at £12 a ton was bought in Amsterdam for £40, France £60, and Spain £80 a ton. There is no doubt that the superiority of the English cannon had much to do with the discomfiture of the Spanish Armada.

The first iron cannon cast in this country were made by a man of the name of Hogg, or Howe, who had his foundry at Buxted, in Sussex. According to one account this was in 1543, and it is stated that the house in which Hogg cast his guns is still in existence, and is to be seen near the church. It is said to have the figure of a hog carved over the door, with the date 1581. Another version states that the following inscription, cut on stone, is still extant in the village of Buxted:

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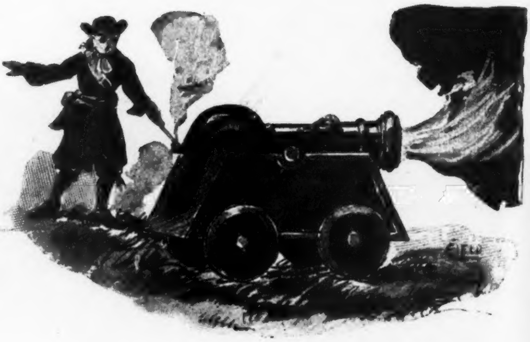
* "In February, 1574, all gunfounders were called upon to give bonds of £2000 apiece not to cast ordnance without licence, and not to sell it to foreigners."—Oppenheim, "The Royal Navy," 1896.

> I, John Howe, and my man John,
> We two cast the first cannon.

Hogg or Howe, we may take it for granted that cast-iron cannon date from the middle of the sixteenth century.



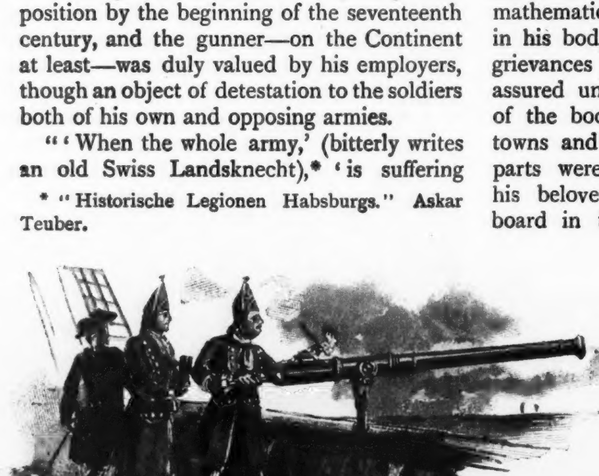
A PECULIAR GUN CAST AT ESTREMOS IN THE 17TH CENTURY

With large globular chamber for the powder and a very short bore, so that it could be loaded from the muzzle without using a rammer

Speaking generally, it may be said that this invention did away with the breech-loading systems then in vogue, for heavy guns at any rate, though it was retained for the lighter classes in use on ship-board for long afterwards. It had been as easy to build up a breech-loader as a muzzle-loader, but to cast such a gun would have been far more difficult. So we bid farewell to such weapons until the middle of the present century, and the general artillery armament of European nations soon settled down into a regular groove that lasted till Waterloo. There was very little difference between the heavier natures of Elizabethan guns and those in use at Trafalgar.

Artillery had attained a very important position by the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the gunner—on the Continent at least—was duly valued by his employers, though an object of detestation to the soldiers both of his own and opposing armies.

"'When the whole army,' (bitterly writes an old Swiss Landsknecht),* 'is suffering from hunger, the gunners feast on fish and poultry; and whilst we have to put up with dishwater, they revel in wine.' In those days, the gunner was, so to speak, the patrician of the army. He was not only socially a man of substance, but a scholar as well, who could read and write at a time when many of his officers could do neither; moreover, he was supposed to have the higher mathematics at his fingers' ends and the devil in his body. There were, however, further grievances against him. The gunner was assured under sign and seal of his share of the booty—all the bells of conquered towns and all war material on the ramparts were his—he was also always with his beloved bride, and could find a soft board in the waggon and enough to eat and drink, whilst the other God-forsaken soldiers were toiling and hungering on foot. Little wonder, then, that the gunner was hated like sin, even in his own service, and that when captured by the enemy he was unceremoniously shot back again into his own camp. In time, it is true, this summary proceeding was found to be a too reckless expenditure of costly ammunition, and the gunner was afforded an opportunity of paying off old scores against his late comrades of the infantry by being pressed into the enemy's ranks."



A PATERARO, OR PERRIER, USED IN FORTS AND ON BOARD SHIP DURING THE 16TH, 17TH AND 18TH CENTURIES

It is a breech-loader, mounted on a swivel, and can be rapidly turned in any direction by the long handle at the breech. It took precisely the same position on board ship as do our modern Hotchkisses

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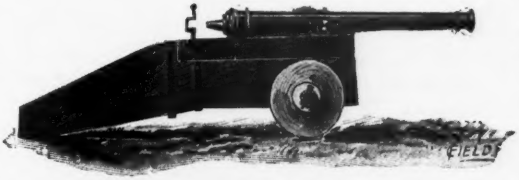
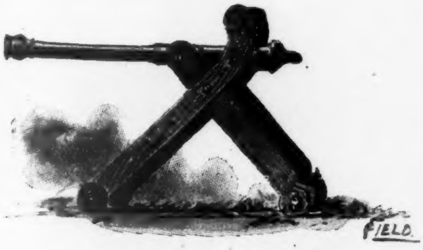
* "Historische Legionen Habsburgs." Askar Teuber.

But though, as we have seen, a general type of cast-iron muzzle-loading cannon came into universal use, yet from time to time exceptional guns were made, the outcome of the ideas of different inventors, though few of them attained any prominence. There were, for instance, the leather cannon of Gustavus Adolphus. These were copper tubes wound round with rope and covered with leather. They were, of course, very light for their size; but though used a good deal at one time during the Thirty Years War it was found that they got so hot if fired frequently that the new charge ignited the moment it was placed in the gun, to the great danger of the gunners. In Switzerland guns were sometimes made of copper tubing, strengthened with iron rings and thickly covered with lime. Cannon, too, were made of every kind of material, even gold,* though, of course, these must be considered as only "freaks." An English traveller in 1663 says that he saw in the arsenal at Verona "a great gun found in Candia, all of gold and silver." It is even said that the Mexicans endeavoured to copy the cannon of their Spanish invaders in earthenware, while in 1740 at St. Petersburg mortars were cut out of the ice for saluting purposes. In Italy glass cannon are said to have been experimented with!



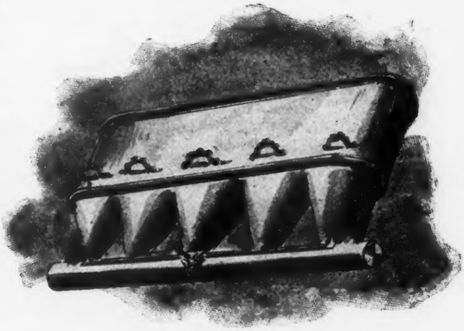
ANOTHER 18TH CENTURY CANNON

Provided with an upper carriage so that the gun can be trained to right or left without moving from its position



A FRENCH GUN OF THE 18TH CENTURY

With a folding carriage, intended for use in the mountains



A REMARKABLE MORTAR INVENTED BY A FRENCHMAN IN THE 18TH CENTURY

It is cast in one piece and has five parallel barrels, each 6 inches in diameter. The whole five can be fired simultaneously, as there is a groove for the priming, which runs right and left from the centre touch-hole and communicates with the others

Guns were often cast in grotesque shapes. The dragon, naturally, was a favourite one all the world over, as being a mythical monster accustomed to spout fire. Two and three barrelled cannon were not uncommon, and mortars were sometimes cast with quite a number of barrels or chambers. Such was the Partridge mortar, which consisted of a central chamber throwing an eight-inch bomb surrounded with thirteen others firing small two-inch grenades, and the five-barrelled specimen here illustrated. Chambered guns—that is, cannon in which the space for the powder was larger than the bore, so as to bring an increased force to bear on the projectile—were not infrequently attempted, though the strain, even with the indifferent powder in use, must have been very trying to guns made by casting. This probably prevented the system from coming into general use until cast-iron ordnance was superseded by the built-up and wire-wound guns of to-day in which it is universal.

Other guns were of abnormal length. Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol, cast at Utrecht, which is still to be seen in Dover Castle, and which is said to have been given

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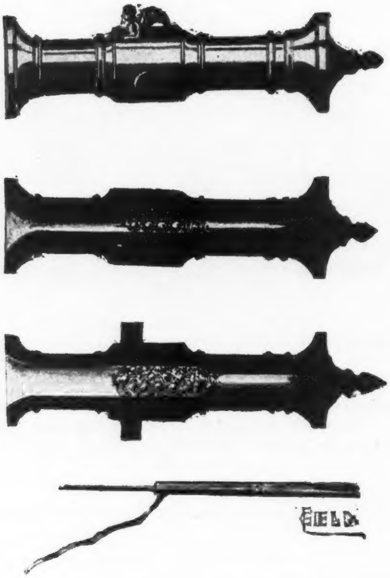
* A solid golden cannon belonged to King Theebaw of Burma, and was incrusted with jewels. The allies also captured a gun made of the same precious metal in Pekin in 1860.

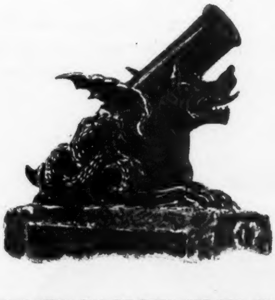


THE "SCHUWALOW' OR RUSSIAN "SECRET CANNON'
Used against the Prussians in the 18th century

to Henry VIII. by the Emperor Charles V., is an early specimen. The famous "Coulverine de Nancy," cast in 1598, is another. Gunpowder gradually improved, but at a very slow rate, until within the last fifty years, and in this connection it is curious to note that while no attempt seems to have been made to invent a smokeless powder such as has just come into general use, yet noiseless powder was at any rate rumoured to have existed, while fulminating powder[*] was discovered two or three centuries ago. An old writer, speaking of Andrew Marvell,[†] says, "He does the feat as cleverly as if he shot with white powder, did execution indeed effectually, but makes no noyse, or evil report (unlike other unskillful and brawling phanaticks); for though you stare about you shall not see the executioner or know whence the shot comes." Again, an Arab writer chronicles that "The powder which explodes without sound is made by the men of the powder-fabric of El-Meidaun. The ashes employed in it are ashes of human bones."[‡]

Many people will remember the mystery which surrounded the famous mitrailleuse, and the great expectations the French Army formed of it in 1870, only to be disappointed. It is curious to find a parallel in the "Schuwalow" or "Secret Howitzer" employed by the Russians in their war against Prussia in 1758, a drawing of which is here given. Why its users should have expected any extraordinary results from it is quite impossible to imagine. It was short, and had a bore of the section of a flat oval, with a bell mouth. The powder chamber was smaller and cylindrical, necessitating a special rammer with an outside sheath or scoop which held the cartridge and put it into position and was then withdrawn by a strap. It fired various kinds of case and grape shot and a flat shell like a flask, whose course could not have been otherwise than most erratic. Yet so much store was set on these guns by their possessors that they were served by a special corps, and even the artillery officers belonging to the rest of the army were not allowed to go near them, much less examine them; more effectually to prevent which they had caps locked over their muzzles. They proved but a broken reed at the battle of Zorndorff, where the Prussians captured seventeen of them, and they disappeared into well-merited oblivion.

The principal practical invention in artillery in the eighteenth century was the carronade invented by General Robert Melville in 1779, and first cast at the Carron Foundry in Scotland. These short guns, which smashed



A MORTAR THAT CAN BE SEEN ANY DAY ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE

It was cast by the French for the purpose of smashing the defences of Cadiz in 1812; but on the news of Wellington's victory they decamped, leaving the monster behind them. It was subsequently presented to King George IV. (at that time Regent) by the Spanish Government rather than pierced, were found of great use on board our ships during the long-continued naval wars with France and Spain. During this period soldiers and sailors were too busy in making use of the rough-and-ready cannon they had to bother much about improvements, and it was not till after the general peace following on the Battle of Waterloo that a real advance began to be made in the construction of artillery. But we may note in passing that while we, in our navy, had come to discard cannon aloft, the French continued to make great use of the offensive position afforded by their tops; and when Nelson was shot by a rifleman in the top of the *Redoubtable* a great many people in this country were inclined to consider it hardly fair play. For many years after this our ships used to carry a small gun on the upper deck, specially constructed and mounted to fire at a very high elevation, which was known as "Nelson's Revenge." About the first really practical breech-loading gun was constructed by Major Cavelli, of the Italian army, in 1847, though several proposals of the kind had been made before. Then came the invention, or rather the re-invention, of rifling, for special and experimental rifled guns and muskets had been made hundreds of years before. The Lancaster gun, with its twisted oval bore, which was used in the Crimea, was practically a rifled weapon. Then came Whitworth, Armstrong, and Krupp, with their breech-loading mechanisms; and, except in this country, where for years a foolish reaction in favour of the muzzle-loader put us for ten years behind Continental Powers, the breech-loader—now so perfected as to become a quick-firing cannon in all but the very largest sizes—has established itself as the standard weapon of the artillery both ashore and afloat.

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[*] Pepys, in his Diary, mentions a gold fulminate invented either by Cornelius Van Drebbel or his son-in-law, Dr. Kuffler.

[†] Hickeringill, "Plots of our pretended Saints."

[‡] Evilia.

A NIGHT ON A SCOTS SALMON RIVER

By EDWARD PINNINGTON

THE night chosen for the little adventure was rich in the splendours of early autumn, clear, starlit, and superb in changing colour. When I turned out there was just enough of light to outline the auld kirk steeple of Montrose with soft steel-grey. The burghers had left High Street almost deserted as I rapped at the door of my prospective companion's house. He was a fisherman, and came of a race of salmon-fishers. Coull—a name well known among the fisher-folk of many generations—knew the North Esk intimately from Kirkside and Charleton up to Lochlee, where Dr. Guthrie used to fish, and Gilfillan of Dundee to swim under the shadow of Craigmaskeldie.

In a few minutes we were on the road, walking straight into the North, and Coull was

KINNABER HOUSE

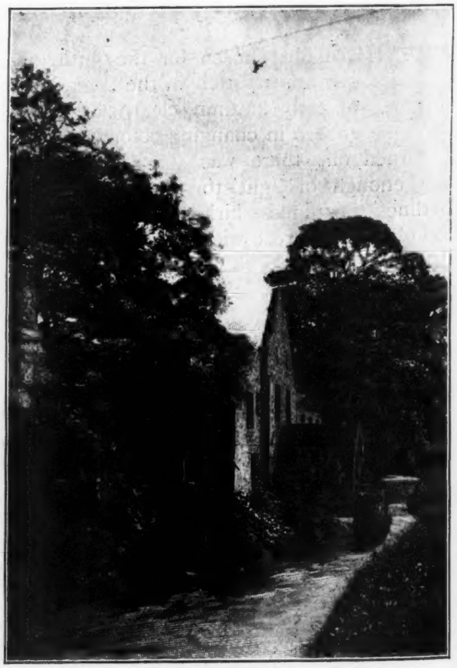
DAWN UPON THE SEA

soon immersed in old-time lore, turning over the livelier pages of his own family history. It was not always possible to tell the exact relationship between him and his heroes, but he left no doubt that they were of truly heroic mould, mighty men with rod and spear. He had seen leistering on other waters, but had only heard of it on the North Esk. Of this form of sport on some of the Highland rivers he drew many sketches. He was by nature an artist. He could paint a word-picture with a vivid realism and dashing breadth of the rarest, and, as story and scene followed each other in a continuous stream, we seemed to have spent a series of nights upon various salmon rivers before we reached the Esk.

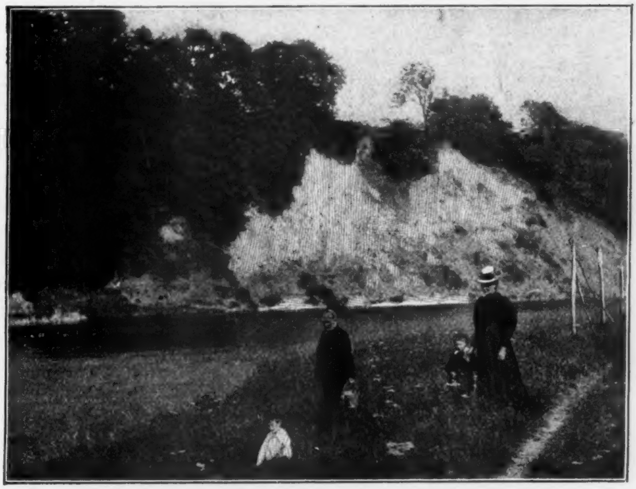
We made a short detour in order to cross the Howff of Kinnaber, a lonely and rarely used "God's Acre," round which trees stand like sentinels. A little farther, on the right of Northesk Road, Kinnaber House, an old-fashioned mansion, stands amongst protecting timber, and yet a little farther we reached North Water or Kinnaber Bridge. Both up and down the valley the view in the dim, uncertain light was probably all the more bewitching because it was half-veiled.

The broad North Esk rolls out of the west round a curve, and then, heading eastwards, glides with quiet force and concentrated volume through the arches of the bridge, thence under the railway viaduct, and so down to the sea. It divides Angus from Mearns, and on both sides the banks are low and level. About a mile higher up, near the Dam of Morphie, a high escarpment springs almost perpendicularly from the riverside, but below the bridge the river front is flat. A short distance back from the river, immediately above and below the bridge, the ground rises suddenly into a high wooded bank, and under it, upon a wide lade, is the picturesque ruin of the old mill of Kinnaber. At night, however, details do not separate themselves from the mass. The song of the river adds music to the enchantments of the place.

As it was too early to see the fishermen at work, we started up stream. Opposite the escarpment mentioned above Coull stopped



OLD MILL OF KINNABER



HIGH BANK BELOW MORPHIE—WAITING THE FERRY

to tell of a narrow escape made by one of his forbears from drowning in the deep pool at the bottom of the bank. He had gone off in a boat and, while trying to strike a salmon with his "waster," fell overboard. A dog that made one of the party plunged after him, but being young and quite a novice in the art of life-saving, came near drowning him in its untrained efforts to save. After a long struggle he gained the bank. "And I was told," said Coull, "that with his clothes in shreds and his skin torn by the dog's nails as it pawed the water, he looked in the torchlight like a bloodstained scarecrow."

Names probably have slightly different meanings in different localities. In some places the words "leister" and "waster" appear to be used alternatively: in others the former name was reserved for a long barbed spear with which, without allowing it to leave the hand, the sportsman struck the fish. The long "waster" had three prongs, like a trident, and was used in the same manner as the "leister"; the short "waster" was thrown harpoon-fashion at the fish. Of all the forms of hunting, leistering at night by torchlight is probably the richest in pictorial effect. It is replete with action, and set in varied colour and changing light—sombre, lurid, sometimes an unearthly copper-red.

Going farther up the river, Coull pointed out what he understood to have been a favourite place for leistering in former days. With Scott's description and my own personal experience to fall back upon, it was easy to follow Coull's account.

"On all the big waters," he said, "when sport was in view, it used to be the practice for a party of salmon hunters to divide. Some kept to the river banks, and as they rushed along giving chase to the frightened fish, now and again poising their leisters as the torches revealed the whereabouts of their prey, their movements suggested a war-dance of savages. The salmon, you must remember, is a surface fish, but in the excitement of the chase it will seek any hiding-place, under hanging bank, bush, tree-root or boulder, that offers a chance of escape from its pursuers.

"The other division of the party took to the river, in boats lighted either by torches or by a contrivance between a metal basket and a plumber's grate. The latter was filled with combustibles, resinous pine knots or tarred wood, which when fired lit up the river and its margins with a strong although wavering light."

Coull's description brought back one unforgotten river-raid witnessed in my youth. Again, as in a dream, I saw wandering lights, shadowy boats, and moving figures upon an inky stream. Hidden for a moment by its own dense smoke, the torch, like a monster glow-worm, flashed out with blinding suddenness, and, illuminating the whole scene, threw its own glow upon bank and river, hunters and oarsmen. In waters winding through the wilder and more romantic glens of the North, the changes of effect were dazzling in their rapidity. A boat passes in full view, and the torches fill the glen with unsteady brilliancy; the gliding water shimmers darkly; the air is ruddy golden; and the men on board the craft are gnomes,

MORPHIE FISHING STATION—STARTING WORK

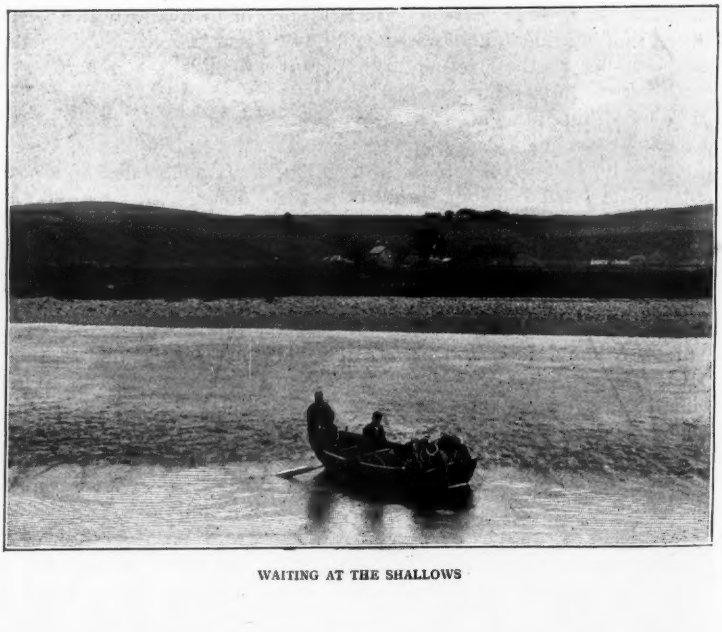
Nibelungs "who dance and frolic through the live-long night." The light, which had alternately expanded and contracted, flickers for a moment, then shrinks and vanishes, leaving in its wake the blackness of the pit. In another instant a second boat comes round a bend, the darkness is changed to the dusky splendour of glowing metal, and in every detail the picture is repeated. Forms move like living bronzes, stooping to make the spear-thrust, or throwing the short "waster." The hunt is most exciting, and is set round with circumstance weird and fascinating.

Coull was going higher up, and, arranging to meet him at the ice-house, I turned down the river. In all its details, netting is as widely different from leistering as a silvery morning in spring from the afterglow of an autumn day. The transition from the one process to the other may seem abrupt, but it must be borne in mind that in Scotland from time immemorial the salmon has been the basis of an important industry, an article of commerce, and a subject of legislation. Five hundred years ago it was pickled for export to the Continent. The *modus operandi* was partially explained by an old man left in charge at the ice-house, a vaulted chamber with a capacity of about a thousand tons, where the fish from the neighbouring stations are collected and packed for transit. In the beginning of this century the salmon were salted and packed in barrels like herring. About 1815, what was known as the Berwick method came in. The fish were cut open, then into pieces, and boiled in a copper kettle full of strong pickle. When ready, the pieces were laid upon coolers for about twenty-four hours, and then packed in oaken kegs or kitts run full of brown vinegar.

"What plan came next?"

"Packin' in ice," said the old man. "Biled sawmon in kitts gaed oot afore ice an' the railway."

"You spoke of boiling as a trade. Was it so?"



WAITING AT THE SHALLOWS

"'Deed was't. Twa tredds gaed oot wi' the auld style—the sawmon bilers' an' the kitt-makkers'. I'm an auld biler mysel'."

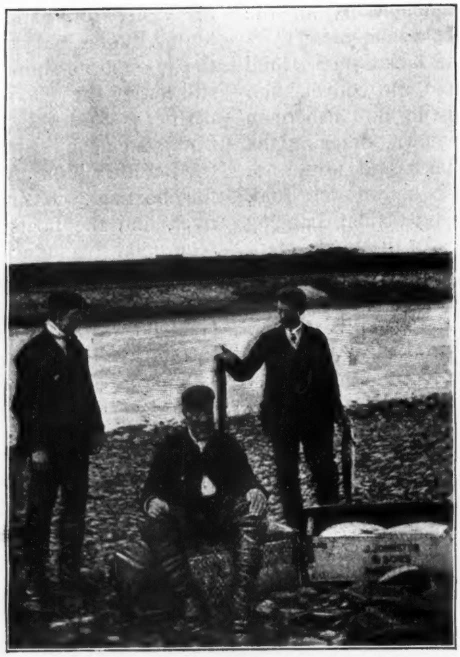
It was nearly two o'clock when Coull made his appearance, and the conversation ended. There were still no fishermen about; they were lower down, dragging the reach near the river's mouth, and would not be up to the ice-house pool, we were told, until the turn of the tide, then hanging between ebb and flow. As the hours crept past the air grew damp and chilly, but the inducement to maintain the night-watch was overmastering. When the water is low the night fishing is more productive than the day, and to an onlooker there is, therefore, more "sport." Whether the fish are more wary in the daytime because they see better is not certain; but the fishermen believe that in daylight the sea-trout, if not the salmon and grilse, find ways of evading the net which they either do not or cannot practise by night. Otherwise, fishing by day nowise differs from fishing by night.

The men work with a boat and a drag or river trawl net. The latter is so constructed that the lower edge lies upon the river bottom, while the upper is kept on the surface by floats. For that purpose the lower rope is both heavier and shorter than the upper, and may be further weighted by metal rings or rollers. The net varies in length from sixty-five to eighty yards, according to the place where it is to be used. It naturally hangs perpendicularly in the water; and still further to keep it extended, short stretching upright poles are fastened to either end. The lower end of these is weighted with a heavy metal band. A good deal is allowed for the net to form a cavity, by bulging or bellying into a sort of bag, when drawn through the water, but it is obvious that its depth need not greatly exceed that of the river or pool to be fished.

The entire operation can be seen either from the boat or the bank. The net is coiled in the stern of the coble, which is then either rowed or hauled up stream to a point immediately below the upper shallows, where the deep water to be dragged begins. Leaving the shore end of the net with one man, the other rows straight across the river, letting the net out as he goes. When close to the opposite shore, he turns down stream, still letting the net slip from the stern. His partner is meanwhile walking down the bank from which the boatman started, and pulling the net after him. When the net is all out, the boatman continues rowing down the river, and the floats that buoy the net are seen upon the surface, describing a segment of a circle. In that form the net is hauled to the lower end of the reach. It may be assumed with a near approach to certainty to enclose everything possessing fins—salmon, grilse, and sea-trout—that was lying in the deep water. The boat is then turned sharply across the river, so as to bring the two ends of the net together. The other members of the gang are in waiting at the landing-place, and the net is drawn rapidly to the bank. Its imprisoned victims can be seen dashing wildly about in the ever-narrowing enclosure. A sea-trout escapes through a hole in the net, and a salmon makes so mad a shoreward rush for liberty that it slides some distance up the stony bank before it is despatched—knocked on the head with a short club. It is strange that, the net being perfectly open above, the salmon, with all its famous acrobatic powers, is never known to leap across the floating line and so regain freedom. When the net is all in, and the fish killed and boxed or

"ALL IN"

stowed in the stern of the coble, the process begins again. The net is re-coiled, and dragging is repeated at brief intervals until by covering the shallows the tide makes it necessary to go farther up stream.



THE "SPOILS"

Away from the scene of netting operations the riverside had been eerie, and a rising mist made the morning chill. Stumbling down the stony bank in the half-light, Coull's foot was caught by something neither root nor stone lying in a clump of charred whins. The rising of a savoury smell told all too plainly what the obstacle was—a half-broiled and most lordly salmon of not less than twenty pounds. How did it come there? To Coull the story was obvious enough—a Saturday night poacher—a splendid capture—a sudden surprise—a convenient bush—a retreating poacher—and whins fired by Sunday ramblers. One can imagine the outraged feelings of the returning poacher when for saleable booty he found a tempting mess of cooked salmon. It was still fresh when disturbed, and mayhap the disappointed captor was even then nursing his wrath in the neighbouring copse.

Shortly afterwards the first glimpse was caught of the fishermen. They moved about like ghosts in the grey light and fog, more colossal than men, their action the dumb show of toiling mutes. There was a change in the air, but it was hardly possible to tell whence it came. The long-lingering light in the northern sky had passed eastward above the cliffs of the Mearns, north of St. Cyrus, and seemed to be hanging about the couch of morning. Still, it was not near dawn. The world awoke slowly, and a watcher could only feel a sense of growing change, a consciousness of life renewed. The cry of a peeseweep startled the stilly air: it sounded shrill and peevish, as the voice of too-early risers is wont to do. Then rang the clear, bell-like notes of plover and whaup. Both were up long before the lark. On the seashore, as dawn approached, countless seabirds screamed and clanged, but the winds were still and the sea at rest. When at length the sun showed its still dim face, it silvered the sea and turned the mist to floating opals. Thinking of pictures, one might say that the midnight leistering would need John Pettie's brush, the mist-veiled fishermen and the mystery of river and shore—more ethereal, more refined in the appeal to colour sense and the feeling for nature—the enderer art of Corot.

VIOLENCE AND DISORDER IN PARLIAMENT

By JAMES SYKES

ALTHOUGH there has never been witnessed within the walls of the House of Commons a scene quite like that which disgraced the actors in it on the night of the 5th of last March, there have been a good many which resembled it in one respect or another. The suspension of thirty-five Irish members on the 3rd of February 1881, in connection with a refusal to take part in a division, was a close parallel up to a certain point, but Mr. Parnell and his colleagues had the decency to retire from the Chamber on the application of merely nominal physical force. For the intervention of the police a precedent was furnished by the case of Mr. Bradlaugh, but then the struggle did not take place on the floor of the House. Mr. Bradlaugh, having been refused permission either to affirm or to take the oath, and excluded from the House until he should engage not to disturb its proceedings, sent word to the Speaker that he intended to force his way in. This he attempted on the 3rd of August 1881, but he was stopped at the door by the Deputy Serjeant at Arms, and as he tried to push past he was seized by several policemen and violently expelled from the precincts.

There are a few instances of members having to be forcibly ejected from the House itself, but in none of these cases were police called in to assist in the removal. In 1810, during the inquiry into the Walcheren Expedition, the Earl of Chatham was examined by the House in Committee. Some foolish questions put by a Mr. Fuller were ignored by the Chairman, Sir John Anstruther, and after the earl had retired Fuller rose in a great heat and claimed that he had a right to have his questions attended to. "G—— d—— me," he cried, "I have as much right to be heard as the Chancellor of the Exchequer." At this there was a great uproar, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Spencer Perceval, who was murdered in the Lobby two years afterwards) moved that the words be taken down. This was done, and Sir John Anstruther sent for the Speaker (Abbott, afterwards Lord Colchester), and reported the words to him. The Speaker said he should have to name the honourable member, who, however, saved him the trouble by shouting, "You need not be diffident, it is I, Jack Fuller." Fuller was ordered to withdraw while the House considered his case, and though he at first refused to do so he was persuaded by his friends to go to the Lobby. Perceval then moved that he be given into the custody of the Serjeant at Arms, and this was agreed to without dissent. On the decision being communicated to him he rushed into the House, and as he came kicked the witness chair clean over the bar. Then, standing on the floor of the House, he declared that the Speaker had no right to order him into custody, and that the members were making their own servant into their master. "I mean that insignificant little fellow in the wig," he cried, and snapping his fingers at Abbott he said he did not care that for him. The Speaker then directed the Serjeant at Arms to collect his assistants, and four of them succeeded in getting the infuriated member out, after a violent tussle. Palmerston, describing the scene in a letter to his sister, said it was an extraordinary display of folly, coarseness, and vulgarity, and Fuller was fortunate in not being sent to the Tower.

For fighting between members within the House itself I believe there is no precedent except that of July 27, 1893, when Mr. Hayes Fisher, Mr. Logan, and several others came to blows on the "fall of the guillotine" on the clauses of the second Home Rule Bill. In the course of the apologies and explanations which followed that lamentable occurrence, Mr. Balfour said there was no parallel to the incident during the last two hundred years of our Parliamentary history; but I have little doubt that he might with accuracy have gone further, and stated that the whole history of the English Parliament furnished no previous instance of members having actually exchanged blows within the walls of the House. It is strange that such an occurrence should have been reserved for these times of civilisation and restraint; but one reason no doubt is that in earlier days the cartel was the legitimate expression of an insulted member's fury.

The early history of the British Parliament is so meagre and obscure that it would be rash to assert without qualification that the fight of 1893 was the first that ever occurred between members in the House; one can only say that the records furnish no instance. Who would venture, for example, to say what may not have happened in the Parliament of Bats, which assembled at Leicester in 1426? We know that great fears were entertained lest the supporters of the Bishop of Winchester and of the Lord Protector should come to blows, and members and their followers were prohibited from appearing with swords or other warlike weapons. Many of the lords or their attendants consequently came with "batts or great clubs on their shoulders"—hence the name given to the Parliament. Robert Fabian, a chronicler of the period, says they were compelled to put away their bats, and "after this they took stones and plummets of lead and hid them in their sleeves and bosoms." Little wonder if a chance encounter between members in these days should attract little attention, and fail to get on to any record which survives.

There is an instance in the seventeenth century of two peers coming to blows, or something very like it; but this occurred in a conference room, not within the House. The incident is thus related by Pepys, under date March 19, 1666: "I up to the Lords' House to inquire for my Lord Bellases, and there hear how, at a conference this morning between the Houses about the business of the Canary Company, my Lord Buckingham leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester, my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked whether he was uneasy. Dorchester replied yes, and that he dare not do this anywhere else. Buckingham replied yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself. Dorchester said that he lyed. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by the periwig, and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interposed, and upon coming into the House of Lords did order them both to the Tower, whither they go this afternoon." It was the House that ordered these rude lords to the Tower, not the Lord Chamberlain.

Historians have dealt so fully with the conflicts between the Stuarts and their Parliaments that it is unnecessary to dwell upon the tumultuous scene of March 2, 1629, when Speaker Finch was held in the chair by Holles and Valentine, in order to keep the House in session while the remonstrance against tonnage and poundage was passed; or that other momentous occasion, on January 4, 1642, when a desperate fight would probably have occurred on the floor of the House of Commons had not the five members whom Charles intended to arrest made their escape just before the arrival of the King and his officers; or the memorable incidents connected with Cromwell's purging of the House. Less familiar are the occurrences of November 2, 1641, though they are fully recorded in Forster's "Grand Remonstrance," and some other books which recount in detail the history of the period. The Grand Remonstrance to the King had been adopted, and it was proposed, by publishing the document, to make it an appeal to the people. This proposal was hotly resisted by the friends of the King, and the debate developed into a trial of endurance, which furnishes one of the earliest examples of the all-night sittings to which in recent times we became so unhappily accustomed. The debate lasted fourteen or fifteen hours, and the fact that the motion was at last carried by a majority of eleven is ascribed by Hume to the circumstance that the King's party consisted chiefly of elderly persons and men of cool spirits, the presumption being that they lacked either strength or enthusiasm to continue the fight. That youth and enthusiasm carried the day—or rather the night—is more than possible; but of "cool spirits," in the usual acceptance of the term, there seems to have been but one, and he not among the King's friends. Forster describes how, as the debate went on hour after hour, all became weary and exasperated, and ready to be provoked. At one period a chance word lighted up the House as a spark explodes gunpowder. In a rage all started to their feet with threatening cries and gestures. Some members waved their hats on high, others loosened their swords. One moment and these swords would have been sheathed in the sides of the contending factions. At this critical instant Hampden got the attention of the House, and by an exhibition of rare tact and dignity succeeded in quelling the outburst.

A very narrow escape from bloodshed in the House is recorded by Mr. Harford in the "Recollections of Wilberforce." On the night in 1778 when Lord George Gordon's mob swarmed to the House of Commons with their petition, all the passages were filled and it was much feared that the crowd would break in. Lord George was in the House, and changed his seat several times, but wherever he went he found sitting beside him General Murray, a relation of the Duke of Athol. After the danger was past the poor fanatic, finding Murray still at his side, exclaimed, "General Murray, what do you mean by haunting me all the evening?" "I will tell you, Lord George," he replied. "I had resolved, had the mob broken into the House, to have instantly run you through." The General was a very determined man, and there is no doubt he meant what he said.

On another occasion, when the Gordon riots were in progress, Lord George appeared in the House wearing the blue cockade, the emblem of the insurgents, upon which Colonel Herbert rose in his place and declared that he would not sit in the House with a member who wore the badge of sedition in his hat. He added, in a tone of unmistakable menace, that if the hon. member did not remove the cockade he would cross the floor and remove it for him. He would certainly have done so, and that in no tender fashion, had not Lord George, yielding to the persuasions of his friends, doffed the cockade and put it in his pocket.

Sir John Knight, a stout old Tory member for Bristol, who in the year 1693 proposed to kick a Bill out of the House of Commons, got into sad trouble. It was a measure for the naturalisation of foreign Protestants, and Sir John, in the course of a violent invective, exclaimed, "Let us first kick the Bill out of the House and then let us kick the foreigners out of the kingdom," this observation being aimed at William's Dutchmen, if not at the King himself. But what Sir John only proposed to do with this Bill the Commons actually did with another obnoxious measure in 1770. The Peers had presumed to alter a money Bill by striking out a provision which offered a bounty upon the exportation of corn. The Commons, indignant at the treatment of their deputation, who had been contumaciously ejected from the Peers' Chamber, and further incensed by the fact that on another occasion Burke had been kept waiting three hours at the door of the Upper House with a Bill sent up by the Commons, took the present opportunity to show in emphatic manner that there was at least one privilege on which they would not allow the peers to encroach. The amendment was promptly rejected, and with it the Bill. The Speaker tossed the document over the table, and members of both parties, as they went out, kicked it towards the door.

Macaulay once prided himself on proving—for the satisfaction of a gentleman who thought Napoleon must have been the Beast of the Apocalypse, because his name furnished by some jugglery the number 666—that on this basis the House of Commons must have been the Beast, as it contained 658 members, three clerks, the Serjeant at Arms and his deputy, a chaplain, a librarian, and a doorkeeper, making in all 666. Whatever may be thought of this cryptic calculation, the fact is undoubted that honourable members have sometimes done their best to give the impression that they were a collection of wild animals. Mr. Jennings, in the "Ancedotal History of Parliament," quotes from the *Morning Post* of the period an account of an uproar in the Commons one night in July 1835, when so mild a measure as the Municipal Corporations Bill was under discussion. The House was determined on a division, but Mr. Hughes Hughes, member for Oxford, persisted in speaking, despite everything members could do to stop him. "The most confused sounds, mysteriously blended, issued from all corners of the House. At repeated intervals a sort of drone-like humming, having almost the sound of a distant hand organ or bagpipes, issued from the back benches. Coughing, sneezing, and ingeniously extended yawning blended with the other sounds, and produced a *tout ensemble* which we have never heard excelled in the House. A single voice from the Ministerial benches imitated very accurately the yelp of a kennelled hound." Mr. James Grant, describing the scene in his "Random Recollections," said had a blind person been introduced into the House that night he would certainly have thought he was in some zoological establishment. One honourable member imitated the crowing of a cock so admirably that you could not have distinguished it from a real chanticleer. Not far from the same spot issued sounds marvellously resembling the bleating of a sheep, blended occasionally with an imitation of the braying of an ass. Order was not restored till a division was taken.

A similar scene is described by Macaulay in his journal as having occurred in the next Parliament, during a discussion on an Irish Registration Bill in June 1840. "I have never seen such unseemly behaviour," he wrote, "or heard such scurrilous language in Parliament. Lord Norreys was whistling and making all sorts of noises. Lord Maidstone was so ill-mannered that I hope he was drunk. At last, after much grossly indecent conduct, a furious outbreak took place. O'Connell was so rudely interrupted that he used the term 'beastly bellowings.' Then arose such an uproar as no O.P. (old prices) mob at Covent Garden Theatre, no crowd of Chartists in front of a hustings, ever equalled. Men on both sides stood up, shook their fists, and bellowed at the top of their voices. Freshfield, who was in the chair, was quite unable to keep the smallest order. . . . At last the tumult ended from absolute physical weariness. It was past one, and the steady bellowers of the Opposition had been howling from six o'clock with little interruption."

Mr. Cusack, in his Life of O'Connell, states that the Liberator's two sons, John and Maurice, The O'Gorman Mahon, Mr. O'Dwyer, and a few others, wished to put down these ungentlemanly interruptions in the only way in which they could be put down. Amid cries of "Chair" and "Order," the party walked across the floor of the House and politely presented their cards to the Tory gentlemen who led the attack. I believe, however, the only duel which arose out of these Parliamentary squabbles was one between Morgan O'Connell and Lord Alvanley, and this occurred in 1835. Each fired two shots, but no damage was done.

An affectation of coughing and sneezing used to be a favourite method of drowning the voice of an obnoxious speaker. This was considered a more polite method than "beastly bellowings" for applying the closure to a prosy and irrelevant orator. It was sanctioned by very ancient precedent. D'Ewes relates how in the days of Elizabeth honourable gentlemen on such an occasion "hawked and spat and kept up a great coil." Occasionally in much later times a perfect storm of coughing, sneezing, and blowing of noses would break out. According to a contemporary account, the House of Commons, on one such occasion in 1777, was suddenly seized with a violent epidemic of influenza. Mr. Rolle, the hero of the Rolliad, provoked the satirical warfare levied against him mainly by the lead which he took in a sort of conspiracy formed on the Ministerial benches to interrupt by coughing, hawking, and other unseemly noises the speeches of Burke, who once declared that he would not be ordered by the yelping of a parcel of boys. Lord William Lennox related, in "Celebrities I have Met," the following incident which occurred when he was a member of the House: Orator Hunt, the Radical member for Preston, was speaking, and another member was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. Hunt cured his assailant of his cough by one short sentence, which, delivered as it was with great dramatic power, produced universal laughter. He put his hand into his trousers pocket, and after fumbling about for a few seconds, said with the utmost imaginable coolness, that he was extremely sorry to find that he had not a few lozenges in his pocket for the benefit of the honourable member, who was evidently suffering from a violent cough, but he promised to provide some for him the next day. The imperturbable manner in which the rebuke was administered had the desired effect, and Hunt finished his speech without further interruption.

It may be added that fights were not unknown in the Scottish Parliament. During the session of 1703, shortly before the Union, there was a fight on the floor of the House between Lord Belhaven and Sir Alexander Ogilvie, and the Parliament, says Mr. Wyon ("History of the Reign of Queen Anne"), presented a scene of confusion such as was never known in the English Parliament. But it will be remembered that the Scottish Parliament was unicameral, and it is quite possible that had Lords and Commons sat together in England there would have been more pugnacious encounters to record.

MIKE

By Mrs. BERTRAM TANQUERAY

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. M'CORMICK

"THAT'S an uncommon good dog," remarked Spence the butcher, pausing in the act of weighing a saddle of prime Cleveland mutton.

He had made the remark at least a hundred times before—but that mattered little, for in Moorbeck people are accustomed to hear the same remark repeated at intervals.

"Wi' an uncommon good missus," added Bill the man, likewise for the hundredth time.

At first the listeners regarded this bold assertion as equivalent to a proposal to keep company with the mobile-lipped Irishwoman, generally known to Moorbeck as "Miss Karry's Norah," but after a lapse of fifteen years they began to think the surmise had been somewhat premature.

The original "uncommon good dog" was grandfather to the one under discussion—he had inherited the remark by right of primogeniture. Hearing it, he wagged his stumpy tail and audaciously sniffed at a shin bone that had fallen under the chopping-block.

Norah smiled and made the expected rejoinder. "And it's yerself, Mr. Spence, as has the taste to perceive it, and shure Miss Karry will be mighty pleased to hear that Mike meets wiv your approval."

And taking up her small purchase, she and the dog passed out of the shop into the cobble-paved market square.

"It used to be leg, now it's scrag," remarked the butcher, with a sideways nod towards the departing servant. "Ah reckon times beant improving wi' her owd missus. Nineteen year come Martinmas she's dealt wi' me, and ivery year theer seems less brass to ware——"

The sudden drawing up of horses cut short his speech.

"'Tis Lady Coverdale herself," he said to Bill the man, as with hurrying feet he went out to receive her ladyship's orders.

She gave them leaning forward in her Victoria, dainty, piquant, pretty; then glancing after Norah she inquired:

"Who is she? That woman with the red Irish terrier."

"Miss Karry's Norah, m' lady."

"Yes, but who is Miss Karry?"

The butcher scratched his head, the question posed him.

"She's t' owd lady as lives at Beck Cottage," he replied.

"The dog is a beauty," exclaimed Lady Coverdale enthusiastically. "I must buy him."

Spence scratched his head with greater vigour.

"Ah reckon she won't sell him, m' lady; that theer animal's like a child to her."

"I don't mind what I pay for him," she said, as though that closed the discussion; then to the coachman she ordered "To Beck Cottage."

"Ah'll bet ye a fi' pun note as she don't get that theer, Mike," remarked the butcher to the man.

"Done!" replied Bill with his usual brevity.

Miss Karry was snipping off dead roses when the Hall carriage bowled up to the gate. A sudden flush mounted to her cheeks when she perceived her visitor; she looked round as though seeking a way of escape, but finding none she drew herself up and advanced, with the manner of one who goes forth to hold parley with a foe.

Patiently and gravely she listened to Lady Coverdale's raptures, but when the question of purchase was broached she simply said:

"I cannot sell my dog, he is very dear to me."

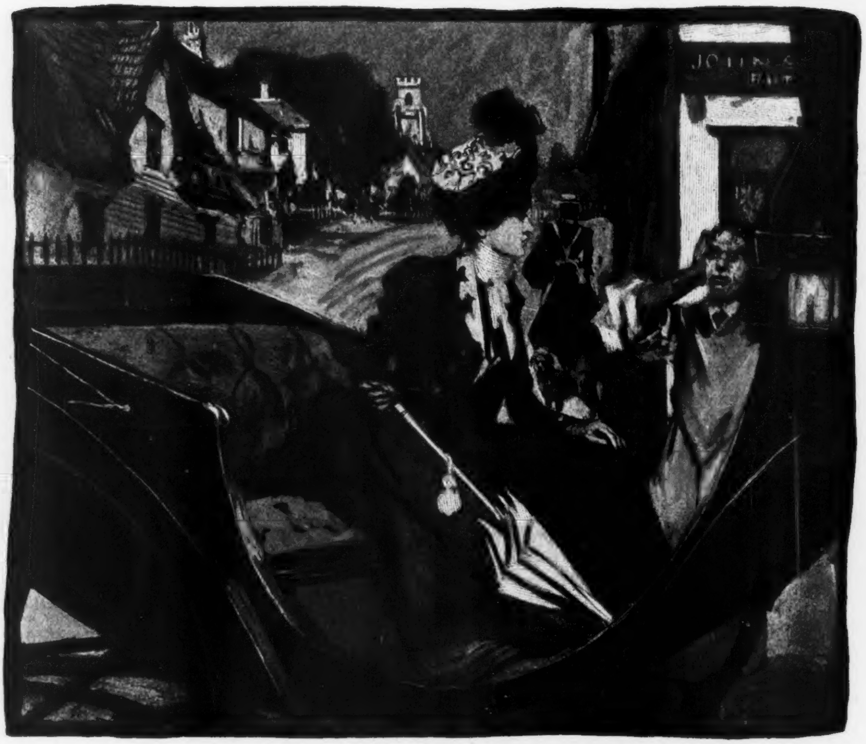
"Oh yes, of course, he's a darling and you must love him tremendously, but for all that I do so want him, and I'm sure you won't say no."

She paused, open-eyed and smiling; so confident of success.

Miss Karry shook her head.

"Mike is my only one—my little ewe lamb—you have others."

Lady Coverdale winced, for she remem-



"The butcher scratched his head; the question posed him"

bered an old story told by a man named Nathan.

"Yes, certainly I have others," she answered slowly, "but not an Irish terrier; once I had one, but he died. Lord Coverdale's uncle, Captain Swale, brought him over from the famous Killinry kennel——"

She stopped amazed, for Miss Karry had turned away with a mighty sob.

"So very absurd of her," said her ladyship during her homeward drive. "Most people would have jumped at my offer, but there, it's always the most poverty-stricken who care least about money, and I'm sure she looked poor enough, even her gown was darned."

"And indade, but she's the impudence of three to come and ax for our Mike!" exclaimed Norah who had hastened out at the sound of her mistress's sobs, "but wishing ain't having and that her fine ladyship's proving, so don't ye fret, Miss Eileen darlin'."

"Norah," said Miss Karry, uncovering her face, "she spoke of Killinry, and of Captain Swale, and oh, my honey, my honey, the days that are gone came back to me, and the life that was whispered in my ear. I saw the old country and heard the voices—the voices we loved."

Another sob choked her utterance, and those two women fell upon each other's necks and wept as only they who have loved and lost and suffered can weep.

"Shure thin, mistress," said Norah, checking her grief, "and it's not like yerself to fret, especially whin there's no nade for it, for it's myself as has thought if a plan to bring in money, which is to apply for the 'Middle-aged Faymale Servant's Annuity.'"

"But Norah!" cried Miss Karry aghast.

"Now, Miss Eileen, darlin', no buts. Ain't I a respectable Faymale Servant? Anyways, I'd pity the soul who'd deny it in my hearing. The £20 will pay the rint and have a thrifle over. And it's Lady Coverdale herself will spake for me, for shure, I opened the door civil enough, and his lordship's got a big say in the matter. It's just a little note ye'll write, mistress, putting in a word or two of recommendation from yourself."

Coaxing and petting, Norah pulled out the brass-bound writing desk and set it in order.

When Lady Coverdale received the little note, she perceived in it a flag of surrender; she was not surprised, for she was among those who invariably gain their heart's desire.

She replied graciously. "I will most assuredly do all in my power to obtain the annuity for your maid, and I hope, I sincerely hope, you will yet reconsider your decision about your dog."

This, she flattered herself, was a fine stroke of diplomacy—she was a born diplomat and consequently not over gifted with a sense of delicacy.

Nevertheless a touch of latent shame prevented her from mentioning the suggestion of barter to her husband.

Late that evening her reply was left at Beck Cottage. Miss Karry read it aloud; then there was silence.

The rowan branches in the garden rustled as with the sound of tears, an owl in the valley hooted sadly, the hearts of the two women were full of grief.

"It's Mike or the money," said Miss Karry at length.

"Then Mike stays," replied Norah emphatically; "better proverty than the Curse."

She glanced round with fear-stricken eyes. It was ill even to speak of that which might befall.

"Grief and Death shall track that Karry who sells a dog," repeated the mistress softly; "so the old adage runs. And yet—Norah there are only two sovereigns left of those that Phelim sent."

"Whist, Miss Eileen—shure, he'll send more."

"Not yet, and every time it is less, and to-day the baker said his rule was ready

"She had come to face the future"

money down every week end, and the grocer——"

"Now, mistress darlin', is it like yerself to be repayting every bit of low gossip that ye hear?"

Norah bounced out of the room with well simulated indignation, but when alone in the fireless kitchen, a tear crept down her rough cheek: for weeks she had struggled against debt, against want; she was still struggling, but her hands were weakening.

"The end, what will be the end?" she murmured, "not the Curse, no, surely not the Curse." She threw out her arms with a pleading gesture, her Celtic mind aghast with a superstitious foreboding of ill.

There was little sleep for the two women that night, only Mike lost himself in dreamland—a dreamland of rats and bones and other dainties. He shook himself in the morning, eager for the day, eager too for breakfast.

"Yes, good dog, yes, you shall have some," said Miss Karry when he thrust a reminding nose into her hand; she hastily placed the tiny slice of bacon before him; if one must go hungry, better her than him; he was the last of the Killinry breed and she—why, she was only an old woman—a wreck stranded on the shifting sands of change and chance.

He licked the plate with greedy tongue, then with beseeching eyes begged for more, laying his chin on her lap in mute appeal.

"In the Coverdale kennel there is enough and to spare," she thought with a dry sob in her throat.

She reached for her hat and went out; the desire for solitude was upon her: on the moorland she would face the future.

She turned the corner of the small grey stone house and struck up into the moors; the morning sun was creeping over the heather, the mists were rolling off the distant hills. Penygant loomed a cloud in a sea of clouds. There was no sound save the tinkle of the beck dancing downward and the voices of the insect life that loves the warm heath-land.

And Mike, who followed at heel, forbore to yap; dog-like he recognised the spirit of trouble.

Slowly they climbed until they reached a cleft in the middle of the ridge, a cleft strewn with boulders of lichen-painted millstone grit; then Miss Karry sat down to think, and Mike curled round with eye and ear alert for cheeping grouse.

She had come to face the future; instead of the future the past arose. Ghosts of the bygone days arose and played their little parts before her—played them in scenes that stood out boldly on the stage of memory—joyous scenes, sunlit scenes.

Childhood and girlhood were lived again, the familiar tones of parent and lover re-echoed around her; she drank the cup of remembrance to the full, her whole being was vibrant with longing for dead hours. Mike forgot the cheeping grouse; he crept close to her with a sniff of inquiry.

"The past has all gone," she wailed, laying her hand on his head, "only you and Norah remain, and now they ask for you—Mikie, Mikie darlin', 'tis the last of the old home you are, and shall I let you both starve because I fear the Curse of the Karry's?"

She caught him in her arms, she clasped him to her, she kissed his sienna-hued face.

"You must have food," she said, "you and Norah. Let the curse fall."

She rose to her feet, brave to meet the dread unknown, that Thing of terror which had been foretold in the days when a Karry reigned over his province and the Killinry dogs were the pride of the kingdom.

The noontide sun had routed morning mist and thin grey vapour; the moor blazed gloriously, blue butterfly and blue dragon-fly tipped the heather with points of azure; bright crimson fungi lay on the peat like splashes of blood; the only colourless thing was the face of the woman.

Presently she drew herself up as one inspired to heroic deed.

"Come, Mike," she said, taking his leading-string from her pocket.

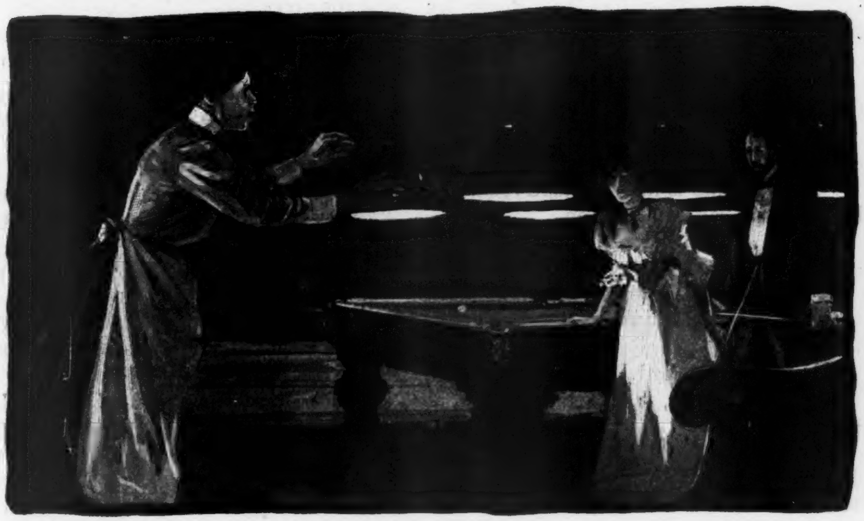
With steady hand she fastened it to his collar; without caress or word she led him down hill—down to the lodge of Coverdale Park.

"This dog is for Lady Coverdale with Miss Karry's compliments," she said briefly.

As she turned away Mike tugged at his string and whined, but with head erect his mistress walked on, not once did she look back.

The past was indeed the past; everything was slipping, slipping from her grasp.

No rush of tears came to ease her grief—



"Lady Coverdale looked up, cue in hand"

with her own hand she had beckoned to the Curse; when would it fall?

In her Celtic imagination the air was full of evil shapes; the rustle of the bracken was but the whisper of the "little people" whom she had offended.

Forebodings of ill clouded her brain, a cold hand clutched her heart; at the turn of the road she fell—a senseless heap.

"'Tis the Curse," she said, with the last ray of consciousness.

"Where is the mistress?" asked Norah again and again throughout the morning; "shure, she's taken Mike for a run."

As the hours sped she grew vaguely uneasy; she stood waiting by the garden gate. A cart came quickly down the road.

"Good mornin' to ye, Miss Norah," called Bill the butcher's man, leaping lightly to the ground. "See this?"

He indicated the tail-board of the cart on which brand new white letters set forth: "John Spence & Co., Butchers, Moorbeck, Yorkshire."

"And *Co.*" he repeated; "that Co. means more'n one, Miss Norah, ye niver thowt to see me a Co. now, did ye?"

"And is it yerself it manes?"

"And that's juſt the party it does mean. It's a goodish bit o' brass ah've addled sin' ah've bin wi' Spence, and now he's took me in t' concarn. Co.'s a pretty word, beant it? More'n one it means," he repeated, advancing a step nearer to the garden gate. "Fifteen year to-day ah thowt that theer dog's got an uncommon good missus, and ah've stuck to it, aye, ah've stuck to it."

"Fifteen years to-day I saw one of the best friends of my life," replied Norah, with a tender inflection unusual to her.

"Arter fifteen year folks couldn't threep as a pair was marrying in haste?" he asked anxiously.

"Shure, 'tis a daycent toime," she answered.

"Then," said he, clasping her round the waist, "the spurrins mun be axed on Sunday."

"But Miss Karry!" she exclaimed, with a returning sense of duty, "what will she do?"

Bill cracked his whip. "Ah've thowt of that; she can bide along of us, and sit in t' best parlour."

So talking and arranging, the two walked down the road, rejoicing in the Indian summer of their lives.

"And shure, I shain't want the annuity at all, at all," said Norah, "and Mike——" She broke off with a shriek, for at the bend lay her mistress, heedless and senseless. . . .

Before the close of that day Norah walked swiftly up to Coverdale Park; she was weeping like a bairn, for Miss Karry lay conscious but moaning.

"'Tis the Curse," she cried, half wildly.

"Take me to her ladyship," commanded the faithful servant imperiously.

There was that in her voice and manner than brooked no denial.

"Her ladyship is in the billiard-room with his lordship," faltered the man.

"Then show me the billiard-room—my errand is life or death."

Lady Coverdale looked up, cue in hand, with a frown of displeasure upon her pretty face.

"I've come for Lady Eileen Karry's dog," said Norah bluntly, folding her arms with a gesture of defiance.

The cue fell to the ground with a clatter. Norah intended to startle, and she succeeded.

"Lady Eileen Karry! What do you mean, my good woman?"

"Just what I say, nayther more nor less."

Then her defiance died down; she stretched forth her hands pleadingly.

"Shure, thin, you'll give the dog back, m' lady, for it's a heart that's breaking, and it's a Curse that's falling, though indade it's not Mike that's been sold, for no money's passed, and the votes——"

She paused, an instinctive honour preventing her from betraying the wife to the husband.

"Lady Eileen Karry," said Lord Coverdale, "do you mean to say she's near here?"

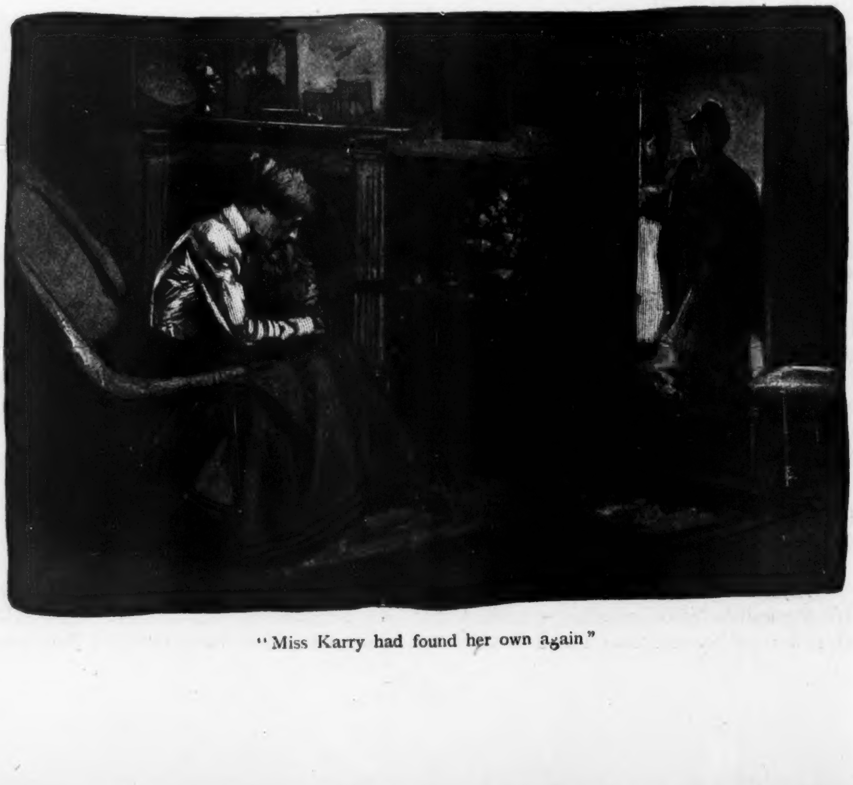
"Yes, shure, m' lord; for nineteen years she's lived close beside ye. When the old Earl of Killinry died there wasn't a penny to kape the estate together—it had to go—every acre—and so Lady Eileen and me—that is her foster sister—and the dog came away together—the Lord alone knows how we've lived, and now she's a-dying, for the Curse has come!"

"The Curse?" asked Lord Coverdale.

"Grief and death shall track that Karry who sells a dog," repeated Norah impressively, "shure 'tis the creed of their race."

"But why did she sell it? And who bought it? I don't understand," said his lordship, looking from one to the other, "I don't understand it at all. It was Lady Eileen Karry who was to have married my uncle, Captain Swale—no, I cannot understand."

"Shure, and that's why she came to live at Moorbeck," said Norah, "to be near his



"Miss Karry had found her own again"

grave; she dropped her title, for, said she, 'I'm a poor woman, Norah, and I will live as one.' But oh, my dear lady, give me back Mike, and let me be going, or the White Bird of Death will be tapping at the window before I get back."

"Had Captain Swale lived, she would have been Lady Coverdale," said the little ladyship, with wonder and penitence in her eyes. "Oh, let me go with you, let me see her joy; to think of it, for nineteen years at our gates, and we have not known."

The dale was shrouded by the darkness of night as Lady Coverdale and Norah walked up it side by side. Before them Mike trotted with hurrying pit-a-pat, his day among the plenty of the Coverdale kennel had been a sore trial.

"Norah, do you think she still lives?" asked Lady Coverdale very softly.

"Yes, for there is no Curse: Mike is still ours." The heart of the faithful woman bounded with hope, the hours of anxiety were to be no more, the burden of want was to be laid down.

"God, but it's been a hard fight!" she cried aloud; then she laughed, for she remembered the "Co."

Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, trotted Mike, but at length he stopped, and with eager paws pushed open the door of Moorbeck Cottage.

There was a cry of joy, a glad spring to welcoming arms. Miss Karry had found her own again.

POETS AND THEIR EARLY LOVES

By P. G. CAMBRAY

Were it not that Love and Poetry are linked together by uncleavable bonds of natural affinity, poets would cultivate the tender passion as the fountain-head of inspiration. For Love transforms the clumsiest yokel into a temporary poet, revelling in frenzied eulogies of his beloved. And since the stolid peasant's mind is thus exalted, what a richer and more soul-stirring harvest of impassioned thought will Love not germinate in the nascent imagination of the poet! Lord Tennyson has most rightly said:

> For indeed I know
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought, and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

The peculiar characteristics of a poetic soul transfixed by Love are generally manifested in the precociousness of his initial attachment and the intensity of his passion. Dante was but nine years old when, at a May-day festival, he saw and fell in love with Beatrice. Shakespeare wooed and won Anne Hathaway ere eighteen summers had passed over his head.

By his own confession Byron was sorely smitten at the mature age of eight. Sixteen years after, he thus wrote of his first sweetheart:—"I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. How the deuce did all this occur so early? Where could it originate? My misery, my love for that girl were so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since." But the all-powerful flame that burnt so brilliantly was destined soon to be extinguished. Alas! the poet's unrestrained ardour seems but to diminish the duration of his affection. He must surely have experienced the fickleness of poetic adoration who, as long ago as 1569, wrote the advisory lines:

> Love me little, love me long,
> Is the burden of my song;
> A love that is too hot and strong,
> Burneth soon to waste.

Before three years had elapsed, the creator of Don Juan was worshipping with enrapt devotion at the shrine of a new beauty. Of this, his second love affair, the poet says, "My first dash into poetry was as early as 1800. It was the ebullition of a passion for my first cousin, Margaret Parker, one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings. It would be difficult for me to forget her—her dark eyes—her long eyelashes—her completely Greek cast of face and figure! I was then about twelve—she rather older, perhaps a year. My passion had its usual effect upon me—I could not sleep—I could not eat—I could not rest." He finishes this rhapsody with a very frank acknowledgment, "I was a fool then, and am not much better now." Two years passed, and the amorous youth again succumbed to Love's enchantments. Whilst staying at Newstead during the Harrow vacation, he renewed an earlier acquaintance with Miss Chaworth, who resided in the neighbourhood. The violent infatuation which speedily ensued, influenced the whole of the poet's future life. But the tender heart of this young heiress of eighteen was already appropriated. In the following year, to Byron's intense mortification, she was married. Of this unfortunate attachment various anecdotes are told. On one occasion Miss Chaworth and her lover attended a ball at Matlock. The lady had just finished a dance with a gentleman with whom she had been previously unacquainted, when Byron, who was jealously watching the pair, sulkily muttered, "I hope you like your friend." The words were scarcely spoken before an ungainly-looking Scotch lady came upon the scene and boisterously claimed him as "cousin." The vulgarity of this *soi-disant* relation was proving a veritable torture to the proud youth, which was in no way lessened when he heard his fair companion archly retort in a whisper, "I hope *you* like your friend." Byron's extreme sensitiveness on the subject of his partial lameness was a fruitful source of wounded pride. Judge what must have been the lover's anguish, when one evening he overheard Miss Chaworth say to her maid, "Do you think I could care anything for that little lame boy." Stung to the quick, and maddened with rage and wounded vanity, he rushed out of the house like one demented; nor stopped his wild career until the walls of Newstead Abbey were in sight.

True to his native caution, Burns had arrived at the comparatively mature age of sixteen before love and poetry were simultaneously awakened within him. "You know our country custom," he tells us, "of coupling a man and a woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom, she was a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass. In short, she, altogether unwittingly to herself, initiated me in the delicious passion, which in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and bookworm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below!" The young harvester goes on to relate how this agreeable fellow-worker, Nelly Kirkpatrick by name, inspired his Muse by her singing, and, the labours of the day completed, how violently his pulse would beat whilst examining her hand for nettle-stings and thistles. A happy Nelly and still happier poet!

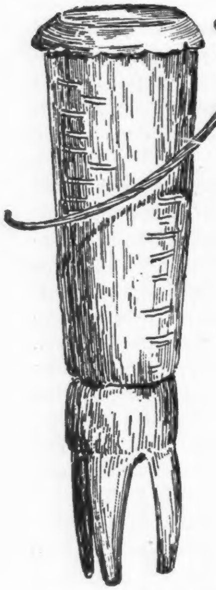
Burns's fellow-countryman, Sir Walter Scott, was already on the verge of manhood before meeting the lady whom Fate had destined to become the object of his first attachment. It was a wet Sunday morning, and the congregation was leaving the Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh. Scott, happy in the possession of an umbrella, noticed a young and good-looking maiden, standing disconsolate and umbrellaless, watching the pouring rain. Rising to the occasion, he gallantly went to the rescue of the forlorn damsel. The future poet seems to have made good use of the opportunity thus presented. He soon discovered that the lady was Willamina, the only daughter of Sir John Stuart, who lived but a short distance from his father's house. The acquaintance thus prosaically commenced was not allowed to drop, and Scott seized every chance of enjoying the lady's society. This friendliness soon developed, on Scott's part at least, into a real affection. So apparent was this infatuation that his father considered it expedient to warn Sir John that a degree of intimacy existed between the young couple which, if not nipped in the bud, might possibly lead to bitter recrimination in the future. This exercise of paternal authority produced no alteration in the state of affairs. No sooner was young Walter called to the Bar than he made Miss Stuart an offer of marriage. However, there does not appear to have been any formal engagement; and within twelve months Willamina's affections were transferred to a rival. Shortly afterwards her betrothal to Sir William Forbes was publicly announced. It is said that this unhappy ending to his youthful passion cast a shadow over Scott's whole life.

Among the brilliant constellations of modern poets, Johann Wolfgang Goethe shines a luminary of the first magnitude. True to his poetical nature, his love affairs have become proverbial in number. Yet the story of his first voyage into the hitherto unknown realm where Venus rules, is full of pathetic humour. In 1764, when Joseph II. was crowned king of the Romans, Goethe, then a boy of fifteen, had an opportunity of witnessing the grandeur and brilliance of the regal ceremonies. The young poet was now entering on a period of wondrous and blissful experience. He had conceived a violent affection for a pretty girl named Gretchen, who was his senior by two or three years. On the evening of the coronation-day, the young couple wandered through the streets of Frankfort viewing the illuminations, happy and cheerful in their yet undisturbed attachment. "When I had accompanied Gretchen as far as her door," he says in his Autobiography, "she kissed me on the forehead. It was the first and last time she granted me this favour; for, alas! I was not to see her again." Goethe had met this maiden through a chance acquaintance with some young men of the lower class, whose comradeship would most certainly have been disapproved of by the stern old councillor, his father. One of these youths had, by Goethe's aid, obtained a situation under the Government. In consequence of some misdemeanour, the young official had laid himself open to the severest penalties. During the investigation which followed, Goethe's connection with the affair was revealed. The young poet was compelled to make a full confession, including his love for Gretchen. This humiliation put an end to his first romance, and, overwhelmed with shame, he remained for several days in the seclusion of his chamber.

Heinrich Heine, the most prominent lyrical poet of modern German literature, seems to have passed his life in a long series of capitulations to Cupid's power: but it is only with his boyish love that we shall concern ourselves. The lady in question seems to have been a very weird and romantic damsel. Heinrich had made her acquaintance whilst paying a visit to her aunt, who was known as "the Woman from Goch." This personage, like Mr. John Wellington Wells of "The Sorcerer" fame, dealt in love philtres and other appurtenances of the Black Art. At the time of the embryo poet's visit, Josepha, or "Red Sefchen" as she was named by the neighbours, had reached the age of sixteen. Tall and slender, clad in the tightly-clinging dress which was then worn, she resembled a "statue in a wet garment." Her hair was of a blood-red colour, and when tied beneath her chin seemed like blood streaming forth from a severed throat. She had a memory stored with old folk-songs which she was never tired of singing, and thus awoke the nascent imagination of the poet to a love of these wild and lawless ballads. One day, whilst "Red Sefchen" was singing, the susceptible youth perceived her trembling with emotion. Catching the contagion, Heine himself commenced to weep, and to use his own words: "We fell sobbing into each other's arms, and, for almost an hour, we spoke not a word, while all the time our tears were flowing, and we looked at each other, so to say, through a veil of tears." When he afterwards asked the songstress for a copy of the verses, his eerie sweetheart gave him one, written, not in ink, but in her own blood!

Music, of a Sort.

By S. Clarke Nuttall. B.Sc.

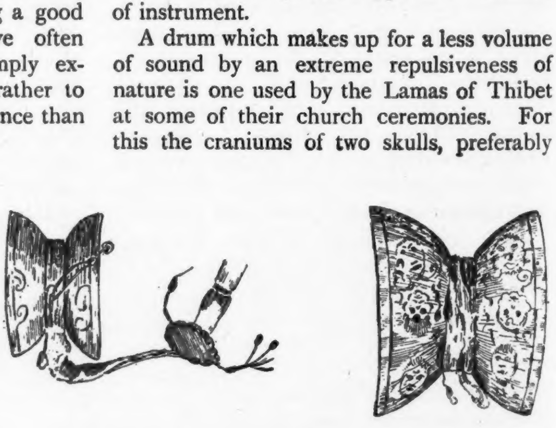


A Mashona-land Drum.

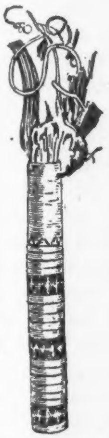
MORE or less a love for music is instinct among the races of men, which fact might be thought to provide at least one bond of much desired unanimity among the nations. But the pity of it is that music is so differently understood in the varying quarters of the globe that what is a concord of sweet sounds to one nation may be simply a horrible din to another. Even a nation as civilised as the Japanese are intensely bored by our grandest and most melodious airs. "Children, coolies, and women," they say, "may find pleasure in European music; but an educated Japanese can never tolerate it." And they find it far more detestable than we do theirs, which is saying a good deal, as European travellers have often described Japanese music as "simply excruciating." Thus music is likely rather to provide yet another point of difference than to be a bond of sympathy.

That music hath "charms to soothe the savage breast" is a fact long ago recognised; but it is not always so readily realised how easily the savage finds those charms in mere succession of noise which courtesy alone, from our point of view, can term music. One can imagine, for instance, that there are more pleasing combinations of harmony than a New Hebrides' concert. In those islands every few families own a group of drums, on which they perform on special occasions. Each drum is a tree trunk with the inside carefully scooped out, so that when struck it emits a hollow funereal sound. These drums are often as tall as the tallest man, and sonorous in proportion, so that when a group of fifteen to twenty resound together the effect must be awe-striking if not exactly beautiful. The Tong Tong of Java is a similar instrument. A piece of the trunk of a tree, about four feet long and a foot in diameter, is hollowed out in the direction of its length, the hollowing commencing about four inches below the top and ending about four inches above the base, thus leaving a solid top and bottom. This is struck with a piece of wood, and gives out a vigorous sound. It is used more however as a gong for alarm, and to mark the passage of time, than as a definite instrument. An advance upon this primitive drum is made by certain tribes in Mashonaland, who hollow down their tree trunks from above, and then stretch a skin over the top. This is struck with the hand and thus is more what we consider typical of this class of instrument.

A drum which makes up for a less volume of sound by an extreme repulsiveness of nature is one used by the Lamas of Thibet at some of their church ceremonies. For this the craniums of two skulls, preferably



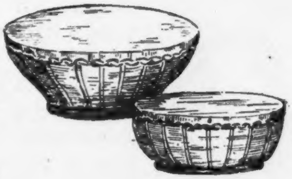
LAMA DRUMS OF THIBET, FASHIONED OUT OF SKULLS children's, are taken, and over the concave side of each is stretched the skin of a snake. The two skulls are then cemented at their vertices to either side of a wooden disk covered with a cotton cloth, the stretched skins being outermost. The picture of one of these drums will give a better idea of its appearance than any verbal description can do. These drums are often ornamented by having the heads of devils and such-like horrors, the more repulsive the better, painted upon them in red and blue colours. The method employed in playing them is rather curious. To the wooden disk between the two halves a cord is fastened by which the drum can be suspended and then rapidly rotated; two short cords with knobs at their ends hang down in such a way that as the drum revolves they strike alternately on either face and thus produce a regular "tum, tum."



A CASE OF JEWS'-HARPS FROM THIBET

A drum orchestra in Borneo, with eight or ten performers of the Malay people, can give a pleasing enough concert. An admiring English lady described it as reminding her, to a certain degree, of organ music, as the tones are soft, sonorous, and mellow. These Malay drums have their framework composed of a number of short lengths of bamboo put side by side, and firmly bound into a shallow bottomless basin-shape by bands of rattan. Over the top is tightly stretched the skin of a python, and this is also kept in place by a plaiting of cane. The bottom of the drum is left uncovered. They are made in different sizes so that they each give a different note, and when a performance is to be given the Malays seat themselves in a circle, their legs crossed tailor fashion, and their drums grasped at the lower hollow edge. The drums are struck on their knees, and the various booming notes given out by the graduated drums combine into a melodious though somewhat monotonous harmony, to which the friends of the players dance with evident enjoyment.

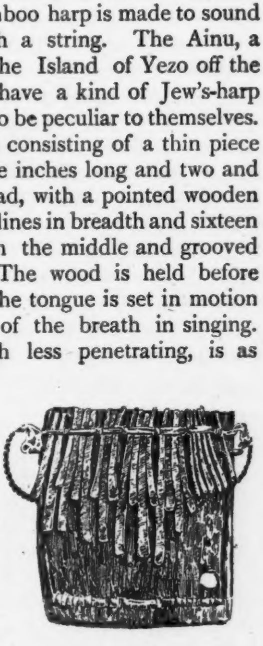
Very quaint are the Jews'-harps found in Eastern Thibet, and carried by most of the women in elaborate decorated cases hanging from their girdles. A complete musical set is composed of three harps, each of which is made of bamboo, and so fashioned that it gives a distinctive note. When music is desired they are taken out of the case and placed between the first finger and thumb of the left hand; the one with the deepest note, or "male sound," is placed lowest; the one with the sharpest note, or "female sound," is placed highest; while between the two comes the one with the intermediate note. They are then struck with the fingers of the right hand, one after the other. With these three notes certain simple tunes are evolved, sufficiently, at any rate, to form an accompaniment to their dancing, dancing from which, we are assured, both grace and beauty are conspicuously absent.



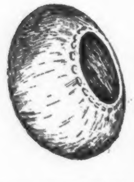
MALAY DRUMS, BORNEO

Very similar instruments are found among other nations, such as the tribes of Torres Straits, Sumatra, Assam, but with this difference, that the bamboo harp is made to sound by jerking it with a string. The Ainu, a tribe inhabiting the Island of Yezo off the north of Japan, have a kind of Jew's-harp which is believed to be peculiar to themselves. It is described as consisting of a thin piece of wood, about five inches long and two and a half inches broad, with a pointed wooden tongue, about two lines in breadth and sixteen in length, fixed in the middle and grooved on three sides. The wood is held before the mouth, and the tongue is set in motion by the vibration of the breath in singing. Its sound, though less penetrating, is as discordant as that of a Jew's-harp.

The piano in a very primitive form is found in Matabeleland, where, primitive as it is, it is as much appreciated as the finest "Grand '

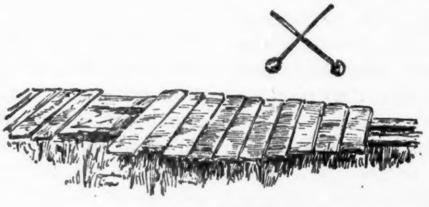


A MATABELE PIANO



GOURD CONTAINING A MATABELE PIANO

in our own country, even though it consist merely of a number of pieces of iron strung on a wooden board. A picture of one of these shows twenty-three pieces of iron of varying lengths and breadths, no two alike, arranged in an ascending scale along the board. Thus a scale of twenty-three notes is produced, quite sufficient for elaborate tunes. To add to its sonorousness the instrument is usually put inside a hollow gourd, round the opening of which bits or bone are placed with the same end in view. The performer sits, places the gourd on his knees, the opening towards him, and plays his "piano" with both hands through the opening. The late Mr. Bent, the great South African traveller, describes the sound as "decidedly melodious," and recalling a spinet.



A KAFFIR PIANO

A Kaffir "piano" is even more primitive, and recalls one's nursery days when the joy of one's heart was a toy consisting of oblong pieces of glass of different sizes, laid across two wooden rests, and played upon with tiny drumsticks. Almost any tune could be picked out on the dozen notes thus obtained, but though the principle is much the same, the tune on a Kaffir piano requires trained Kaffir ears to properly detect and appreciate it. Here on long bars of wood covered with cloth lie short wooden cross-bars, each rather more than a foot long. These are slightly hollowed out, and the depth of the hollowing causes variations in the sound when rapped upon by a couple of drumsticks. This wood tapping provides the music for their dancing, and though most elementary yet the essential to all dance music is present, namely rhythm, for rhythm is obtained easily enough by monotonous regular beating upon this primitive wooden piano. Miss Balfour, in her travels in South Africa, heard an orchestra of three of these instruments assisted by a number of drums, to the music of which an elaborate dance was performed.

Instruments of a flute nature are universal favourites among all nations. The negroes take the porous branches of the trumpet tree and fashion out of them curious flutes, which, with their soft and shrill tones, are more like hautboys than anything else. The bamboo flutes of the aborigines of the Malay Peninsula are not so much peculiar in themselves as in the manner in which they are played. Instead of being held to the mouth they are placed at the nose, and the breath passed through the nostrils to evoke music. This manner of flute playing is probably unique. Many flutes have had curious origins in their time, but perhaps one of the most repulsive was carried round his neck by one of the savage chiefs of an Australasian tribe. This chief had secured the leg bone of a great enemy, and had had it fashioned into a flute, on which we are told, he frequently played with "peculiar satisfaction."

The bones of animals and birds are often used as the basis of flutes and whistles. Thus, in Thibet, a quaint whistle, much favoured by the musical section of the community, is constructed ingeniously out of the wing-bone of an eagle.

WHISTLE MADE OF THE WING-BONE OF AN EAGLE

COLOUR-TEACHING IN SCHOOLS

BY M. McMILLAN

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that the centre of a young child's world is his mouth, and that for a long time his interest is confined mainly to things that he can taste and swallow. And a little observation must convince any one that even when childhood's days are over, and the mental life is comparatively mature, the mouth still vindicates its claim to be considered the front of departure. An intelligent working woman took up a bundle of sample colour papers one day and began to name them rapidly. "This," she said, "is 'cream,' and this is 'crushed strawberry,' and that is 'biscuit colour,' and here is 'plum,' and 'violet,' 'green,' and 'butter colour.'" Most of her colour names suggested either the orchard or the larder.

Perhaps it is admissible to use such names as these. There are others, however, which have no reference to any thing in particular, and which were simply invented by caprice. Of such are "ashes of roses," "baby blue," "écru," "lin," "oasis," &c. These are bewildering names, not only because they have reference to nothing in particular, but because their meaning is always changing. Take, for example, the fashionable colour name "reseda." It was one thing two years ago, it is quite another now. Meantime, the primary teachers of England are talking in a perfect Babel of colour tongues. A school decorator striving to describe a colour in a magazine article at last gives it up: "Impossible to describe this tint of green in words."

Yet in spite of the bewildering number of colour names in existence, Nature's own chart shows but six or seven colours visible to us. From red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, with white and black, all the rest are derived. And the determination of any colour depends, not on the invention of a new name but on measurement. How can colour effects be measured? That is the question.

To begin with, it cannot be effected by the mixing of water colours! The colour effect of two mixed pigments is often quite different from that produced by the mingling of lights reflected from corresponding coloured surfaces.

"In this emergency," says an American writer, "we found another means of measuring colour effect which seemed providential. It is a fact well known to every boy that if he rapidly whirls a lighted stick the fire at the end produces the effect of a circle of light, which phenomenon is explained by a quality of the eye called retention of vision. . . . It is a fact, based on the same quality of vision, that if one colour is presented to the eye, and instantly replaced by another, the effect is a combination of two colours. Therefore if one quarter of the surface of a disk of cardboard is covered with orange paper and three-quarters with red paper, and then the disk placed on a rapidly-rotating spindle, the colour effect is a mixture of red and orange, and the effect is exactly in proportion to the angular measurements of the two sectors, so that if the circumference is divided into 100 equal parts the resultant colour will be definitely represented by the formula: Red 75, orange 25."

Here at last was a means of colour analysis and measurement. It remained only to elaborate and complete this suggestion and then to act upon it. All this was effected by a practical English scientist called Maxwell. While trying experiments with painted disks he fortunately conceived the idea of cutting a radial slit in each disk from circumference to centre, so that by joining two slitted disks they could be made to show any desired proportion of each. Moreover, behind the coloured disks a large white disk was placed, the circumference of which was divided into 100 parts. Spun rapidly (and it is well to remember that a high rate of speed is necessary in the use of the colour wheel) the shade or tint of the combined colours on the front disk were revealed, and from the graduated scale on the white disk it was easy to determine the quantities of the various colours that went to make up the particular hue, tint, or shade. Does a teacher want some out of the way colour such, for example, as copper-beach. He writes: R. 17. V. 2. N. 81. (R. stands of course for red, V. for violet, and N. for black). Or a sample of vermilion: R. 80. O. 14. W. 6. Or one of burnt sienna: R. 1½. O. 6. W. 3. W. 89½. Formerly the ordering of any colour was a matter of description or of samples, and in these days many mistakes were made. Suppose that a blue was wanted in coloured paper. Who was to know whether the blue was a green or a yellow one. And if the teacher enlarged her definition to "yellowish green," mystery and doubt would still hang about the "yellowish." But now with the aid of the wheel the amount of green or yellow can be determined. The hues and shades involved in any colour may be determined. Even "London smoke," or "baby blue" has a definite nomenclature, if only temporary. Dealers know the advantage of this. Some of them have actually been telephoning colours from their offices to the manufacturing mills for years. And no sooner does a teacher take up colour instruction seriously than she too finds the necessity of a measure—and a language.

The means of measurement of an accurate language is found through the wheel.

And now it is possible to have an art of colour instruction; not an art of teaching painting, but an art of eye-training of a peculiarly fine and educative nature.

. . . . .

Hang a prism on the wall. The children have seen Nature's chart of colours many times—in glass, in dew or raindrops, in the dust of the atmosphere. The spectrum should now be thrown where the band of colours can be effectually seen as a whole.

Let the small pupils test and try their own colour perception from the beginning, bringing samples of colour in bits of worsted or silk, cloth, paper, leaves, or flower to compare with the standards. In this way they will soon learn that the standards are really "middle colours," that around and between them there is an ocean of tint and shade, of hues and impure colours.

Let them make a collection of "reds." These doubtless will differ in hue. Some will have orange mixed with them, some violet, together with black or white, or perhaps both. Select an easy example, a standard colour. Then take one tint and one shade, and show all three on the wheel. Thus the pupils will learn that the standard colour modified by white produces a tint, and the same colour modified by black forms a shade. Then take the yellows, increasing the number of tints and shades gradually, finally combine orange or red and yellow disks, so that the class may learn something experimentally about hues.

What is a hue? The hue of a colour is that colour mixed with a smaller quantity of another one. Orange stands next to red in the spectrum. So an orange hue of red is the standard red mixed with a smaller quantity of orange. As violet sweeps on toward blue it becomes first blue violet, and later only a hue of that colour or violet blue. There are four sizes of disks, 1, 2, 3, 4, No. 1 being the smallest. By means of these it is easy to show how hues pass into colours, and *vice versâ*. A sample lesson may be as follows: Let the teacher show a red disk, No. 3, and ask what colour it is; also an orange disk, No. 2. Combine the two disks on the spindle with the edge of the orange disk merely caught on to the red, and rotate; then stop and add a little orange, calling attention to the addition. By degrees, adding more and more orange, you may show a succession of colours between red and orange, calling these orange reds, until the amount of orange nearly equals the red. Before reaching equal parts of orange and red remove the disks and substitute orange disk No. 3 and red disk No. 2. Begin at full orange and work back through several steps nearly to one-half red, explaining that these are red orange hues. As there is no definitely established line of division between the class of colours called "orange red" and "red orange" which can be explained to the children, the changing of the disks and reversing of the relative sizes must serve to separate in their minds the colours as indicated by the change of name from "orange red" to "red orange."

The tints and shades of hues can be shown by using a white or black disk with the two combined colours, the relative proportions of the colours being kept constant and the amount of white or black being increased at every step. By such eye training through the wheel children very quickly attain to keen colour perception, and fall quite naturally into the habit of naming colours correctly. At this point it is well to introduce coloured papers. Paper work as conducted to-day in primary schools can hardly be regarded as possessing any great educational value. The colours are selected haphazard, and the arrangement of them seems to be largely a matter of chance. On the walls you see exhibited strips and bars of coloured paper reminding one of those Scottish tartans which make no pretence whatever to graduation or harmony. But in any well-thought-out scheme of colour work the coloured paper might have a very important place, and fulfil a great function, for they furnish the material in which the lessons learned by the wheel can be applied, and offer a medium of practice by means of which children can begin to understand those various harmonies of colour arrangement which go far to make up what is known as "artistic work." But just as we must have graduated notes in any musical instrument, so we must have graduated colours, or spectrum scales, in order to have a colour chart. A mere jumble of coloured papers only confuses child and teacher. You might as well have a piano with notes put in anyhow. Each colour is a tone of a scale. The scale may consist of five, seven, or nine tones according to the number of tints and shades on either side of the standard colour. In Bradley's chart there is a scale of five tones. The standard or hue is called the key tone. Thus we speak of the red scale or the blue green scale. But now, having your colour scales in paper, what can be done with them?

Of course it is evident that even with the finest paper colour charts the most subtle and perfect harmonies cannot be attempted. The work of the artist, or even the art training given to older pupils, cannot be attempted. Yet nothing should be done in the infant classes that has not as its aim the deliberate and conscious preparation for that higher work. All colouring in Nature, and in the examples of the best art, will be found to conform to one of five harmonies: the analagous (tones from analogous scales), the dominant (harmonies which are made up of different tones in one colour scale), contrasted (active colour contrasted with passive colour, white, black, grey or silver), complementary colours that combined produce white, and the perfected harmony (analogous colour combined with complementary).* It is not necessary to teach the children these long names, but it is important to accustom them early to the grouping of colours in harmonious combinations. If this is done from the first they will soon become sensitive to discords in colours, just as they to-day become sensitive after a while (though not in the earliest years) to discords in sounds.

Very soon the pupils will come to see that the most beautiful colours are the broken colours, and that these are the most frequent in nature. Thanks to the wheel it is not difficult to introduce them to these. Suppose the teacher wants to give a lesson on what were formerly called "tertiary colours," such as citrine, russet, or olive. She can show on the wheel how citrines are combinations of orange, yellow, black, and white; how citrine is, in fact, a shade of broken orange yellow; and she may treat the russets, olives, &c. in the same way. Finally, she may begin to show the class examples of composite colour, and ask them what these consist of. In a short time she will find that the colour perception of children is much finer than we are used to think, and that the pupils give the right colour name with far less hesitation and timidity than they once put forward the wrong one.

Not the least advantage of using the wheel is that by means of it colour training can be given to a large class. No one who has any knowledge of the condition of elementary schools will underrate the importance of this detail. Not the art master alone but also the infant mistresses experience the difficulty of dealing effectively with the large numbers who crowd the benches of the people's schools. All the children must be reached, and yet how can all be reached? That is the ever-recurring question. The wheel appears to give an answer in so far as early colour instruction and training is concerned. The attention of a large class is soon riveted on the whirling disks, and curiosity—the beginning of knowledge—is quickly awakened by the effects of colour in motion. By a little observation a teacher can usually pick out the children in whom the colour sense is well developed. She can also discern the more serious cases of colour defect or blindness. In this way she may be of invaluable service to her pupils, for she will be able to give information to the parents and upper standard teachers which will induce them to adapt their teaching to the children's powers. Not the artist alone, but all kinds and conditions of people are dependent throughout life on the possession of a fine colour sense. The draper and dressmaker, builder and furnisher, billsticker and advertisement agent, depend on it more or less. For the seaman and signalman the case is, of course, far more serious. A slight mistake in colour perception on their part may lead to the loss of thousands of lives. Not only is it necessary that they should discern colour, it is also necessary that they should know the effect of colours on each other. They must be neither colour blind nor colour ignorant. Colour blindness should be detected, and colour ignorance removed in the infant school. And despite the great numbers in a Board or Voluntary infant school this may be effected by the aid of the colour wheel.

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* It is pretty certain that "long words" or scientific terms are not such serious obstacles for children as is generally supposed. They will use them quite as naturally as baby names of things provided they understand their meaning. Kindergarten children to-day use the words "square," "cube," pentagon" quite simply. What puzzles young children is metaphor. They take big people's words literally, and we should often be surprised did we know the interpretation they give to our words. But, as far as language is concerned, the more accurate it is, the safer are they in using it.

Not that everything can be done with wheels and papers. These are only modes of representing the colours and effects of Nature in a tangible and permanent way. They are aids. But not, of course, the highest means of all. The children should be encouraged to bring flowers to schools. Graduation may be taught by means of the coloured papers; but the best examples of it can be seen in petals and in the evening sky. The colour lesson is not an isolated one. It should lead the child to look for colour where he once never thought of finding it, and to discover harmonies where he once saw only a blur of dingy brown or a splash of monotonous green. In short, it should lead him to observe and to recognise, then to arrange and use, and finally to enjoy and, perhaps, to interpret.

"I SHALL GO SOFTLY ALL MY YEARS"

Isaiah xxxviii. 15

SINCE thou art dead "I shall go softly all my years,"
Knowing the gates of joy are closed for me;
Not sowing earth, indeed, with fruitless tears,
Remembering thee;

For it would dim for thee the glory of the spheres
To know that I and grey despair were wed:
Yet, love, "I shall go softly all my years,"
Since thou art dead.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

LADY TWEEDDALE'S BOY PIPERS

By GEORGE THOW

THE CHILDREN'S HOME, MURRAYFIELD

OUT west from Edinburgh on the way to the pleasant village of Corstorphine is the Children's Home, Murrayfield. It is in connection with the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which the Duchess of Fife is the Patron.

When the kindly policeman picks up a mite of humanity on a cold wet night, he sends it to the Shelter situated in the old town. If the parents are not to be found, or are unable to give a roof to the child, it comes to the Home, a comfortable and very roomy brick erection which faces the main road, and has the full breath of country air. Passengers by the Corstorphine 'bus will usually see a number of well-washed juvenile faces pressed curiously against the window panes, and will readily gather by the lively appearance of the youngsters that with them all is well.

(Yeo, photographer, Plymouth)

MISS M. L. SUTTER LADY SUPERINTENDENT

But it is the Pipe Band which brings the Home prominently before the public. It is mainly to the exertions of the Marchioness of Tweeddale that the Home was built some eight years ago, and the little boys in the kilt who discourse sweet music on the pipes are known as Lady Tweeddale's Pipers.

The band at full strength numbers fifteen; twelve pipers, two kettle-drummers, and that very important personage, the big drummer. When the band fulfils engagements at garden parties and picnics, the small boy behind the big drum is the focus for the eyes of all the boy spectators. And the band is kept busy in the summer-time. Not only does it pay its way, but it is laying up a reserve fund to build a practice hall in the wide stretch of garden ground at the rear of the Home. At a recent Saturday evening concert in the vast Waverley Market, Edinburgh, before an audience numbering thousands, the "turns" taken by the pipers and dancers from Murrayfield were favourites, and encores were insisted upon.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale's pipers rejoice in the possession of medals won for excellence in dancing and piping. One medal is unique. It is a pretty silver badge with yellow riband, and bears Chinese lettering. Li Hung Chang was the donor: when the band played before him during his visit to the

THE GIRLS WHO MAKE THE SHIRTS

Forth Bridge he was so delighted with the spirited rendering of "The Cock o' the North," that he ordered medals to be presented to the boys and the sergeant instructor.

Sergeant G. McLaren, the instructor, is a Perthshire man, and was eight years in the Gordon Highlanders, being all through the Egyptian campaign. He has no difficulty in getting recruits for his band. All the boys in the Home want to don the kilt and play the pipes; and as the lads leave for the work of life at the age of fourteen, there must be constant tuition going on to fill up the gaps left vacant.

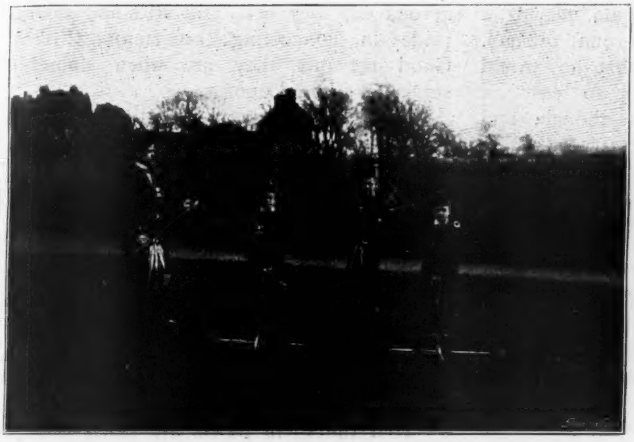
It takes six months to learn to play a few tunes; and on an average only one boy out of five can succeed. With the others the talent is wanting; the chanter does not enchant. Dancing is easier to pick up, and a juvenile will acquit himself in the ghillie callum or the Highland fling after two or three months training in a manner which makes boys of older growth and stiffer joints envious. The big drum requires also considerable steady practice; and the boy who plays it practised assiduously in the depths of the coal cellar for many weeks.

The boy pipers are as a rule bright laddies, although for the most part they bear the appearance that life in its earliest stages has been for them a hard one. Some have undergone much hardship ere the Society's officer laid his hands upon them. They however take the world merrily at Murrayfield, and have a whole-souled admiration for Miss M. L. Sutter, the young lady superintendent and trained nurse, who, with a staff of aides, drills them round, sees that they don't spare the soap, and does not vex their restless hearts with too much coddling.

The boys in their off hours roam about in the oldest and most variegated raiment. Gifts of clothes are received, and the juveniles are rigged out in what comes first to hand. They have, however, a better suit for Sundays and high holidays. When wearing the kilt uniform the boys are extra well behaved, which shows that it is not only girls who are susceptible to the soothing influence of fine feathers. The tartan worn is that of the Clan Macdonald, the secretary of the Scottish branch of the society being Mr. John Macdonald.

One of the gala days is the annual visit to Yester, Lady Tweeddale's delightful residence in East Lothian. Here sports are indulged in; and Lady Clementine Hay, who is the leading spirit in the Children's League of Pity, which numbers the Duchess of York as one of its adherents, is everywhere in evidence making the day go quickly. Lady Tweeddale has done much for the welfare of the Home since its opening, and never loses an

"'ILL BE PIPERS SOME DAY



THE SWORD DANCE

opportunity of helping the work. Naturally, therefore, this annual holiday at charming Yester is made as pleasant as may be, and is looked forward to by the youngsters for weeks. When the morning of the great day arrives, the children are out of bed at all hours in their eagerness to be in good time. Three and four o'clock sees them stirring, and only a peremptory mandate sets them back under the blankets. Washing—that bane of childhood—is attended with no grumbling; the reminder that only clean faces will get to Yester is sufficient to smooth the path of the elder ones who have to superintend their younger brothers' and sisters' toilet. Large waggonettes are at the door betimes, and the long and cheerful drive through Edinburgh into Haddingtonshire, or East Lothian, as it is called, is undertaken in the brightest of spirits. The weather has no effect. On the last occasion it rained all day, but the detachment from the Home arrived in due course, and in the old hall of the mansion-house games were held, with, at intervals, a plentiful supply of eatables. Better though is it when the weather is fine, and then the lovely gardens and wooded slopes of Yester can be traversed with the fresh, sweet perfume of the country air in one's nostrils. There is no finer situated mansion in the Lothians than Lord Tweeddale's seat, and in the summer-time the mass of woodland with varying tints is a superb scenescape. Old Yester, which dates back many hundred years, is in ruins, but it contains a haunted cavern—a picturesque place to visit. A general wind-up with tea and cookies galore, a skirl of farewell from the pipes, a cheer for the ladies of Yester, and the holiday-makers are *en route* home again in the cool of the evening.

There is also the annual juvenile fancy-dress ball held in connection with the Children's League of Pity. This takes place in the winter months in the music hall and assembly rooms, Edinburgh. It is a fashionable event, and the rivalry in costumes among the youthful guests is keen. Seats for spectators bring high prices. The pipers from

THE REEL

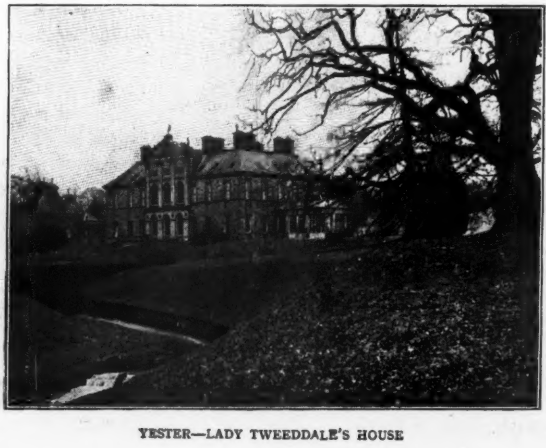
the Home are in evidence, and at this year's ball they headed the procession, playing a stirring march as they moved round the hall. Under such circumstances what boy would not be a piper? It is not so easy an accomplishment as it looks though, and the patience and care necessary to bring juveniles, who, as children, were literally picked up out of the gutter, into ball-room order, able to render pleasure to others, and help the home in which they reside, is without doubt wonderful. That the lads understand what has been done for them is best evidenced by the letters the lady superintendent receives from those of them who are already out in the world; they all remember with affection the big brick house at Corstorphine.

A march out is the last resource of Miss Sutter when wet weather necessitates the children being confined for days indoors. Tempers get fractious, and the sergeant with his wand of office has to impress upon the lads one or two of the best known copy-book maxims. But the first sign of blue in the sky, and the whole of the juveniles—all of them old enough to keep step—are formed in something like drill array, and, to the music of the pipes, set off tramping through mud and mire, along highways and byways, with the result that bread and dripping is devoured with much zest at tea time. The menu is of the plainest at all the meals. Good wholesome food certainly, but no kickshaws. The older girls are responsible for the biggest share of the cooking, and deft-handed cooks they make. With huge aprons on, they boil and stir, and take a pride in concocting satisfactory dishes. Good servants they are when domestic service is entered upon.

The younger lassies attend school, and learn what they can. They all come from pitiful homes, but a year at Corstorphine does wonders, and, with the aid of musical drill and exercises, they smarten up wonderfully. Cleaner and healthier looking girls it would not be possible to find. This is probably the only institution in Edingburgh where boys and girls are reared together in close companionship up to the age of 14 years, and the experiment is amply justified by results.

That the small pipers are being brought up in the true Scottish thrifty fashion this story will tell. One of the boys had so pleased a lady with his playing of "The Barren Rocks of Aden," that she took him out for a day's holiday. Arrayed in kilt and plaid, with tunic bearing the Li Hung Chang medal, he spent a happy day. Towards the close of the homeward journey, asked what he would like for a present, he remained silent. After pressing came the response—"A pair of buits."

On leaving the Home a number of the lads 'listed, and are in Scottish regiments, all doing well. Some have gone to sea, one being on board the *Mars* training ship in the Tay. Trades are followed by other boys, while several of them will be found in big houses, wearing the page's buttons.



YESTER—LADY TWEEDDALE'S HOUSE

THE WISE WOMAN OF KILLESTER

By LINA ORMAN COOPER

ACCORDING to Register Books in the parish safe, Deborah Ann was only just turned half a century. To judge by her looks she might have been eighty or a hundred or even a hundred and ten, like old Mrs. Keeley of the Channel Islands. But then we age very quickly in Ireland. Hard work, peat reek, and large families soon convert a blooming young woman into a witch-like old crone. Perhaps whisky, raw and hot from the still on Loquilla, may have something to say to it in most cases. It certainly had something to say to the wrinkles and garrulity of Debby. It had *nothing* to say to the fame shining like a halo round the little cottage in which she lived.

Debby Ann's skill as a herbalist had been handed down from generation to generation. In her hands—spite of the whisky—the reputation she inherited spread into those far off countries of Carlow and Wicklow and Meath and Waterford. Further north, beyond Cavan, one O'Govan had it all his own way as a cancer curer. Contrasted with Deb, he was but a beginner!

I give what I saw and heard for what it is worth, having had no means of testing the alleged cures.

I first made Mrs. Connor's acquaintance on a most glorious day in May. I was staying with the rector in his low-roofed, whitewashed rectory under the shadow of the Slievebloom mountain. We had been discoursing of quackery in general and soon came down to this quack in particular. I had made him laugh at an old charm for toothache to be seen in the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh. He had capped the story of "Petter an' the Stone" by telling of a hole in St. Deulich's Home, one touch of which could cure the most violent neuralgia. Then talk flew to occult power possessed by piebald ponies in the matter of chin-cough, and the rector quoted some well-known words:

O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones and all their true qualities.
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give.

Lastly, and soberly, he advised me to pay a visit to Debby Ann up the mountain, and offered to take me there.

Debby Ann was at home. Mr. Vere's knock was answered by the wise woman herself. Little, wizened, wrinkled; a mutch cap—none too clean—quilled round her apple red cheeks and surmounted by an old straw "skep" or "corbeen," as she called it. A blue cloak tied over a ragged gown; grey knitted stockings; boots trodden down at the heel. Such was Mrs. Deborah Ann Connor.

She gave us a hearty greeting, but apologised for going on with her work. So, to the sound of a constant pounding of something in a mortar, we began to interrogate Debby Ann.

It was a plaister she was compounding—a reddish-looking, soft mass of a plaister. Not at all inviting in appearance. Indeed, suggestive of wire worms and snails, like another sweet salve peculiar to the County Tipperary. But I believed Mrs. Connor when she said that "vegetables mostly" were used in *her* cure.

"The chief thing, howsomever, is arsenic, your reverence. An there's oil in it, to be sure, an' red lead, an'"—with a significant pause—"an' *herbs.* What herbs? Ah! that's *my* secret."

Debby Anne's eyes twinkled. She did not feel as pugnacious as her words would suggest, and as I was asking for "informashun not divarshun" she condescended to tell me that the secret of her cure for cancer was a hereditary one. Some forbears of hers had learned it from a monk "in furrin' parts o' Spain."

"We gather the things round here—my nephew Johnnie and me—in the bog and up the mountain. They is mostly common weeds. Maybe yez have passed some this day in the boreen beyant?"

No, we had passed nothing *common* on that memorable day. Violets had been living amethysts; primroses simply big yellow topazes; forget-me-nots blue as the turquoise. So we told Mrs. Connor. She nodded, and something like sympathy snapped into her eyes. She had lived long on that jewelled mountain side. Yet custom could not blunt her appreciation of the beautiful.

"It's in the mixin'," she went on. "The mixin' an' the savin' an' the dryin'."

All the while a great glorious sun was shining through Debby Ann Connor's little lean-to porch, pouring its rays on to our interested, flushed faces. I know *I* was flushed, for I caught sight of myself in a square looking-glass over the chimney-piece. —a glass that distorted every feature, but could not transmute white into scarlet. Debby herself was perspiring at every pore as she pounded and hammered at her pestle.

"There's an auld Biddy outside, your honour. She's very bad enthoirely, but she onsists in my *de*scribing her. If this don't do, I'll have to *de*scribe her again, she's that set on me docthering her."

I turned away to hide a smile. Mr. Vere was better accustomed to Deborah's perversion of the Queen's English. After a minute I was able to resume cross examination. "Do you take every one that comes to you, Ma'am?"

Mrs. Connor looked scorn. "Yez tell him," she said to the clergyman, "I've no time an' no patience."

"Debby Ann only treats patients who are not too far gone," explained her pastor. "She dare not touch the hopeless ones. You see, she is not a licensed mur——"

A humorous gleam flashed across the wise woman's face. "Don't be repeatin' that ould joke, your reverence! But, any ways, I can cure when fine docthers kill, tho' I'm *not* licensed. It's a grand secret enthoirely, an' it's *mine*"—with a triumphant emphasis—"*mine.* Only his reverence's godson—he bein' weakly an' most in need ov a pocket, knows besides me."

By this time the plaister was ready, and Mrs. Connor spread it upon some lint and prepared to carry it to a patient outside, sitting on the fence, with her head tied up.

"There is no doubt Deborah has some secret formula," said Mr. Vere as we waited the wise woman's return. "I can vouch for some of her cures. But the process is intensely painful—simply a rooting out of the growths, whatever they are. We will ask her to show you some of her specimens when she returns, and you ought to get her to tell you of the healing properties of other plants round here."

So, when the patient outside had departed, I accepted Debby Ann's offer (she evidently appreciated my love for the beautiful) and accompanied her into a dark smoke-grimed shed off the kitchen. Oh, the horror of it! Here, besides stores of sage, rice, thyme, and cumin, were ranged a row of bottles.

Mrs. Connor took down one of them. Something like a mushroom, with thin, white fibrous roots attached, floated therein. "This came from a bhoy's leg last week, your reverence. His wound is cleaning up now, glory be to God! an' the enemy is gone. This one," she went on, holding up another glass jar containing a radish-like tail and crown, "was eatin' the breast ov a lady up Kerry way. I stayed in her gran' house. Poor thing! she suffered awful. Her groans were like a hive ov' bees a-buzzin' an' a-buzzin' in her bosom. But she got over it nicely, and can drive an' ride again now."

I gasped, and having seen enough, made a rush for the open air outside. Mr. Vere followed me.

"To some are given the gifts of healing," he said softly and encouragingly. Instantly the little old woman in her mysterious calling and trade was glorified. A sudden halo radiated from her. Debby Ann might be what is called a charlatan or quack, she was possessed of a wonderful gift!

Having refreshed herself with a "drop of the crathur," the wise woman joined us outside, and I proceeded to ask about the simple virtues possessed by the bountiful fruits of nature around us.

"Aye! jarbs (herbs) do be wonderful," she said quietly, possessing herself of a few close at hand. "Here's horehound from the bog. It be useful for the cure o' coughs an' sore throats. Then here's tetterwort an' scurvy grass an' wartweed. That last be a miracle ov nature sure*ly!* An' wormseed for the children, better'n all dochter's stuff. An' lungwort for the waste. Niver heard o' them, didn't yez? Well! well! my simples would be beyant yez, anyhow. But surely yez love the vi'let?" I nodded as I caressed a bunch in my button-hole. Life in the brick and mortar fiend's territory made me cherish the "quaint enamelled eyes" of purple and white more tenderly than ever. Mrs. Connor sniffed.

"I s'pose ye've never taken it for a sick-up (emetic), have yez? No, nor never eaten the flower boiled? Well! well! It's as good as rhubarb anny day."

Mrs. Connor sighed this time. She pitied my ignorance. It was positively appalling.

"In Lunnon, I warrant, yez know nothing ov nettle-leaf broth for the 'fluenzy? Yet between God Almighty and myself, we've cured many a wan wi' nettle-leaf broth. Nor ov lily leaves an' mallow poultices for bruises? Nor ov fresh ivy shooties for the cramp? Well, a-day! 'Twon't be no harrum, then, to whisper to yez that I use poppy juice to my plaister. It eases the pain, an' I'm tender-hearted, as his reverence 'ull testify. I can't abide croolty."

"Indeed, you are a good soul, Deborah," said Mr. Vere, holding out his large right hand for a parting salute, "and use your secret ungrudgingly for the benefit of those around you—God bless you."

Mrs. Connor dropped a curtsey. "Wirra! Wirra! Good day to yez both."

Down the crooked little boreen, edged with hartstongue, we went in silence. There was something sublime in the old woman's calling after all. No anchorite was enveloped in greater mystery when gathering herbs in "the grey-eyed morn or the frowning night" than Mrs. Connor, and the mountaineers believed implicitly in her. Reaping as she did a good harvest from the "shtrong folk," Mrs. Connor freely gave of her skill to the poorer people. But for this open hand, and, as I have said, a tendency to whisky, the wise woman might have been a wealthy dame. As it was, she only lived from hand to mouth, spending and being spent for her suffering brotherhood.

As we drove home in the little phaeton, Mr. Vere ticked off on his fingers more authentic cases cured by his parishioner than his digits could represent.

"Does it never kill?" I asked as he described the terrible pain induced by the plaister.

"That is always what I am in dread of," gravely replied the rector. "Licensed murderers are on the look-out. Woe be to my poor Deb when such a thing happens. Happen it will some day. Don't the doctors even sometimes lose a patient?"

It happened sooner than either of us anticipated. I had not left the jewelled mountain, and the June break was being heard for the first time in the cuckoo's soft voice, when disaster befell the wise woman of Killester. "Th' auld Biddy" we had seen sitting on the fence was not able to withstand Deborah Ann's heroic treatment and died under her care. The cancer curer was committed to jail.

Of course Mr. Vere decided to go to Waterford by the next train, and I asked for leave to accompany him. As the iron horse sped on its way down the banks of the Blackwater, we entered into conversation with a Roman Catholic priest who happened to be in our carriage. It turned on Mrs. Connor.

The P. P. became quite excited. "Sir! look at me," he said, pointing to a scar on his close shaven lip. "Ten years ago I was doomed to death with cancer of the mouth. Your parishioner cured me. A mighty painful cure it was. It nearly—very nearly—drove me out of my mind. But, sir, since that day I have enjoyed good health. Call upon me, sir, for any expenses to which you may be put in defending Mrs. Connor. To begin with, at least we will halve the bail, *if* you please."

Such substantial aid from the rector of the townland and its parish priest being forthcoming, we had the pleasure of bringing Deborah back. On the journey she enlarged on her refusal to treat the deceased at first.

"She wor too far gone as I tould your reverence that day. But the pore thing onsisted on me doin' me best. For peace sake I put on that plaister. Spake up for me, sorr, before the stipendiary."

At the trial, Debby Ann's plea was allowed by the magistrates. The wise woman was discharged. I heard that bonfires blazed on the peaks of Knockmeildown and over the Robber's Cave to welcome her return. A local band performed patriotic airs on the platform as she alighted from the train. A procession of cars—jaunting and asses—followed her to the farm under the hill.

But Debby Ann's spirit could not brook

the indignity of arrest and imprisonment. She had no more strength, or pride in her profession, to uphold her. Through the big daisies in her own silver meadow, under the golden boat of a new moon afloat in the sea-green depths of the sky, amidst a great lamentation, the wise woman was carried to the sepulchre of her fathers.

And Johnnie, her nephew, reigns in her stead.

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOUR AMONG THE STARS

By ALEX. W. ROBERTS

THE most conspicuous stars in the southern sky are without doubt the two brightest stars in the constellation of the Centaur. In astronomical language they are called Alpha and Beta Centauri, but the name that they are far better known by is "The Pointers." This name is given to them because they point to the Southern Cross, the most beautiful group of stars, to some eyes, in the whole sky.

Yet, although the Cross is considered peculiarly *the* constellation of the southern heavens, just as the Great Bear is the outstanding constellation of the northern hemisphere, it is often the case that those not quite familiar with the southern sky are only able to find the Cross after first finding the pointers. Consequently, the Southern Cross is often at first sight a disappointment. One expects a glorious galaxy of stars, so brilliant, so outstanding, so unmistakable, that it commands and holds the attention.

With regard to the two leading stars in the Centaur, disappointment has no place. They strike the beholder on the first upward look at the southern sky; and this first impression is never lost.

In the following map (Fig. 1) are given the stars in and around the constellations of the Cross and the Centaur.

The two Pointers are seen just under the centre of the map, and the Cross to which they point slightly to the left, and above the centre of the map. The four stars to the right of the Cross, forming an irregular quadrilateral is the constellation Musca, and the three bright stars in the lower right-hand corner are the three principal stars of the Southern Triangle.

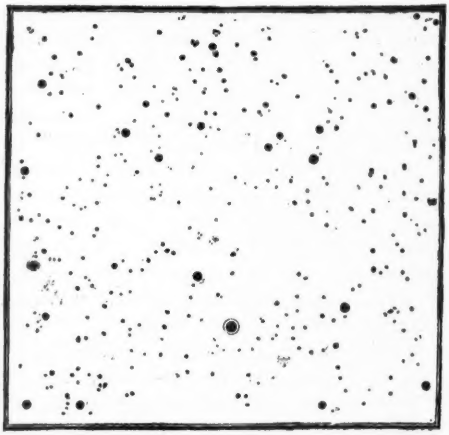


FIG. 1

Alpha Centauri is the lower star of the two Pointers, and not only is it brighter than any other star in the portion of the sky charted down on the map, it is the third brightest star in the heavens, Sirius and Canopus alone surpassing it in lustre.

But its striking brilliance is not its sole claim to special interest and attention. Even if it were a faint star, so faint that it could scarcely be seen, it would still be to us the most remarkable star in the sky; remarkable in this that of all the starry host it is the nearest to our earth.

When we look at the portion of the sky charted down in Fig 1, we see as it were a great hive of stars, some brightly luminous, others simply pin-points of light, and it is very difficult, if not well nigh impossible, to regard these tiny specks as great globes of light, many of them vastly more massive than our sun, glowing away out in the hinterland of things, millions and millions and millions of miles remote from our system. Indeed, of all the stars represented in the chart the distance of four only is as yet known, and of these four that of only one accurately. As for the rest they swing away out in space so far from us that no sounding line can be thrown across the abyss that stretches forth from us to them. Their distances defy measurement. The star whose distance is accurately known is the one we are at present considering; and compared, not only with the distances of the stars on the chart, but with the distances of all the fixed stars, Alpha Centauri is comparatively near us. More than that, it is much nearer to our sun than it is to any other star. It is the extreme outpost, in our direction, of the sidereal universe. It is our nearest neighbour — twenty-eight million million miles away.

We say that twenty-eight million million miles is the distance between us and Alpha Centauri, but the words are meaningless. We cannot make them the interpreters of more than vague intangible impressions. Because of this astronomers often measure stellar distances in light years. Light, as is well-known, speeds through space with a velocity of 186,000 miles in one second of time. In one-seventh of a second a ray of light would girdle the earth; in eight minutes it would reach the sun; in four hours and ten minutes it would pass the outermost planet Neptune. Pulsating on and on the same ray of light would not reach Alpha Centauri for four and a-half years after it had left our earth. If we could imagine the ray continuing on its journey for another hundred years there would still lie far ahead of it, even remote, the twin Pointer Beta Centauri.

We might represent these relative distances otherwise.

Suppose on the pavement of Trafalgar Square we place a mark to represent the sun, and round this we describe a circle one foot in radius. Then, if this circle represents the earth's orbit, a circle sixty feet in diameter would represent the orbit of the outermost planet Neptune. This outer circle would of course be the boundary of the Solar system.

Now if a circle of one foot radius represents the orbit of the earth, and a circle of thirty feet radius represents the orbit of Neptune, then on this same scale a mark denoting Alpha Centauri would be placed somewhere in Southampton. And yet this star is comparatively near us. For to carry out the same form of similitude with regard to the positions of the other stars, the earth itself would be too small a drawing-board on which to represent the great majority of them.

It is beyond the scope of an article like this to consider what the measurements are, how they are obtained, and how they are treated, on which the distance of a star depends; but it may be of interest, as far as Alpha Centauri is concerned, to remind ourselves of the history of the problem of stellar parallax, as the distance of a heavenly body is scientifically termed.

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century all efforts to secure measurements, which would give even a hint of the distance of one of the stars, proved fruitless. The observations upon which the values to be derived depended were far too refined and minute to be got by the instruments then in use.

In 1831 Thomas Henderson was sent out by the British Government to take over the new Royal Observatory at the Cape. He was a born astronomer, and with that instinctive perception which guides such men to the selection of the best means to secure an end, an end as yet elusive and undefined, he

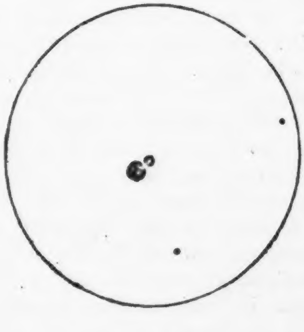


FIG. 2

set about making a series of observations of Alpha Centauri.

In 1833 he left South Africa, having been appointed Astronomer Royal for Scotland. During his stay at Edinburgh he examined his observations of Alpha, and was surprised to find that they indicated a large parallax. He was unwilling at first to accept his good fortune, but hearing from the Cape that subsequent observations confirmed his conclusions, he published his results in 1839. The distance found by Henderson, twenty-one billion miles, is a little too small, but this takes nothing away from the greatness of his achievement.

In 1849 Sir Thomas Maclear, Henderson's successor at the Cape, from another series of measurements, extending over nine years, found a distance of twenty-three billion miles.

In 1883 Sir David Gill, the present Astronomer Royal at the Cape, from a very laborious series of observations obtained with an instrument specially constructed under his own supervision for this line of research, deduced a distance of twenty-eight billion miles. This value is the one now accepted by all astronomers.

It may be objected, why this disparity between the results of Henderson, Maclear, and Gill? What is the nature of the observations to be made? Let us place a penny at a distance of five miles from us, and then attempt with a powerful telescope to measure its size; no easy task, and it is nearly impossible to see the penny and still more so to measure its exact size at that distance. This however is the character of the measurements on which the distance of Alpha Centauri depends, and if we make an error in our parallax measurements, equal to the breadth of the rim round the penny at a distance of five miles, our final result would be wrong to the extent of over a billion miles.

To this refinement of observation there must be added the constant difficulties which beset an astronomer: the unequal heating of his observatory, stray currents of air, slight flexure of his telescope fittings, and even the solid earth underneath his feet often slightly moves, just the breadth of a hair but sufficient to throw his measurements out.

As we have already said, the fact that its distance is known with such accuracy, and that it is nearer to us than any other star, makes Alpha Centauri an object of exceptional interest; but beside this Alpha Centauri is notable as being the most remarkable double star in the sky. To the naked eye it appears a single bright yellow star, but even a good opera-glass will reveal its dual nature; while in a small astronomical telescope the two stars stand out quite distinctly. In the larger telescopes the view of Alpha Centauri is exceedingly beautiful, the twin stars shining out like two great gems. Fig. 2 represents the appearance of the star as seen in a telescope whose aperture is six inches. The field here is well within that portion of the sky included in the circle round Alpha Centauri in Fig. 1.

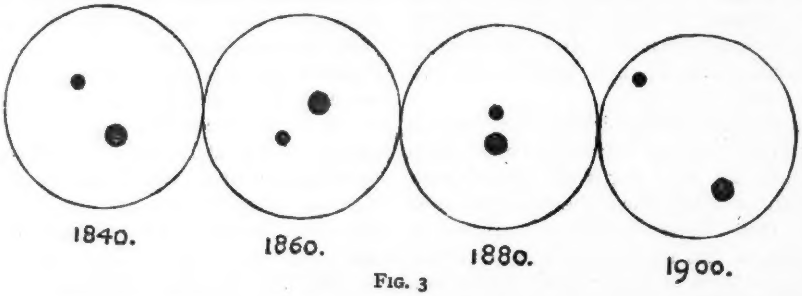


FIG. 3

Alpha Centauri was first seen as a double star in 1690 by the French traveller and scientist, Richaud; and frequently during the eighteenth century the double nature of the star was referred to by voyagers to the southern hemisphere. It was not, however, till the younger Herschell made his classic observations at the Cape that perhaps the most remarkable fact about this remarkable system was discovered. Herschell's observations showed that the two stars were revolving round one another,

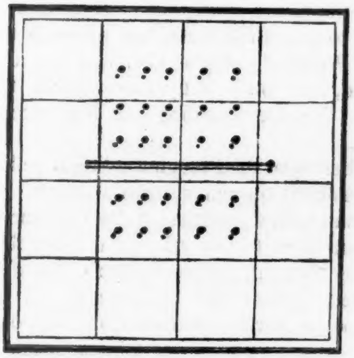


FIG. 4

slowly no doubt, but yet revolving. It was evident also that their orbit was not a circle but an ellipse. As a consequence the two stars would sometimes in their circuit be very much nearer to one another than at other times.

Perhaps this will be clearer if we indicate the relative positions of the two stars as seen at four different dates during the century. In Fig. 3 we have views of Alpha Centauri as it appeared in 1840, 1860, 1880, and 1900. It will be seen that the fainter of the twin stars, called Alpha 2, has not made a complete revolution round Alpha 1 in these years, and also that the sweep round from 1860 to 1880 is very rapid, more than half the orbit being traversed between these years.

From the time that Herschell made evident the binary nature of Alpha Centauri it has constantly been before southern observers, and one of the recognised duties of every leading Southern observatory is the regular observation of this system.

At the Royal Observatory, Capetown, the positions of the two stars have been frequently photographed. An important mode of taking the photgraphs has recently been introduced by Sir David Gill. Instead of using a different plate for each impression the telescope is slightly shifted each setting, the same plate being retained. The result is that the twin stars are photographed again and again on one plate. Fig. 4 is an exact though enlarged copy of one of the photographs taken at the Cape observatory.

The full and regular series of observations of the position and distance of the two stars taken during the past seventy years has made the dimensions and form of this binary system better known than that of any other double star in the sky. In Fig. 5 is given the positions for each decade from 1830 onwards, and the track of the fainter companion is drawn through these positions. It is to be remembered that this track is only the apparent path as seen in perspective, but the actual path can be readily determined from this apparent one.

When this determination is made it is found that one star takes eighty-one years to move right round the other. When the stars are nearest to one another, which they were in 1875, the distance between them is 1030 million miles. When the two stars are furthest apart, as in 1835, and will be again in 1916, they are separated from one another by 3360 million miles. Just now, March 1901, the distance between the twin stars is 3000 million miles; but as indicating the remoteness even of this comparatively near system, the keenest vision in the world, unaided by a telescope, cannot discern this stupendous chasm. Yet it is a distance so great that over it an express train travelling night and day, with a speed of sixty miles an hour, would take 6000 years to pass.

Finding the weight of such a system as Alpha Centauri is a simple enough matter

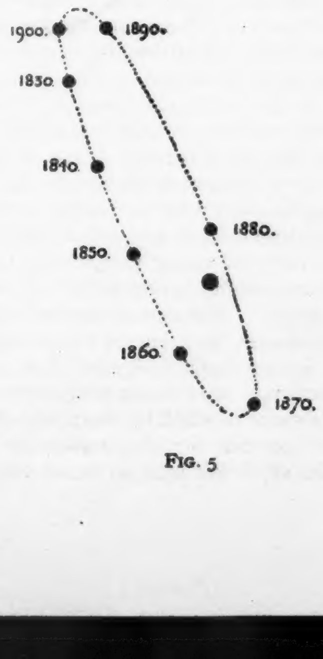


FIG. 5

when we know how far away it is, and with what strength, as it were, the one star swings the other round it. We may express the weight in tons, but the usual mode is to take the sun's weight as our unit. In this way we find that each of the stars which compose Alpha Centauri is almost exactly the same weight as the sun; the brighter is if anything a little heavier, but the difference is very small indeed. If any one is anxious to use large numbers he may set down a 2 followed by twenty-seven noughts as the weight of either of the stars in tons.

Not only are the two stars of the same weight as our sun, but the brighter of the two gives out exactly the same amount of light. The fainter companion, however, has only one-fifth of the light of the sun, indicating that it is losing both light and heat and is rapidly on the descending grade from the dignity of a sun to the humbler but more useful position of a planet.

As is well known, astronomers can take the rays of light which come from any star, and from an examination of these rays can tell what substances compose the upper atmosphere of the star. The largest telescopes in the world are now fitted up with means for sifting and analysing the light from any heavenly body, and nothing in science is more marvellous than to see one of those great instruments spell out on a photographic ribbon, just as a telegraph machine does on its tape, the tale the rays of light tell. And the tale that the spectrum of Alpha Centauri has to tell is this, that it is just another star like our sun. In its upper atmosphere there glow the vapours of iron, and sodium, and hydrogen, and bismuth, and probably oxygen.

To a dweller in Alpha Centauri, if any such there be, the midnight sky will be almost the same as it is to us. One or two stars may be a little brighter, but the change would only be perceptible to practised eyes. Surely, some reader will say, the sky must be altogether different seeing that we are transported twenty-eight billion miles from our first standpoint. A change of position equal to the distance between us and Alpha Centauri is practically insignificant, a mere hand's breadth, when compared with the infinity of space in which the stars lie. And yet there are two notable changes in the Centaurian sky. We look up at the portion of the sky we have charted in our map and there is the Cross, somewhat brighter than it appears to us on the earth, but where is the second Pointer? Alpha Centauri has disappeared, and only Beta now signals the Cross. We are standing on the second Pointer.

And there near the Plough is a bright yellow star unmarked on our terrestrial maps. It is our sun. One wonders if the Centaurian inhabitant gives to this yellow star more than a passing thought. This we know, that if he possessed a telescope as large as all the telescopes of earth rolled into one he would still fail to see, even as the faintest speck of light, that grain of cosmic dust we in our pride call the earth. He would live and die in utter ignorance that there was such a spot in God's universe.

There is much else to interest and delight the inquirer about this star. Indeed, a whole book could be written about it alone. Mention might be made of its slow motion across the heavens, a motion that in 5000 years, that is in 6900 A.D., will range it alongside its companion Beta. One envies the astronomers of that day with such a marvel in their southern sky as the close contiguity of two peerless stars. Twenty thousand years more will carry Alpha into the Cross, and the map makers of that day will have to invent a new name for the changed constellation.

We must leave untold the tale of what is being done at the Cape observatory to-day to find the exact direction in space whither the system of Alpha Centauri is hastening. It is also beyond the scope of this article to speak of the researches that are being prosecuted by mathematicians to determine how long it has taken Alpha Centauri to reach its present stage of development. At a far off day in time both stars were one, then they slowly divided, and year by year, like two sundered friends, they ever steal farther away from one another.

There are other matters, but we may not linger over them. What we do know already of this majestic system is sufficient to delight our thoughts, and to elevate them above much of the grosser things of earth; for a contemplation of such matters must fill our minds with a profound reverence for, and adoration of, Him who made this star, as He made all stars, for His own glory.

A COQUETTE AT THE WAR

By I. K. RITCHIE

THERE was no little commotion in the Indian Military Station of Pindibulo, for many of its men were ordered to South Africa to take part in the war waging between Boer and British.

The wild veldt had suddenly become the most attractive point on earth, towards which, with one accord, every nation and people turned their gaze with gaping interest, or stunned despair; for as yet there was no promise of an early termination of the strife.

"A jolly mess, and it'll take some squaring up," was the opinion of

A gentleman in kharki ordered south,

and to judge by the keen way he set about making ready for the start his heart was in that "squaring up," and would not rest until he had taken part in the triumph song of victory, or, perforce, laid down his arms to the sound of the Divine trumpet-call which had already terribly thinned the ranks of the glorious "thin red line."

But, as a rule, the brave fellows who do their country's work so well go into active service unhampered by the thought that they may never come back again, and presentiments of misfortune are notably the exception.

At least such was the private opinion of Herbert Newton, the popular senior captain of the Blankshires; and happily it had been his own experience until now that the eve of departure was at hand, and to leave Pindibulo became the object of no little regret in his mind, for, in spite of its many drawbacks, had not his young wife and he enjoyed the happiest of days there together? And something within him said such days would never never come again.

Yet he was the last to foster sentiment when duty called for practical activity, and he would throw no extra pain into their separation by betraying fears to one he loved most tenderly.

"I may be wrong, God grant it is so!" was his eager hope and prayer, and his men saw him cheerful and sanguine as usual as if marching orders were of daily occurrence; certainly not anything to look glum over.

"Come round to our place and get a snap-shot of it for me, dear boy, will you?" he put the request to a young subaltern as they left the orderly room together the day following the all-important tidings.

Jack Trevor complied graciously although there had been a half-scowl on his brow all the morning, betraying his thoughts were unhappy or perturbed. And this had not passed unnoticed by his present companion, with whom he was a great favourite.

Moreover the captain had a shrewd suspicion fate was not dealing very gently or kindly with poor Trevor, and the heroic heart that beat beneath his official tunic was as gentle as a woman's.

"With pleasure, I'm sure," said Trevor. "But good heavens! what a joke to see anything in old Pin. to immortalise!" he added, as he swung jauntily in step with the other.

They were the best of friends and the disparaging words were given and taken in good part.

"Old Pin.! What culpable irreverence for staid Pindibulo! I'll tell you afterwards why I wish the snap-shot," resumed Newton as they turned towards the bungalow with its shady verandah and straggling creepers. His wife happened to be returning from visiting in the married quarters and advanced to meet them, asking Trevor what had been, or was to be, honoured by his valuable little Kodak's services.

"Oh, this tumble-down old bungalow, altogether unworthy its distinguished inmates," Jack Trevor answered. "The captain seems to have a fancy to make a souvenir of it. I'd take more credit in the commission if you'd step in and grace the foreground," he added gallantly.

"Oh, I'd like to, of course. Come, Bertie, we must be together. What a happy suggestion of yours, Mr. Trevor! Now Bertie, why hadn't I proper warning, and I'd have dressed up for this important moment?"

Captain Herbert Newton stooped a little from his towering height of over six feet to whisper some tender words of flattering import to the speaker regarding his satisfaction with her just as she was; and hand in hand they went forward to pose for Trevor.

It was no idle gossip that they were lovers still and likely so to remain, these two whose marriage dated seven years back, and according to all known precedence should have grown indifferent to anything so romantic as daily courting each other's affections. The green-eyed monster had some truly pert sayings on the subject, but very generally it was acknowledged Herbert Newton and his wife might well be envied.

Before them now loomed close at hand that inevitable parting, thought of which blanched many a bronzed cheek, brought tears from half-broken hearts; for in the battle's strife some must be borne down, and who can tell at whose feet the challenge to surrender life is to fall?

Like all other places Pindibulo had its drawbacks, but, as before said, Captain Newton of the Blankshires had been very happy there. Did the future hold as great happiness in store for him elsewhere? Ah! who could tell! His wife was leaving immediately for England; for they had an only child at home at school, and he wished the two to be near each other until happier circumstances might free him from active service for a time.

"She will not hear of going until we are off—doesn't want things to be upset and uncomfortable for me. Trevor, I couldn't possibly grieve her with the thought I have—but it haunts me night and day—that I shall not weather it this time . . . I told you I would explain about the bungalow—that's why. It's my last home, old fellow!"

A long confidence for the reticent soldier, who of all men is slow to speak of himself; and perhaps it was partly out of sympathy for the hearer the ice was thus broken when the two men next met alone.

Poor Trevor! At present his was far from the placid or tranquil lot to throw a halo on whate'er befell. It had the unhappy effect of making him less steady than he might be, and Herbert Newton, caring much for him, trembled for his safety in many ways; whatever good influence he could use to draw him from the path to ruin he was ever awake to do it.

His communication now painfully startled Trevor.

"You can't mean this?" he gasped at length; "I never knew you give way to fancy before."

"I don't mean to, dear boy; but it's there all the same. I can't get rid of it."

"If I could change places with you—but, worse luck! I'll tumble out of it all right, no doubt."

"Hush! I cannot bear you to make light of what means so much to us both. Things will, I feel, never be quite the same to us again, whatever happens. Jack, dear boy, I wish you'd make me a promise to turn over a new leaf, you know how close you've run to the risky side lately. Another start is what we all want sometimes—and this may be one, if you will lay hold of it and determine to succeed; there's a lot done that way, believe me!"

He could not have spoken in this strain, privileged by friendship's sacred tie though he were, had not Jack Trevor's impulsive heart half unburdened itself to him.

But it was a reckless mood swayed the young lieutenant now.

"Oh, it's in for a penny in for a pound," he averred. "Some one you know has led me a pretty dance, and clean thrown me overboard at last, so I'm not sorry to try my skill against Kruger and Co. But we can't afford to lose you, old man," he added, with emotion.

In Trevor's interest Captain Newton had his eye on that nameless destroyer of the peace, and inwardly freely censured the misguided young person, all the time feeling firmly convinced that in spite of her frivolous flirtations with gay young subalterns, Jack Trevor was not out of the running so entirely as his exasperated spirit led him to believe.

"Leave her alone and it'll work round all right in the end, take my word," he counselled, "and hold on to the new start. I can see everything mapped out for you—good work done, special service, it may be, promotion, misunderstanding all cleared up, happy home, as happy as mine is. I cannot wish you better."

"As if I deserved half as much! Heavens! How good you are to me. If only to show gratitude I'll see what I can do. A new start might make better, couldn't well make worse. Thanks, old fellow, I'll try and do as you wish, indeed I will!"

II

Passing strange is it that the unattainable is almost invariably the thing most ardently desired. Perhaps so it was that Jack Trevor could have had the affection of almost any other of the marriageable daughters of his comrades and acquaintances at Pindibulo readier than that on which he had set his heart.

"He is so handsome. Oh! I think he's just splendid in his uniform; but he has no eyes for me," sighed one, and the enthusiasm of all around in paying attention to the officers selected for the front began to pall upon her, and she had longings for home, the English home far distant where she might forget the dazzling hopes raised on Indian soil, and the terrible monotony when life was robbed of its throbbing interest in the recreations and pastimes which heretofore had been so entrancing.

"He is rich," mused another, "and it would be so easy for him to make me happy. Oh! why is he indifferent when I would give the world to win his love?"

And meantime the little coquette—for she was indeed that—who by a word or glance could send him into the seventh heaven of bliss, or a contrasting abyss of despair, was fluttering hither and thither, gay and light-hearted, encouraging the soldiers' wives to look less dismally on the perils of active service, petting their children and metaphorically patting on the back the stalwart warriors themselves.

"For I shall be miserable," she told them, "until I know you all, and my own dear regiment in particular, have won laurels in the subduing of those very stupid old Dutchies."

By which it will be seen the fascinating young woman was already not without a military vein of attachment; in fact, she was a cavalry colonel's daughter, familiar with all the good and bad attributes of most of the young officers around her, and in fair play alone ought to have treated Jack Trevor much more generously than she had done.

"Leave her alone," had been Herbert Newton's advice; and in those last days in Pindibulo Trevor was resignedly submissive in following it; but rather by reason of less sanguine thoughts than his friend's accompanying cheer that it would all come right in the end. How could it? he asked himself; for ever since that bumptious subaltern, the Honourable Cecil Melbourne, had come out to join his regiment three months ago, and high-handedly annexed Blanche Carew's attention, in and out of season, on the strength of their former comradeship as neighbours and playmates in childhood, Blanche's demeanour towards himself had been too tantalising even for long-suffering Jack Trevor to look over.

"It's not that Melbourne's rich, at any rate," he reflected savagely, "because it's notorious the whole lot of his people are high-flyers and beggarly hard up, and Miss Carew knows I've enough and to spare. So it must be I've lost favour in her eyes and he's gained. Well, well, if only Bertie Newton's bullet would come my way it would square things better. Poor dear Bert! What an idea for him to get that his time's up. God grant I shall have a chance of doing him a good turn if he's in any danger."

It came as a surprise to him to hear that Melbourne was going to the front too, although his company was not on the roster. It seemed that he had managed an exchange, and was specially keen on showing his fitness under fire.

Jack Trevor's hopes soared high; generously he condemned himself for a too swift belief in Miss Carew's allegiance to his rival. Surely if there was anything at all in the mutual attraction the lover would not have gone out of his way to court danger, nor the maiden be content to see him banished from her side. But down to zero rushed new-born hope when apparently Blanche without sign of emotion could bid himself good-bye.

"Ah, well, we probably part for ever, and it is better so," he mused bitterly under the sharp torture of her carelessly gay farewell, a gaiety that seemed to put it out of the question that he could make yet a final plea for her favour.

"But oh! my love, you've blighted the brightest dreams ever a man had, I think," cried the broken heart within him.

III

As is the way with coquettes Blanche Carew was in no ways satisfied with Jack Trevor's tacit acceptance of dismissal at her hands.

As long as the excitement in the soldiers' preparations for departure lasted, indeed her thoughts strayed here, there, and everywhere rather than allow themselves to concentrate on the man to whom she was all in all; but scarce had the strains of the martial quick step died into a memory, which was prolific of many deep-drawn sighs among the women-folk, whose fate it was to await patiently the fortunes of their dear ones in the changes and chances of war, than dissatisfaction with things as they were possessed her and, in secret, she pined for the disinterested devotion she had so foolishly spurned.

Cecil Melbourne had begged a souvenir from her at parting, and clearly his impressive leave-taking betokened an intention of suing for a greater favour at a future date; but Blanche's recollections of her spirited flirtation with the young and impecunious aristocrat were somehow signally without pleasure as she tried to kill time in the now more than ever dreary little Indian station, and news came uncertainly of the British troops in the far Transvaal, their hardships and heroism, Boer treachery, and its numberless revolting episodes.

Soldiers and civilians alike had become familiar to satiety with warfare under the latest modern conditions, giving the harrowing impression that not days, or weeks, but surely years had echoed to the blood-curdling tale.

Jack Trevor had not forgotten Herbert Newton's warning, and each battle or skirmish passed through unscathed made a closer link binding the young and the older man together: on the one hand, because one knew he was the object of another's ever alert anxiety; on the other, because such unselfish care is a true ennobler of character and commands love in return a thousandfold.

"We'll weather it out together, and see grand times in old England yet," chuckled the senior lieutenant, and even grew lenient to young Melbourne's superb dash and swagger, remembering that it was on the cards he might some day have to acknowledge in him the winner of a little maiden who still usurped a lion's share of his own manly heart.

But Melbourne was very far from being the merely simple inconsequent subaltern time had only to lick into shape and redeem from general unbearableness that Jack Trevor took him for; and picked off one day by a Boer Mauser his guilty conscience would not let him face the speedy death awaiting him without making known a page in his past that had yielded already a perfect crop of tares.

Summoned by an urgent message Trevor came to him, and listened with numb misery to the acknowledgment that Melbourne declared was to "square things up" between himself, Blanche Carew, and the one he had ruthlessly tried to supplant in Miss Carew's affections.

"I was married before I came out here: but one way or another it wasn't convenient to have it known—fact is, we daren't—there'd have been such a precious row with her people, for I have so little beyond my pay. I've managed to scrawl a line to explain and apologise to Miss Carew, and I hope you'll make it up with her."

It was not easy even for one familiar with the unpalatable fruits of wrong-doing to treat them lightly with Jack Trevor's honest eyes seeming to analyse every word and gesture, and the confession came shamefacedly.

"I wonder they can bring themselves to trust any of us," was what rose spontaneously to Trevor's lips, but anger gave place to compassion as he remembered the features suddenly distorted with physical suffering were those of a dying if unworthy comrade.

"This is rough on you and the girl who is your wife," he said. "Tell me if I can do anything for either of you."

Of Blanche Carew he could not speak. She had flouted his honest love, but she was a woman and deceived by a man for mere pastime, and her wrong was to him as his own.

The rest of the interview was passed in making up, at his suggestion, a little packet to send to Cecil Melbourne's wife—some trinkets of his she would know and perhaps value, a photo of herself and her boy husband who had gratified selfish passion by her aid, and half-wearied of it as soon as gained.

That night Melbourne died, and Jack

Trevor had a wistful yearning to be within nearer reach of Pindibulo.

IV

There was reason enough and to spare to make it needful Jack Trevor's promise to Captain Newton should be kept irrespective of personal motives.

Men and officers alike found their work no sinecure, as victory was too often flanked by rebuff, and for each blank left in their ranks the pressing need showed itself of strengthening numbers and ammunition to meet a seemingly numberless and well-armed foe.

"We've got to do our best with what we're given," may be taken roughly as brave Tommy's sentiment, and dearly buying their experience at the hands of an enemy not naturally addicted to "fight fair," the scattered troops strove to keep themselves fit for all emergencies awaiting them on the fiery-trenched veldt and rugged kopje, counting it good fortune that they were not of those shut in in beleaguered city or eating their hearts out as prisoners of war.

But the hope, encouraged by Herbert Newton more strongly than ever when he heard of Melbourne's dying confession, that Miss Carew might ere now have replaced an unworthy lover by an earlier and worthier one in her heart, certainly did its part to keep Jack Trevor proof against sundry temptations and pitfalls ever lying in wait for the despondent.

For the power of love is so subtle and strong the tiniest spark can fire it anew when apparently it is crushed out and dead.

"Oh! for the longed for reinforcements from England, the monster struggle, the victory!" sighed Trevor. He took no note of the daily grind of the campaign in any self-congratulatory way, although in it he was building up a record of fearless bravery and daring devotion to the colours, for did it not all lead to the end, to possible happy understanding with Blanche Carew?

Meanwhile no success of his own could be dearer to Herbert Newton as time passed on, fulfilling his hopes and ambition for his friend.

The sad casualties of a surprise attack by the enemy had already brought a step upwards to both men; and Captain Trevor was accepted as second to none in ability as a leader.

Alas! that sorrow must so often swiftly tread in the track of joy!

The work of a moment it embodied the grief of a life-time to Jack Trevor.

In the midst of sudden unforeseen reverse it came to him with that order, the most unwelcome to the combatant—retire—and men, mad in despair, around him pleading, almost threatening to follow up unled, not to withdraw.

Chilling, petrifying every strained nerve, remembrance of Newton's presentiment flashed upon him. It had come true. There, within a stone's throw, he lay mortally wounded by the treacherous hand of the coward whose dying prayer he had stopped to answer, "For God's sake, a drop of water!"

. . . . .

They told him long afterwards how he had accomplished the brave task which won him the bronze-black cross "For Valour."

For memory was a blank on that head to Jack Trevor from the moment when, heedless of whizzing bullets round him, he dropped on his knees by Herbert Newton's lifeless form and gathered it to his breast. Love gave superhuman strength, and the despair of grief reckless daring—thus he bore his precious burden forth, stunned and tearless.

Nature ever repays itself in coin of its own choosing, and fever claimed the overwrought brain, until one day he awoke in hospital at Wynburg, and a hand, small and fluttering, stole into his.

"Daddy was coming to the Cape and I asked him to let me see you. I will go away now if you'd rather—but I'm *so* sorry—for the past."

It was the silvery voice of the little coquette, Blanche Carew, of all unlikely maidens in the land voluntarily to subject her susceptible feelings to the harrowing atmosphere of suffering.

Rapturous joy came into the hero soldier's wistful gaze.

"Then it is true—you love me?" he breathed the query, and raised the little hand to his lips.

For he had been dreaming of the bright future Herbert Newton had so often foretold, and the awakening sealed his happiness.

"Yes, I love you," she whispered her happy secret.

So in the midst of war, there fell upon these two an unspeakable peace.

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

By the Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THE CONTROL OF THE BODY

"I buffet my body, and bring it into bondage: lest by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected."—1 Cor. ix. 27

THERE is a well-known passage in Plato's "Republic" in which he pictures the human soul under the figure of a man, a lion, and a many-headed monster combined in one form. The man represents the higher nature, the reason; the lion, the angry, passionate element; the many-headed monster, the lusts and appetites. Adopting for the moment, therefore, Plato's illustration, we may define self-control as the rule of the man over the lion and the monster. And it is of this self-government, this wise ordering of a man's whole life, this subordination of the lower to the higher, the flesh to the spirit, of which I wish now to speak. Let us begin, then, with self-control in its simplest and most elementary form—the control of the body.

"I *buffet* my body," says the Apostle. The word is borrowed from the language of the pugilist in the old Grecian games. It means, literally, to "hit under the eye." Paul thinks of himself as a boxer, and of his body as his antagonist against whom he directs his well-aimed blows: "I buffet my body," "I beat it black and blue."

Let us take care that the words are not misapplied. They are no justification for the extremities of asceticism. He who wants an argument or an excuse for the neglect or the misuse of the body must not come to the New Testament, and least of all to the teaching of St. Paul. The body is meant to be the servant, the slave, of the spirit. But as the slave could not serve his master unless he were fed and cared for, so the neglect or misuse of the body means, not a greater, but a less capacity for the service of the spirit. The body has its lawful claims which must be lawfully satisfied, or it cannot do its proper work. All this Paul himself would have been the first to recognise; but it was his custom to say one thing at a time, and the one thing which he is saying here is that the body must be kept under. In the hierarchy of life there is a higher and a lower, and the lower must not be suffered to usurp the place of the higher. The body has rights as servant; it has none as master, and at all costs the soul's supremacy must be asserted and maintained. The wisely disciplined man is—to quote Professor Huxley's words — "one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience."

Of the many ways in which the supremacy of the spirit is threatened to-day by the lusts of the flesh, I can only refer, and that but in a few words, to one. Paul wrote of some in his own day whose god, he said, was the belly. That is to make the meanest kitchen-slave ruler over all the house. Yet perchance if the Apostle were with us again now he might not think the plain-spoken reproof one whit too plain. It is unhappily true that, amid all the abounding luxury of our modern life, there are tens of thousands of our fellow-countrymen who are habitually underfed; but it is also true that, apart from these, the average Briton eats and drinks a great deal more than is good for him. Dr. Maclaren once declared from his pulpit in Manchester, that "many professing Christians have the edge and keenness of their intellectual and spiritual life blunted by the luxurious and senseless table-abundance in which they habitually indulge." I have seen an extract from a medical man's diary in which the writer said that for many years he had never been entirely well. He had constant headaches and depressions, and it was seldom that he was not to some extent out of sorts. And the simple explanation was, as he had at last with shame to confess, that he over-ate himself every day at table. Then he resolved to put a stern check upon himself, and this was his testimony: "My head became clear, my eye bright, my complexion pure, my mind and feelings were redeemed from all clouds and depressions. And to-day I am a younger man at fifty than I was at thirty." It is sometimes said that the Scotsman to-day does not take so kindly either to his oatmeal porridge or his Shorter Catechism as his forefathers did. Possibly the two facts are more closely related than we imagine! Certain it is that "plain living and high thinking" are usually found together in life as they are in the poet's verse; and when high living comes in at the door, high thinking flies out at the window. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

The point to be emphasised both in regard to this and to all other appetites of the flesh is simply this: they must be mastered and kept in hand. As Peter says, they "war against the soul," and except they be held in check they will spread red ruin through the life. In every man there is something of the brute, the many-headed monster of which Plato speaks. To cast it out is impossible, but we must chain and muzzle it and keep our foot upon it, until it be wholly subdued and tamed. Let us lay it well to heart, as the ordinance of God Himself, that without self-control neither peace nor blessedness is possible to man. All authority on earth may be given unto him, but except he win and keep the captaincy of his own soul, he is utterly undone.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

* * * * *

"Now," said Christian, "let me go hence." "Nay, stay," said the Interpreter, "till I have showed thee a little more, and after that thou shalt go on thy way." So he took him by the hand again, and led him into a very dark room, where there sat a man in an iron cage. "How camest thou in this condition?" asked Christian. "I left off to watch and be sober," answered the man, "I laid the reins upon the neck of my lusts; I sinned against the light of the Word and the goodness of God; I have grieved the Spirit and He is gone; I tempted the devil, and he is come to me; I have provoked God to anger, and He has left me; I have so hardened my heart that I cannot repent." Then said the Interpreter to Christian, "Let this man's misery be remembered by thee, and be an everlasting caution to thee." "Well," said Christian, "this is fearful; God help me to watch and be sober, and to pray that I may shun the cause of this man's misery."

SECOND SUNDAY

THE CONTROL OF THE DESIRES

"The fruit of the Spirit is . . . temperance."—
Gal. v. 22, 23

In the former paper I have spoken of self-control in its simplest and most elementary form—viz., control of the body. But we shall need to advance far beyond this before we attain to the "temperance," or self-control, which the Apostle numbers among the fruits of the Spirit. The word covers, says Prof. Findlay, "the whole range of moral discipline, and concerns every sense and passion of our nature." The "temperate" man of the New Testament is he who not only abstains from excess in the use of strong drink—he does that, of course—but who holds himself well in hand, who keeps all the steeds that are yoked to the chariot of life well-bridled and bitted. The tongue, the hand and foot, the eye, the temper, the tastes and affections, all are made to feel the curb of his strong, controlling hand.

It is worthy of note, in this connection, that when Paul speaks of the "flesh," with which the "spirit" wages unceasing warfare, the word is to be interpreted in an ethical rather than a physical sense; that is to say, it denotes "not merely the body, but the whole unregenerate personality, the entire unrenewed self that thinks and feels and wills and desires apart from God." Hence in the Apostle's terrible category of the "works of the flesh," beside sins like fornication, uncleanness, drunkenness, and so forth, we find enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths, envyings, and such like. So that there is an inner spiritual self, as well as a grosser physical self, which has to be tamed and brought into subjection. "When we speak of self-denial," says William Law, "we are apt to confine it to eating and drinking; but we ought to consider that, though a strict temperance be necessary in these things, yet these are the easiest and smallest instances of self-denial. Pride, vanity, self-love, covetousness, envy, and other inclinations of the like nature call for a more constant and watchful self-denial than the appetites of hunger and thirst. Till, therefore, we make our self-denial as universal as our corruption, till we deny ourselves all degrees of vanity and folly as earnestly as we deny ourselves all degrees of drunkenness, till we reject all sorts of pride and envy as we abhor all kinds of gluttony, till we are as exact in all degrees of humility as we are exact in all rules of temperance, till we watch and deny all irregular tempers as we avoid all sorts of sensuality, we can no more be said to practise self-denial than he can be said to be just who only denies himself the liberty of stealing."

And without doubt this is the harder lesson. A man may keep under his body and yet scarce advance one step towards a true self-mastery. Nay, our very self-denial—so many and so strange are the disguises in which the human spirit can wrap itself—may come to be but another and subtler form of self-indulgence; and while we are starving and scourging and lacerating the body the seven devils of pride and uncharitableness and self-sufficiency may be holding carnival in the heart. Yet with what a strangely disproportionate zeal do we give ourselves to the tasks of the higher self-discipline! We know with what pains and diligence a man will school himself that he may always appear self-possessed in the presence of others, that he may never be guilty of anything that could be counted vulgar or ill-bred, and how, if by chance, in a ball-room or at a Christmas party, he should so far forget himself as to do anything which should cause him to "look foolish" in the eyes of others, it would be sufficient to destroy his peace of mind for a whole week afterwards. And yet that same man will let slip the hounds of pride and envy and hate, without one thought of the noble quarry which his howling pack may hunt down.

We must learn to crucify "the flesh, with the passions and the lusts thereof," to "slay our members which are upon the earth." "Our work, my work," says Amiel, "consists in taming, subduing, evangelising, angelising the evil self." Verily, it is no child's play, nor the work of a day; but it must be faced, for without self-conquest, I say again, neither peace nor blessedness is possible to man. We remember how the good Sir Richard Granville put it to Amyas Leigh: "To be bold against the enemy is common to the brutes; but the prerogative of a man is to be bold against himself. To conquer our own fancies, Amyas, and our own lusts, and our ambition in the sacred name of duty; this it is to be truly brave and truly strong."

THIRD SUNDAY

THE CONTROL OF THE THOUGHTS

"Bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."—2 Cor. x. 5.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. iv. 8

We come now to the third and most important stage in the conquest of self—the control of our thoughts. And when we remember how large a part our thoughts play in the determination of character, it is manifest there can be no complete self-control so long as these remain undisciplined. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." "The soul," says Marcus Aurelius, "is dyed the colour of its thoughts." "Do not think," says another writer, "that what your thoughts dwell upon is no matter. Your thoughts are making you. We are two men, each of us—what is seen, what is not seen. But the unseen is the maker of the other." And until that unseen worker, "the hidden man of the heart," is made subject to the law of God, the very citadel of self remains still unsubdued.

How difficult the task is we do not need to be told. The holiest men are often saddened and perplexed by evil thoughts which come they know not how or whence. And some there are who, whether as the outcome of an inherited temperament or the consequence of their own evil habits, are cursed with a steady bias downward, so that only by strenuous and persistent effort are they able to think pure and worthy thoughts at all. Nevertheless, though the task be difficult, it is not impossible, and must be accomplished if the soul is not to be brought into eternal bondage to sin.

The first thing is to recognise our responsibility in the matter. Man can control his thoughts. He can refuse to allow the mind to be determined from without, and can himself determine it from within. Evil thoughts he can repress; pure thoughts he can cherish. This is one of the great prerogatives which make us men. Indeed, we are continually both assuming and exercising the power. When a teacher bids a listless pupil "attend," and punishes him for inattention, he takes for granted the power of thought-control. I am myself at this moment, as I write, exercising the power, turning my thoughts in one direction rather than another, fixing them upon one subject to the exclusion of all others. I repeat, man can control his thoughts; he can himself determine whether his mind shall be "a mansion for all lovely forms," "a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies," or whether, instead, it shall be as some foul and noisome sewer into which are drained whatsoever things are base and bestial.

Control of the thoughts may be exercised in two ways, negative and positive. There must be, first of all, the resolute barring out from the mind of all evil, unworthy thoughts, however they may be suggested, whether by books, or pictures, or conversation, or the mind's own workings. Hour by hour the gateways of Mansoul are thronged with thoughts that seek admission. They are a strange and motley crew—good thoughts, evil thoughts, indifferent thoughts, thoughts that fight hard to gain a footing across the threshold, and thoughts that vanish away when the door is shut against them. Therefore at every gateway must the sentinel be posted, and the watch kept, and the challenge given, lest Mansoul be betrayed into the hands of her foes. And in no matter, perhaps, is there a louder call for care to-day than in the matter of our reading. Immoral books, says one thoughtful writer, "are often played with, on the specious pretence of gaining experience, or the sham chivalry that refuses to condemn even vice unheard. They are played with, a spark falls, the imagination is aflame, the whole soul is enwrapped in conflagration; and though perhaps the fire may die down and be forgotten, the conscience is for ever seared." It is a commonplace warning, I know, and some of us, perhaps, are tired of hearing it; nevertheless, if we are wise and care aught for our soul's welfare, it will not fall on deaf ears.

But the negative method, needful as it is, in itself is insufficient. We cease to do evil when we learn to do well; we die unto sin when we live unto God. Only the light can cast out the darkness, and only good thoughts can overcome evil. What the wise men used to say of nature is pre-eminently true of the heart, it abhors a vacuum; and the vacant heart lies always at the tempter's mercy. As weeds thrive best in an unsown soil so do evil thoughts flourish in an untilled heart. It is vain, as General Gordon once said, "to wish for the absence of evil and yet not to desire the presence of God." And so we come to the great exhortation of the Apostle, which every man who is scourged with evil thoughts should bind about his neck and write upon the table of his heart: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsover things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things"—let the mind live and move and have its being among these things. So shall the armies of evil withdraw and the siege of Mansoul be raised; so for us, too, shall the Psalmist's prayer be answered, and both the words of our mouth and the meditations of our heart be acceptable in the sight of God.

FOURTH SUNDAY

CHRIST-CONTROL

"Let not sin reign in your mortal body that ye should obey the lusts thereof: neither present your members unto sin as instruments of unrighteousness; but present yourselves unto God."—Rom. vi. 12, 13

"Bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."—2 Cor. x. 5

CONTROL of the body, control of the desires, control of the thoughts—these can do much; but can they do all? Will self-control save a man? Will even "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," if they are alone, "lead life to sovereign power"? They will go far to keep right the man who is right; but what can they do for the man who is down? And, remember, if we have no gospel for him, we have not yet found a gospel that is worth the name. Salvation by self-control, indeed! Why, it is the very self which has itself need to be controlled. It is not merely the steering gear of the human vessel which has got out of order, the man at the helm is stunned and helpless. Or, to change the figure, self is like some weak, unhappy monarch set upon the throne of a turbulent kingdom whose warring factions he has neither strength nor wisdom to subdue. It is the "I," the central self, which sin has weakened and enslaved, and except somehow there be deliverance and reinforcement for it, all the exhortations in the world to arise and rule will be but wasted breath. Plato can tell me that the man within should rule over the beast and the many-headed monster; but will Plato, will any one, tell me what I am to do when the brute's strong paws have pinned me to the ground and its cruel fangs are at my throat? We remember what is written of Janet Dempster in George Eliot's touching story: "She was tired, she was sick of that barren exhortation—Do right, and keep a clear conscience, and God will reward you, and your troubles will be easier to bear. She wanted strength to do right—she wanted something to rely on besides her own resolutions; for was not the path behind her all strewn with broken resolutions? How could she trust in new ones?"

It is the old confession wrung again and again from earnest souls struggling with the task of self-conquest.

> Ah for a man to arise in me,
> That the man I am may cease to be!

And just here, where all other systems and philosophies fail us, the word of the Gospel comes to our aid. God helps those who help themselves, we say sometimes; but there is no salvation in a saying like that. Immeasurably greater is the message of Christ: God helps those who cannot help themselves. When we are yet without strength—it is then He discovers Himself to us and saves us. "The Christian Church," says Canon Gore, "upholds a moral ideal, and thus teaches men the true end of human life, but the special characteristic is rather that she supplies the means than that she suggests the end."

There are many ways of stating the truth. "Temperance," or "self-control," Paul says, is a "fruit of the Spirit." It is no wild growth of nature, neither is it the product of careful soul-culture only, but it springs from that divine life which is God's gift to man through His Spirit. So again, when in the Apostle's writings we read of the strife between the flesh and the spirit, and of the final victory of the spirit, that which triumphs, the "spirit," is not simply man's unaided higher self, but the influence of God operating in and through His Holy Spirit. "Let not sin reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey the lusts thereof." But when the usurper is already in possession, what shall a man do? "Present yourselves unto God." And what we of ourselves could never do, He who is stronger than the strong man armed will accomplish for us. God makes short work of sin in a life that is wholly given up to Him. So that, to sum up all in a single word, our supreme need is not so much self-control as rather Christ control: "Bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."

I remember reading in some old story-book in childhood's days of a pair of runaway horses whose wild flight and headlong gallop threatened with terrible death those who rode in the carriage behind them. The driver lost his wits, and tugged and sawed at the reins in vain. Then one member of the party crept up quietly from behind, took his seat beside the driver, laid his own firmer hands on the reins, called to the animals, soothingly and gently, till, little by little, he quieted their mad fears and had them in hand again, and the peril was past. And when the wild horses of passion have taken the bit between their teeth, and are carrying us whithersoever they will unchecked, there is but one thing that can save us: Christ must take the reins into His own hands, He must have authority over all our life. Only by Christ-control can we win back our lost self-control, only by Christ-control can we be saved.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

TO the student who takes a delight in the byways of historical research, the attractiveness and the value of the late Canon Bardsley's Dictionary of Surnames* cannot be overrated. It embodies the unwearied inquiry of something like thirty years, during which the cares and duties of a busy ministerial life left but too little leisure for the investigation required by so arduous a task. It is only necessary to say that the book runs to 837 pages to indicate the vast area that has been covered; and the most cursory examination of half a dozen of these will suffice to convince even the ordinary layman that the author has amassed materials which will prove of the greatest service in other regions of research. Apart from its scholarly aim and accomplishment, the work is one which ought to be of great popular interest. We are all curious regarding names and surnames—their significance, their antiquity, the changes they have undergone on the lips of many generations, and the changes of personal fortune which these last so often reflect. One recollects Tess Durbeyfield, and the rows and rows of dead D'Urbervilles in their vaults, "with effigies under Purbeck-marble canopies"; and curiously in keeping with this corruption of a name is the occurrence of numerous handsome and beautiful faces and figures among the peasantry, which Mr. W. H. Hudson, the naturalist, explains by the continual submergence in the lower ranks of a very large number of persons of good family. Conversely, the names of many powerful and illustrious men preserve the record of a lowly lineage, which notwithstanding its lowliness, may reach back to a considerable antiquity.

In his admirable Introduction Canon Bardsley points out that the purpose of his work is "to supply materials for an etymological dictionary of English and Welsh surnames." He has, he says, "gone little further than an attempt to trace back our names to their original forms . . . and to place each, however misleading in appearance to-day, in its own particular class." Earlier writers have gone further afield, but in many instances, it is to be feared, they have not satisfied the requirements of this essential preliminary stage of investigation. For example, it may or it may not be the case that the name Clutterbuck is, as Mr. Ferguson believes, a local name derived from "the Anglo-Saxon *hluttorbeck*, clear brook," but, so far at least as the English history of the name is concerned, the matter must stop short with Canon Bardsley's note: "This family settled in England from the Low Countries at the time of the Duke of Alva's persecution of the Protestants."

Even in so innocent a pursuit as this there seems to be an element of personal danger from the susceptibilities of persons who bear a name which suggests a more humble origin than they can regard with equanimity. The Canon mentions that as the result of his explanation of the simple occupative surname "Mason, a builder," he received a wrathful protest from a lady who stated that *her* name was Mason, but that she was "a direct descendant from Mnason in the Acts of the Apostles, and that the family had worked their way through Phrygia and Pamphylia into Western Europe, and finally settled in the county from which she addressed her letter." This was, no doubt, a notable derivation, and deserving of wondering reverence; but after all it is not unique, if we may accept the assertion that the surname Ballhatchet comes from the Phœnician Baal-yachi, the Beloved of Baal, and that the bearers of it were originally a priestly family who served the Temple of the Sun which stood on the spot now known as Ipplepen, near Totnes, and who, despite changes of faith and the vicissitudes of conquest, preserved the priestly patrimony, the ancestral name (modified by rustic tongues), and the oriental features, through nineteen or twenty centuries down to what may be called the day before yesterday. Less than a dozen years ago these details were vouched for as facts, and reference was made to a gravestone inscribed with the name Baalyachi, in the island of Pantellaria, some sixty miles south-west of Scilly.

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* "A Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames, with special American Instances," by the late Charles Wareing Bardsley, M.A., late Vicar of Ulverston and Honorary Canon of Carlisle Cathedral, author of "English Surnames, their Sources and Significations," &c. Henry Frowde, 21s. net.

To return, however, to matters less open to controversy, I find that Canon Bardsley divides our surnames into four classes: Baptismal or Personal Names, Local Surnames, Official and Occupative Surnames, and Nicknames. Of these the local names are the most numerous, and next in point of frequency are the baptismal names with their countless shortenings, pet forms, and diminutives. Wales, however, presents a phenomenal exception to the practice of the whole of Western Europe. In the Principality "there is scarcely a trade name, only a few nicknames, no official surnames that I know of, just a sprinkling of local surnames, and the rest, quite 95 per cent., are baptismal names,"—with results in the way of confusion of identity easily conceivable. One of the greatest difficulties which the student encounters in the task of solving the origin of surnames is occasioned by lingual corruptions, and by the instinctive desire of people who have forgotten the primitive meaning to modify the name so that it may convey some meaning. And here guessing is pernicious; the only safe method is to discover the earliest form by the investigation of ancient registers. In the old days when orthographical consistency was undreamed of, and our "aunt's sisters" spelt in a way which struck Little Lord Fauntleroy as pretty much on a par with his own, there were ample facilities for corruption. The Mannerings of Cheshire are said to have discovered 137 different ways of writing the name in their archives, and still more bewildering ingenuity was exercised in the case of Cushion, over 400 variations of which appear in wills and other documents. As to popular corruptions, we need but remember the Iron Devil (Hirondelle), Bully Ruffian (Bellerophon), Mahogany Tom (Agamemnon), and Fish (Psyche) of our own generation to understand the divagations of our forbears. Little wonder that we are puzzled with such names as Gotobed and Scattergood, which have no reference to a somnolent temperament on the one hand, or to an open-handed benevolence on the other. "A mere nickname," as Canon Bardsley remarks, "could not be found all over the country," and Gotobed is simply "the son of Godebert." Similarly Scattergood is "the son of Schatregod," Waygood "the son of Wigod," Bidgood "the son of Biggegod," and Allgood "the son of Algod." It is easy to understand that a man might be called Thoroughgood, or—less cordially—Goodenough, but unless it were ironically Toogood seems impossible. Thoroughgood and Toogood, however, are only "the son of Thurgod" in disguise; and Goodenough is probably a local name, from Godin, the first settler, and his *hough*, *haugh*, or *how*, the hill or mound on which he laid his hearthstone. The explanation of Goodenough does not encourage the surmise that the ancestor of the Birchenoughs was a stern disciplinarian, yet he may have been, as his residence must have stood on or near a *birchen-hough*, a hill covered with birch-trees. As curious a disguise as any among surnames, is that of Ambrey, Amary or Emery, which last form lingered on to the close of the eighteenth century as a girl or a boy's name. Who, even with the assistance of its variants, Almaric, Almeric and Americ, would connect it with the Italian form of Amerigo which still lives on in the name of the mighty continent in the West?

No one will doubt that Smith is the commonest name in the United Kingdom. According to Canon Bardsley there are 300,000 Smiths in England—"very different from the state of Israel, when 'there was no smith found in all the land of Israel' (I Sam. XII. 19)." "This," he continues with one of his twinkles of humour, "always seems to me the hardest verse in the Bible to read in church without smiling." Of the colour-smiths only two survive as occupative terms; no one now speaks of a brownsmith (a copper or brass worker) although we still speak of a "brown" as a piece of our currency, or of a red-smith or greensmith for a worker in gold or in lead. It would be interesting to know how Smith compares with Wright (alone or in composition) as regards frequency and locality. Smith, the worker with the hammer, dates back, I should fancy, to the days of the flint axe and stone celt, the tool *par excellence*; Wright, the man who wrought, who turned his hand to any manner of making, appears to indicate a later stage in human labour. The surname Allwright, however, does not imply an exceptional versatility. It is a mere corruption of Alderich, just as Woolwright is of Wulfric and Kenwright of Kendrick. In Arkwright, though, we have a recollection of the ark, the old-fashioned meal chest of the North Countrie. The "ark" reminds one of Moses, and it is curious that in the 13th and 14th centuries Moses was a popular font-name, and gave rise to an English family name Moyses, independent of any Jewish descent. In this connection, I recollect a curious note in Carmichael's "Carmina Gadelica," respecting the word "maize," which is familiar enough beyond Tweed as a measure of herrings. The maize is now a willow basket, but according to Mr. Carmichael it was formerly made of reeds or rushes, and was "perhaps called maois (in the Gælic) from Maois, Moses"; in other words a Moses-basket, fashioned of rushes like the ark that was laid in the flags by the river's brink. Strange glimpses one gains of an England hard to realise in such a surname as Chimney. The chimney is said to have been introduced in 1203, and to have been confined to the kitchen and great hall; it came into general use in domestic architecture in 1310. It must have been still a novelty in 1293, when John de la Chimyne lived within vision of the blue smoke from a roof somewhere in Yorkshire. And the Wolfhunts preserve for us a suggestion of the howling weald and the snuffing of savage creatures at the door on a winter's night. Richard le Wulfhunt appears to us for a moment in the Kent landscape in 1273. Eight years later Peter Corbet—a descendant doubtless of the Norman noble who came over with the Conqueror—was commissioned by writ to kill wolves in Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Shropshire and Stafford. Contemporary with Richard the Wolfhunter were Matilda la Barbaresse, of County Cambridge, an ancestress of some of the Barbaresses of to-day; Simon le Shobegg'e, of the same county, who apparently made a living by calling on householders for old shoes, and left a family name that few would care to keep; John le Gigur, who played jigs on the gigue (Italian *giga*, a fiddle) and left his name to be transformed into Jigger; and Richard le Vielur, whose descendants became Vidlers, and whose name shows the connecting link between *viol* and *fiddle*. Indeed this same Kentish wolfhunter may have listened at some wedding-feast or fair to the merry music of another Richard—le Cruder, who also appears in the rolls of Kent for the same year, and whose name in its modern form of Crowther has attained to a dignity and distinction which were little dreamed of by the mediæval minstrel.

The blending of Norman and Saxon reveals itself in the translation of the names of the conquerors. Whitebread or Whitbread is merely the English of Blanchpain; Cutbush of Tailleboys, which itself became misleadingly anglicised as Talboys; Handsomebody of Gentilcorps, though Gentilcorps survived till it disappeared in the corruption Jellicoe; and Fairbrother is the equivalent of Beaufrere, to which same Beaufrere, Canon Bardsley thinks, we are indebted for the otherwise unmeaning term of good fellowship, "Old Buffer." Bellamy (Bel ami) and Bonamy (Bon ami) belong to the same class, and to it we must add Belcher, though we are hardly prepared to recognise in that unattractive form either the *bel-sire* (grandfather) of the "Promptorium Parvulorum" or the *bel-chere* (good friend) of the York Mystery Play. Fragments of the old folk-speech are also preserved in several of these surnames. In Cornwall we have several Hexts, descended probably from the tallest member of some household. They keep alive the Anglo-Saxon *hexta*, highest, which, I find, is given as "hext" in Wright's "Provincial English." The name Hazel points to the original residence of the bearer being near some noticeable hazel-growth; but in Somerset an early form of "hazel" was "halse" and in the same county we find Halses dating back to Edward III. "Alpe has existed as a surname in co. Norfolk for six centuries," and the alpe is the bullfinch, which Chaucer heard singing in the fair garden the wicket of which Ydelnesse opened to him in "The Romaunt of the Rose":—

> In many places were nyghtyngales,
> Alpès, fynchès, and wodèwales,
> That in her swetè song deliten.

Alpe brings us to the extremely interesting class of bird-surnames—Wren, Jay, Dove, Nightingale, Woodcock and so on, regarding which I can only pause to remark that one of the most curious is the humble Spark, which is found as early as Domesday under the forms Sperhauoc and Sparhauoc, the Sparrow-hawk; and that Rainbird does not belong to the *aves* at all but is simply, like Rainbow, a corruption of the personal name Raynebaud or Reynebold. I notice, by the way, that the Canon has put down the surname Chickin as extinct in this country. It maybe so to-day, but there was certainly one survivor in the person of a small schoolfellow forty years ago.

Probably the most startling names in the directories are Anguish, Pain, and Death, but investigation shows them to be but tragic impostors. Anguish is merely a man of Angus; Pain, the son of Pagan, a favourite fontname of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and Death, a man of Dethe, a place which the author has failed to locate, but which, it seems not unlikely, might be discoverable in Cambridgeshire.

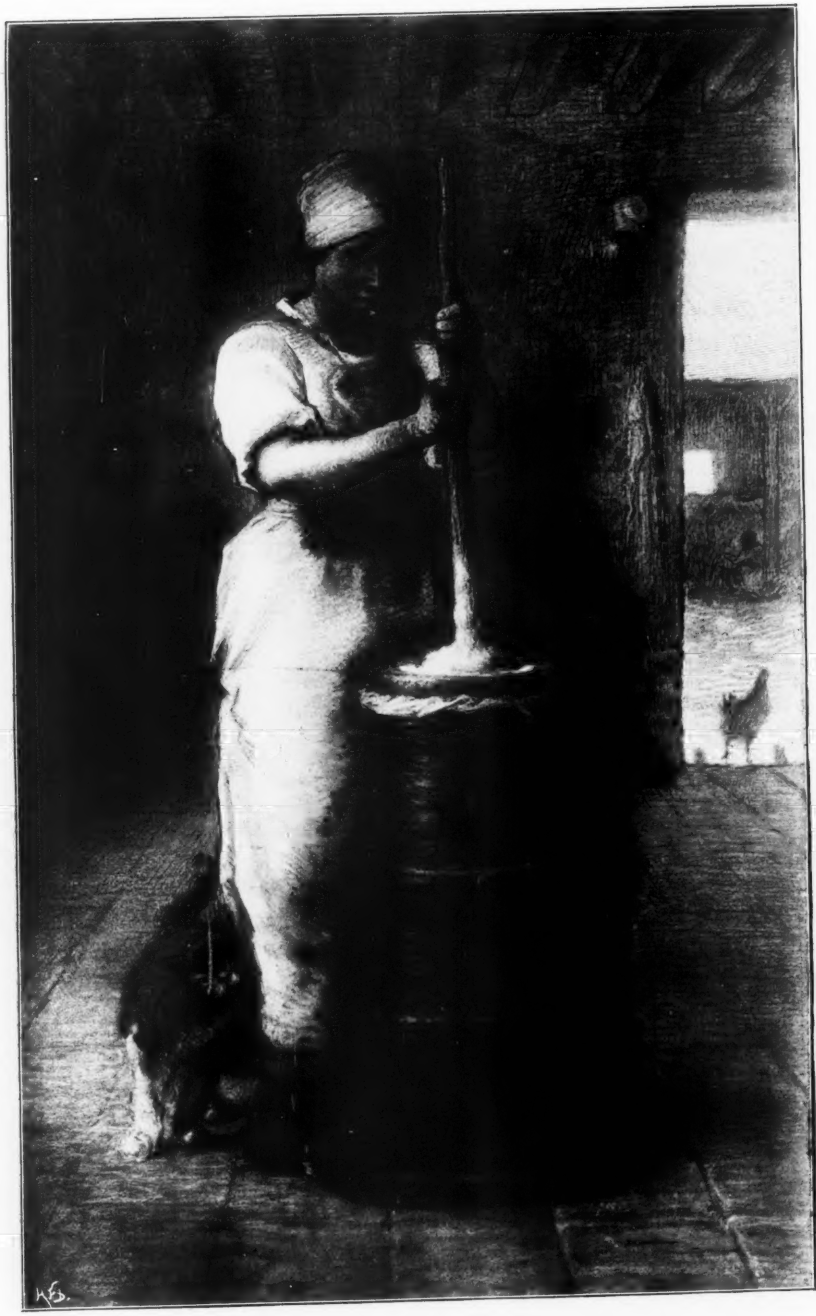
Among the occupative names it is singular that so many should have become obsolete and unintelligible to the ordinary reader. To the seventh standard even it would probably be news that the Alabasters, Balestiers and Bannisters were all originally cross-bowmen, that the Kissers were not lovers but makers of cuishes or thigh-armour, the Aguylars needle-makers, the Blackistors and Blaxters bleachers, the Billiters bell-founders, the Pennigers banner-men, the Lorimers horse-bit makers, and so on.

Now that the French religious orders are migrating to the freedom and security of English earth it may be worth noting that Benn, Bennet, Bennie, Bennison and Benson are surnames which owe their origin to the neighbourhood of the Benedictine monasteries in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The name of another saint has also its interest in this respect. Sidney, like Mont Cénis, derives from St. Denis; "and Dennison or Tennyson or Tennison, in nine cases out of ten are descendants of the feminine Dionise." Mention of Tennyson reminds one that the surnames Isard, Isitt, Izzard and Isett all spring from Isolt of

> The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes,

while Juniper, Junifer, Gaynor and Gainer are all "the sons of Guinevere."

I have plucked but a few ears from the great harvest-wain which Canon Bardsley has filled; sufficient however, to indicate the varied and delightful character of his labours. Prefixed to the volume is a charming little biographical sketch by the author's brother, the Lord Bishop of Carlisle. Charles Wareing Bardsley was the sixth of the seven sons of the late Canon James Bardsley of Manchester; the Bishop is himself the eldest. In the days when he was curate at Keighley, the father and his young wife were frequent visitors at Haworth parsonage; and some years later, when "Shirley" was published, they were greatly relieved, we are told, when they found that "they personally had not supplied any materials for the lively sketches of the three typical curates delineated in its pages." Very delightful is the picture of the father struggling between a stern sense of duty and the more liberal notions of a younger generation. "Great was the delight of his sons," writes the Bishop, "when they beheld the good old man enjoying to the full the entertainments of the inimitable Corney Grain, whilst carefully drawing for their moral benefit a distinction between such an entertainment and a visit to a good theatre, which would have been an offence in no way to be condoned." It was while attending the Manchester Grammar school that Charles, glancing up at the names over the shops, began to take an interest in the subject which became his life-study. At Oxford he began to suffer from the horrors of insomnia, which, after fifteen years of active service in the ministry, first at Manchester, and afterwards as Vicar of Ulverston, compelled him to take himself with his wife and two children to the quietude and inspiration of his University city. There he died very suddenly, in his fifty-fifth year, on the 30th October 1898. The Dictionary, the great work of his life, he left unfinished; and indeed its publication to-day is the result of the untiring devotion of Mrs. Bardsley, who spent two years in the laborious deciphering of her husband's microscopic manuscript. He himself set no overweening estimate on the value of his labours; he regarded them rather as a hobby which was harmless, and might be useful. Experts, however, have not been slow to correct that too modest judgment of a work which now takes a unique position and will long be cited as *the* authority.



(W. A. Mansell, photo., London)

THE CHURNER

By J. F. Millet

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE

By NEIL MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

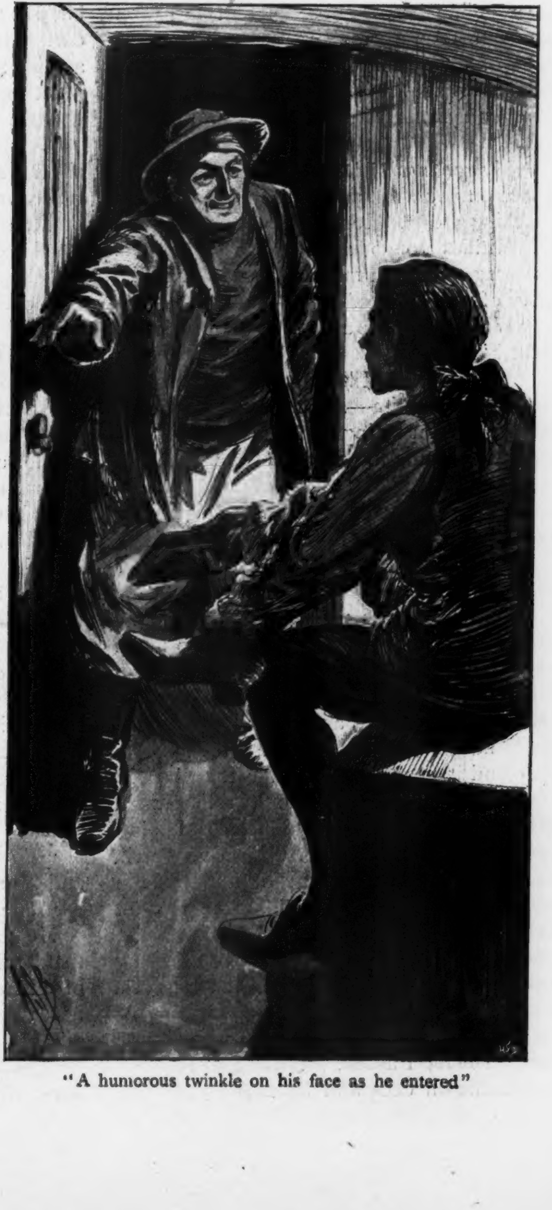
CHAPTER XXXIX

DISCLOSES THE MANNER OF MY ESCAPE AND HOW WE SET SAIL FOR ALBION

THUROT turned the key on me with a pleasantry that was in no accordance with my mood, and himself retired to the round house on deck where his berth was situated. I sat on a form for a little, surrendered all to melancholy, then sought to remove it by reading, as sleep in my present humour was out of the question. My reading, though it lasted for an hour or two, was scarcely worth the name, for my mind continually wandered from the page. I wondered if my note to Kilbride had been delivered, and if any step on his part was to be expected therefrom; the hope that rose with that reflection died at once upon the certainty that as the Dutch seaman had not signalled as he had promised he had somehow learned the true nature of my condition in the frigate. Had he told Thurot? If he had told Thurot—which was like enough—that I had communicated with any one outside the vessel there was little doubt that the latter would take adequate steps to prevent interference by Kilbride or any one else.

We are compact of memories, a mere bundle of bygone days, childish recollections, ancient impressions, and so an older experience came to me too, of the night I sat in the filthy cabin of Dan Risk's doomed vessel hearing the splash of illegitimate oars, anticipating with a mind scarcely more disturbed than I had just now, the step of the officer from the prison at Blackness and the clutch of the chilly fetters.

There was a faint but rising nor'-east wind. It sighed among the shrouds of the frigate. I could hear it even in the cabin,



"A humorous twinkle on his face as he entered" pensive like the call of the curfew at a great distance. The waves washed against the timbers in curious short gluckings and hissings. On the vessel herself not a sound was to be heard, until of a sudden there came a scratching at my cabin door!

It was incredible! I had heard no footstep on the companion, and I had ceased to hope for anything from the Dutchman!

"Who's there?" I asked softly, and at that the key outside was turned and I was fronted by Kilbride!

He wore the most ridiculous travesty of the Dutchman's tarry breeks and tarpaulin hat and coarse wide jumper, and in the light of my candle there was a humorous twinkle on his face as he entered, closed the door softly after him and sat down beside me.

"My goodness!" he whispered, "you have a face on you as if you were in a grave-yard watching ghosts. It's time you were steeping the withies to go away as we say in the Language, and you may be telling me all the story of it elsewhere."

"Where's the Dutchman that took my letter?" I asked.

"Where," said Kilbride, "but in the place that well befits him—at the lug of an anker of Rotterdam gin taking his honest night's rest. I'm here guizing in his tarry clothes, and if I were Paul Greig of the Hazel Den I would be clapping on my hat gey quick and getting out of here without any more parley."

"You left him in the hoy!" said I astonished.

"Faith there was nothing better for it!" said he coolly. "Breuer gave him so much of the juniper for old acquaintance that when I left he was so full of it that he had lost the power of his legs and you might as well try to keep a string of fish standing."

"And it was you took Clancarty ashore?"

"Who else? And I don't think it's a great conceit of myself to believe I play-acted the Dutch tarry-breeks so very well, though I was in something of a tremble in case the skipper here would make me out below my guizard's clothes. You may thank your stars the moon was as late of rising this night as a man would be that was at a funeral yesterday."

"And where's the other man who was on this vessel?" I asked, preparing to go.

"Come on deck and I'll show you," said Kilbride, checking a chuckle of amusement at something.

We crept softly on deck into the night now slightly lit by a moon veiled by watery clouds. The ship seemed all our own and we were free to leave her when we chose for the small boat hung at her stern.

"You were asking for the other one," said Kilbride. "There he is," and he pointed to a huddled figure bound upon the waist. "When I came on board after landing Clancarty this stupid fellow discovered I was a stranger and nearly made an outcry; but I hit him on the lug with the loom of an oar. He'll not be observing very much for a while yet, but I was bound all the same to put a rope on him to prevent him disturbing Captain Thurot's sleep too soon."

We spoke in whispers for the night seemed all ear and I was for ever haunted by the reflection that Thurot was divided from us by little more than an inch or two of teakwood. Now and then the moon peeped through a rift of cloud and lit a golden roadway over the sea, enticing me irresistibly home.

"Oh God, I wish I was in Scotland!" I said passionately.

"Less luck than that will have to be doing us," said Kilbride fumbling at the painter of the boat. "The hoy sets sail for Calais in an hour or two, and it's plain from your letter we'll be best to be taking her round that length."

"No, not Calais," said I. "It's too serious a business with me for that. I'm wanting England, and wanting it unco fast."

"*Oh dhe!*" said my countryman, "here's a fellow with the appetite of Prince Charlie and as likely to gratify it. What for must it be England, *loachain?*"

"I can only hint at that," I answered hastily, "and that in a minute. Are ye loyal?"

"To a fine fellow called Mackellar first and to my king and country after!"

"The Stuarts?" said I.

He cracked his thumb. "It's all by with that," said he quickly and not without a tone of bitterness. "The breed of them has never been loyal to me, and if I could wipe out of my life six months of the cursedest folly in Forty-five I would go back to Scotland with the first chance and throw my bonnet for Geordie ever after like the greasiest burgess ever sold a wab of cloth or a cargo of Virginia in Glasgow."

"Then," I said, "you and me's bound for England this night for I have that in my knowledge should buy the safety of the pair of us," and I briefly conveyed my secret.

He softly whistled with astonishment.

"Man! it's a gey taking idea," he confessed. "But the bit is to get over the Channel."

"I have thought of that," said I. "Here's a smuggler wanting no more than a rag of sail in this wind to make the passage in a couple of days."

"By the Holy Iron it's the very thing!" he interrupted, slapping his leg.

It takes a time to tell all this in writing but in actual fact our whole conversation together in the cabin and on the deck occupied less than five minutes. We were both of us too well aware of the value of time to have had it otherwise and waste moments in useless conversation.

"What is to be done is this," I suggested, casting a rapid glance along the decks and upwards to the spars. "I will rig up a sail of some sort here and you will hasten over again in the small boat to the hoy and give Father Hamilton the option of coming with us. He may or he may not care to run the risks involved in the exploit but at least we owe him the offer."

"But when I'm across at the hoy there, here's you with this dovering body and Captain Thurot. Another knock might settle the one but you would scarcely care to have knocks going in the case of an old friend like Tony Thurot who's only doing his duty in keeping you here with such a secret in your charge."

"I have thought of that too," I replied quickly, "and I will hazard Thurot."

Kilbride lowered himself into the small-boat, pushed off from the side of the frigate, and in silence half-drifted in the direction of the Dutch vessel. My plans were as clear in my head as if they had been printed on paper. First of all I took such provender as I could get from my cabin and placed it along with a breaker of water and a lamp in the cutter. Then I climbed the shrouds of the frigate, and cut away a small sail that I guessed would serve my purpose, letting it fall into the cutter. I made a shift at sheets and gaskets and found that with a little contrivance I could spread enough canvas to take the cutter in that weather at a fair speed before the wind that had a blessed disposition towards the coast of England. I worked so fast it was a miracle, dreading at every step—at every rustle of the stolen sail—at every creak of the cutter on the fenders, that either the Captain or his unconscious seaman would awake.

My work was scarcely done when the small-boat came off again from the hoy, and as she drew cautiously near I saw that Mackellar had with him the bulky figure of the priest. He climbed ponderously, at my signal, into the cutter, and Mackellar joined me for a moment on the deck of the frigate.

"He goes with us then?" I asked, indicating the priest.

"To the Indies if need be," said Kilbride. "But the truth is that this accident is a perfect God-send to him, for England's the one place below the firmament he would choose for a refuge at this moment. Is all ready?"

"If my sail-making's to be relied on she's in the best of trim," I answered.

"And—what do ye call it?—all found?"

"A water breaker, a bottle of brandy, a bag of bread——"

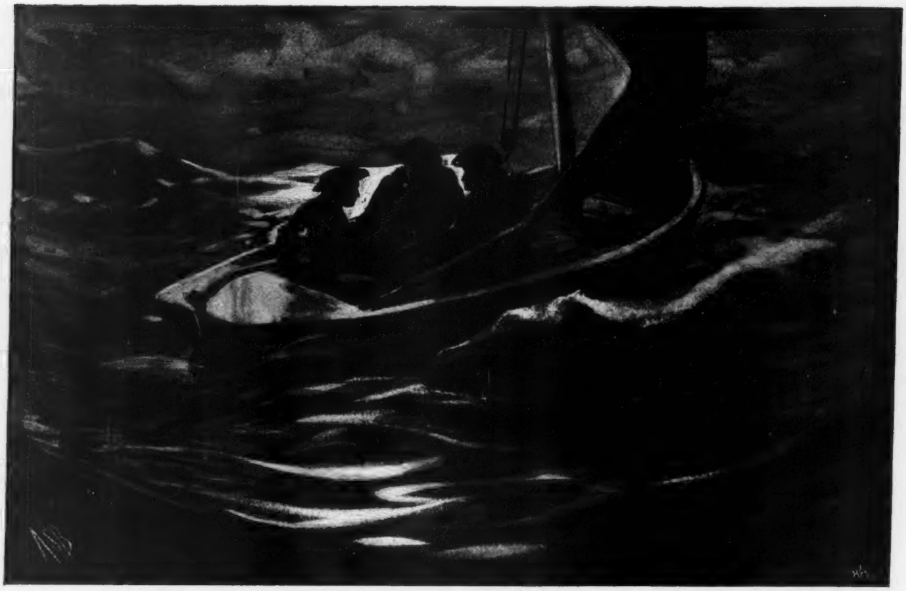
"Enough for a foray of fifty men!" he said heartily. "Give me meal and water in the heel of my shoe and I would count it very good vivers for a fortnight."

He went into the cutter; I released the ropes that bound her to the frigate and followed him.

"*Mon Dieu!* dear lad, 'tis a world of most fantastic happenings," was all the poor old priest said, shivering in the cold night air.

We had to use the oars of the frigate's small-boat for a stroke or two so as to get the cutter round before the wind; she drifted quickly from the large ship's side almost like a living thing with a crave for freedom at last realised; up speedily ran her sail, unhandsome yet sufficient, the friendly air filled out the rustling folds and drove her through the night into the open sea.

There is something in a moonlight night at sea that must touch in the most cloddish heart a spring of fancy. It is friendlier than the dawn that at its most glorious carries a hint of sorrow, or than the bravest sunset



"Through the night into the open sea"

that reminds us life is a brief day at the best of it, and the one thing sempiternal yet will be the darkness. We sat in the well of the cutter—three odd adventurers, myself the most silent because I had the double share of dubiety about the enterprise, for who could tell how soon the doomster's hand would be on me once my feet were again on British soil? Yet now when I think of it—of the moon-lit sea, the swelling sail above us, the wake behind that shone with fire—I must count it one of the happiest experiences of my life.

The priest looked back at the low land of France receding behind us, with its scattered lights on the harbour and the shore, mere subjects to the queenly moon. "There goes poor Father Hamilton," said he whimsically, "happy school-boy, foolish lover in Louvain, that had never but moonlit eves, parish priest of Dixmunde, working two gardens, human and divine, understanding best the human where his bees roved, but loving all men good and ill. There goes the spoiled page, the botched effort, and here's a fat old man at the start of a new life, and never to see his darling France again. Ah! the good mother; *Dieu te benisse.*"

CHAPTER XL

MY INTERVIEW WITH PITT

Of our voyage across the Channel there need be no more said than that it was dull to the very verge of monotony, for the wind, though favourable, was often in a faint where our poor sail shook idly at the mast. Two days later we were in London, and stopped at the Queen's Head above Craig's Court in Charing Cross.

And now I had to make the speediest possible arrangement for a meeting with those who could make the most immediate and profitable use of the tidings I was in a position to lay before them, by no means an easy matter to decide upon for a person who had as little knowledge of London as he had of the Cities of the Plain.

Mackellar—ever the impetuous Gael—was for nothing less than a personal approach to his Majesty.

"The man that is on the top of the hill will always be seeing furthest," he said. "I have come in contact with the best in Europe on that understanding, but it calls for a kind of Hielan' tact that—that——"

"That you cannot credit to a poor lowlander like myself," said I, amused at his vanity.

"Oh, I'm meaning no offence, just no offence at all," he responded quickly, and flushing at his *faux pas*. "You have as much talent of the kind as the best of us, I'm not denying, and I have just the one advantage, that I was brought up in a language that has delicacies of address beyond the expression of the English or the French that is, in some measure, like it."

"Well," said I, "the spirit of it is obviously not to be translated into English, judging from the way you go on crying up your countrymen at the expense of my own."

"That is true enough," he conceded, "and a very just observe; but no matter, what I would be at is that your news is worth too much to be wasted on any poor lackey hanging about his Majesty's back door, who might either sell it or you on his own behoof, or otherwise make a mull of the matter with the very best intentions. If you would take my way of it, there would be but Geordie himself for you."

"What have you to say to that?" I asked the priest, whose knowledge of the world struck me as in most respects more trustworthy than that of this impetuous Highland chirurgeon.

"A plague of your kings! say I; sure I know nothing about them, for my luck has rubbed me against the gabardine and none of your ermined cloaks. There must be others who know his Majesty's affairs better than his Majesty himself otherwise what advantage were there in being a king?"

In fine his decision was for one of the Ministers, and at last the Secretary of State was decided on.

How I came to meet with Mr. Pitt need not here be recorded; 'twas indeed more a matter of good luck than of good guidance and had there been no Scots House of Argyll perhaps I had never got rid of my weighty secret after all. I had expected to meet a man magnificent in robes of state; instead of which 'twas a man in a blue coat with yellow metal buttons, full round bob wig, a large hat and no sword-bag nor ruffles that met me—more like a country coachman or a waggoner than a personage of importance.

He scanned over again the letter that had introduced me and received me cordially enough. In a few words I indicated that I was newly come from France, whence I had escaped in a smuggler's boat, and that I had news of the first importance which I counted it my duty to my country to convey to him with all possible expedition.

At that his face changed and he showed singularly little eagerness to hear any more.

"There will be—there will be the—the usual bargain, I presume, Mr. Greig?" he said, half-smiling. "What are the conditions on which I am to have this vastly important intelligence?"

"I never dreamt of making any, sir," I answered promptly, with some natural chagrin, and yet mixed with a little confusion that I should in truth be expecting something in the long run for my story.

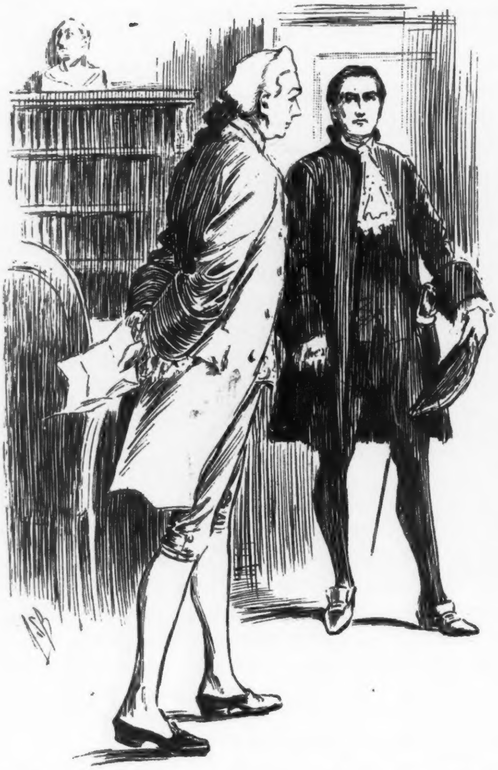
"Pardon my stupid pleasantry, Mr. Greig," he said, reddening slightly. "I have been so long one of his Majesty's ministers and of late have seen so many urgent couriers from France with prime news to be bargained for that I have grown something of a cynic. You are the first that has come with a secret not for sale. Believe me your story will have all the more attention because it is offered disinterestedly."

In twenty minutes I had put him into possession of all I knew of the plans for invasion. He walked up and down the room, with his hands behind his back, intently listening, now and then uttering an exclamation incredulous or astonished.

"You are sure of all this?" he asked at last sharply, looking in my face with embarrassing scrutiny.

"As sure as any mortal man may be with the gift of all his senses," I replied firmly. "At this moment Thurot's vessel is, I doubt not, taking in her stores; the embarkation of troops is being practised daily, troops are assembled all along the coast from Brest to Vannes, and——"

"Oh! on these points we are naturally, not wholly dark," said the minister. "We have known for a year of this somewhat theatrical display on the part of the French, but the lines of the threatened invasion are not such as your remarkable narrative suggest. You have been good enough to honour me with your confidence, Mr. Greig; let me reciprocate by telling you that we have our—our good friends in France, and that for six



"He showed singularly little eagerness to hear any more"

months back I have been in possession of the Chevalier D'Arcy's instructions to Dumont to reconnoitre the English coast, and of Dumont's report, with the chart of the harbours and towns where he proposed that the descent should be made." He smiled somewhat grimly. "The gentleman who gave us the information," he went on, "stipulated for twenty thousand pounds and a pension of two thousand a year as the just reward for his loving service to his country in her hour of peril. He was not to get his twenty thousand, I need scarcely say, but he was to get something in the event of his intelligence proving to be accurate, and if it were for no more than to get the better of such a dubious patriot, I should wish his tale wholly disproved, though we have hitherto acted on the assumption that it might be trustworthy. There cannot be alternative plans of invasion; our informant — another Scotsman I may say— is either lying, or has merely the plan of a feint."

"You are most kind, sir," said I.

"Oh," he said, "I take your story first, and as probably the most correct, simply because it comes from one that loves his country and makes no bagman's bargains for the sale of secrets vital to her existence."

"I am much honoured, sir," said I, with a bow.

And then he stopped his walk abruptly and faced me again.

"You have told me, Mr. Greig," he went on, "that Conflans is to descend in a week or two on the coast of Scotland, and that Thurot is to create a diversion elsewhere with the aid of the Swedes. I have, from the most delicate considerations, refrained from asking you how you know all this."

"I heard it from the lips of Thurot himself."

"Thurot! impossible!" he murmured.

"Of Thurot himself, sir."

"You must be much in that pirate's confidence," said Mr. Pitt, for the first time with suspicion.

"Not to that extent that he would tell me of his plans for invading my country," I answered, "and I learned these things by the merest accident. I overheard him speak last Sunday in Dunkerque with the Young Pretender——"

"The Pretender!" cried the minister, shrugging his shoulders, and looking at me with more suspicion than ever. "You apparently move in the most select and interesting society, Mr. Greig?"

"In this case, sir, it was none of my choosing," I replied, and went on briefly to explain how I had got into Thurot's chamber unknown to him, and unwittingly overheard the Prince and he discuss the plan.

"Very good, very good, and still—you will pardon me—I cannot see how so devout a patriot as Mr. Greig should be in the intimacy of men like Thurot."

"A most natural remark under the circumstances," I replied. "Thurot saved my life from a sinking British vessel and it is no more than his due to say he proved a very good friend to me many a time since. But

I knew nothing of his plans of invasion, for he knew very well I had no sympathy with them nor with Charles Edward, and, as I have told you, he made me his prisoner on his ship so that I might not betray what I had overheard."

The minister made hurried notes of what I had told him, and concluded the interview by asking where I could be communicated with during the next few days.

I gave him my direction at the Queen's Head, but added that I had it in my mind to go shortly to Edinburgh, where my address would be best known to the Lord Advocate.

"The Lord Advocate!" said Mr. Pitt, raising his eyebrows.

"I may as well make a clean breast of it, sir," I proceeded hurriedly, "and say that I left Scotland under circumstances peculiarly distressing. Thurot saved me from a ship called the *Seven Sisters*, that had been scuttled and abandoned with only myself and a seaman on board of her in mid-channel, by a man named Daniel Risk."

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Pitt, "the scoundrel Risk was tried in Edinburgh a month or two ago on several charges, including the one you mention, and he has either been hanged, or is waiting to be hanged at this moment, in the jail at Edinburgh."

"I was nominally purser on the *Seven Sisters*, but in actual fact I was fleeing from justice."

The minister hemmed, and fumbled with his papers.

"It was owing to a duelling affair, in which I had the misfortune to—to—kill my opponent. I desire, sir, above all, to be thoroughly honest, and I was bound to tell you it was my first intention to make the conveyance of this plan of Thurot's a lever to secure my pardon for the crime of manslaughter which lies at my charge. I would wish now that my loyalty to my country was really disinterested, and I have, in the last half-hour, made up my mind to surrender myself to the law of Scotland."

"That is for yourself to decide on," said the minister more gravely, "but I would advise the postponement of your departure to Edinburgh until you hear further from me. I shall expect to find you at the inn at Charing Cross during the next week; thereafter——"

He paused for a moment. "Well—thereafter we shall see," he added.

After a few more words of the kindest nature the minister shook hands with the confessed man-slayer (it flashed on me as a curious circumstance) and I went back to join the priest and my fellow countrymen.

They were waiting full of impatience.

"Hast the King's pardon in thy pocket, friend Scotland?" cried Father Hamilton; then his face sunk in sympathy with the sobriety of my own that was due to my determination on a surrender to justice once my business with the Government was over.

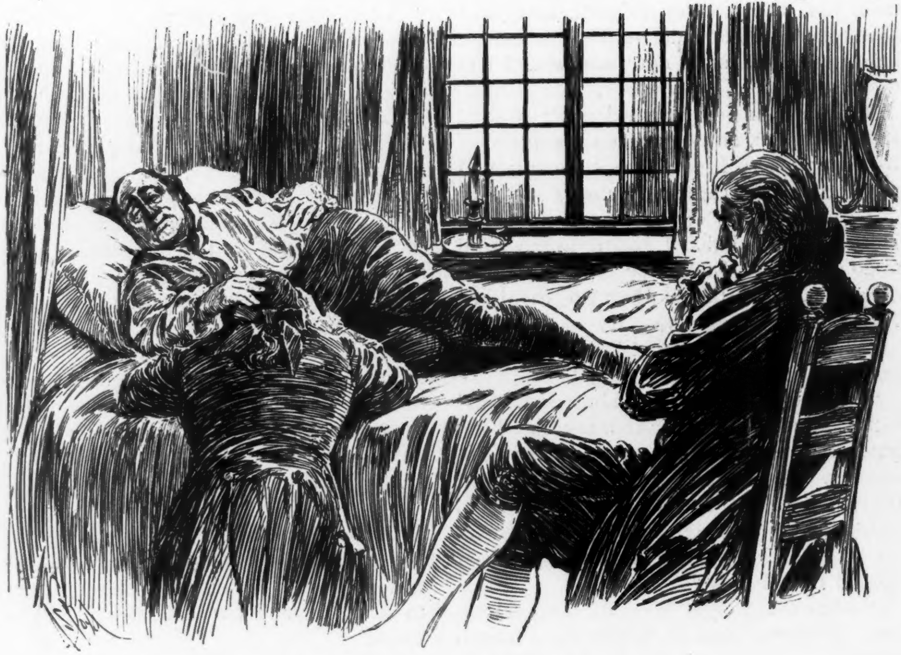
"I have no more in my pocket than I went out with in the morning," said I. "But my object, so far, has been served. Mr. Pitt knows my story and is like to take such steps as may be needful. As for my own affair I have mentioned it, but it has gone no further than that."

"You're not telling me you did not make a bargain of it before saying a word about the bit plan?" cried Mackellar in surprise, and could scarcely find words strong enough to condemn me for what he described as my stupidity.

"Many a man will sow the seed that will never eat the syboe," was his comment; "and was I not right yonder when I said yon about the tact? If it had been me now I would have gone very canny to the King himself and said: 'Your Majesty, I'm a man that has made a slip in a little affair as between gentlemen, and had to put off abroad until the thing blew by. I can save the lives of many thousand Englishmen, and perhaps the country itself by intelligence that came to my knowledge when I was abroad; if I prove it, will your Majesty pardon the thing that lies at my charge?'"

"And would have his Majesty's signature to the promise as 'twere a deed of sale!" laughed the priest convulsively. "La! la! la! Paul, here's our Celtic Solon with tact—the tact of the foot-pad. Stand and deliver! My pardon, sire, or your life! *Mon Dieu!* there runs much of the old original cateran in thy methods of diplomacy, good Master Mackellar. Too much for royal courts, I reckon."

Mackellar pshawed impatiently. "I'm asking you what is the Secretary's name Mr. Greig," said he. "Fox or Pitt it is all the same—the one is sly and the other is deep



"'Be good, be simple, be kind! 'Tis all I know'"

and it is the natures of their names. I'll warrant Mr. Pitt has forgotten already the name of the man who gave him the secret and the wisest thing Paul Greig could do now would be to go into hiding as fast as he can."

But I expressed my determination to wait in the Queen's Head a week longer, as I had promised, and thereafter (if nothing happened to prevent it) to submit myself at Edinburgh. Though I tried to make as little of that as possible to myself, and indeed would make myself believe I was going to act with a rare bravery, I must confess now that my determination was strengthened greatly by the reflection that my service to the country would perhaps annul or greatly modify my sentence.

CHAPTER XLI

TREATS OF FATHER HAMILTON'S DEATH

It was a gay place, London, in the days I write of, however it may be now, though Father Hamilton was prone occasionally to compare it unfavourably with the Paris of his fancy, the which he held a sample-piece of paradise. The fogs and rains depressed him; he had an eye altogether unfriendly for the signs of striving commerce in the streets; the greedy haste of clerks and merchants into whose days of unremitting industry so few joys (as he fancied) seemed to enter.

Mackellar soon found company in it among silken bucks that held noisy sederunts in the evenings at a place called White's and another called (if my memory does not fail me) the Cocoa Nut Tree. 'Twas marvellous the number of old friends and fellow countrymen that, by his own account, he found there. And what open hands they had! But for him that was privileged, for old acquaintance sake, to borrow from them, we had found our week or two in London singularly hungry because (to tell the truth of it) our money was come very nearly to an end. But Mackellar, who had foraged so well in Silesia, was equally good at it in the city of London. From these night escapades he seldom failed to return richer than he went and it was he who paid the piper with so much of an air of thinking it a privilege that we had not the heart, even if we had the inclination, to protest.

If I had known then, as I know now, or at least suspect, that the money that fed and boarded us was won through his skill at dice and cards, I daresay I had shifted sooner from London than I did at the last.

Day after day passed, and no word from Mr. Pitt. I dared scarcely leave my inn for an hour's airing lest I should be asked for in my absence. There was, for a while, a hope that though I had refused to make any bargain about the pardon, something—I could not so much as guess what—might happen to avert the scandal of a trial at Edinburgh, and the disgrace that same might bring upon my family. But day after day passed, as I have said, and there came no hint of how matters stood.

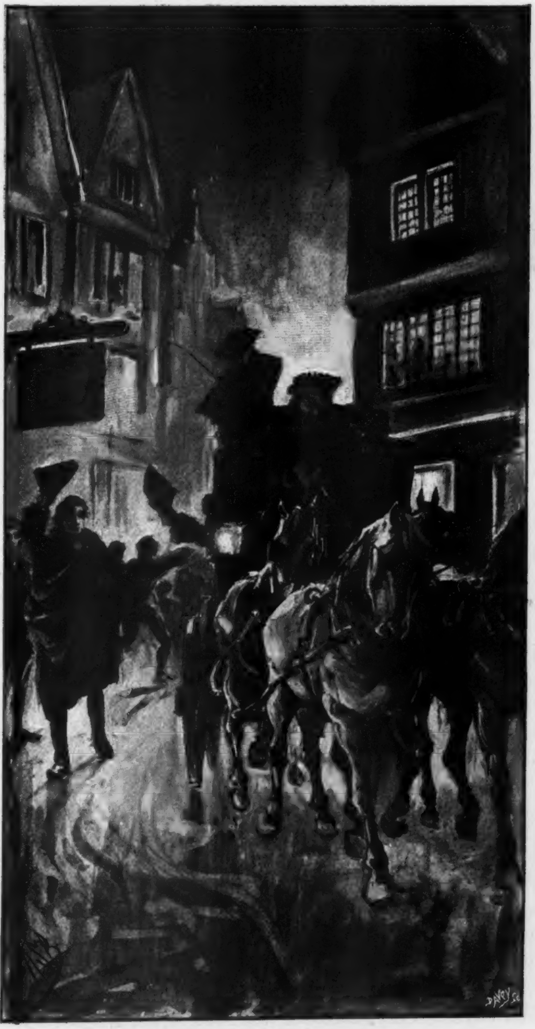
And then there came a day when I was to consider it mattered very little whether I heard from Pitt or not; when even my country was forgotten and I was to suffer a loss whose bitterness abides with me yet. It was the death of Father Hamilton whom I had grown to like exceedingly. Birds have built and sung for many generations since then; children play in the garden still; there is essence at the table, there is sparkle in the wine, and he will never enjoy them any more. Fortune has come to me since then, so that I might have the wherewithal, if I had the wish, to take the road again with him in honesty, and see it even better than when Sin paid the bill for us but it cannot be with him.

It was a December day of the whitest, the city smothered in snow, its tumult hushed. I had been tempted to wander in the forenoon a good way from our lodging. Coming home in the afternoon I met Kilbride, distracted, setting out to seek for me. He had a face like the clay, and his hands, that grasped my lapels as if I meant to fly from him, were trembling.

"Oh, Paul," said he. "Here's the worst of all," and I declare his cheeks were wet with tears.

"What is it?" I cried in great alarm.

"The priest, the priest," said he. "He's lying yonder at the ebb, and I'm no more use to him than if I were a bairn. I've seen the death-thraws a thousand times, but never to vex me just like this before. He could make two or three of us in bulk, and yet his



"I left behind only the one kent face"

heart was like a wean's, and there's he crying on you even-on till I was near demented and must run about the streets to seek for you."

"But still you give me no clue," I cried, hurrying home with him.

He gave me the story by the way. It seemed his reverence had had a notion to see Eastcheap, round which the writer Shakespeare had thrown a glamour for him. He had gone there shortly after I had gone out in the forenoon, and after a space of walking about it had found himself in a mean street where a blackguard was beating a child. 'Twas the man's own child, doubtless, and so he had, I make no doubt, the law of it on his own side, but the drunken wretch outdid all reasonable chastisement, and thrashed her till the blood flowed.

Up ran the priest and took her in his arms, shielding her from the blows of the father's cudgel with his arm. The child nuzzled to his breast, shrinking, and the father tried to pull her away. Between them she fell; the priest stood over her, keeping back the beast that threatened. The man struck at him with his stick; Father Hamilton wrenched it from him, threw it down that he might have no unfair advantage, and flung himself upon the wretch. He could have crushed him into jelly, but the man was armed, and suddenly drew a knife. He thrust suddenly between the priest's shoulders, released himself from the tottering body, and disappeared with his child apparently beyond all chance of identification or discovery.

Father Hamilton was carried home upon a litter.

"Oh God! Kilbride, and must he die?" in horror.

"He will travel in less than an hour," said the Highlander vastly moved. "And since he came here his whole cry has been for you and Father Joyce."

We went into the room that seemed unnaturally white and sunny. He lay upon the bed-clothes. The bed was drawn towards the window, through which the domes and towers and roofs of London could be seen, with their accustomed greyness gone below the curtain of the snow. A blotch of blood was on his shirt-front as he lay upon his side. I thought at first it was his own life oozing, but learned a little later that the stricken child had had her face there.

"Paul! Paul!" he said, "I thought thou would'st blame me for deserting thee again, and this time without so much as a letter of farewell."

What could I do but take his hand, and fall upon my knees beside his bed? He had blue eyes that never aged nor grossened—the eyes of a boy, clear, clean, brave, and round about them wrinkles played in a sad sweet smile.

"What, Paul," he said, "all this for behemoth! for the old man of the sea that has stuck on thy shoulders for a twelvemonth, and spurred thee to infinite follies and perils! I am no more worth a tear of thine than is the ivied ash that falls untimely and decayed, eaten out of essence by the sins he sheltered. And the poor child, Paul!—the poor child with her arms round my neck, her tears brine—sure I have them on my lips—the true *viaticum*. The brute! the brute! Ah no! ah no! poor sinner, we do not know."

"Oh, father!" I cried, "and must we never go into the woods and towns any more?"

He smiled again and stroked my hair.

"Not in these fields, boy," said he, "but perhaps in more spacious, less perplexed. Be good, be simple, be kind! 'Tis all I know."

We heard the steps of Father Joyce upon the stairs.

"All I know," repeated the priest. "Fifty years to learn it, and I might have found it in my mother's lap. *Chere ange*—the little mother—'t was a good world. And Fanchon that is dead below the snow in Louvain—oh the sweet world! And the sunny gardens of bees and children——"

His eyes were dull. A pallor was on his countenance. He breathed with difficulty. Kilbride, who stood by silent, put a finger on his pulse. At that he opened his eyes again, once more smiling, and Father Joyce was at the door.

"Kiss me, Paul," said the dying man, "I hear them singing prime."

When Father Joyce was gone I came into the room again where the priest lay smiling still, great in figure, in the simplicity and sweetness of his countenance like a child.

Kilbride and I stood silent for a little by the bed, and the Highlander was the first to speak, "I have seen worse, said he, "than Father Hamilton."

It may seem a grudging testimony, but not to me that heard it.

On the day after the priest's funeral, Kilbride came to me with that news which sent me north. He had the week's gazette in his hand, "Have you heard the latest?" he cried. "It is just what I expected," he went on. "They have made use of your information and set you aside. Here's the tidings of Conflans' defeat. Hawke came down on him off Brest, drove him back from the point of Quiberon to the coast near the mouth of the Vilaine: sank four ships, captured two and routed the enemy. The invasion is at an end."

"It is gallant news!" I cried, warm with satisfaction.

"Maybe," said he indifferently, "but the main thing is that Paul Greig, that put the government in the way of taking proper steps is here in cheap lodgings with a charge on his head and no better than ever he was. Indeed perhaps he's worse off than ever he was."

"How is that?"

"Well they ken where you are for one thing, and you put yourself in their power. I am one that has small faith in governments. What will hinder them to clap you in jail and save another reward like the first one Pitt told you about? I would never put it past a Sassenach of the name."

Then I told him it had been in my mind, ever since I had seen the minister, to go to Edinburgh and give myself up to the authorities.

"Are ye daft?" he cried, astonished.

I could only shrug my shoulders at that.

"Perhaps you fancy this business of the invasion will help you to get your neck out of the loop? I would not lippen on a government for ten minutes. You have saved the country—that's the long and the short of it; now you must just be saving your own hide. There's nothing for us but the Continent again, and whether you're in the key for that or not, here's a fellow will sleep uneasy till he has Europe under his head."

Even at the cost of parting with Kilbride I determined to carry out my intention of going to Edinburgh. With the priest gone, no prospect of Mr. Pitt taking the first step, and Kilbride in the humour for a retreat, I decided that the sooner I brought matters to a head the better.

There was a mail coach that went north weekly. It took a considerable deal of money and a fortnight of time to make the journey between the two capitals, but Mackellar, free-handed to the last, lent me the money (which I sent him six months later to Holland) and I set out one Saturday from the "Bull and Whistle" in a genteel two-end spring machine that made a brisk passage—the weather considered—as far as York on our way into Scotland.

I left on a night of jubilation, for the close of the war and the overthrow of Conflans. Bonfires blazed on the river-side and the eminences round the city; candles were in every windows, the people were huzzaing in the streets where I left behind me only the one kent face—that of Mackellar of Kilbride who came to the coach to see the last of me. And everywhere was the snow—deep, silent, apparently enduring.

THE MANTELPIECE

THE polished oaken lintel showed
Dusk forest, and a winding road.
The grain o' the oak-heart only? Nay,
We trod that road but yesterday.

The elfin horns blew crystal-clear!
No more we two those horns shall hear;
Her sprightly feet are lapped in clay—
Oh, darling feet! Oh, yesterday!

G. D. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD IN BYGONE DAYS

IN one of A. K. H. B.'s charming essays he speaks of the "lust of finishing." It is a lust to which, it seems to me, we women are more tempted than men. Who has not sat up till the small hours in order to finish some engrossing piece of work, which might just as well have been finished the next day, or to arrive at the word "finis" in the book we have been reading, that word which we look at so regretfully when it comes at the end of a "friendly" book, and with real pleasure and relief when we have been conscientiously wading through a dull one? The temptation to finish an exciting novel at whatever cost comes under a different category of sins, and is shared alike by both sexes.

But there is one "lust" which, it strikes me, is a very prevalent one among men at the present day, it is the "lust of labelling." All classes of mankind are to be tied up in neat bundles and labelled. Even our officers are all to be tied up in one large parcel and labelled "stupid." How often have I been asked, "Do you not think poor people very ungrateful?" If I must put them all in one class I should emphatically say "no"; but I resent labelling them, and feel there is indeed "a deal of human nature in us all." Take, for instance, our neighbours in the country—say within a radius of seven miles—who happen to be socially our equals; could we really label them all with the same epithet? and why try to label those who are not our social equals?

These thoughts occurred to me on reading an article in the *Spectator* on the "Callousness of Children." Poor little dears! Is it quite kind to label them "callous"? some of them are so appallingly sensitive. I wonder how the pre-legendary little girl who

> When she was good, was very very good,
> And when she was bad, was horrid,

would fit into a packet of children; would it be labelled "children who are little angels" or would it be labelled—the reverse? What a delightful story that is of the old Scotch parson preaching about the flood, and telling how the little boys used to chaff Noah, and come to him, saying, "Weel, Faither Noah, when's the flood coming?" and then adding, what was no doubt his own sorrowful experience, "and if there is ae thing mair trying than anither on the Lord's earth it's a wee laddie."

There is an idea prevalent in the minds of some people that children are as wax in their parents' hands, and can be modelled all in one pattern according to the ideal of those parents. It would doubtless save much trouble and anxiety if this were so, but might not the result be the same as that suggested by the historic remark made in answer to the proud boast concerning a loving couple who had never had a difference of opinion, "and a monstrous dull life they must have had of it"? Parents may, and happily most frequently do, plant in these young lives a sense of duty towards God and man, a sense gradually developing through their lives, but leading them often into very different paths from those their parents would have chosen for them;

> La cera di costoro, e chi la duce
> Non sta d'un modo, e pero sotto il segno
> Ideale poi più e men traluce.
>
> *Paradiso*, canto xiii.

And parents have to learn

> They must not mourn nor rail
> Because one light itself unchanging showers
> A thousand colours on a thousand flowers." *

But to return to the callousness of children. I own that here and there we come across curious cases of callousness. A child reads in its history-book of battle after battle in which thousands are killed, till human life seems of little account. Soon after we went to Woolwich one of my small children heard the firing on the common on a field-day. She remarked, "What a number of pheasants they must be killing." I told her they were not killing pheasants, there were none there. "Then are they killing men?" she quietly asked.

Some children will read placidly the most wonderful histories, and not trouble themselves to understand what they read or learn. Others insist on some sort of meaning, and if the real meaning is beyond them, they will make for themselves a meaning that they can understand. How many English children —I myself have known more than one— have dutifully prayed each evening that they may fear the grave—that little grave, just the size of their own bed—a meaning which good Bishop Ken would indeed have been surprised to see attached to his hymn? One of my children was repeating to me the xixth Psalm, and coming to the 11th verse, said, "in keeping of them there is no reward." I mildly remonstrated at this new version. "Oh," she said, "I thought it meant it was no use keeping all that honey and stuff." (She had a peculiar aversion to honey.) Another day she was reading to me in her English history how the mayor killed Wat Tyler. "I suppose it kicked him," she remarked. I explained that the mayor was a man. "Oh," she said, "I thought a mare was an old grey horse." My mother told me that the word "sundry," which she heard in church in the exhortation puzzled her much till she decided in her own mind it referred to the hot arid land of Palestine where the Bible was written —a sun dry place.

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* Aubrey de Vere.

Her reminiscences were always a great delight to me. She was one of the youngest of a large family, in which all the children were allowed to run wild till the fatal time came when they arrived at the mature age of five years. Then the little mortals were caught and transferred from nursery to schoolroom and lessons began; reading, which, alas! in those days was not carried on without tears; marking, the intricacies of which had to be mastered, and the results of which in elaborate samplers and bell-pulls, remain to our own time to show the perseverance of our ancestors when they were children; and learning, in many distressful ways, had to be mastered. Very soon after this sad change had come into my mother's life a bishop came to stay in the house, and on Sunday it was esteemed a matter of politeness to him that the squire's big square family pew, which was just under the pulpit, should be well filled, and my mother, for the first time in her life, had to form part of the congregation. The sight of the parents with all their young ones around them must have had a charm for the bishop, especially as they were pretty children. One of them in her old age (her years went with the century) used to tell how she and three of her sisters, when grown up, were asked to dance in a "beauty quadrille" at Hatfield House. The bishop's eyes constantly rested on the children as he preached on the duty of duly "reading, marking, and learning." As he waxed earnest the words came over and over again, and my mother, as his eyes seemed specially fixed on her, thought he had been told of her schoolroom delinquencies, and was setting forth to the whole congregation what a nanghty little girl she had been. She never forgot all through her life the utter misery and shame she experienced during that dreadful sermon. Schoolroom troubles alas! continued, and one lovely spring morning she and the little brother, who was through life her special chum, were imprisoned in the schoolroom for some youthful transgression. The windows were some way from the ground, but the little brother scrambled down and then helped his little sister. They were free, and what should they do that bright spring morning with this blessed freedom, undisturbed by nurse or governess? The lambs were bleating to their mothers, and what could be more delightful than to catch one and stroke its soft woolly coat? For have not all nursery lambs the softest and whitest and woolliest of coats? The children were diplomatic. They found they could not catch the lambs by chasing them, but they dragged some faggots that were near and succeeded in placing them between a lamb and its mother. The Boer war had not then taken place, and the lamb had not learnt the strategic value of a flanking movement, but making a frontal attack charged the faggot, with the result of immediate capture. But oh! the disillusionment of the children, the lamb kicked and struggled, so unlike the behaviour of Mary's little lamb, and its coat was quite hard, not at all soft and woolly like the nursery lambs, and in disgust and much disappointment the children let it go.

The next event which made a vivid impression on my mother was Perceval's death. Her parents had gone to London for the season, and taken a large house with long dark passages. These passages were a great terror to my mother and her small brother.

One day the father came in, and, with tones of horror, told how Perceval had been shot in the Lobby of the House. The news was evidently appalling, though they did not quite understand it, for "lobby" was a new word to them. They asked what a lobby was, and were told it was a passage. This was terrible news, for if Perceval was shot in the passage of a house why should not the same fearful fate befall them in the passage of their house? And in greater terror than ever did they wander through those passages. It was only a few years ago that I was shown by its owner, himself a Perceval, the pistol from which the shot was fired.

My mother's next remembrance was somewhat later. They were at Brighton, and she and the others were laughing and chatting when their nurse came in weeping, and in tragic tones said, "How can you laugh, are not you ashamed, don't you know that the Princess Charlotte is dead?" And then she began to weep again, and the nursemaid wept, too, and the children joined out of sympathy, though not quite realising why.

Again England has mourned a Royal Lady, one not cut off in the first brightness of her married life, but one who has borne the burden and heat of the day, and has gone to her rest amid the love and admiration of her own people and all the nations:

> The night has a thousand eyes
> And the day but one;
> Yet the light of the whole world dies
> With the setting sun.

How strange is the way some incidents, apparently quite trivial, stamp themselves on our memories, and others much more important fade completely away. What is the earliest age at which children generally begin to remember events? I expect it varies considerably with different children, though I doubt if many can equal the memory of that wonderful, though surely somewhat mythical, child who, before it could speak, saw its nurse do something wrong, and registered a vow in its little brain that when it could speak it would tell of that nurse. My earliest distinct remembrance was of a delightful Christmas, spent when I was four years old, in the country with other little cousins, and the surprise and delight of my first Christmas-tree, a great novelty in those days, and the first that had been seen in the neighbourhood. My relations had spent the summer in Germany, and had brought back charming toys, which toys in those days could not be bought in England at Christmas bazaars. All the incidents of that Christmas seem fixed in my memory, even to the games we played at in the dear old nursery, games in which railway accidents played a prominent part, owing, I should imagine, to hearing our elders talk of the many new railways which were being made at that time, one of which was to come within two miles of the house. The dear little child doctor, who came galloping in his small nursery chair to the scene of the disaster, passed away not long after to "the city full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

> His age I cannot tell,
> For they reckon not by days and years
> Where he has gone to dwell.

A little later comes the memory of another glorious Christmas, and the first revelation of the exquisite beauty of a landscape covered with snow, the delicate tracery of the trees standing out so clearly, and the wonderful loveliness of a winter sunset when nature seems to revel in showing what marvellously delicate shades of rose colour, orange, purple, and grey, she can produce, brightened by the sparkle of the setting sun reflected in the cottage casements. That is the picture which has remained with me through life of the first snowy Christmas of my childhood. In later years a fall of snow brings thoughts of impeded traffic, frozen pipes, depressing thaws, and other evils, but they were far removed from that glorious memory of my childhood. Then, when the still winter frost was succeeded by storm, there was the fascination of looking out of that nursery window at night, watching the moon as it got clear of the tall fir-trees rushing through the fleecy clouds, for so it seemed to do to my childish eyes.

Max Müller in his charming "Deutsche Liebe" describes the uneventful years of our life as a journey along one of those interminable roads abroad, bordered on either side by poplars, with nothing distinctive to be seen on either side. There are two landmarks that stand out yet distinctly before me in the dim distance of that long road, the lying in state at Chelsea—a strangely solemn scene—and then the funeral of the great Duke; the early start in the grey autumn morning, the dense crowds near Temple Bar where we had our seats, all helped to deepen the impression of that most impressive scene.

A visit to the first Exhibition, where the fine trees inside it, gave a wonderful sense of its height and space, is another picture that dwells in my memory. Even apart from those historic remembrances, there were always breaks in the monotony of that long road, for each autumn brought the long vacation with its succession of pleasant country visits. It was some years before I knew the meaning of that term. I thought it was all one long wood, and if I had had to spell it, should have done so as I pronounced it, "longvycation." Pleasant memories come back of visits to the dear old uncle who used to send his high yellow chariot to meet us, and of the garden, where we sat under the lime trees listening to the rooks which had built in the trees which he himself had planted in his rectory garden. My uncle was a clever carpenter, and many were the toys brought to him to repair. His little grand-daughter told her mother one day, "Mamma, I never will marry a man that can't mend my dolls for me." The instrumental music in church would not have suited a modern congregation, it consisted of a barrel organ, the handle of which was turned by my cousin. At another country rectory the pleasant crisp sound of the gravel as we drove up still seems to come back to me, and the cheery welcome on arrival; but alas! the hall, when I see it now, seems to have shrunk to half the size it had in the bygone days of our childhood. The genial face of the dear old butler still comes before me, and no sponge cakes or grapes ever had such a delicious flavour as those which he used to give us when he called us into his pantry on our return from our walks, and what delightful "fairings" he used to bring us as year by year the village fair came round. He gave his life's faithful service to my aunt, having entered her service as page at fourteen, and when she married followed her to her new home. When at last the Master's call came he was paying his annual visit to his old home, and as his mind wandered it did not seem quite clear to him if he had obeyed the call, and was already in the better country or still with his beloved mistress, in whose service he had been seventy years, for he was eighty-four when he died. The same county saw the death this year of another old servant, who had served my sisters and our family for seventy-five years, and who died at the age of eighty-eight. He was awarded the prize given by *Tit-Bits* for the longest time of service in the county, and was much delighted with his five pounds and medal. It was remarked that as he lived a mile and a half from his work, he had walked as many miles—75,000—as would have taken him three times round the world.

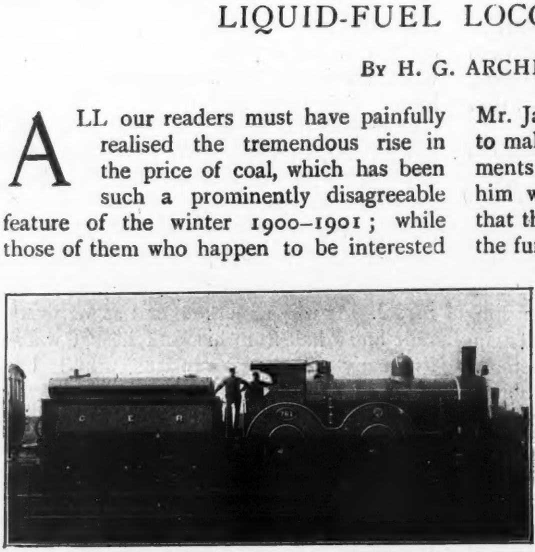
It is amusing in these school-board days to come upon reminiscences of the old Dame's schools. In my mother's little country parish the kindly old Dame, who taught the village children to read, did not trouble herself much about the long words. When a word came that neither she nor her pupils could quite master, she would say "Call it Nebuchadnezzar and pass on." But needle-work was well taught in those days. One of the most beautiful workers I knew told me how at the Dame's school, to which she went as a child, she was set to hem round the crown of a baby's cap. (Busy mothers may indeed be thankful that these small articles of apparel are now obsolete.) To do this perfectly is no easy matter. Time after time the narrow hem, which refused to come even, was cut off till at last the little circle was the size of a penny; but the result of that teaching was admirable.

But the closure must now be put on these recollections of the past, "the wealthy past, our real property," recollections which, as Jowett says, retain their interest without their sorrows and anxieties. The early years seem now so bright and sunny to us, but I think we can agree with Jowett that from a certain point of view the later years are best. "They are less disturbed by care and the world; we begin to understand that things never did really matter so much as we supposed, and we are able to see them more in their true perspective instead of being overwhelmed with them. We are more resigned to the will of God, neither afraid to depart nor over anxious to stay."

LIQUID-FUEL LOCOMOTIVES

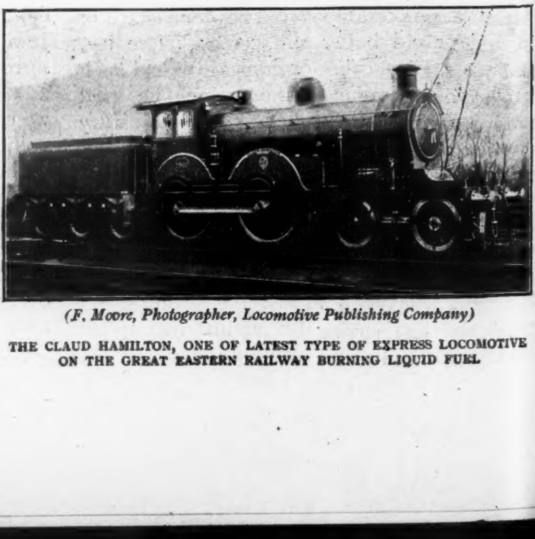
By H. G. ARCHER

ALL our readers must have painfully realised the tremendous rise in the price of coal, which has been such a prominently disagreeable feature of the winter 1900–1901; while those of them who happen to be interested in railway ordinary stocks, and are grumbling at the decreased dividends which they have received, owing to the great increase of working expenses, have only the same circumstance to thank for this depressing state of affairs. There is one railway company, however, which the high price of coal has affected least. This is the Great Eastern Company, which possesses a large and steadily increasing number of locomotives that burn, in lieu of steam coal, a liquid fuel, composed of the waste tar from the compressed oil-gas utilised for lighting the passenger vehicles. The first experiment with an oil-fired locomotive was made by the company in 1886; and, proving successful, improvements have continued to be effected in the arrangement of the special apparatus employed, so that at the present day there are about sixty oil-burning engines engaged in hauling some of the busiest suburban, the fastest main-line, and the heaviest goods trains. The system is the invention of the company's able locomotive superintendent, Mr. James Holden, whose successful efforts to make it conform to the every-day requirements of a railway locomotive have brought him world-wide repute. It may be said that three elements constitute combustion in the furnace of this class of engine, namely, oil, steam, and hot air. The fire-box is provided with the usual brick arch; and, almost level with the fire-bars, two burners are fixed, which inject the liquid fuel through apertures made in the fire-box. The injecting process, however, is accomplished by means of dry steam from the dome. The two burners receive their steam in unison, and thus the oil supply passing through them is both injected at high pressure into, and sprayed over, the fire-box. Lastly, there is the hot air, which provides air for combustion independently of that admitted through the ordinary dampers. The supply of atmospheric air is drawn from the smoke-box, where it is first heated to a high temperature by the waste gases contained therein, and then brought into the furnace through air passages provided in the centre of the steam jets. The smoke-box receives the air supply from openings in front, that is to say, the barrel-shaped end of the engine is pierced by small apertures, through which the air rushes as it does through the key-holes of doors. All the pipes conveying the oil, steam, and



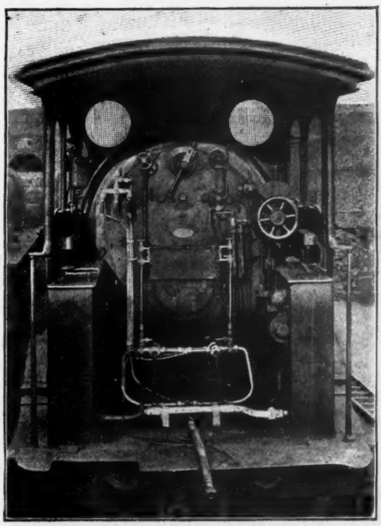
(F. Moore, Photographer, Locomotive Publishin g Company)

AN EARLY GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY LIQUID-FUEL LOCOMOTIVE WITH CYLINDRICAL OIL TANKS



(F. Moore, Photographer, Locomotive Publishing Company)

THE CLAUD HAMILTON, ONE OF LATEST TYPE OF EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE ON THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY BURNING LIQUID FUEL



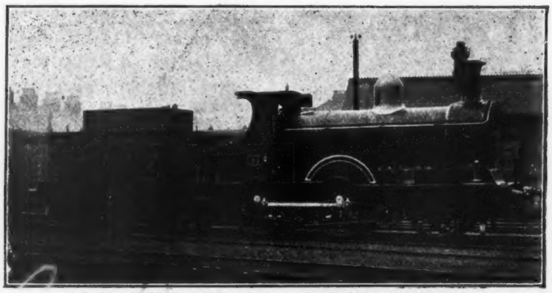
(F. Moore, Photographer, Locomotive Publishing Company)

THE CAB OF AN OIL-FUEL LOCOMOTIVE SHOWING HOLDEN SYSTEM OF LIQUID-FUEL BURNER

hot air to the burners converge on the footplate, but none is visible, for they are arranged below the boarding on which the driver and fireman stand. The tanks carrying the oil are, of course, on the tender, while for the adjustment of the oil-fuel supply to the burners a very ingenious arrangement of combined cocks and valves has been introduced, in order to cut off the supply simultaneously with the closing of the regulator, otherwise a much too rapid generation of steam would ensue. In the first oil-fired express locomotive — No. 760, "Petrolea"—the oil was contained in a square-shaped tank placed at the far end and on top of the tender; in the second, No. 761 (of which a photograph is furnished), and many others, the tanks were two in number, of cylindrical shape, and placed lengthwise on the tender. All tenders of modern design, however, are like that attached to the "Claud Hamilton," and carry the tanks hidden from sight. A steam-warming coil is provided in each tank, so that the liquid fuel may not become frozen in wintry weather. The latest class of oil-fired express locomotives designed by Mr. Holden are magnificent four-coupled bogie engines, the driving wheels being seven feet in diameter. The first of the batch, the "Claud Hamilton," was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, where it attracted great admiration. These engines have their burners provided with an auxiliary fuel supply, thus enabling much larger quantities of oil to be sprayed without increased expenditure of steam. The air-inducing rings are also of modified form, whereby their efficiency in atomising and distributing the oil fuel spray is considerably augmented; while, again, the smoke-box receives the air supply from one large opening at the bottom of the smoke-box door, instead of from a series of small ones arranged in semi-circular fashion near to the top. The tenders of these engines, now the standard type for all the company's modern oil-fired express locomotives, carry 2790 gallons of water, 715 gallons of oil fuel, and 30 cwt. of coal; and are fitted with a scoop for picking up water from troughs whilst running. The mention of coal, even of such a small amount, may confuse, however; so it must be explained that every oil-fired express and goods locomotive carries a few hundredweights of coal, in order to start the fire in the first instance, and to expeditiously augment its strength when a steep gradient has to be climbed. The suburban oil-fired engines, on account of the constant stopping and starting, are worked on combined fuels, that

(F. Moore, Photographer, Locomotive Publishing Company)

CROMER EXPRESS WITH 7-FOOT SINGLE DRIVER LIQUID-FUEL LOCOMOTIVE RUNNING AT FIFTY MILES PER HOUR

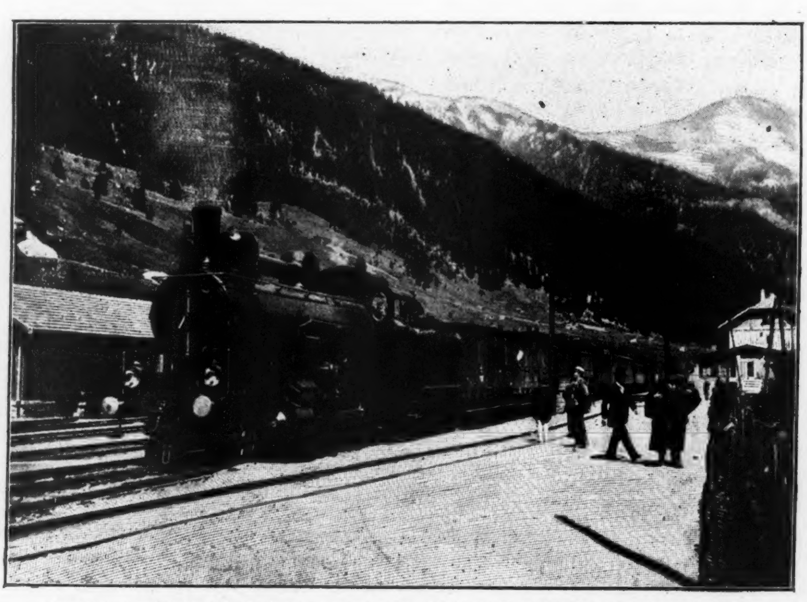


(F. Moore, Photographer, Locomotive Publishing Company)

A LOCOMOTIVE OF THE BELFAST NORTHERN COUNTIES OF IRELAND BURNING LIQUID FUEL

is, a coal fire on the grate and an oil fire burning above it. The relative consumption of the two fuels per train mile is in the proportion, approximately, of one oil to two coal. This, it may be thought, is not such a very startling advantage for the oil; but then it must be borne in mind that the oil costs the company nothing, and, what is more, even if they did not utilise it, and wished to sell it, there is practically no market for the stuff. Therefore, it may be pertinently inquired, why do not the company convert all their locomotives to the liquid-fuel system? The reason for their not doing so is because they could not produce anything like sufficient quantity of waste oil with which to supply hundreds of engines, and that if they went outside for the stuff, then a ruinous competition would ensue between the two fuel markets. For the storage of the oil fuel a large depôt has been established at Stratford, and auxiliary ones at Ipswich and Norwich.

The present writer has been privileged to travel on the footplate of several of these liquid fuel engines, and can declare that the superiority of the system, where simplicity of working and general cleanliness are concerned, over the ordinary coal-burning one is literally a revelation. An oil-fired locomotive need never make a black smoke. All the "crack" expresses in the company's time-tables are now hauled by these locomotives, either those belonging to the seven-feet single-driver bogie class, or to the leviathan "Claud Hamilton." The show train among them is, of course, that popular holiday caravan, the special summer Cromer express, which runs in either direction between Liverpool Street and North Walsham without



LOCOMOTIVE OF THE AUSTRIAN STATE RAILWAYS FITTED WITH HOLDEN'S OIL-FUEL APPARATUS an intermediate stop, accomplishing that fine break of 131 miles in 2 hrs. 38 min., or at a rate of speed of 49·7 miles per hour. Yet, at the termination of this long run the oil-fuel fire is as clean and as bright as it is at starting—the surest test of efficiency. Lastly, it should be added that all Mr. Holden's oil-fuel engines can be converted into coal-burning ones at a moment's notice.

Only two other British railways have as yet adopted, and that only partially, Mr. Holden's system. An Irish railway, the Belfast and Northern Counties, possesses one locomotive so fitted, and it will be seen from the photograph that the oil-tank on tender is of the original box-like shape. The South-Eastern-Chatham have just purchased a batch of new express engines, fired on the Holden system; and it is to be hoped that the acquisition will conduce to the inauguration of some faster running on that melancholy preserve of dilatory train services. On the continent of Europe, however, Mr. Holden's ingenuity has achieved great success. His system has found favour with the engineers of certain Russian railways which traverse districts abundantly supplied with petroleum, but are practically destitute of coal and wood; while, again, the Austrian State Railways have adopted it for those of their gigantic engines which have to haul trains through the Arlberg tunnel. This tunnel is six and a half miles long, and owing to the gradients very difficult to ventilate. When coal or coke was used the foul air generated proved dangerous to life, but since the institution of oil-fired locomotives, with their absence of smoke, the noxious vapours have ceased to be.

In its broader aspects there is undoubtedly a great future awaiting liquid fuel for locomotive purposes. The simple manner in which the questions of its portability and storage can be solved at once gives it a pull over coal, and these advantages possess additional weight where the work of opening up new countries is concerned. It need not be confined to rail locomotives. For example, the traction engines belonging to the Rhodesia Transport Company burn liquid fuel; and, not improbably, its claims will be considered when the powerful road locomotives which the British Government contemplates adopting for military transport purposes and for "horsing" the newly formed position batteries accompanying an army in the field, are put in hand. As a matter of fact, it has just been officially announced that locomotives of this description have been selected.

In conclusion, it is interesting to note that the latest submarine boats built by the French Government are equipped with liquid-fuel auxiliary engines, which drive the craft whilst voyaging on the surface, and at the same time generate the electrical power for the propellers when the vessel is swimming beneath the waves.

ON TIDDLER'S GROUND

BY L. ORMAN COOPER

THE sense of humour is not a virtue. It is not even essential to our conception of a gentleman. All the same, it is an attribute which no man of our race will own himself to lack, and, by its aid, the most prosaic garment of everyday existence can be broidered and beautified.

I, as a dispensary doctor in the Isle of Saints, have an excellent opportunity of picking up stray pearls and diamonds of speech. In fact, I find my district an inexhaustible Tom Tiddler's land of wit and humour.

An average Saxon comes over to Ireland. He puts up at the Shelbourne. He travels about in first-class saloons. He carries his own environment of pre-existing conceptions with him. Yet he expects every Celt he meets will pour out streams of appropriate wit upon him.

Instead of that, even we who live in

Ireland, find we must sit beside the people on their own hearthstones, or squat down with them on their door-stoops, if we really wish to gather gold and silver under the blue-grey skies of Ath-cliath.

My wedge-shaped district lies betwixt heather and a magnificent seaboard, somewhere not far from the Baronies of Bargy and Forth. It embraces tracts of silver bog cotton—stretches of red-brown bog—miles of golden gorse. My patients live in farmhouses on the backside of nowhere. Or in fishing huts down towards the Forlorn Point. Yet all, in their turn, yield their quota of graceful retort and quick repartee. Utterly commonplace might seem the daily work in "Clashbanagher" to an ordinary Englishman. To one possessed with the eighth sense of humour, the homely features of this home-keeping peasantry are lit up with many flashes of genius and intelligence.

This very morning four visitors came to my door. Old Paddy—one of our professional beggars—ambled up first. He wanted an "outworn corbeen."

On being told I had not one to spare, he sent in a message.

"Not got an ould hat? Why! tell the Doctor he's just crawlin' wi' old hats!"

Of course I had to produce one. It was an ancient felt affair, with a damaged brim. Pat took it into his hands. "Ah! Doctor, dear! This wan will last me till the day ov Joodgement! It's a Master hat! God bless it!"

My second visitor was a woman. She had her face tied up with rags, and demanded "sweet lemonade" to cure a gumboil!

The third, who had a lump on the top of her head, asked for "rhubarb to hearten the brain."

The fourth, and last applicant, solicited a drink of skim milk "to stop my breastbone from fallin' in!"

It will thus be seen that a dispensary doctor in the Emerald Isle is expected to dispense many things beside drugs.

His life is certainly not a bed of roses. These people are woefully ignorant, yet no Irishman likes to confess to want of adequate knowledge.

One day I ordered a linseed poultice to be put on an old man's chest. The next morning he was no better, and I was accused of incompetency.

"I put the plaister to him, your honour," said his wife, "tho' he spit an' spit like a big snail. But it aint done no good! An' Docthor, Honey! it was a big dose."

Then I realised Mrs. Moultan's method of poulticing her goodman's chest. She had applied the soft mass internally!

Another time, I compounded (we are our own dispensers in the Isle of Destiny) a box of pills for "brown kitties." The result of grinding these with a big stone, and wearing the powder as a charm, was not satisfactory. My verdict as "c'rowner" certified "natural causes." It should have been given as "crass ignorance."

A certain friend of mine resides in a cottage on the edge of a lonely fir plantation. It stands on a "gap-road," and is miles away from any other habitation. Surrounded with bog water and morass, no wonder Miss Dooley suffers from ague. Instead of sending for a dose of quinine (provided free by a maternal government) when the fever appears, she insists on doctoring herself. Pulling a quill from one of her flock of geese, she introduces into it a spider, and finally hangs it round her abdomen by a silk thread. Now, Miss Dooley knows nothing of the real medicinal properties credited to a spider and its web. Her procedure is simply a blind following of a Wise Woman's charm.

These Wise People or Quacks give me the greatest trouble. In their most serious ailments, the mountaineers in my district would far rather rely on a Wise Woman, than on the "describing docthor." From their childhood they have been tortured and maltreated through ignorance. One old woman told me lately, that she suffered from cancer at six years of age—a cancer that was "plaistered" by a cow-doctor and his wife, the Wise Woman! Poor little girl! One shudders to think of the pain she underwent for some, probably, trifling gathering. Yet my old woman remembers no more the anguish, for joy at having been the subject of so terrible a disease.

We have a cancer-curer of repute in this neighbourhood still. She lives up the side of a mountain in a tiny house dumped down in a narrow fern-edged "boreen." The chief ingredient in her "plaister" is red lead. So one can imagine the results that sometimes follow application of it. Faith, however, can still work wonders, and her nostrum really removes some species of tumorous growths. Round Maggie Ann's shanty are ranged bottles and glass jars, full of radish- and mushroom-shaped monstrosities. She will show one, taken out "ov a lady's breast, up Wicklow way. She did nicely, thank God!" Or one removed from a parish priest's lip, after which "his Reverence dropped wisdom" in the pulpit. It is a pity the inherited skill undoubtedly possessed by Maggie Ann is not duly recognised, and a kind of limited licence, carrying with it a proper supervisory clause, given her.

All my district has great faith in the heal-all constituents of the Plaister—spelt with a big P. I was solemnly assured, on my last dispensary day, that a certain patient of mine had been cured by one of fried wire-worms!

"It's aither a blast or a arrysiphilis! says I to Mrs. 'Ooligan. We'll clap on the plaister anny way. If it ain't a blast, it'll tackle the arrysiphilis!" In such words was diagnosis made and the ailment treated.

Warts are not a serious malady, so one can afford to stand by and see the vulgar treatment thereof. In Wexford, lying, as it does, well within the civilised pale, they are cured by pointing a knot of straw at each disfigured digit, saying a prayer, and eventually burying the straw in its native manure heap. As *it* rots, so disappear the warts. If this fails, a white snail is rubbed over the hands and then stuck on a thorn. Both snail and wart are believed to wither together. A simple cure is to come across water accidentally in a hollow stone, and to wash the afflicted hands therein. The virtue of accident is so great that it prevents any further development of the hard growth. A more intricate remedy is devised in a county even closer to the metropolis than the one washed by the tide (Wexford). In Cavan, where I once acted as "local demon," the appearance of warts in a family is simultaneous with the disappearance of bacon from any neighbouring cabin. In my office as J.P. such a case came before me.

"Why did you steal the bacon, Larry?" I inquired.

The culprit stretched out his hands, covered with curious protuberances.

"Musha! Look at them," he said, "I must cure them somehow, and nothing answers but bacon fat rubbed in."

"Why not use your own meat?" brought the confidential answer.

"It must be stolen bacon, your Honour!"

The greatest difficulty we dispensary doctors have to meet with in practice, is the monster Dirt. It is almost impossible to describe the conditions under which some of my patients exist. The other day I drove past a heap of stable refuse in front of a certain farm. The owner (an old lady I often "shanahassed" with) was washing potatoes in a pool of manure water! I stopped to expostulate with her on this method of preparing the family dinner, but she took the wind out of my sails entirely, by her exquisite politeness.

"The top ov the mornin' to yez! Docthor Darlint! It's a sight for sore eyes to be beholding yez!"

A cook of my own on being asked how she made Colcannon, began her instructions by saying, "Well! I washes the purtaties cleaner than usual!" etc.

Dirt and longevity, however, do not seem to need a divorce in the Emerald Isle. It is evidently, also, a fallacy to say health and beauty only attend on cleanliness. Upon the heather, at this moment, live scores of smoke-dried, wizened old crones who came in with the last century, but showed no intentions of departing with it. Most of these have often helped to wash dead bodies, but never live ones. Others have seldom "implicated" themselves with aqueous fluid, and many have never bathed in their lives. One such was the widow of a decent R. I. C. man. She often wondered, in my hearing, "Whatever the quality can want wi' baths! 'Tisn't as if they be mucky as cows! I washes me face an' neck an' under me arrums! But 't would kill me to sit down in could wather, even if 'twas warrum!"

Even a less cleanly woman came up to my door this week. The ladies of my household had often remarked on the absence of wrinkles from Mrs. Clancy's pretty old face, and had wondered how she kept her skin so soft and smooth. So, when she appeared for a bottle for her "comerade" (as she always calls her husband) I greased her palm with silver and propounded the riddle.

"Well, Doctor! washing wan's face makes

wan powerful old lookin'. I never washed mine, except on Sundays, since I was born. Nowadays, I never washes it at all. Only whin I comes here, I dabbles it round an' round with a cat's lick an' a promise to dhrown it next time!"

I commend this recipe for preserving good looks to my fashionable readers of the fair sex!

Of course, dispensary work over an area of ten miles necessitates some travelling. If any of my horses knock up, I have to make my way about as best I can. A long car is one of the vehicles often patronised by me. Now, a "long car" owes its existence to one Bianconi. The first one was seen in Waterford less than 100 years ago. Nowadays, such conveyances are popular all over the country. No one unacquainted with this adopted national vehicle can form any idea of its quaintness. Like two ordinary jaunting cars lashed together, it carries a heterogeneous class of passengers, as well as a varied assortment of luggage. On one of these arks, two old women were discussing politics. It was just after some specially terrible Tipperary eviction.

"So the landlord, bad cess to him, escaped all the shots, did he?" queried one old dame.

The other removed a short, black pipe from her lips and spat vigorously on the road. Then she answered, regretfully, "Begorra! he did so! But alannah! How could the villain be kilt when he wore a helmet on his stomach?" With this enunciation of belief in invisible armour the discussion closed.

On the long car sometimes travels a well-known Dublin tradesman. On one occasion, when I was obliged to patronise the ark, our witty Jehu interlarded every remark addressed to Mr. B—— with "colonel." On arrival at our destination, he evidently expected a douceur for his penetration. (*En passant*, let us say Paddy knew Mr. B—— quite well by sight.) But business habits prevailed, and the fine-looking passenger tendered an exact legal fare. Paddy looked at it in silence for a moment. Then he said sadly,

"Arrah, thin! Your heart is not as soft as the goods you sell."

Any mode of getting about my district is unsatisfactory except behind Brown Bess, or on my trusty "Premier." But loss of time is occasionally compensated by picking up some especially beautiful specimen of Celtic gold. The other day I was detained on the roadside by a hack I was driving coming to grief. Whilst the coachman was blowing up a refractory tyre, he was asked, innocently:

"What are yez doin' Phelan?"

"Inflatin' the pneumatic tyres to be sure, you omherdaun," was the unpolite if truthful answer.

"Ah! Don't yez wush yez could inflate your tired baste as well," was the scathing comment.

The Rosinante in question was as flat-bellied as if mangled, and very weary-looking, so the point of the witticism was irresistible! I felt loss of an important appointment was lightly purchased.

One of my patients is a general huckster. She is a model of learning up in her own happy hunting-grounds. Over her little lean-to door is hung a sign. I copy it verbatim. The capitals are irregular, but accurately reproduced, not a mistake of the printer's devil.

> **Pigs cheeks & prayer books,**
> **mouse Traps & other sweetmeats,**
> **turf & Othere groceries sold Here,**
> **And new laid eggs By MarY murphy.**

Must not medical work under such a sign board be rendered willingly, even if oviparous feats can not truthfully be credited to M.M.?

I feel, regretfully, that these stray anecdotes of life and experience in Tiddler's Land are much like "Orient pearls at random strung." Any attempt to classify them is beyond me. But, before I conclude, I must give one more true story. It suggests a mode of economic existence which may open out a new field of industry to my readers.

Last week Bridget, my factotum, returned from a valedictory visit paid to her family preparatory to her departure for Philadelphia in the morning. Her decision to go has only been arrived at after proving that a diet of "purtaties and point" is not a satisfactory one on which to raise an "iligent family of darters."

Making kindly inquiries as to various neighbours with whom I am superficially acquainted, I asked after a worthless family living alongside the Bryant's Farm.

"Oh! they are doing nicely now, sir," was Bridget's answer. "You see they keep an old woman!"

Now, I had heard discussed the comparative economic merits of keeping a Protestant orphan or a pig, but had never heard an old woman considered as a visible means of sustenance. So I inquired further.

"Oh!" was the simple explanation, "they let an ould woman sit on the floor, and she goes out and begs for them."

In the beginning of this paper I said that the Irish peasantry generally prefer a Wise Woman to a dispensary doctor's services. Yet, withal, how they rely upon our skill in the hour of dire distress. A doctor is as necessary by the dying bed as the parson. I dare not trust myself to write of the tenderness there displayed; of the self-control, forbidding a premature keen even whilst dying eyes are closing for ever; of the fervent prayers going up with the departing soul.

We dispensary doctors may not be very skilful as a class. We are ill paid and overworked—worried, harassed, and driven to death by the numerous calls upon us—but I, for one, will be contented if one day I hear the commendation,

"He hath done what he could, for he went about healing all manner of diseases."

THE SILENCE OF THE SEA

By ELLEN ADA SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR H. BUCKLAND

"YEAVE ho! yeave ho! Pull altogether! Here! out of the way, lass; what is the use of you at the end of a rope? Give place to Bess; she's the maid for a job like this."

"Aye, aye! give place to Bess," echoed the chorus of fisherfolk, and a little sulkily the slim, fair-haired girl fell back, making way for Bess of the strong, capable hands.

"Maybe Bess 'ill give place to me one day," the ousted beauty remarked with a toss of her head. Bess laughed good-naturedly and the sun gleamed kindly on her brown, healthy face.

"Pretty maids must just bide to be looked at, Alice; they bain't the sort to work hard like me."

"You'm both good-lookin' lasses," said a young sailor bluntly, and his hands were next the new-comer's on the rope, "but Bess be the one for me. When will you let me beau you about?" he added under his breath, "I bain't goin' to be kept at such a distance no longer."

Her scorn of him as a lover did not even hide itself in lowered speech.

"Now, David, have done with your nonsense! Don't 'ee know I'm to wed Nat Morrison? How many more times am I to tell of it?"

"And he dead and gone this four months and more!"

"Was ever a good maid so foolish!"

"Don't 'ee be so mazed, lass. The courtin' days don't last more'n a season, and 'tis lonesome to bide single all your days."

The torrent of expostulation and advice fell upon her like spray upon a rock.

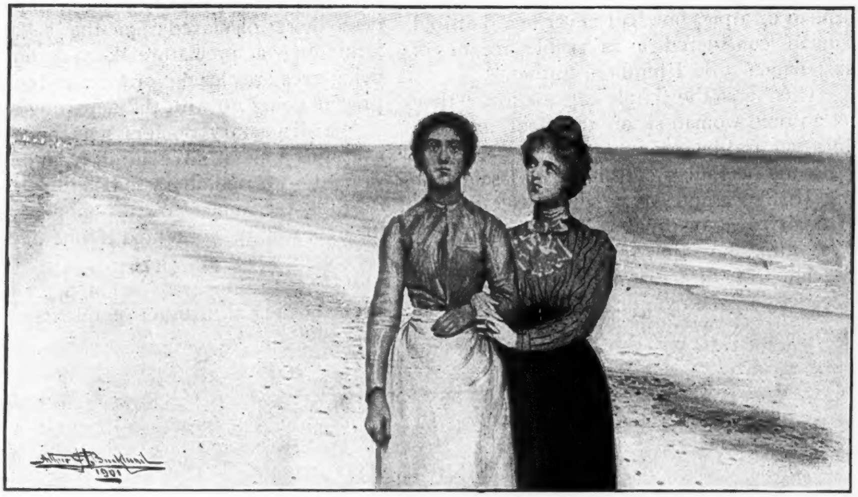
"Which of you does not know that the sea has to give up its dead; how much more than the living? Call me mazed if you like, but as Nat sailed out of this harbour so he will sail back again. Do you think, if he were dead, I shouldn't know it?"

Pale, impassioned, lost, she stood gazing out to sea as if she could drag its secret from it, until a faint cry from Alice made her look at the girl, who was pale and scared.

"Why, Bess, one would think you saw a ghost out yonder!"

"A ghost! not I. Come, lads, pull in; this is idle talk."

So together they pulled the boat with its silver load across the surf and beached it high and dry. Then, amid a breeze of talk and laughter, they unloaded the ocean spoil, putting it into baskets which disappeared in various directions. Below them the bright rough sea foamed and sparkled as it ran backwards with a roar and a rush. The



"'Bess, why don't you take up with David?'"

sharp October wind made the girls' faces rosy and played roughly with their hair. As Bess was going on her way, Alice came up—putting her hand caressingly through the other's arm.

"Bess, why don't you take up with David? We be all ready to dance at your wedding."

"So you shall, you and the other maidens when Nat comes home." Her decisive assurance seemed to irritate Alice.

"If you wait for that you'll die an old maid. Besides, David can keep you almost like a lady."

"Since you are so set on David, I'll give him to you free and willin'. He's nort but a pest to me."

The pretty girl's face grew scarlet at such a suggestion.

"It's neither your old clothes, nor your old lovers that will suit me, Bess. Maybe we are more upsides than you think."

She flung off in another direction, her blue eyes aflame with anger.

"A bit jealous," thought Bess, without rancour, "a bit jealous because Nat was once the husband of a ship, and her lads have only been trawlers at the best; but she holds aloof from them all, so I suppose the right one isn't come along yet."

She went on by the bold, beautiful coast, her steadfast look directed out to sea—the sea which was keeping back its secret from her—she carried her head high and fearlessly, as though disdaining the downward droop of sorrow, but her step was lighter than her heart, and she thought the waves looked fierce enough even in their play to beat a man's life out.

"Why, Bess, do you walk in a dream that you take no heed of mortal man, and his—let us hope—immortal canvas?"

"I ax pardon. Have I hurted of it, sir?"

"A smudge merely, which may easily pass muster as high art. You are in a hurry?"

But he made no movement to let her pass. She was an interesting study, this intensely prosaic young woman, with just one weak spot of sentiment to flatly contradict the rest of her.

"Tell me, Bess—for I am idly curious—what were you looking at beyond the sharp bright line that is the limit of my vision?"

He pointed to the horizon, whither her eyes followed, so that he could watch them without rudeness. She made no answer, because her untaught words were too uncouth to express the hope and the fear within her. Still curiously watching her, he quoted a line that came unbidden to his lips:

Waiting for that which never comes is a thing to die of.

She turned quiveringly upon him, "Who—who said that?"

"I do not know," he answered truly; "I think you may—some day. By the way, I wish you would let me paint you."

"Paint me—a brown maid like me, when there's Alice Mudge with hair as yellow as corn and eyes of sea-blue!"

"I can buy plenty of Alices on bonbonnières, if you know what they are, but you are less frequent and monotonous. In looking so long at the sea, and looking in vain, your eyes have caught the mystery of it; from always listening to a silence that remains unbroken your face has grown wistful—refined. Suspense and disappointment are inward hurts that sometimes bring out strength and beauty. You do not understand me, of course?"

Not very well, but she caught the drift of his meaning.

"If Nat had come home to his time you wouldn't have wanted my face?"

"Frankly, no. If Nat had come home, I should have only thought you a charming young wife—which is commonplace after all; but now, in your sad incompleteness, you are artistically perfect."

He spoke calmly and critically, for his interest was purely selfish, but his words beat at her hidden sorrow until it stirred uneasily.

"Is it good, then," she cried passionately, "to have this——?"

"Aching of heart," he finished for her. "Some say so; I have never tried it—I never mean to. Why are you so foolish as to wait for a ship that has gone down?"

"Ships go down, but the shipwrecked often live to tell of it by their own hearth fires."

"So," he said, "then I must paint my picture before Nat comes home. What shall I call it, 'Hope' or 'Despair'?"

She grew scared of this man, who plucked away her self-deceiving with so pitiless a hand.

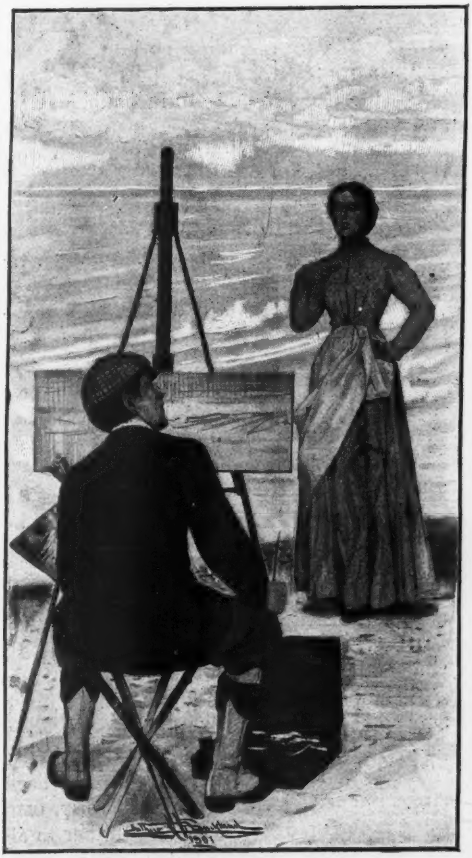
"Call it what pleases you—but Nat will come home."

"Then the picture shall be my wedding present. I must paint you looking out to sea for his coming. But your eyes will puzzle me; how am I to get their depths on mere flat canvas?"

He went back to his rooms and made practice sketches of dark eyes until they wearied him, while Bess gave herself up to the self-imposed task of tending widow Morrison, who accepted her services without scruple or even gratitude. For Bess was one of a large family, and could easily be spared to wait on a querulous woman who looked upon her as a daughter to be scolded and browbeaten.

"Where have 'ee been so long?" she cried suspiciously as Bess entered the cottage that her strong hands kept so orderly and neat. "If you've been loitering with that David chap, I call it unbecomin' in most a widow as you be."

Bess smiled. "I've gived him away this forenoon to Alice Mudge; she was quite niffy about it."



"The picture grew apace under the hand of the artist"

"Alice Mudge! A real pretty piece wi' money at her back. I mind the day when I thought she and Nat might ha' tied horses together."

"Nat belonged to me before ever she come to the place."

"Aye, but men be changeable, and you wasn't the first he courted, though I suppose you'll be the last, seein' he'll never come back no more."

So that was the cry of them all, "He'll never come back no more"; she listened to it every day, although nothing abated the watching and waiting, only her look out to sea darkened as time went on.

The picture grew apace under the hand of the artist, who found her brown face more and more to his liking. He meant the study to do him credit, and the eyes looking at him from the canvas were full of the sea's mystery.

"Do I look like that?" she asked one day, as she watched her faithful portrait.

"You do; but now that the picture is so nearly finished I venture to recommend that you come commonplace and marry David. You may be less good to look at, but you might easily be happier."

"Marry David!" she echoed scornfully; "it's the same tale with all of 'ee. I wonder at David making himself so cheap when he knows my mind."

"Men are content to do many things to get what they want."

"Some may be, but not all."

"Ah, possibly you understand them better than I do; it is woman's instinct—or her presumption."

When the last touches were given, he felt satisfied for the trouble he had taken.

"You have been patient and good," he said to her, "and now Nat may come home, for he can rob me of nothing."

"Nat won't never come home," she answered heavily, "I begin to know it now."

"See how well I have painted your eyes; you can read the truth in them at last."

So he painted out the little word "Hope" and put "Despair" in its place.

Yet Nat came home that very day!

As Bess left the studio the little village street seemed electrically alive. Busy, babbling groups moved hither and thither in all the excitement of news-telling, and voluble feminine tongues worked faster than ordinary, their shrill tongues sounding above the men's deeper voices. But as Bess drew near the voices suddenly stilled, as though some one had said "Hush!"

She came quite close, her head well carried, her dark eyes bent inquiringly upon them. Not until the silence fell did she connect their speech with herself or feel that sudden uplifting of last desperate hope which is an agony in itself. Yet why should they greet her with silence if Nat had really come home? Through the fear and the hope the girl stood speechless, dumbly imploring their news of them. Now Bess, in her faithfulness and truth, was dear to them, and a low murmur of indignation surged among the group like the ground-swell of a rising sea.

For a wonder it was a man who first found words, and his voice, so gravely compassionate, made the good tidings sound strange.

"Bess, your lad Nat Morrison hev come home."

And those watching Bess saw her transfigured, glorified before their shocked eyes. This was a bride expecting her bridegroom—a woman radiant with love and hope. Knowing what they knew, it was a terrible sight, and above the ground-swell of indignation could be heard words of pity and of grief. Not that she heeded, being prisoned up in deepest joy, hearing nothing but the glad beating of her own heart in its new-found release, but her words were as homely as ever:

"He's gone up home, o' course," she said, "thinkin' I'd be with his mother."

The eager question was answered by strange hesitation; but the man—the bravest of them—still persisted.

"No, my maid! he's up yon," pointing away in the direction of a curl of blue smoke that belonged to Mudge's small homestead.

"Up yon," she repeated, bewildered; "do he think I'm there then? Who's been telling him wrong?"

"Maid, I be shamed to tell of it, but they two, Alice and your lad, were married the very day before he sailed."

It was long before she gathered any meaning from their words, and then it was only to rail at them fiercely as scandal-mongers; in a wild, desperate way she reviled them bitterly for their dishonest attack upon an absent man. But they bore with her, seeing in her eyes that look with which an animal snaps at the hand which has mortally wounded it, and at last their patience frightened her into believing.

"I must have speech of him, and then, if he has done as you say, may the Lord forgive him his double dealing!"

She went away steadily enough in the direction of the peacefully rising smoke, but it was impossible to say what her quiet demeanour hid from view, for she was of a strong, self-contained nature, accustomed to bear in silence.

At the farmstead the clear day was fading into dusk; there was frost in the air, and the red sun went down behind the sea like a fire; but not all the quick walking could call the colour into the face of Bess as she opened the door of the farm kitchen and entered, bringing the sharp air with her. By the ruddy light of the fire she saw them close together in the full warmth of it; she herself stood in the shadow—out in the cold striving for words that should pierce as arrows, yet only able to say dully, "So you've come home, Nat! You've—come—home!"

Such poor, inexpressive speech and such a tumult within; it was like the trickling of water drops before the bursting of a flood. The look of shame on the man's face made her bitterly angry, for he had been her hero without fear or reproach; it so stung to see him cowardly and afraid.

"Is it true that you two—are married volk?"

Wordlessly Alice held out her left hand with its golden ring.

"Answer me in plain words; the ring may be a sham to blind me!"

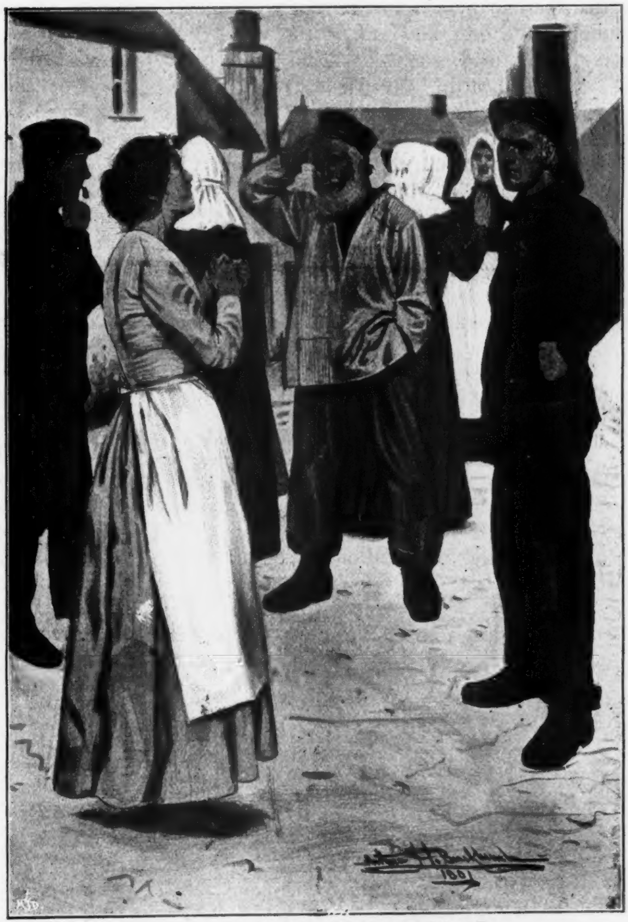
Alice's repentance was swiftly merged into indignation at her disputed title.

"We were married before the ship sailed."

"All these months and you've zeed me nigh every day without owning of it!"

"It was done all of a sudden like, and I made him keep the secret until the ship sailed because your uncle was skipper and it might have gone against his chances."

"And when we was wrecked," struck in Nat, eager to excuse himself, "and I got picked up by an outward-bound vessel—which being short-handed they were glad to



"A woman radiant with hope and love"

give me a berth—I wrote to Alice saying that, perhaps, as I was earning such good money, I'd best keep out of the way a bit, and she agreed, saying that you and David were sweethearting already, and that things would soon come right."

"Come right! Did you judge me such another as yourself, to break troth-plight at the first flatterin' word?"

"I own I courted of 'ee," answered Nat very uncomfortably, "but when Alice come to the place, seemin'ly I hadn't a chance to keep true. She'd a goldener head—a more winsome tongue, and I went mazed about her in no time."

"Now, Bess, forget and forgive. Love's just a game, and I've won, so don't bear malice."

The light words—the lovers' look exchanged between them, lashed Bess into bitter retort upon the faithless scheming Nat, who had desired to be quit of her without losing the goodwill of those in authority.

"I give you joy, Nat; you've won the goldener head and the winsome tongue, but they are fair-weather toys after all. If you'd a married me I'd have made a man of 'ee honest and true; for I am your true mate and you'll go lonely for want of me. Time was when I thought you stooped to me, but now I be 'shamed of 'ee—'shamed as ever I have loved 'ee, and by the side of yon golden head you'll grow a poorer thing each day. My words be certain as death, and you'll mind them when you be sore let and hindered for want of a helpmate to share your burden. Do you think you will prosper on the sorrow you've brought me? No, the Lord don't smile on such handiwork or bless the doers of it. Now I've said my say, and I'll go, nor ever trouble your peace again."

She never doubted that her words were true, for she believed in a God who did not leave such deeds unpunished; moreover, she had fathomed Alice's weak little soul to its foundations and knew its frivolity—knew the helplessness that could drag a man's courage down and make his home a misery by unthriftiness and folly.

Bess understood all this as she understood the utter downfall of her own happiness, and her set, white face scared the villagers as she went down through the little street. Her blank eyes were on the sea; they looked as though striving to pierce through utter darkness, and the people were frightened of her.

"She didn't ought to be let go alone," said one to another. "She've had a shock and a blow, and 'tis solitary where she be goin'."

But none had the courage to stop her until the artist, who was aimlessly wandering about, caught the muttered uneasiness.

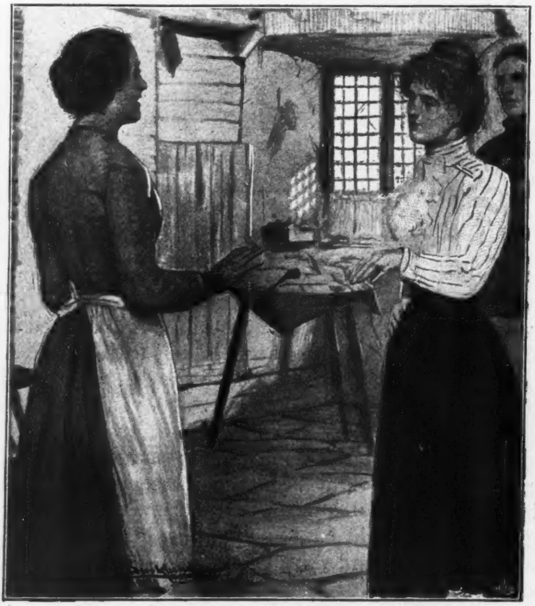
"What! you of her own village to think her a coward? I tell you she is the bravest of us all! Speak to her? yes, certainly. Turn her from her purpose? That is nonsense, for it is a good one, I know."

He was not long in overtaking and placing himself directly in her path.

"Bess, where are you going?"

But for his being so directly in her way she might have passed him by, being in no humour for questioning of any sort.

"Where are you going?"



"Wordlessly Alice held out her left hand with its golden ring"

She was impatient of him, but she had learnt a certain obedience during the sittings, and the utter differences of these two were like the meeting of extremes—not without understanding and sympathy.

"I'm going back to widow Morris'."

"Indeed! I should have thought you had had enough of the family."

His scorn of them was pity for her, and she knew it.

"I reckon I must bide until she be took. You see, Nat have lost his ship and gained a wife; there'll be childer most like to be worked for and kep, and a man must think of they even before his mother—so I must bide."

He bowed and drew back.

"You are a grand woman, Bess," he said gravely, for in her fidelity there was something sublime, "but to me it seems a terrible waste of a good life!"

Perhaps it was, for she never married David—or any other. She was strong and courageous, understanding her own instincts and abiding by them to the end.

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL

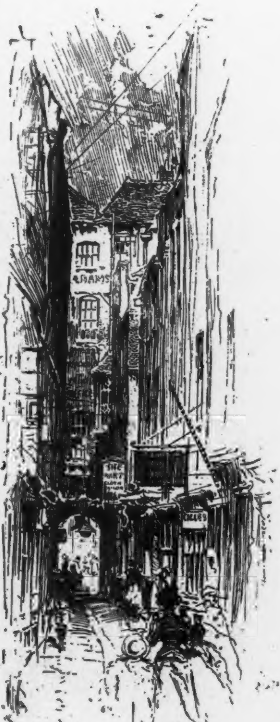
By the Hon. the Very Rev. JAMES WENTWORTH LEIGH, D.D.,
Dean of Hereford.

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDLEY FITTON

FIRST PAPER

TO any one desirous of making a pleasant holiday trip about Easter or Whitsuntide, few places in England present greater attractions than the county of Hereford, which has been called "the Garden of England," but which, perhaps, might be more appropriately termed "the Orchard of England." Here the lover of nature, the artist, the archæologist, the geologist, and the boating man or bicyclist can revel in scenes by water or byway of unsurpassed rural beauty. The traveller from London has the choice of two routes—the one by Swindon, Gloucester, and Ross; the other by Oxford, Evesham, Worcester, and Malvern. By the former he will pass through the valley of Stroud, with its disused manufactories and curious terraces rising one above the other, reminding one of some of the villages in the south of France, and only lacking the grape-vines to make the illusion complete; he will obtain a passing view of the grand tower of Gloucester Cathedral and of the picturesque town of Ross on the Wye. By the other route, passing by the seat of learning with its spires, towers, and domes, he will travel through the Vale of Evesham and see in the springtime acres of fruit-trees, one mass of white blossom, and from the bridge over the Severn he will get a fine view of Worcester Cathedral, the ancient palace of the bishop (now occupied by the dean) and a fine stretch of the river. He will see the Malvern hills, and further on obtain a glimpse of Eastnor Castle rising from the midst of woodland scenery, and the Somers obelisk standing on the slope of the Herefordshire beacon.

As he nears the city of Hereford he will cross many times over the winding Wye, along the banks of which there is to be found river scenery unsurpassed



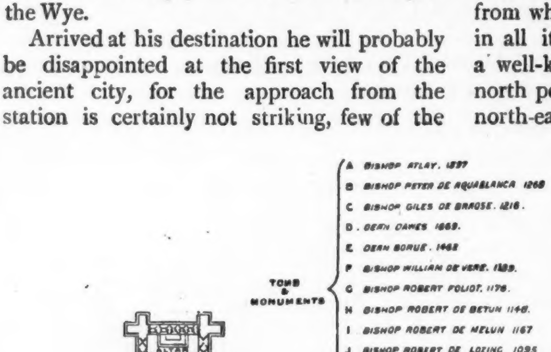
CHURCH STREET, LEADING TO THE CLOSE

in picturesqueness in this or any other country.

Few excursions are more enjoyable in the summer months than one down the river from Hay to Chepstow, a distance of about eighty miles without a lock, and presenting a continuous succession of varied beauties, of castles, abbeys, modern mansions, woods, fertile meadows, bold rocks, and picturesque cottages, with cattle grazing here and there to enliven the general landscape. Owing to the circuitous windings of this beautiful stream, the traveller will get a variety of enchanting glimpses of home scenery, as well as of the grand and the sublime, which alone would repay a visit to the Valley of the Wye.

Arrived at his destination he will probably be disappointed at the first view of the ancient city, for the approach from the station is certainly not striking, few of the old black and white houses being left. The most picturesque is that now utilised as Lloyd's Bank, one of the many houses which used to form what was known as "Butchers' Row"; it was built about 1621. The carving on the overhanging gables and the elaborately decorated porch, with the arms of the Butchers' Guild, is well worth a passing notice.

The old Market House, which stood in the High Town until 1862, was unfortunately removed to make room for modern improvements. The pedestrian crossing the wide expanse known as High Town, enters a narrow street or passage with quaint old curiosity shops on each side, on emerging from which he suddenly sees the Cathedral in all its beauty standing in the middle of a well-kept close. Before entering by the north porch it will be well to diverge to the north-east corner of the close, near the deanery, from which the best view of the exterior can be obtained. From this point will be seen a great variety of Gothic architectural periods; indeed, almost every variety except the Norman, which can only be seen on entering the nave. For example, the north transept which has a style and character of architecture unlike any other part of the building, and indeed almost unique in its character, with its large north window and straight-sided arch—geometrical work of the thirteenth century; the side aisle of the same, with similar straight-arched windows and octagonal staircase tower; the small Stanbury Chapel — late fifteenth century—nestled in the corner; the Ladye Chapel, a beautiful specimen of lancet or Early English work of the early thirteenth century, with the upper portion of the wall space decorated with interesting old-fashioned arcade work of semi-circular arches; the doorway to the crypt under the Ladye Chapel with its stone roof; and the massive central tower, adorned with the ballflower ornament so often seen in connection with


TOMB & MONUMENTS
A BISHOP ATLAY. 1897
B BISHOP PETER DE AQUABLANCA 1268
C BISHOP GILES DE BRAOSE. 1216.
D. DEAN DAWES 1869.
E DEAN BORUE. 1462
F BISHOP WILLIAM DE VERE. 1199.
G BISHOP ROBERT FOLIOT. 1176.
H BISHOP ROBERT DE BETUN 1148.
I BISHOP ROBERT DE MELUN 1167
J BISHOP ROBERT DE LOZING 1095
K. SIR RICHARD PEMBRIDGE. 1375
L. DEAN HERBERT 1894.
ALTAR
LADY CHAPEL
N.E. TRANSEPT
S.E. TRANSEPT
VICAR'S CLOISTER
ALTAR
CHOIR
SACRISTY
SITE OF CHAPTER HOUSE
NORTH TRANSEPT
TOWER
SOUTH TRANSEPT
BISHOP'S CLOISTERS
NORTH PORCH
NAVE
MUSIC ROOM
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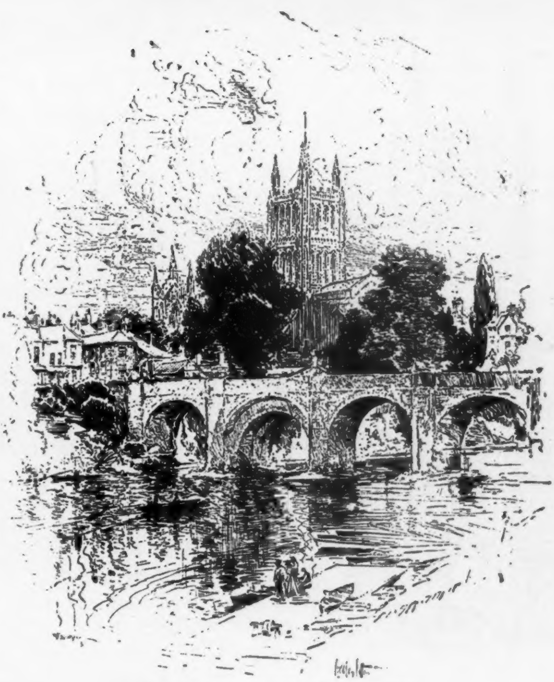
GROUND PLAN OF HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

churches in Herefordshire—these and many other examples of architecture of different periods can be studied from this point of view.



CATHEDRAL FROM BELOW THE BRIDGE

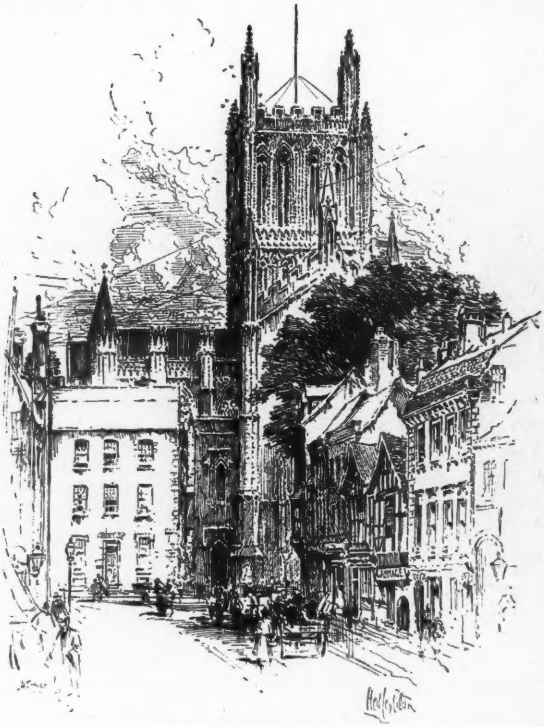
And here it may be well to give a short record of some of the vicissitudes through which this Cathedral has passed from the earliest days, and which account for the great variety of style that is to be found in the building.

The history of the city and see go back to the remote ages, even to the time when the Romans had possession of this island, so that it is difficult to know where to commence. There is every reason to believe that it is one of the very few bishoprics which have descended almost without interruption from the first establishment of Christianity in our island down to the present day. Archbishop Usher mentions that the see of Hereford was originally subject to the Archbishop of Caerleon.

One of the earliest and also one of the most eminent of those who held the office of bishop in this country was Dubricius. He was born, says the legend, under miraculous circumstances, and was rescued with his mother from drowning in the Wye at Madley, six miles from Hereford. He established a college at Hentland, five miles from Ross, and gathered round him, during the seven years that he presided over the College, as many as 2000 clerical persons from all parts of Britain. He removed from Hentland to another place on the Wye above Hereford, now known as Moccas, where he erected an oratory, and carried on a course of preaching and instruction, enlightening the British nation with his doctrine. He became bishop of the whole of this district about the year 470. Among other acts attributed to Dubricius was the coronation of King Arthur at Cirencester, A.D. 506.

In the diocese of Hereford his name is preserved in connection with four churches. Dubricius was succeeded at Caerleon by Dewi or David, who removed the see to Menevia (now called St. David's), perhaps as a measure of safety against the advance of Saxon power. There are, by the way, churches bearing the name of David at Great and Little Dewchurch, at Dewsall; and at Kilpeck, where there is a small church of remarkable architectural interest.

There is no doubt that a bishop of Hereford was one of the seven bishops of the old Celtic or British Church, who met St. Augustine at Aust Clift overlooking the Severn on that memorable occasion when Augustine, alleging his commission from the Apostolic See, required submission and obedience from the British bishops and leading men of the ancient Church, who were evidently astonished at the position of superiority which he assumed. "Memorable," I say, as showing that there was no evidence that the ancient Celtic Church ever acknowledged the supremacy of the Romish See. And this is borne out by the Abbot Adamnan in his "Life of Columba." The answer given to Augustine's requirements of submission was short and decisive: "We will do none of



CATHEDRAL FROM THE WEST

these things." And they added, "We will not have you for Archbishop;" for they considered among themselves: "If he would not now rise up to receive us courteously, how much more will he look down upon us as not worthy of consideration if we should acknowledge ourselves as subject to his authority"—and so the conference ended.

We do not find a regular succession of bishops (as given by William of Malmesbury) until after the synod held at Heortford in 673 by Archbishop Theodore, when it was decreed that the Mercian dominions should be divided into several new dioceses, and Bishop Putta was translated from Rochester to Hereford, and Worcester was taken out of Hereford and made a separate see. It was the murder of Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, by Offa, King of Mercia, that brought the Cathedral first into general notice in Christendom. This tragical event is variously related and embellished with more or less fabulous traditions. It appears that King Offa, who had erected a palace at Sutton, three miles from Hereford, having agreed to a marriage between his daughter Alfrida and Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, invited him to his palace, but his prospective mother-in-law, Queen Quenrida, thinking that the young monarch had an eye to the Mercian throne rather than to her daughter, had him barbarously murdered, and his body was privately buried on the bank of the river Lugg. According to monkish legend, on the night of his burial a column of light brighter than the sun arose towards heaven, and three nights afterwards the ghost of the murdered monarch appeared to his friend Brithfrid, who was charged to convey the body to the monastery near Hereford and to inter it there. Other miraculous events are mentioned in connection with the removal of the body, which it is not necessary to dwell upon; suffice it to say that soon pilgrims flocked from all parts to be healed of diseases by contact with the relics of the deceased.

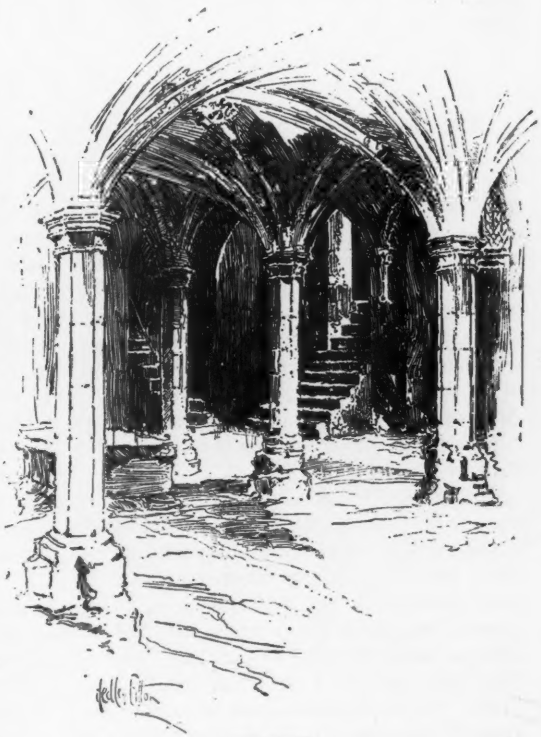
Offa, hearing of all the miracles worked at the tomb of the martyred monarch, either in real or affected remorse for his crime, raised by way of expiation a costly monument over the grave of his victim, and bestowed large gifts on the church, which hereafter became the Church of St. Mary and St. Ethelbert. Moreover he founded a monastery at St. Albans, and gave grants of land for its support as "a gift to God and to His Church for the support and propagation of Christianity." We might be inclined to think that one of the greatest miracles wrought in connection with Ethelbert's death was that his murderer should have been an instrument in honouring two martyrs and saints and be looked upon as a propagator of Christianity. It seems somewhat remarkable that his own son Egfrid should for some reason have objected to hi father being buried within the precincts of hi newly erected Abbey of St. Albans, and had him interred at Bedford in what some have stated was unconsecrated ground.

After the death of Offa and of his son Egfrid, Mildred, who was appointed Viceroy, expended a large sum of money in building at Hereford "an admirable stone church" ("ecclesiam egregiam, lapidea structura"), which he consecrated and dedicated to the murdered monarch and endowed with ornaments. But troublous times followed, and the church of St. Ethelbert, in common with other religious establishments of the country, suffered from the ravages of the war. This church had so much fallen into decay in two hundred years that Ethelstan, bishop in 1012, seems to have rebuilt it entirely; but in the same year that he died (1055), Algar, Earl of Chester, and Gryffth, Prince of Wales, during hostile incursions of the Welsh, utterly destroyed it with fire, together with a considerable part of the city, so that scarce any of this structure is to be traced. It is said to have remained in ruins from the year 1055 to 1079, when Robert de Lozing or Lorraine on his consecration at once commenced building a new cathedral, which work was carried on by his successor, Bishop Reynhelm, and forms the bulk of the present edifice.

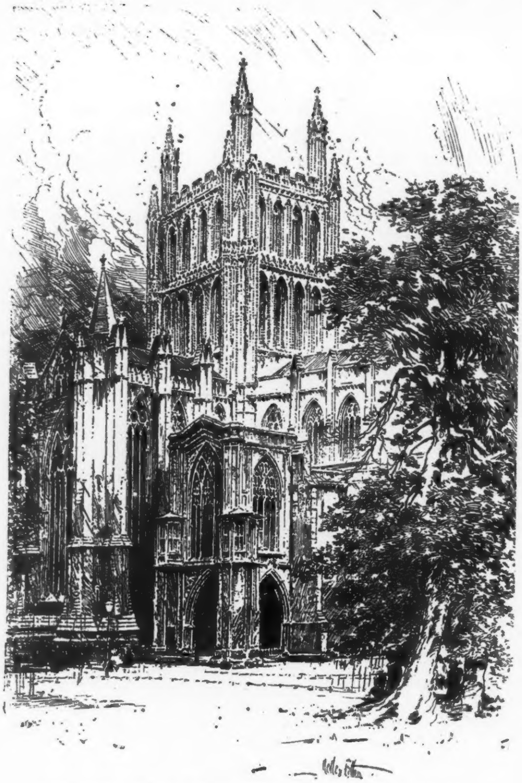
We will enter it now by the north entrance, the outer porch of which was erected by Bishop Booth in the sixteenth century, and may be said to be the last work of the grand old bishop-builders, the work after that being restoration, or in some cases deformation, as was the case when the west tower fell in 1786, crushing in its fall much of the west end, and the rebuilding of it was entrusted to James Wyatt, who substituted his own feeble Gothic for the fine Norman façade, triforium and clerestory, and shortened the nave by sixteen feet. It was well said by a writer soon after the rebuilding: "It was only in ruins when the tower fell; it was not ruined until James Wyatt had done with it."

Owing to its proximity to the Welsh border and its liability to suffer from raids, the Cathedral has passed through many vicissitudes, and, consequently, although it has not the uniformity, the extent or magnificence of some of our cathedrals, yet it furnishes links in the history of Norman and Gothic architecture, and a complete series of designs under every form, which is scarcely to be found in any other ecclesiastical building, and is therefore most interesting to the archæological student. It has been said to present a variety of heterogeneous and discordant parts, and yet these seem to blend and harmonise in a remarkable manner. A desire of uniformity seems to have never actuated the different prelates who had a share in its erection. They aimed rather at variety, each in his own work, and it is this circumstance which makes Hereford Cathedral one of the most interesting of our ancient edifices.

The student will find here the choicest specimens of both earlier and later architectural skill. He may see by what an easy yet perceptible gradation each style advances on the preceding. For instance, in the south transept may be seen some striking examples of early Norman of the eleventh century (possibly, although this is not certain, remains of Bishop Ethelstan's church which was destroyed in 1055)—the tall arches of wall arcade (similar to examples seen in Lombardy), the balustraded triforium (like the eleventh century transepts of St. Albans, Chester, and Pershore). From the south



THE CRYPT



CATHEDRAL FROM NORTH-WEST, SHOWING NORTH PORCH

transept the student may direct his attention to the choir, with its heavy masses of wall, like St. Albans and Chichester, supporting finely carved arches, and the magnificent triforium, the work of Robert de Lorraine. Originally the Norman choir and side aisles terminated in eastern apses, after the fashion of the ninth-century work of the choir of St. Ambrogio of Milan, and said to have been copied from the church at Aix-la-Chapelle built by Charlemagne.

Next in order comes the nave, later Norman, with its substantial pillars, with double shafts on the north and south side of the piers, intended to support a stone-vaulted roof, the capitals of the pillars being richly carved, especially those eastward, full of classical survivals, and far richer than those of Ely, Peterborough, Gloucester, or Tewkesbury. Transitional work may be seen in the retro-choir and what originally constituted the ambulatory, whilst the Lancet or Early English of the thirteenth century is represented by the beautiful Ladye Chapel with its rich clustering of shafts in the window jambs, and in the composition of the east end window with its quintet of lancets. Below the Ladye Chapel may be seen the small crypt of the same period, probably the last of the crypts and used as a Golgotha or charnel-house. Of Early Geometrical we have a fine specimen in the clerestory of the choir, the old Norman work having been taken down, and the Gothic substituted, with inner arcade, about the middle of the thirteenth century. Here may be seen an early example of plate tracery.

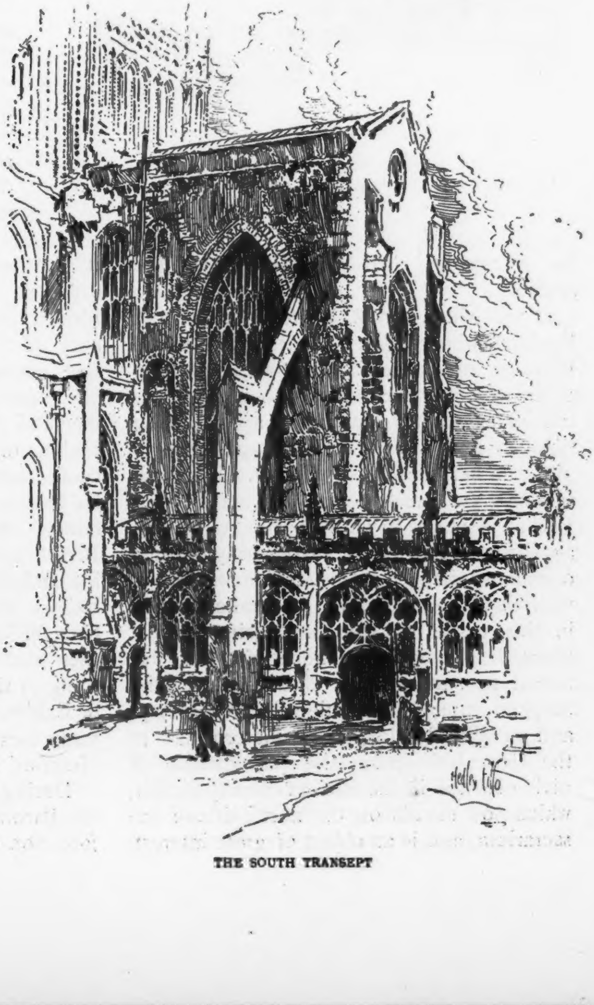
The north transept, which is almost the only portion of the Cathedral that is complete of its kind, and which replaced the old Norman transept, is a most original and beautiful example of Middle Geometrical of the thirteenth century, and is deserving of careful study, whilst examples of Perpendicular may be seen in the large windows of the south transept and the Audley and Stanbury Chapels.

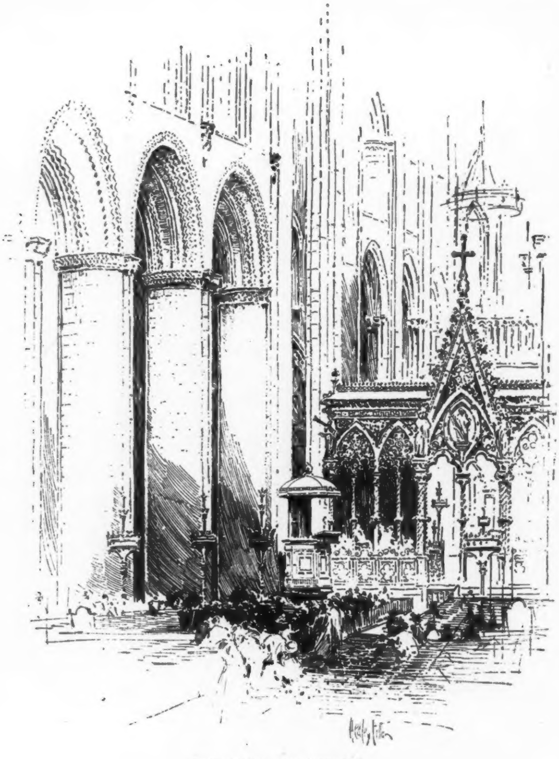
Our Cathedral is rich in monumental effigies. Although we are unable, like Canterbury, York, Winchester, Gloucester, Worcester, and other cathedrals, to boast of royalties, yet it has been remarked that this church contains more memorials of bishops, deans, and other dignitaries than perhaps any other in the kingdom. There are no less than ten effigies of Norman bishops beneath the windows of the side aisles of the choir, all placed in uniform arches, which are pointed and studded with the ball-flower and other mouldings, each effigy as large as life and clad in episcopal vestments. They were no doubt all constructed at the same period when these side aisles were erected, *i.e.*, during the early part of the fourteenth century.

Among them may be mentioned that of Robert de Lorraine, who commenced the rebuilding of the Cathedral, as stated by William of Malmesbury, who mentions that he built the church of Hereford in a long round shape, having imitated the basilica of

Aix-la-Chapelle. William of Malmesbury, Norman by his father and English by his mother, was in all probability living at the time, and wrote what he knew of this church when at a mature age he visited Hereford, and doubtless conversed with those who had been personally acquainted with all the plans of Bishop Robert's design. This bishop was reckoned to be one of the most learned men of his day, but withal of a superstitious nature, for when invited by Remigius, the rebuilder of Lincoln Cathedral, to be present at its dedication, he refused to undertake the journey because the stars were not propitious, and announced that the dedication would not take place in the lifetime of Remigius, which came to pass, as he died the day before the ceremony was to take place. It is also related that during the last illness of his old friend St. Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, a vision of his friend appeared to him in a dream, and said, "If you wish to see me before I die, hasten to Worcester." Being at Court at the time, he obtained leave from the king and travelled night and day, but being overcome with fatigue he stopped at Cricklade for rest. The apparition again appeared, and said, "Thou hast done what fervent love could dictate, but art too late. I am now dead, and thou wilt not long survive me: but lest thou shoulds't consider this as a fantastic dream, know that after my body has been committed to the earth, a gift shall be given thee which thou shalt recognise as having belonged to me." Bishop Robert proceeded to Worcester, and having attended the funeral of his deceased friend was about to return home, when the Prior said to him, "Receive as a testimony of our departed lord's love this lambskin cap, which he long wore." He remembered the prediction that he had not long to live; and we learn that he only survived his old friend five months.

His great work of rebuilding the Cathedral was completed by Reynhelm who, was appointed to the see by Henry I., and who acted as the Queen's Chancellor. He appears to have appointed the prebendaries and other officers of the church. Robert de Bethune, consecrated 1131, was a native of Flanders and Prior of Llanthony Abbey. He was noted for his sanctity, energy, and humanity, being one of the best and worthiest bishops of his age, a man of peace and religion, when by far the greater number of English bishops were little better than the most turbulent of barons. These virtues did not, however, exempt him from troublous days, for during the contentions between Stephen and the Empress Maud for the throne, the country was almost devastated by the warlike adherents of the contending parties, and the city of Hereford suffered greatly. The Cathedral was deserted and desecrated, and the Bishop himself was compelled to take flight in disguise. On


THE SOUTH TRANSEPT



THE NAVE AND SCREEN

his return he cleaned and repaired the building.

It was Miles, son of Walter, Constable of England, who rendered great service to the Empress in defence of Hereford, and being a person of influence and wealth, induced the inhabitants to take up arms against King Stephen and proved of great assistance to Maud in her claim to the Crown. For these services she created him, by her charter, Earl of Hereford in 1141; but King Stephen appearing at the head of a large army, fortune once more changed in his favour; and Miles, with all his followers, who had taken refuge in the castle of Hereford, being closely blockaded without any hope of relief, was forced to surrender at discretion. King Stephen entered the castle with great pomp, and on Whit-Sunday, 1142, sat crowned in the Cathedral during the performance of divine service in the ancient episcopal chair, which now stands on the north side of the sacrarium, and is an object of great interest. Sir Gilbert Scott said that it was genuine, and very old—one of the oldest he had ever seen; and Mr. H. Shaw, the author of a work on ancient furniture, considered it to be purely Byzantine in character, and that it might belong to any period from the ninth to the twelfth century, probably made for the use of Bishop Reynhelm in 1107.

On the death of King Stephen, Hugh de Mortimer opposed Henry II. and persuaded Roger Earl of Hereford, son of Miles, to fortify Hereford against him, but Gilbert Ffolliott, Bishop of Hereford, induced the earl, his kinsman, and the inhabitants of the city, to submit. This bishop, esteemed for his austere habits and great learning, was translated to London and became a formidable adversary to Thomas à Becket. He it was who uttered the bitter sarcasm on Becket's consecration as Primate: "The King has wrought a miracle, he has turned a soldier and a layman into an archbishop." He was also present with Robert of Maledon (his successor in the see of Hereford) at the famous scene between Thomas à Becket and Henry II. at Northampton, when they both attempted to wrest the cross from the Archbishop. Bishop Ffolliott also preached in Canterbury Cathedral in 1174 on the memorable occasion when Henry II. underwent his penance. It is somewhat remarkable that the Bishop who succeeded Robert de Melun or Maledon was Robert Ffolliott, consecrated at Canterbury the same year that his namesake and predecessor preached his famous sermon, and who had been tutor to Becket and was elevated to the see through his influence. He was one of the four bishops who in 1176 attended the Lateran Council for the purpose of making oath that they would not do, or cause to be done, anything to the injury of the King or the realm of England. There was also another of the same name who was consecrated Bishop of Hereford in 1219.

During the wars between King John and the Barons, Giles de Braos, Bishop of Hereford, son of William de Braos, a great Baron, opposed the King and entered into an alliance with Prince Llewellyn. Mortimer, though strongly urged by them, adhered to John, upon which the Bishop of Hereford, with Llewellyn and his other adherents, utterly demolished his castle of Camaron. But the Pope's Legate pronounced excommunications against all who had taken anything from the King and his friends unless they made timely satisfaction. A conference was held at Wigmore, not far from Hereford, and it was then ordered by Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other Lords present, that the damages should be reimbursed, amounting to 500 marks. As the Bishop still continued to exert himself in favour of the rebellious Barons and was inciting the inhabitants of Hereford to support him, he was by them expelled from the city, forced to abdicate his episcopal dignity, and quit the country; but having afterwards made his peace with the King, as he was returning home to take possession of his see, he died at Gloucester, November 1215, and was buried in his own Cathedral, on the north side of the choir. In the hand of his effigy is the model of a church, which is supposed to signify that he built the great central tower.

MISS ATKINSON'S CHARM

By EDWARD KENNEDY MACKENZIE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT

LATE October in the country, and October taking herself all too seriously. No delightful early frosts silvering hedge-rows and grass, and making crisp the ruts in the rough roads. No red or yellow leaf against a faint blue sky, but instead masses of white mist, and the muffled melancholy roar of breakers upon a shrouded beach. We cast a mournful glance across the dim expanse, smelt the bitter scent of decaying leaves, felt the creeping, clammy cold of the encroaching fog, then we turned gladly from this universal weary greyness, and tried closed curtains, lamp-light, and a glowing, leaping fire as an antidote to the depression of Nature. But it had penetrated——

"What a strange and pretty cross that is, and you always wear it, Miss Atkinson." The girl who said this leant forward and touched the trinket curiously. Miss Atkinson detached it from her watch-chain, and we each examined it in turn, with the inquisitive interest of the idle.

"The hair belonged to two different persons, although both were iron grey?" one of us speculated.

"Yes, it was cut from the heads of two men," Miss Atkinson answered abstractedly, her eyes fixed in dreamy retrospect upon the fire.

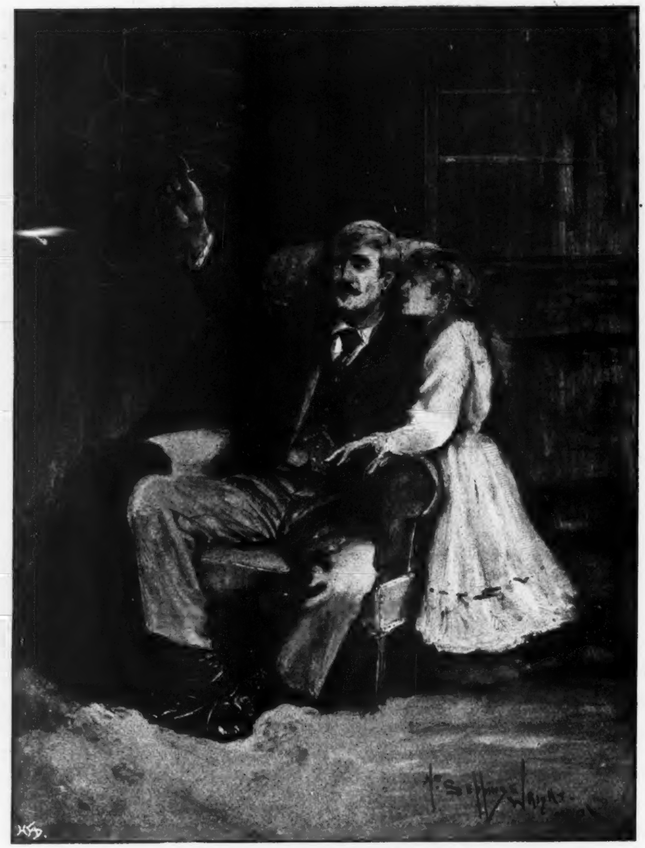
"Oh, there is a story about them," said the girl who had first attracted attention to the cross. She clapped her hands softly, and nodded encouragingly to us.

"Yes, there is a story," Miss Atkinson answered still absently.

Then we fell upon her with the desperation born of utter boredom, and coaxed and entreated until we had overcome her reluctance. She leant back in her chair and looked over our heads in the direction of the deep bay-window, as if against the dark folds of the heavy curtains she saw again the scenes which she recalled. Then in the silently monotonous voice, which belongs to entire abstraction, she began:

"When I was about thirty years old, it became necessary for me to leave my father's home. I had not been trained for any special work, but having received a good general education, I decided to seek an engagement as resident governess.

"After considerable waiting, I was fortunate enough to satisfy the requirements of a gentleman who needed a companion for an only girl who was under his guardianship. They lived in London, and the child attended classes upon various subjects, her guardian thinking this mode of education more diverting and interesting to her than any other.



"Would trace the outline in the air"

"As to their relationship, I was at first profoundly perplexed. I could discover no blood-connection between them, but although Dr. Loyd was fully five years my senior, and Elly was at that time only fourteen, she always addressed the doctor as Jonathan.

"I had not been with them many weeks before I completely lost my heart to them both, and although I am now elderly, I still think Dr. Loyd was a man only to be met with once in a lifetime."

"Was he good-looking?" inquired golden-haired May, the girl who had first demanded the story.

"Well, if you mean by good looks absolute regularity of feature, and a pink and white complexion, I suppose he was not. But, personally, I was never attracted by that kind of thing in men."

"You think it makes them conceited and distracts their attention from us?" May asked, as if weighing the matter.

"Oh, don't interrupt!" said her brother.

"I like a man's face to be full of character and intelligence, and Dr. Loyd's was certainly that, but although he was a year or two under forty he was very grey, and his whole appearance worn."

"He was one of the two men," said May in an explanatory whisper, pointing to the cross. "Was Elly pretty?" she then demanded.

"Yes, she was the most delightful slip of a girl, with silky thick-set hair, curling at its ends in great loose rings, and with such a holy reflectiveness in her clear brown eyes that when I first met their full gaze they affected me as beautiful music always does. But there was something too thoughtful in her manner for her age, and it was a relief when she occasionally threw off her usual reserve and laughed and chattered like other children. Whenever she did this, Dr. Loyd enjoyed himself immensely. He would launch into quaint stories to keep her merriment alive, illustrating them with rapid little sketches and caricatures on the backs of old envelopes, or any blank scrap of paper he could produce from his breast-coat pocket. In fact, it was indispensable to the progress of his conversation to draw whatever he was describing, and, failing pencil or pen and ink, he would trace an outline in the air with his forefinger, or the stem of his pipe, for Elly and I had accorded him the privilege of smoking in our company.

"Our life together was most quiet and uneventful. Dr. Loyd was what I suppose would be called a religious man, and he was certainly a very methodical one. He had been a surgeon in the Navy until he was thirty-three; then, when he had been in the service twelve years, he retired, but he retained a peculiar love of perfect punctuality and order, which, I suppose, he acquired on board ship.

"He knew nothing of the distinctions of High Church, Broad Church, or Evangelicalism, but he had a simple, direct way of looking upon specific duties as orders to be literally carried out, and to deny his services to the poorest or the most worthless who chose to claim them he would have regarded as unpardonable indiscipline.

"Every evening he conducted prayers, and one feature in this little ceremony perplexed me greatly. The benediction was invariably preceded by this sentence, uttered in an intense voice: 'We beseech Thee to show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives,' and Elly would then respond: 'We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.' It was so unusual that I expressed my wonder at it to her. She answered simply that Jonathan had asked her to join in that petition, and to try when she did so to fix her thoughts with all earnest pitifulness upon those who dwelt in darkness behind the walls of our great prisons.

"'It is like him,' she said thoughtfully, puckering her pretty forehead, and an incident which occurred when I had been with them for a few months led me to adopt her view, and attribute this small matter to his general philanthropy, otherwise the nightly supplication might have prepared me in a certain measure for what was to follow.

"The doctor had taken us to the annual exhibition of pictures at Burlington House, and we were returning home when we saw a crowd hurrying up the street down which we were turning. He looked anxiously at the child. 'Look there, Elly,' he said, pointing to a shop window, and evidently desirous to spare her some painful sight. She obeyed him, and I did so too, but a deep sigh from him made me turn round just as the central figure in the gathering mob passed by. It was that of a woman young in years, but worn, faded and emaciated. Her lustreless hair was drawn tightly back from her pallid face into a knot at the back of her bare head. Her bodice had been apparently torn open, for with one rough little hand she clutched it together at the throat, and her great hollow eyes stared hopelessly and unseeingly before her. A policeman held her by the arm, and to keep pace with him she hurried on with quick, short steps; but before the crowd had hidden her from us, we saw a child catch at her dingy skirts; then for a minute she stopped and cast back over her shoulder a look of horror which I can recall now.

"Well, he was painfully affected by that sight. He put Elly and me into a cab, and we did not see him again until late in the evening; then she asked him why he was so depressed.

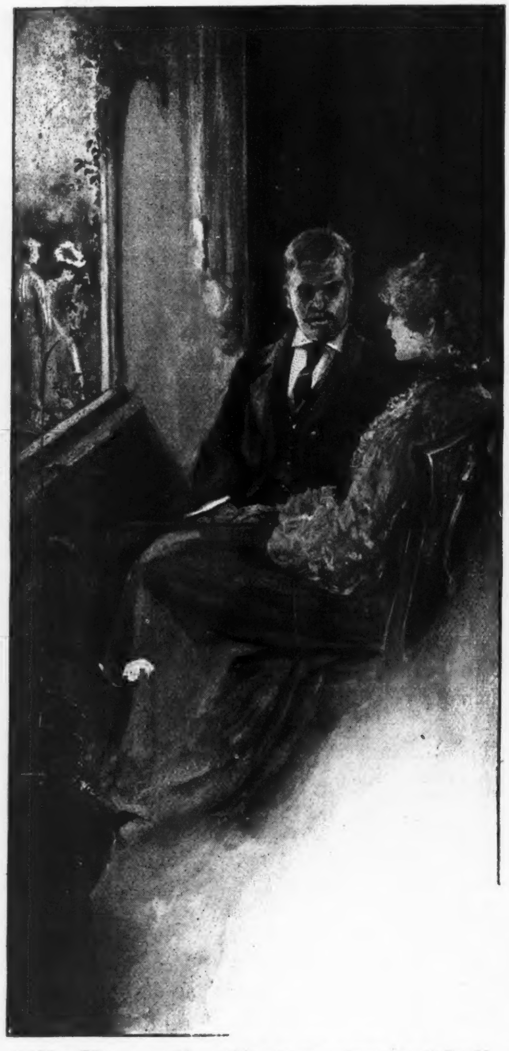
"He answered that for convenience he generally wore a bandage over his eyes, and occasionally, in spite of himself, it was removed.

"I think she called him a dear old goose as she sat down to play him some of his favourite airs. She played quite wonderfully, and nothing, as a rule, soothed him so rapidly as good music and a cherry-wood pipe with a plentiful supply of tobacco.

"That evening he interrupted the smoking concert to observe, 'Some men's sins go before to judgment, and some they follow after!' I knew he was thinking of the woman we had seen in the afternoon, but Elly considered his remark as strangely irrelevant. The intense feeling he had shown about this whole occurrence led me to suppose that in some way his sympathy was specially enlisted on behalf of that class which is bankrupt in everything that makes life desirable, and the solitary sentence he nightly used from the Litany no longer excited my surprise.

"When I first entered upon my engagement his means were very limited, but about the time of this little incident he inherited a comfortable fortune and a charming old house in the most secluded and picturesque part of Hampstead.

"Oh, the delight of that place! No grass or foliage ever seemed to me so green as that which grew within its garden walls; no lilac was so sweet, no laburnum so golden! How often have I stood in the first dewy joy of the morning, and seen the sparkle of the sunshine upon the far-off curving Thames, and the great city itself lying veiled tenderly



"'Has Elly ever said anything to you about her father?' he asked"

by a pale grey haze of that smoke which is as its life's breath, and while I looked, the lark's song was gladly echoing in my ears, and upon my cheek was the freshness of the pure flower-scented air.

"I spent four years there before any change took place in our household, years which were so peacefully pleasant that, even now, whenever I see an old square red-brick mansion, surrounded by smoothly-rolled mossy lawns, and massive verdure of chestnut and oak, I feel a throb of memory which is half pleasure and half pain. During these years Elly grew into tall and graceful womanhood. At nineteen she was, in fact, undeniably beautiful, and she possessed also that subtle and indefinable charm of manner which one calls fascination; it was, therefore I suppose, inevitable that some change must have come about, even if there had been no sad secret to burden the doctor's kindly and simple mind.

"It presently became evident that there was one person that she decidedly favoured. He was a budding barrister, good-looking, gentlemanly, moral, and upright; a desirable young man, I suppose, in every way. Yet the more plainly this perfectly proper romance advanced before our eyes the more worried, nervous, and restless Dr. Loyd became.

"At last arrived the crisis. The doctor startled me one morning, by asking me to give him half an hour alone in his private little room sacred to tobacco.

"'Has Elly ever said anything to you about her father?' he asked, when he had closed the door behind me."

He had thrust his hands into his pockets, and with his grey head slightly bent to one side, he frowned at me with a face that was almost tortured.

"'Why, yes, she has often told me he was your greatest friend, and that he, too, was in the Navy. She has given me many accounts of the games he and you used to get up together for her amusement, and of course she spoke of his sadly sudden death immediately following her mother's, when he was away at sea. She begged me never to allude to him before you, she said his loss had so much affected you.'

"'Bless her!' he exclaimed, with a sad little smile, 'I never understood why she avoided his name.'

"I waited his communication with some impatience, while he absently walked up and down the room.

"'Well!' he said suddenly. 'The child is utterly mistaken and deceived. Her father is not dead. He was convicted of embezzlement and forgery, and sentenced to a very heavy term of imprisonment. Her delightful relatives after telling her that he had died at sea, were taking steps to get her into a charitable institution when I interfered. They said to me that it was their duty to their own children to sever all connection with her, and that she ought to be brought up to earn her own living in some humble walk of life, and in ignorance of her natural position. When I looked at the poor innocent scrap, and thought of those curls cut off to her ears, I couldn't stand it, so I asked them to shake hands on their entire relinquishment of her, which they very gladly did. That was all easy enough.'

"'The good old country is a bit overcrowded'"

"He walked to the window and looked out. Being accustomed to his little peculiarities, I smothered my anxiety as to where all this was tending, and left him to a lengthy contemplation of the prospect. Presently he began again to uneasily pace up and down the floor. Then he recommenced—

"'I left her under the impression he was dead, and I was right. Whatever happens now, she has had these years of peace in which to grow to womanhood without any wound to her self-respect. But now here comes the terrible fact, young Hooper has asked for my consent to their engagement, and what on earth can I do consistently with honour? I had a plan before he came along, but it's no good discussing that now."

"I saw he was in danger of going off into another reverie, so I said rather sharply:

"'And now?'

"'Well you see before Hooper turned up I was going to ask you to do me the favour of taking her abroad for a time, when her father's term was finished. Then, when I felt some of the marks of his suffering had been effaced, I should have told her that he still lived, but that he had been under a cloud, and I believe she would have sufficiently trusted me not to make any further inquiries.'

"'You would have had him here?' I asked, surprised.

"'Of course,' he answered, looking at me with disapproval. 'Where else should he go? The man who leaves a prison behind him, faces a world without hope, without connections, without character. What is he to do? He has no future, his individuality is lost, his energy and enterprise destroyed. Elly's father was my friend, and he will, of course, come to me.'

"'Then what will you do in regard to Mr. Hooper?'

"'That is it. I have a scheme, and I want you to tell me if it is fair to the child. Hooper is a thoroughly good fellow. We are both quite satisfied about that, aren't we?'

"'Oh, yes! He seems all one could wish.'

"'Well, he is poor, and if he cares for Elly as he should, he will not think the sacrifice too great. I am going to propose to him that he should allow me to make certain settlements on her that will make their way smooth as far as money goes. Then he must take her to New Zealand. Christchurch, for instance, is delightful, he can practise at the bar there. I would, of course, tell him every detail of this miserable business, and if he is a man he will keep it from her. Is that fair to her?' he asked me anxiously.

"I saw he was suffering, and I tried not to be stupid, but I could not quite understand his drift, so I discreetly answered:

"'I don't think painful facts would be likely to come to her knowledge in a new country, and bearing her husband's name.'

"'Oh, but don't you see what I fear is the risk that when I have told young Hooper her secret, he may choose to sheer off. Think what that would mean to her all round,' he said, biting his lips.

"'Oh, he worships her!' I answered, reassuringly. 'He is quite, quite safe in that way.'

"'He *should* worship her,' he said, in an abrupt voice. Then he fetched a tobacco jar from a shelf. 'May I smoke?' he asked. 'There is such a lot to be thought of.'

"I nodded.

"'Will her father soon be free?'

"'In a few months,' he answered, drawing at his pipe vigorously. 'For that very reason, the marriage would have to be hurried on.'

"Well, my conjecture as to Mr. Hooper's feeling for Elly was justified by his entire acceptance of Dr. Loyd's plan.

"He evidently did not know that I was in the secret, and in a few days time he talked to me with admirable discretion of his purpose in regard to New Zealand.

"'The good old country really is a bit overcrowded,' he remarked with the quietest composure.

"Poor little Elly! She felt the approaching parting with Dr. Loyd most acutely. She grew quite white, and there were pitiful purple stains under her beautiful eyes.

"'I know it is horrid of me, dear,' she said to me as I gave her a good-night kiss, 'but I really feel fonder of Jonathan just now than I do of Herbert. Herbert seems so happy and well, and do you notice how worn and old Jonathan is getting?'

"'Oh, you feel like that because you are a little homesick already in anticipation. Suppose Mr. Hooper were going without you, could you be content with the old life again?'

"'Ah, no!' she answered.

"'Well, then, it is all quite natural and right, you would be an ungrateful, selfish young person if you could leave your lifelong friend without one pang.'

"Still the marriage preparations were not festive, for the three people whose business it was to hurry them on had heavy hearts. To me it was bitter to lose her so completely, and I could judge of Dr. Loyd's feelings in the increasing sharpness of his kind keen face, and in his steady devotion to the pipe of comfort.

"The months before their marriage passed away like a dream. After a short honeymoon they met Dr. Loyd at Plymouth, where they bade him a final farewell.

"I had promised Elly to stay with the doctor, at least for a time, to attend nominally to his housekeeping, but in reality, to watch over his welfare generally, for she had developed a quaint, motherly passion of anxiety about him during these last few weeks she spent in England.

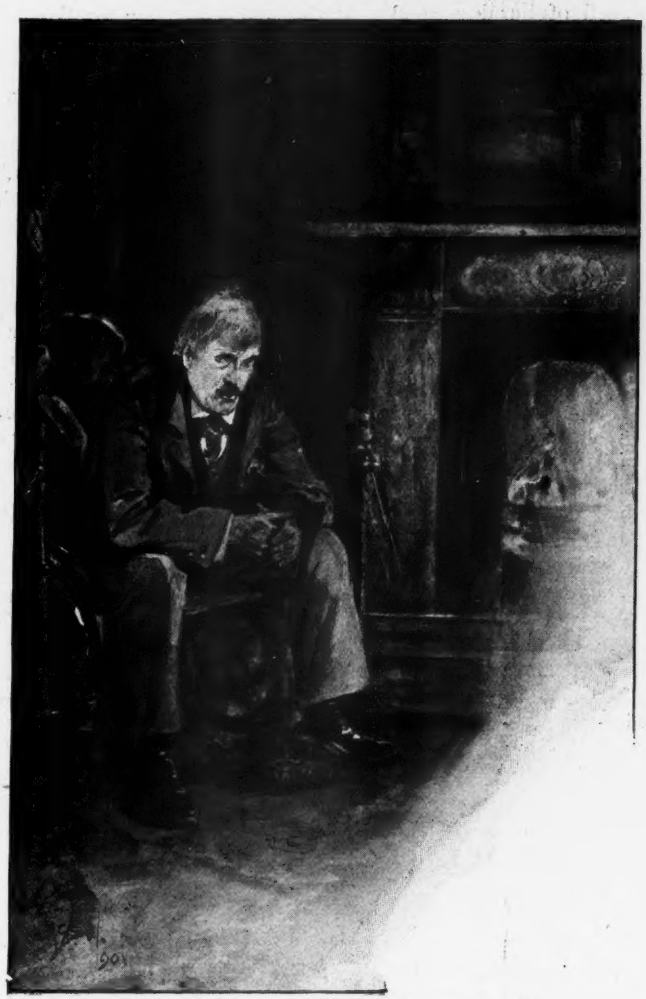
"I was glad to be asked to remain, for he had told me that Elly's father, whom he expected almost immediately, was completely crushed and broken down, and I felt that I might be useful to him in lessening the strain of such an intercourse.

"A few weeks after Elly and her husband had left England, the doctor brought her father home. Everything that could be done to make his welcome hearty and cheerful had been attended to, and I was just stirring his bedroom fire into a brighter blaze when I heard cab-wheels draw up before the door.

"I expected some awkwardness in that meeting, but there was none, for the man whom the doctor introduced to me as 'my old friend, Henry Carr,' seemed so utterly sunk in apathy and stupidity as to be unconscious even of one's presence.

"He was dressed as a gentleman (the doctor had seen to that), but it was very difficult to realise that he had even been once an intelligent man. The simplest conversation was impossible to him, and he sat stiffly erect, staring vacantly before him, unmindful of all that was passing around him.

"To this poor wreck the doctor devoted himself with unwearying affection. The task seemed to me so hopeless that I felt it would have been better to have placed him with some simple, reliable country folks in a secluded district. With shame I confess it, the sight of him was painfully abhorrent to me. The rigid, immobile face, the unobservant eyes, the coarse, disfigured hands with their blunt, worn finger-tips, above all the servility with which he obeyed anything that suggested an order, these were all hateful to me; indeed, something about the whole man made me feel my humanity humiliated in sympathy with his degradation.



"The sight of him was painfully abhorrent to me"

"He avoided all society, and I really do not know how he passed his time, for he took no interest in books, nor in the news of the day. Hour after hour he sat moodily gazing into the fire, taking for granted (I thought in my impatience) the noble generosity of the man who had held back nothing from him.

"I hope he never saw my resentment, which has often been the cause of my bitter regret, but it is a trite saying that one of the saddest things in life is the way in which we suddenly see our mistakes when we can no longer redress them.

"Well, one night, when he had been with us for about seven months, I was awakened by the cry of 'fire!' I sat up hastily in bed, conscious of smarting eyelids and the smell of burning wood. At that moment the doctor rattled impatiently at the handle of my door.

"'Quick, quick!' he said, 'the house is on fire.' I hurried out to the lawn to find there every member of the household except the doctor.

"'Where is he?' said Henry Carr, anxiously. Then there was an explanation that he was trying to save some old pictures.

"In several of the lower rooms a horrid red glow was steadily brightening.

"'Great heavens! Why does he not come?' said Carr again.

"We then shouted to him to show himself at the window of whatever room he had reached, that we might provide for his making his escape in this way. Through the doorway great volumes of smoke could be seen enveloping the staircase, so that it was clearly impassable.

"'He will lose his life,' cried Carr suddenly. Then he dashed forward towards the door.

"'No sir, that's impossible,' said some one, holding him by the shoulder.

"He looked round with a strangely altered face, and in that awful moment I recognised in him the child Elly. Then he vanished into the smoke."

Miss Atkinson stopped. Little May gently patted her hand.

"Did he reach him?" she asked.

"No, they both were separately overcome by the smoke, not burnt, one is always thankful for that. But at first it seemed to me part of the awful waste of it all, that they were not together. Now I see it differently. The doctor *knew*, one cannot doubt he knew."

"And the hair is theirs?" said May, softly.

"Yes, before they were buried I cut from their heads these two locks, and I always wear the cross into which I had them twined. Whenever things appear to me not worth while to do for others, or, if at any time I am tempted to lose my faith in the ultimate triumph of the good, I look at it and recall the man who, even in his death, could lure a soul from lying sunk in hopeless indifference up to the heights of a beautiful heroism."

We sat for a time in thoughtful silence, during which the plaintive cadence of the falling waves could be heard recurring from the beach.

Then our host spoke suddenly, "Your story gives me the same feeling as the prospect did outside. Everything seems wrapped in mystery. And death—death is everywhere! It's hard to believe on a day like this that there is such a thing as the happy greenness of the Spring."

"Yet death is the necessary antecedent of the Spring," said Miss Atkinson as she replaced her cross.

THE BABY'S SLUMBER SONG

Oh, what is the baby's lullaby
In lands where the north winds blow—
Where icebergs sail on the frozen seas,
And deep lies the drifted snow?
The seagull's scream is his lullaby,
And snug in a bearskin nest,
He gives no heed to the storms without—
They cannot disturb his rest.

Oh, list to the brown babe's lullaby—
The babe of the far Southland;
All day he dreams 'neath the date palm's shade
Or rolls in the shining sand.
The amber wavelets that lap the shore
Sing the baby's slumber song,
And like beads strung on a golden cord,
The bright hours slip along.

And what is your by-low, by-low song,
O child of the Orient?
You funny cherub with shaven poll,
And eyes that are set aslant.
The wind in the budding almond tree
Croons over you as you lie
On your white straw mat, in the warm sunshine;
And this is your lullaby.

But sweetest of all the slumber song
That's sung when the lights are low,
While shadow-folk on the nursery wall
Flit silently to and fro.
For what like a mother's tender voice
And a mother's gentle hand,
To guide the baby along the way
That leads into Slumber Land?

J. Torrey Connor.

In *The Church Standard.*

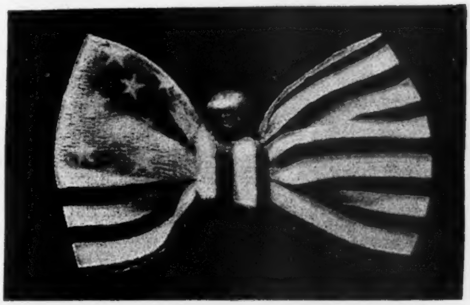
THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY—MR. McKINLEY AND MR. ROOSEVELT

By HARRY PERRY ROBINSON

PROTECTION
SOUND MONEY

A Button for the lapel of the coat worn by supporters of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hobart (the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, who died during his term of office) in the "Sound Money"—or gold standard—campaign of 1896.

IN the year 1888 there was a more than ordinarily hard-fought contest for the office of Speaker of the American House of Representatives. After four years of Democratic rule, in Mr. Cleveland's first term in the Presidential Chair, the Republicans had swept the country in the preceding November. Mr. Benjamin Harrison had been elected President, and there was a Republican majority in the House of Representatives, the first duty of which majority was to elect a Speaker. The occupancy of the Speaker's chair at Washington carries with it no less dignity, and vastly more power, than does the corresponding position at Westminster; and it is its best and strongest man that the dominant party in the House puts into that position. In the year 1888 the Republican members of the House were almost evenly divided in their opinion as to who was that best and strongest man among them; but there was no doubt that it was one of two. It was either Thomas B. Reed of Maine or William McKinley of Ohio. It was, as has been said, a hard fight; but Mr. Reed won. And it was Major McKinley's defeat—though no one foresaw it at the time—that was to make him President of the United States eight years later.



The Badge of the "Sound Money" party in the campaign of 1896. So many Democrats then voted for Mr. McKinley that it was necessary to take some badge which was not a purely Republican party badge. This was devised to meet the emergency—a miniature U.S. flag, held by a gold pin, the gold being symbolic of the gold standard of currency.

In the hands of the Speaker lies the appointing of the members of the various committees, which do the real work and exercise the actual power in the American House of Commons. The most important of these committees is that on "Ways and Means"; and the chairmanship of that committee is, next to the Chair of the Speaker himself, the most influential position in the Parliament of the United States. It was to this position that, as a matter of courtesy, as well as in just recognition of his fitness for that place, Mr. Reed appointed his defeated opponent.

At that juncture it happened also that the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee was a post of even more importance than usual, because the one great national question which divided the Republican and Democratic parties at the time was the question of the Tariff—*i.e.*, the conflict between the theories of high protective duties on the one hand and of a modified form of free trade on the other. Under Mr. Cleveland's administration the country had had a season of low tariffs. The country had not prospered. Whether the matter of the tariffs had had anything to do with that fact is another and larger question. At least the public had made up its mind that it wanted

A Gold Badge, bearing the monogram "McK.," worn by the heads of departments in the management of Mr. McKinley's campaign in 1896.

NATIONAL
REPUBLICAN
1896
HEADQUARTERS

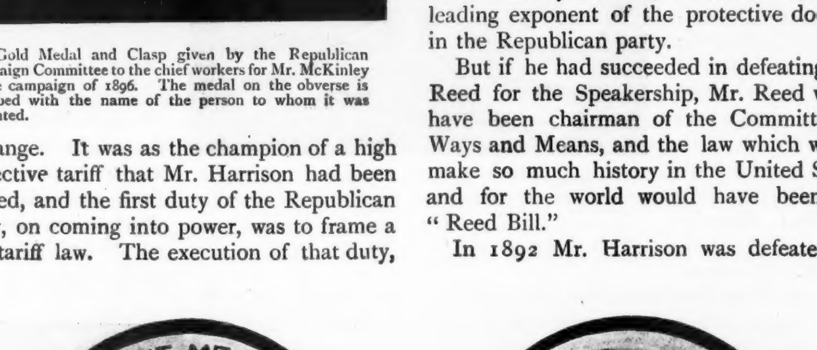
A Gold Medal and Clasp given by the Republican Campaign Committee to the chief workers for Mr. McKinley in the campaign of 1896. The medal on the obverse is inscribed with the name of the person to whom it was presented.

a change. It was as the champion of a high protective tariff that Mr. Harrison had been elected, and the first duty of the Republican party, on coming into power, was to frame a new tariff law. The execution of that duty, as a matter of course, fell upon the Ways and Means Committee, and it was the chairman of that committee who, by virtue of his position, had to take charge of the Bill, when framed, through all the arduous stages of its progress through the House. The law which was then framed was the famous "McKinley Bill."

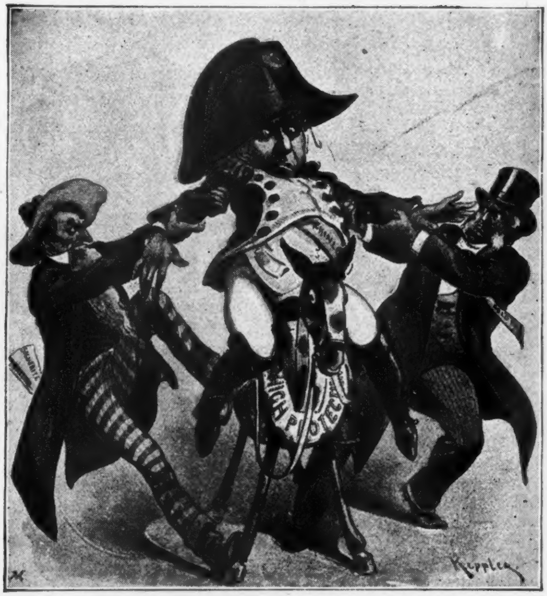
The law would have been called after the name of the chairman of that committee, whoever he had been. At the same time it is fair to say that Major McKinley was something much more than a merely nominal sponsor for the Bill. He was, and had always been, a firm—even an enthusiastic—believer in the wisdom of the policy of Protection. He had made the subject his chief study, almost his hobby, since his first entrance into political life. He was a thorough master of all the intricacies of commercial history and commercial theory which the work of handling such a law in its passage through Congress demanded. He did the work with consummate ability, and entirely earned his right to be known as the father of the McKinley Bill and, henceforward, as the leading exponent of the protective doctrine in the Republican party.

But if he had succeeded in defeating Mr. Reed for the Speakership, Mr. Reed would have been chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and the law which was to make so much history in the United States and for the world would have been the "Reed Bill."

In 1892 Mr. Harrison was defeated for



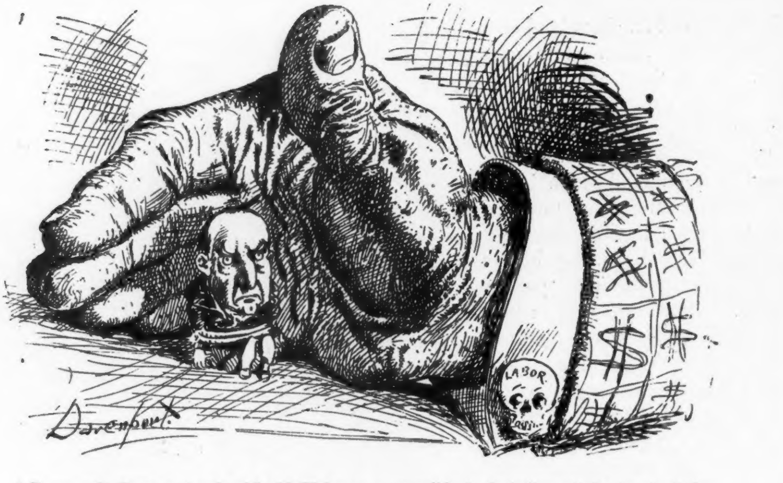
Two Campaign Buttons (slightly enlarged), worn in the lapel of the coat by the supporters of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Roosevelt in the Presidential campaign of 1900. The "full dinner-pail" is emblematic of the good wages which were claimed to have been the result of the prosperity brought about by the preceding four years (1896 to 1900) of Mr. McKinley's presidency.



A Democratic Cartoon showing Mr. McKinley as a diminutive Napoleon mounted on a hobby horse bearing the legend "High Protective Tariffs." The advocate of Free Silver and the capitalist (the supposed friend of the Gold Standard) are both trying to pull him off his hobby, each to his own side. Mr. McKinley is miserably uncertain which side to go to. The idea is, that at a time when the real question which engrossed the attention of the country was that of the standard currency, Mr. McKinley still clung to his hobby of the protective tariff, possessing no opinion on the one vital topic of the day.

re-election and Mr. Cleveland and the Democrats again came into power. With their accession to office followed a reversal of the tariff policy of the country, and almost coincidentally with the passage of the new "Wilson Law" the United States was plunged into the most terrible financial panic which, perhaps, any highly civilised country has ever passed through. The years of 1893, 1894, and 1895 were years of commercial eclipse. Trade languished, business stagnated, wages were reduced, industrial works closed their doors, and the land was full of the suffering and the discontent of the unemployed. We know now that for many years the fiscal policy of the United States, inspired chiefly by vain efforts to bolster up the inevitably falling price of silver, had been hopelessly unsound. On this unstable foundation a commercial fabric had been built up in which all values were inflated and speculative. When the Baring failure occurred to shake the finances of the world the result to the United States was a matter of mathematical demonstration. The airy structure of speculation collapsed as in a single night. Practically the entire banking system of the country suspended operations. Individual credit ceased to exist, and even the ability of the Government to meet its obligations was seen to be perilously uncertain. It may be possible that the diminution in the national revenues necessarily resulting from the low import duties of the Wilson Bill robbed the nation of some of its natural recuperative power; but it is unimaginable that any scale of duties, or any tariff law, could have materially lessened the shock to the country. But it is not in the United States alone that the Government at the time being has to bear the responsibility for whatever mishaps, however far beyond that Government's control, may befall the country during its term of office. Groaning under the burden of four years of industrial prostration, racked with strikes and labour troubles, suffering from hunger, the multitude were easily brought to believe that the repeal of the McKinley Law was largely responsible for their troubles; and so it followed that the man who gave his name to that law, who stood out as the chief champion of the principles which that law expressed, should be the favourite candidate for the Presidency.

In the mighty political struggle which followed—the presidential campaign of 1896—the great question which divided the parties was not that of the tariff. By a curious series of what one must call accidents—chiefly by the force and strangely magnetic personality of one man, Mr. Bryan—the ground of battle was shifted to the question of the standard of currency, and it is as the "Free Silver Campaign" that the contest of 1896 will be known to history. The Republican party managers at first did all they could to keep the old issue of the tariff to the front, for on that line their victory was certain. But it soon became evident that the battle-cry of Free Silver, coupled with Mr. Bryan's tremendous denunciations of the



A Democratic Cartoon showing Mr. McKinley as a mannikin in the hollow of the hand of the millionaire, the pattern on whose coat is made of dollar-marks and who wears the skull of a labouring man for a sleeve-link.

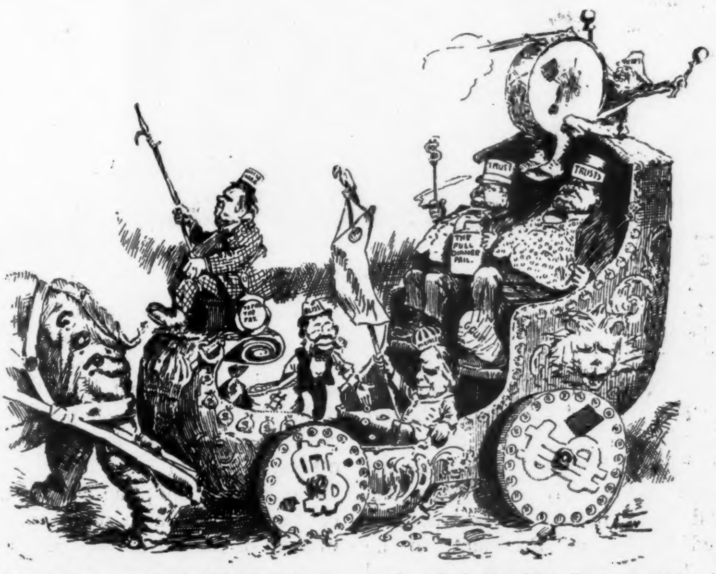
bankers and the capitalists—"the conspiracy of Wall Street and Lombard Street"—was carrying the unthinking majority of the people before it with irresistible force. There was no choice left to Mr. McKinley's managers but to meet the enemy on his own ground. Not only was the mass of the American people at that time profoundly ignorant of fiscal matters and utterly untaught in all the mysteries and complexities of the question of Bi-metallism, but most of the leaders of either party were almost equally unprepared. The speeches of Mr. McKinley himself up to that time (as we see by one of the cartoons reproduced with this article) show him to have made no study of the subject at all, and so far as he had expressed any opinions, those opinions were unquestionably in favour of the abandonment of the single gold standard. In the space of a few months not only had a nation to be taught the rudiments and principles of political economy, but the teachers themselves had to learn; while against them was pitted a leader whose eloquence, however shallow in its brilliancy, never failed to win the enthusiasm of any audience, no matter how unsound at bottom the doctrines which he preached.

The stupendous conflict which followed attracted the attention of the civilised world, as it could not fail to do; for the success of Mr. Bryan, and the attempt to crystallise his theories into law, must have resulted not only in an upheaval of all the financial and commercial conditions in the United States, but in profound disturbance of the commerce and exchange of the world. Fortunately Mr. Bryan was defeated, and, though on grounds quite other than those on which he had come to the front as a candidate, William McKinley became President of the United States.

Since then, during the four years of his first term of office and the portion of a year which has passed since his re-election to a second term, President McKinley has been in the eye of the world as no former President of the United States has ever been. The war with Spain, the amazing crumbling of the old Spanish power before the might of the young Western giant, the expansion of the United States into a colonising power, the appearance of the Republic for the first time as one of the parties interested in the settlement of the affairs of China—all these things served to bring the country, and above all its President, into strong relief before the eyes of the people of Europe. Moreover, as the prostration of the trade of the United States in the years from 1893 to 1896 had been utter, so the revival was sudden and triumphant. If by force of her arms the Republic had asserted her right to a place among the Great Powers, still more emphatically has that right been demonstrated by her victories in the peaceful wars of commerce; and President McKinley has borne well the fierce scrutiny to which he has been subjected.

In the campaign of 1896 the opponents of Mr. McKinley had in their service certain brilliant cartoonists, whose business it was to represent the Presidential candidate as the tool of the bankers of New York and London. They did their work ably. In almost all the Democratic cartoons of the campaign the candidate for the Presidency is represented as a pigmy, a doll, a marionette dancing while the ogre of capitalism pulls the strings, or as a schoolboy frilled and wide collared, being amused, or taught, or caned by the "Trust magnate" and the millionaire. By these means the impression created, not only in the minds of a large part of the population of the United States, but in the opinions of the statesmen of most European countries, was that the new President was a man of weak will and of no individuality. The first shock to this idea of Mr. McKinley was given when for weeks it was seen that he, and he only, by nothing but the force of his own will power and determination, held in check not only the country, which was clamouring for war with Spain, but, what was far more difficult, Congress itself, which would, but for the President, have precipitated war long before it did. The man who thus held his party and a nation in control could not be weak.

No pains were spared to make the world believe that Mr. McKinley was controlled by his friends—by one friend above all. It was true that Mr. McKinley was extraordinarily loyal to his friends, but it was not weakness which made him for months refuse to allow his Secretary of War to retire when all the country was shouting for his dismissal, and though that officer was begging to be released lest his retention should wreck the party and ruin the President himself. The truth was, that Mr. McKinley was loyal in his nature as few men are loyal; and if he had friends who were very close to him, it was because his nature was such as to provoke in those who came to know him well a feeling that was a loving devotion rather than any mere admiration or liking. When the news of the President's death was broken to the "one friend above all" mentioned above, it it is recorded that he broke down and sobbed. And he is generally regarded as



A Democratic Cartoon showing Mr. McKinley as a puny figure in the Republican Party car, which is drawn by an elephant (the emblem of the Republican Party, as the tiger is the emblem of the Democrats) and driven by Senator Hanna (supposed to be the typical capitalist) while the wheels bear the dollar-mark‘the symbol of the money power. Behind, in the best seats in the car, while Mr. McKinley squats on the floor, are two gross figures representing the magnates of the "Trusts," or great capitalistic combinations.

one of the shrewdest and hardest business men that America, the mother of shrewd, hard, business men, has produced. When the news was told to the ex-Secretary of War it is told that the tears streamed down his face.

The truth is, that while Mr. McKinley had closer friends than it falls to the lot of most men to make, and though he consulted them often on public affairs, no one of them ever made the mistake of supposing that his will was stronger than the President's, or that Mr. McKinley was likely to be moved one inch from any course wherein he believed that his duty lay.

(Biograph Studio, photo.)

MRS. McKINLEY

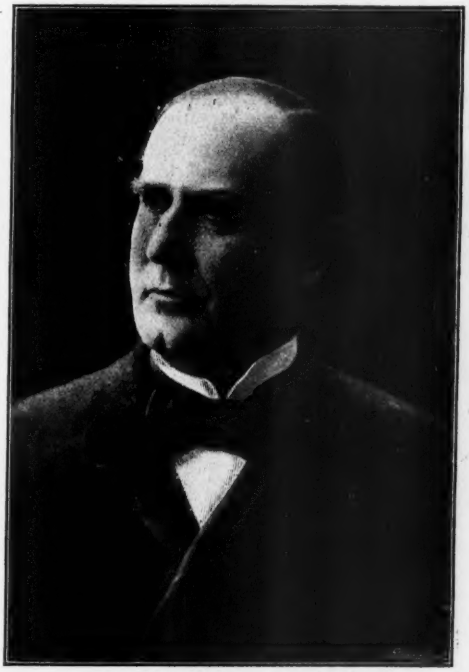
Who has been an invalid for many years, and his devotion to whom exhibited one of the most beautiful traits of the late President's character.

Twice at least during his term in the Presidential chair Mr. McKinley was seen clearly to change his mind on a large question of foreign politics. In each case the change came about after public opinion had expressed itself decisively in opposition to the views already put forth by himself. It was therefore said that he was a time-server, that he had his ear to the ground listening for the voice of the people, before he dared to have a voice of his own. The most obvious contradiction to this is that in neither of the cases referred to had he hesitated to express his own opinion before any voice from the people had been heard. It is true that he believed himself, as President, to be above all things the representative and mouthpiece of the people. He showed, however, in the matter of the outbreak of the Spanish war, already referred to, that he was quite capable of holding his own against even the headlong pressure of an almost unanimous nation hungry for war. If at other times he was willing, where he believed no question of principle at stake, to reconsider his opinion when he found that he was in a small minority, it was not from weakness but from principle. He did it because he believed that he ought to do it; and it needed more courage and more strength to change than would have been needed to remain "firm." A lesser man could not have done it.

His courage, indeed, physical and moral, is a thing which at no time in his life needed demonstration. He showed it in the personal gallantry which won him his rapid promotion in the civil war from the position of private in the ranks to a captaincy and to his brevet majority, to which he owed the title by which he was known to most of his friends, "The Major." He showed it no less at every stage of his subsequent life, often a life of self-denial, and always one of hard work and strenuous simple living. He showed it in those last hours when he went to his death with such simple fortitude, such self-effacement, and such forethought for others.

Before the end, the people of his own country had come to understand him truly in spite of the cartoonists of the opposition and of all the political misrepresentation of which he was made the object, though the majority of them perhaps only recognised how sincerely he had won their affection as well as their trust when they knew that he was to be taken from them. There was no possibility of doubt of the reality of the sorrow of men of all classes for his loss; not merely for the loss of a President, but for the loss of William McKinley, the man.

The writer of this had the privilege of seeing Mr. McKinley many times, of meeting him, both before and after his elevation to the Presidency, not infrequently, and of conversing with him alone not a little. For one who had those opportunities it was impossible to underrate the strength or the curious mental sanity of the man. I do not expect ever to meet a man of more impressive presence, at once so unaffectedly attractive and so full of dignity. From his photographs the world is familiar with the somewhat Napoleonic face; but photographs do not give the colour or the steadfastness of the warm grey eyes, nor the charm of bearing and manner.



(Biograph Studio, photo.)

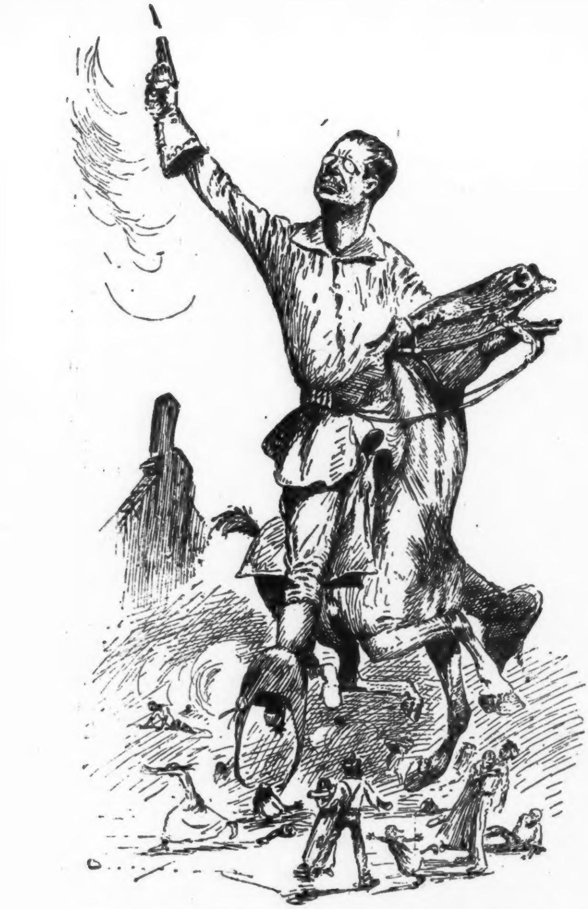
THE LATE PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

From a photograph taken when he was President

A brilliant man he was not, having neither the rugged strength and racy humour of a Lincoln nor Grant's bluff soldierness. He has left few anecdotes behind him, such as the American people love to hear of their public men, none showing any ready native wit. In all his political speeches he flung out no one phrase or aphorism which would serve as a text or battle-cry to his followers. "It is the mills, not the mints, of the country that we want opened":—that alone, in reply to Mr. Bryan's clamorous demands for the throwing open of the mints to the free coinage of silver, can be quoted, from all his public utterances, as having caught the fancy of the people or as having had any effect on the opinion or the history of the country. But he rarely if ever spoke an idle or a foolish word.

And he had in great measure what is better than all wit and brilliancy, great sterling steadfastness of character. An excellent soldier and citizen—an exemplary son—a devoted and most loving husband to a wife who for many years had been an invalid—above all a man with a real and constant faith in an Almighty Providence — he grew surely to be the more trusted and loved the better he was known. In those hours when the shadows of death were already darkening over him, all the strength and beauty of his character showed themselves—in the courage with which he awaited the coming of the end; in the thoughtfulness for his friends which made him reiterate his regret for bringing them so far to his side; in the constant wish that the news might be made as little hard for his wife to hear as might be; and, lastly, in the murmuring of the words "Nearer my God to Thee" until his last breath went out with the wish that was a prayer—"Not my will but Thine be done!" Through all, there was no word of anger, of selfishness, or of complaining. Few men have died more nobly.

What we in England have watched most anxiously in Mr. McKinley's public life has been, of course, his attitude towards ourselves. When he was first elected to the

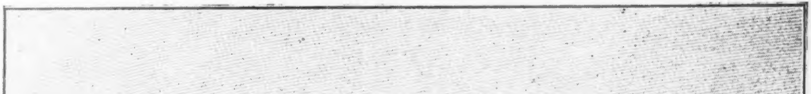


A Democratic Cartoon showing Mr. Roosevelt in a costume which is a combination of the Rough Rider and the Cowboy, galloping over men and women of the labouring classes whom he is trampling to death. It will be noticed that this conception of Mr. Roosevelt as a brutal giant is exactly the reverse of that of Mr. McKinley in the other Cartoons, who is always shown as a pigmy and a weakling.

Presidency we hailed with pleasure not so much his victory as the defeat of Mr. Bryan. As time passed, however, it became evident that we might well have rejoiced at his election, no matter who had been his opponent. His strong sense of loyalty made him recognise to the full the debt of gratitude which his country owed to Great Britain for our course in all the stages of the war with Spain. Our national character in its best traits naturally appealed to him, and he sympathised with our national ideals. As a patriot and a lover of his own country, too, he saw that in the new career which lay before the United States as a world-power, in every step which she took in the expansion of her world-commerce, as she would find England always her neighbour, so she must treat her always as her ally. He entirely believed that in the co-operation of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race lay the best hope for civilisation and for the peace of the world. So long as William McKinley was President we could feel reasonably assured that that friendliness which we as a nation feel for the Republic would be in fair measure reciprocated.

The question which most concerns us now is whether we can rest in the same comfortable assurance with Mr. Roosevelt in the chair.

In many ways the new President is as unlike his predecessor as one man can be unlike another. Both earned distinction as soldiers, but in characteristically different ways—the one marching and fighting for a year as a private in the ranks of an infantry regiment, and then winning promotion step by step—the other leaping into the saddle, the ready-made cavalry leader, at the head of his own regiment of Rough Riders, and in the few short weeks of a bewildering campaign snatching his place in history by one breathless charge at the head of his men up the slope of San Juan Hill. Mr. — or Colonel—Roosevelt comes of no humble origin, but of one of the most distinguished families in the United States, with a history of which no family would have cause to be ashamed in the Netherlands in the days before America was discovered. He has never known poverty or hard work except as he chose to set himself tasks to do; and his hardships have been the hardships of the sportsman and the man who has loved adventure for adventure's sake. As political opponents have chosen to represent Mr. McKinley as a puppet and a weakling, so they have drawn Mr. Roosevelt as a butcher, a tyrant, and a slave-driver. The truth is, that the new President is a man of extraordinary energy and ambition, of unusual physical and intellectual strength, and with an appetite for work of every description almost unbelievable. It has been said that he does five men's work in his spare time alone. In public affairs in the United States he has been seen by the people always as a reformer—the redresser of wrongs and the antagonist of corruption and political incompetence and wrong-doing wherever he has found them. By the recklessness of his methods of attack he has often failed to do the good at which he has aimed. With an almost inconceivable masterfulness and self reliance he is a man with whom few other men have found it possible to co-operate in any public work for any length of time. His mere impetuousness has routed his opponents at the first onslaught; but he has estranged his own friends before any fruit could be reaped of the victory. In foreign affairs he is intensely expansionist, or what we should call Imperialist, as ambitious for his country as he has been for himself. More ships, more soldiers, more commerce, perhaps more territory, these will be the ends to which he will strive to lead his country. The making of reciprocity treaties, the subsidising of new lines of steamships, the establishment of American banks in various parts of the world, the cutting of the Isthmian canal, the settlement and development of the resources of America's new possessions, these will be the chief items in the political programme of the United States in the immediate future. It is quite evident that in the carrying out of this programme the interests of the United States must often come very near to those of Great Britain and that at more than one point collision is not impossible. In one particular matter the relations of the two countries are likely to need more careful handling than the British public seems yet to be aware of. Englishmen who are not familiar with the affairs of the United States to an extent to which few Englishmen are, have no idea of the intensity of feeling in America on the subject of the Isthmian canal. To us it is a remote affair, of hardly more than a merely technical interest. To them it is a great and intimate national question bearing mightily on the future of the country. The United States



(Biograph Studio, photo.)

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS ROUGH RIDERS

The new President resigned his position as Assistant Secretary for the Navy at the outbreak of the war with Spain and raised a regiment of "Rough Riders," as Lieut.-Colonel of which he won the distinction which practically put him in the Presidential chair.

has entirely made up its mind that the canal must be built, and built with American money, and subject to undisputed American control. The United States will go to war rather than surrender one inch on these points. It is also understood over there that we will not go to war, but will give way. Unfortunately the people of the United States do not see any reason why we should hesitate to give way at once, or why there should be need of any diplomatic negotiations or delays. Congress, when it meets a very few weeks hence, will take up this matter in no tolerant mood. It will not stick at a little discourtesy of language to gain its end. It is more than probable that things will be said by American public men and in the American press between now and Christmas which will try the temper of the British people sorely.

In these circumstances we may well regret that we shall no longer have the cool judgment and the broad-minded friendliness of Mr. McKinley to help to soften the edge of international animosities. We may also well feel misgivings as to whether Mr. Roosevelt will be able to restrain his natural bluntness and impetuosity so as to avoid saying things at which we, as a nation, will find it impossible not to take offence.

On the other hand, it is comforting to remember that Mr. Roosevelt is far from being a man of narrow views. If he has large ambitions for his country his mental vision can take in large horizons. For all his Dutch ancestry his character, even—or perhaps most of all—in its faults, is not un-English; and in his life of sport and adventure he has come to reckon many Englishmen among his best friends and comrades. We know, also, that in the new President we need, at least, never fear to meet with trickery or deceit. If at times he may say what he means with unnecessary bluntness, he also means what he says and will hold by his word. What we would chiefly have cause to fear would be the presence of a little man, a mean man, or a weak one in the Presidential chair; and Mr. Roosevelt is none of these. He may be hotheaded and masterful; but we cannot pretend to wish that he should not be a patriot and a believer in the destiny of his country. He is a man of brains as well as strength, and in the hands of such the peaceful relations of the two countries should be secure.

ALL LOSS AND YET ALL GAIN

"If it be God's will, I trust, I shall get well."
That's what the stricken strong man dying wrote.
Ah, in his health he had not said these words
Of God; 'twas not his way—he who would toss
A weight of care off with a light-hearted jest.
Or pass the jovial story round, or shake
The wall with deep-voiced laugh, the easy laugh
Of a strong, glad soul; happier none than he,
Keener and braver none. 'Twas not his use
To speak of God that way. I see him yet,
The sturdy frame and cool confident eye,
With crisp-cut, wiry beard and coarse black hair
On his brawny arm, send splintered right and left
The yellow stumps that day in the cricket-field;
In sport he'd heave the ball to the far-off clouds
For a nimble catch and beat our youngest foot
On the run.
                Ah me, 'twere good again to sit
In the school-room there and hear him gleesome gloat
Over a line, a limpid, luminous line,
Of Homer's old-world tale, how Cyclops grim
Was tricked and scoffed at by the lean Odysseus,
Worn thin with wanderings sore yet full of wit;
Or turn this way and that delightedly

A facile phrase from Horace's fleet pen,
A Lalage's sweet lips, a Lydia
White—shouldered or shy Chloe like a fawn.

Yes, life in full glad measure was his, and yet
His strong heart quailed—he quailed and quenched his bright
Jollity in a sick-bed's darkening shadow.
No, he never thought 'twould come to this—
That he, the strong, brave heart, should helpless lie
As any babe upon a weary bed
And count the hours, the heartless hours of pain,
The long, sick hours of weakness, hours that crawl
Like creeping snails all slime up slippery stones,
Grey shapes in the ghostly dawn. And there he lay
And speechless died a stubborn death sore-anguished—
But not before he wrote—the jovial man,
The careless soul, the heart of gladness, shrewd,
Strong-witted, brawny man struck in his prime,
"If it be God's will, I trust, I shall get well."

If not—he did not say. Ah, helpless are
We in the hands of fate. It leaps upon
Us, clutches tight and greedy bears us off
To feed the monster, Time. We can but bow
Our stricken heads and softly say, "God's will."

When such a thing as this occurs, 'tis strange
How little stir it makes. Your heart is broke
And hot tears fall. For you the world is all.
Upset; your scheme of things is shattered through
And through. You cannot set it up again,
And all its pieces lie about your feet.
The very heart of God seems dead. And yet
There's little changed—at least for other folk.

The world goes on; it will not turn aside
For us. The sun shines still, rain falls, grass grows,
Men work and women smile. The children play—
They're busy out on the sand as if no one
Had died to-day, making their mimic house

And think not ever that the sea comes up,
That sleepy, slumbering sea, and levels all.
E'en so the other sea, as vast as time,
The shoreless sea where he is now, creeps up
And soon will be in sight. Half-dreaming we
Shall hear it rippling softly o'er the sands
Of life and then while still the dream holds on,
'Twill wet the feet and then 'twill play around
The knees. Anon the chill of death will smite
The bones and stealing upward scale the heart.
Life's citadel is ta'en and all is lost.

All's lost, and yet all's won. For know, O heart
That breaks with weeping o'er thy loss, there's nought
In earth or heaven can be lost—that word,
It is not writ in Nature's book. The plan
Is rounded, self-complete; and what from God
Comes forth, to Him returns. And there all's well.

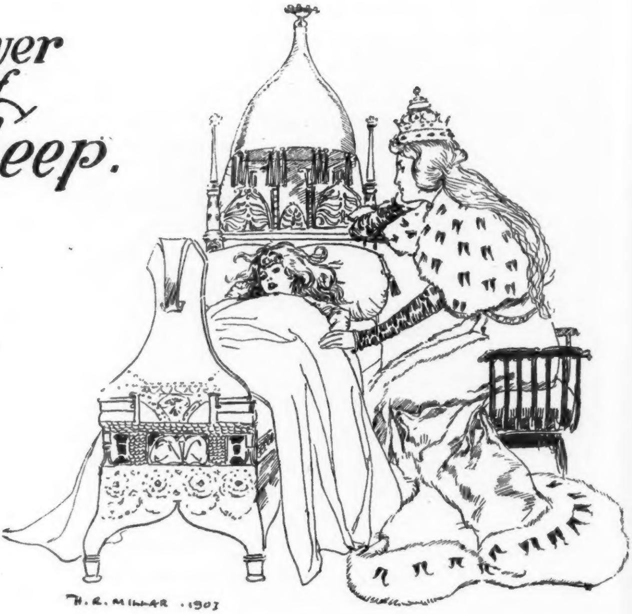
JOHN SCOULAR THOMSON.

The Flower of Sleep.

By

FLORENCE GERMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR



THERE were sorrow and consternation all through the great marble palace. With soft muffled tread nurses and doctors hurried through the long corridors; with grave anxious faces, pages and ladies-in-waiting asked each other for the latest news. For the little Princess, the one only child, the hope of the kingdom, the joy of the heart of the king, was lying desperately sick of a fever. In the darkened nursery the toys still lay on the floor as she had left them, the flowers were dying on the window-seat. Attendants stept in and out, treading softly; the doctors spoke wise words in hushed voices; the King, grey and sorrowful, crept in and stood at the foot of the little bed and went out again sadly; but the mother sat day and night by the side of the child. She was dressed in her royal robes of scarlet and her ermine cape, even as she had come from the court ball when the cry arose that the little one had taken ill of the fever. She had not even laid aside the crown under which her white brows ached so wearily. She had sung lullabies, she had patted and soothed with her beautiful long hands, she had given cooling draughts, but it was all in vain. With hot cheeks and bright eyes the little Princess tossed from side to side on her little cot of gold and pearl.

"If she cannot get sleep she will die," the wise physicians had said. And now it was the third night and still the tossing and muttering went on and the bright fixed eyes were wide awake and the cheeks hot and burning.

Then in her desperation the Queen arose and said:

"I will go out into the wide world and beg at every door till some one will give me Sleep for my child."

And as she passed down the corridors and broad staircases, no one saw her, for a strange sleep had fallen on all the people in the palace. But out in the garden, the moon was shining and the flowers were all standing awake. Then first the Queen turned to the roses, for they were her friends of old, and kissing their warm petals she said:

"Oh roses, you know my little one, for you have shaken down white and red showers on her head, now I pray you give me Sleep, that she may rest and be healed."

And the dear red roses sighed and said:

"Alas! scent is the only gift we have to bestow. Can we give more than is given with us?"

Then the Queen passed on to where the tall white lilies stood in a row.

"Oh lilies!" she said, "when last she was in the garden I measured her height against your tall straight stems. I pray you give me the gift of Sleep that she may rest and be healed."

"Look," said the lilies, "in each of our silver cups lies a drop of dew. It might assuage her thirst, but we have no gift of Sleep to bestow."

Then seeing that there was no help in any of the familiar garden friends, and because hope was desperate in her heart, the Queen opened the great heavy gate. She had never passed through it before except with guards presenting arms and pages and ladies-in-waiting attending. Now no beggar woman ever walked with hastier steps nor heavier heart. Out on the highway the dust lay thick and soiled her robes, the hard stones cut her satin shoes and wounded her tender feet. It was the hour before dawn and a chill wind blew over the wold and she shivered as she went. Where the road left the clover-fields and turned to the uplands stood a group of blue-bells swinging in the wind.

"Oh blue-bells, blue-bells! blue as the colour of her eyes, give me Sleep for my little one that she may rest and be healed."

Then the bells rang out in soft musical chorus:

"Alas! We had planned to ring a peal upon her wedding-day! We belong to joy and to life, we have nothing to do with sickness and sorrow. We have no gift of Sleep."

Up and up wound the road, steep and stony, and soon she was among the hills. It was dawn now and the bees were humming in the heather-blooms.

"Oh heather-blossom I pray you of your pity give me Sleep for my sick child."

"Honey, honey, sweet honey, that is all we have to sell," arose a murmur among the purple-flowers, and wearied and sick at heart the Queen passed on. Far away on the barren uplands there stood a lonely farmhouse, the fences and walls were ruinous, nettles grew round the doors, only a torn blind in one of the windows showed that it was still inhabited. On a sour small patch of ground on the further side of it grew corn, pale, stunted and thin, and among the sorry blades grew large white poppies with grey leaves. Then almost fainting the Queen cried:

"Oh poppies, my heart is breaking, can you give me Sleep that my child may find rest and be healed?"

Then with a look of pride and dignity as if one queen were addressing her peer, the poppy answered:

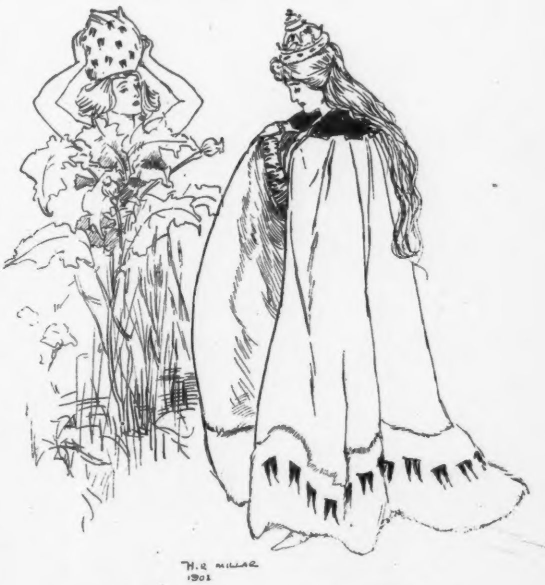
"Oh Queen, of all the plants that grow on the earth, we alone have the mysterious gift of sleep. But we do not bestow it for nothing, what will you give me as the price of Sleep?"

"Ask what you will, I will refuse you nothing."

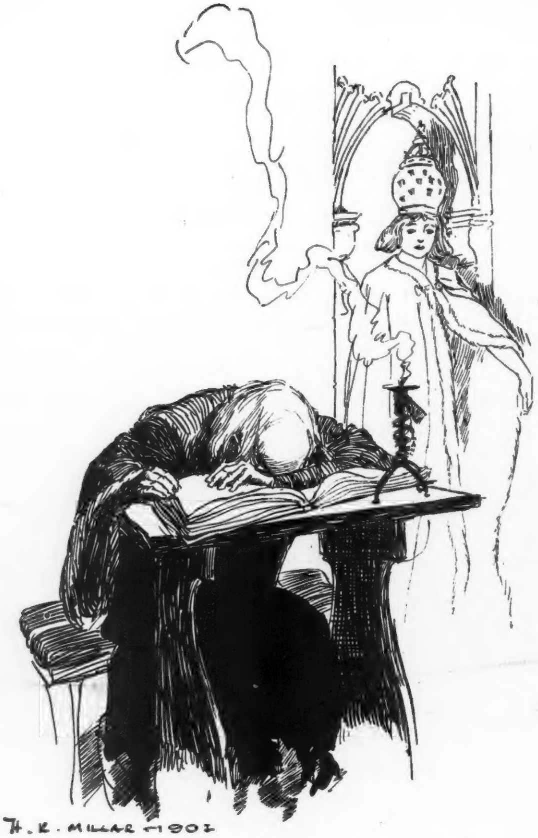
Then the poppy said: "Take off your warm ermine cape and give it to me."

And heedless of the cold wind the Queen slipped her cape from her shoulders and handed it to the poppy. And the poppy twisted it into a close-fitting fur cap and placed it on her head. Then she said:

"Take off your royal robes of scarlet, and hand them to me."



"Then the Queen pulled off her beautiful robes"



"The old physician's head had fallen on his book"

Then the Queen pulled off her beautiful robes and stood shivering, and the poppy arrayed herself in the glorious apparel.

"Now give me your crown;" and when with trembling hands the Queen had handed her the heavy golden crown, the poppy placed it on her head, and royal and proud and splendid she looked. Then she gave her hand to the Queen: "Come," she said, "that I may bring Sleep to your little one."

Morning was shining on the garden when the strange pair passed through among the flower-beds. The poppy walked first like a queen; with bent head and stumbling steps the real Queen followed after. In the palace the strange deep sleep held all the inhabitants, all but one.

In the ante-room the old physician's head had fallen on his book, and his lamp was guttering out, but in the neighbouring sick-room the mother could hear the moans and mutterings of the restless child. Even the nurse was nodding in her chair, but as they entered the child sat up and stared with wild unrecognising eyes, and the old wail wrung the mother's heart. But with a gesture of command the poppy stayed the mother's forward movements, and obediently the Queen sank down on the floor beside the bed. Then the poppy laid soft, compelling fingers on the child's shoulders, and the little one sank back on the pillows. Then the poppy laid the little head on her breast and gazed into the wild eyes, and the flush faded from the cheeks, and the look of pain passed away. Then the poppy raised her hand, and with a gesture of command seemed sowing invisible seed through the room. Then all weariness passed from the limbs of the Queen and her heart was all at once lightened from the burden of anxiety and the heavy white lids fell over the haggard eyes.

. . . . . .

When two hours later the doctor came into the room the child lay in a soft, kindly, natural sleep, and the nurse was wondering pitifully at the Queen's soiled and bleeding feet. But far off in the poor, wind-swept corn-fields in the barren uplands the poppy was flaunting her scarlet robes. And to this day she wears her royal gifts. As a bud she wears a furry cap; in her glory she is clad in scarlet robes; and when these are gone and she is secretly compounding her seeds of Sleep then she wears her royal crown.

HOW WE HOLD INDIA

By M. COPLAND

NOT so very long ago, I had the fortune to be stationed in the North-West Provinces of India, when my regiment got marching orders to leave the "shiny" East. We were all delighted to move, for the year before our leaving had been a particularly unpleasant one, what with a cholera camp and tastes of the various diseases for which India is so justly famed. Our orders were to go by easy stages to Deolali, and from thence, after a delay of a few days, to Bombay, where we should board the good ship that was waiting to carry us across the "black water."

The plague was at that time in full sway in the Bombay Presidency, and it was reserved for me to realise very sharply what that same plague meant. In the North-west scarcely any had been experienced, and at our former station not a trace of the disease had as yet appeared. Our journey down country requires little comment.

It was the same old story, crowded troop trains by night, stuffy, uncomfortable rest-camps by day; the first breath of the hot weather beginning to make itself felt. Eventually, about a week after leaving Sethpoor, we arrived at Deolali, travel-stained and cross, and to the accompaniment of much bustle got the men properly settled.

So far we had seen nothing of the plague, though rumour was busy about a rising on account of it which had taken place not far from Bombay; and the death-roll in the papers had become daily higher. When, however, we got to Deolali, alarming reports reached our ears.

Burrapoor, a populous town about twelve or fourteen miles distant from Deolali itself, was reported to be quite deserted. A couple of police inspectors had been killed in consequence of the plague-visitation measures. I was acting paymaster of the regiment at the time, and on the morning after reaching Deolali found that I had to draw a large sum of money for settling up the regimental accounts before leaving India. To my disgust, the camp Treasury for some reason could not oblige me, and I discovered that the nearest place where the money could be had was at Burrapoor. There was nothing for it but to get into one of those dangerous mantraps called tongas and to drive to Burrapoor immediately, as it was of the utmost importance that the money should be procured without delay.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when I endeavoured to set out, and I was by no means pleased with the idea of my fourteen-mile drive. The vehicle that I secured was a perfect specimen of its class. The ponies were miserable ghosts, with strings of blue beads round their necks, their harness being composed of dirty cord, knotted and tied into all sorts of fantastic shapes. The driver was a ruffian, clad in filthy muslin, with a flaring scarlet puggaree wrapped round his unsavoury head. In his hand he brandished a thick "lathi" or stick. On my climbing into this dubious conveyance the driver commenced to beat the unfortunate ponies with the lathi. This went on for five minutes without producing any sign of movement. On a sudden, just as I was in the act of getting hurriedly down to add my powers of persuasion to those of the driver, we started off at a furious gallop. This action nearly closed my career finally. But I managed by a superhuman effort to climb back into my seat, and lay there gasping. At any rate we had started.

But after only five miles had been traversed we came to a violent halt. I was shot into the driver's arms, and got out exceedingly quickly, saying exactly what I thought about tongas, drivers, and India in general. One of the wheel tyres had come off, and the wheel itself seemed very shaky. I looked at the driver, who was sitting in the tonga with an air of having sat there for fifty years without moving, and as if his unalterable determination was to continue sitting until the crack of doom. I looked at the ponies. The outline of their bony frames also expressed eternal immobility. I looked harder at the driver, and for one mad minute discussed with myself the advisability of murdering him. Soberer counsels prevailed.

Luckily we had come to a halt close to a small native hut, and hard by, to my unutterable joy, I espied another tonga, apparently in good going order.

My driver slept on. I woke him up and made him harness the ponies into the other vehicle. While he was doing this I succeeded in persuading the inhabitants of the house to allow me to change the carriages, and I started off once more. Though the day was getting on and it was now nearly three in the afternoon, the heat of the sun was great, and the straight white road appeared endless. The hoarse cries of the driver and the crazy groanings of the old tonga made me half drowsy, until I was startled into wakefulness by catching sight of a large native encampment about a quarter of a mile off the road.

It was a regular hive of dark humanity, in old lean-to huts, yet the whole arranged neatly and with every indication of some guiding hand. Several Indians, with lack-lustre eyes and a curious, cowed air, men, women, children, and babies, lined the sides of the road and stared apathetically at me as we went past. The striking part was the wonderful absence of talk and movement among the figures on the road and the figures in camp. I did not understand it. This certainly was not a famine-relief camp. I plied the driver with questions, but he was either inordinately dense or my attempts at Hindustani unusually bad. I understood later.

As we drove on I noticed more camps dotted about on either side of the road, and here and there a police post; here and there, too, were newly dug pits. I was, however, too much occupied with my own thoughts to give more than a passing glance at these sights.

Some well-known writer has said: "If you were to try and find out the why and wherefore of all the queer things you see in the two Atlantics, I guess you'd go first grey, then bald, then into a madhouse for three years." Substitute India for the two Atlantics and the saying is equally true.

By this time we were approaching Burrapoor and the first few houses came in sight. They seemed deserted and rather ruined, but as one sees identical houses outside nearly every city in India the matter did not call for any attention on my part. Suddenly we turned into the long, narrow, winding chief street or bazaar of the city, which leads direct to the Treasury, the latter being in a sort of square in the centre of the town.

To those who know India, it is needless to describe the ordinary appearance of, nor to remark on the noises and smells which abound in, its cities, and, I may add, in those of the East generally. But for the benefit of those readers who have not this experience, let me say that there are few sights in the world more teeming with life than a big bazaar. The buzz of twenty different dialects and ten different languages, the howling of dogs, the hammering of tin- and copper-smiths, the bargaining of the bunnyas and corn-merchants, and the creaking of heavy drays, fill the ear, while the eye tires of the gaudy, shifting colours of the dresses, the glitter of the brass work, the rainbow-hued puggarees, and the swarming inhabitants; and over all and in all, save in the dark little holes of shops, is the burning, blinding Indian sun.

Before me, as we turned into the main street, were the same narrow road, the same houses, the same shops; over all, the same aching sunlight — but with a difference. Something gripped my heart as I looked. The city was empty. Not a human being was to be seen as we clattered through the town, not a dog, not a breathing creature. An emptiness and a silence more appalling than any sound or sight were there. Gone was the shifting, many-coloured throng, gone were the noises and smells and sights; the bunnyas' shops were closed that day, and no clang of tin- or copper-smith resounded through the air. I had entered a forsaken city, a city that had been stormed and taken by the hosts of Azrael the death angel.

I shivered in the hot Indian afternoon. For I saw on the blank doors and shutters little circles and crosses and dates, painted neatly in red, with minute ominous numbers below in Urdu and English. I felt an invisible presence in that deserted town, which had in a short week turned a city, an Eastern ant-heap, into a grave—a sunny, smiling grave, with hot bright air dancing through it. And I understood now why the town was deserted and the reason of those encampments on the roads. It was not the mere ravages of disease that had driven people from their homes like sheep. Who better than Indians understand the meaning of the words epidemic and death?

It was blind terror; panic of that invisible presence that I felt now about me; fear incarnate, which grips strong men by the throat, choking all manhood out of them and turning them to mere frightened herds. As these thoughts were in my mind we approached the Treasury. I expected to find that shut and my journey in vain. Surely no man could stop in this pest-house. I was praying to get away, and even the impassive driver seemed moved. I got down at the Treasury, went to the court, and, to my amazement, discovered a small guard in the guard-room. I entered the lower room and found it humming with business and life; a cursory glance betrayed nothing unusual in the hurrying babus, clad in their round embroidered black caps and white muslin robes. But it came to me that business was done in a trembling way; panic, half hidden, seemed lurking in every face; only a stronger force could keep it down, and I expected to hear of a large military encampment near.

The men who worked seemed as if they would run, spoke to you scarcely above a whisper. Yet they stayed on.

I should be sorry, thought I, to be in charge of this crew.

I stated my business to the head clerk.

"Was a sahib there?"

"Yes; would his Honour be graciously pleased to step upstairs? two sahibs were there."

His Honour was graciously pleased to step upstairs, and he came to a smaller room on the first floor. The door was opened, and I saw before me two ordinary-looking white men, seated by a table, books and pens strewed about—such an every-day office sight that I half forgot the dread city without of which this was the centre.

I stated my business, and was very politely attended to.

While the rupees were being weighed out to me, I casually asked one of the men where the troops were.

"Troops," said he; "what troops?"

"Why, to keep all this frightened crowd of babus in your delightful town."

"Oh, there's the police guard; that's all."

"But don't they try and bolt?"

"Oh yes; but Percy and I hammer them, and they stop."

"Great Heavens!" I said, and could say no more; but started thinking, thinking hard. And all the way back to Deolali in the crazy tonga I thought, and am to this day thinking; and if the reader will follow my example, and think hard also, he will perhaps understand why we are in India and why we shall be in South Africa. Not, indeed, because the Englishman is quick to "hammer" these dusky races; not through physical brutality. These two men in the Treasury were really at the mercy of the crowd of frightened babus round them. No; the reason why goes deeper than that. The Anglo-Saxon conquers; but having conquered he holds, and holds with such a grip as is not easily shaken off by rebellion, or pestilence, or famine, or war—for this grip is a moral one.

By his force of character; by the quality of being able to inspire those under him—be they in colour white, yellow, or black—with confidence in him and in his own personality; by his doing his duty at whatever cost; by his ignoring dangers and difficulties when they are between him and that duty; by his strict justice, tact, and impartiality, does he show the old peoples of the world, in the time when the dark hour comes, that there indeed is the man; nay, further, that there is the race, in obedience to which is their salvation.

WHAT THE WIND SAID TO R. L. STEVENSON

By HANDASYDE

THROUGH the invincible frame of R. L. Stevenson ran the fine vein of genius, so that nothing appeared to him as really common or every-day. His world, as he says himself, was so full of a great many things that at times he could not sleep for the mere desire of living—a curious, intoxicating sensation that those who do not understand can never know. Reared as he was in Scotland, it was the influences of a northern land that sympathetically coloured and helped to mould his mind, for every man unconsciously receives a baptismal gift at birth from his native land. One of R. L. Stevenson's strongest influences was the wind, which struck his nervous fancy as a force both fearful and poetic, and furnished him with some of his most tender, most pathetic thoughts. He heard it first as a little sick child who lay awake at night, he heard it through boyhood still as a vital force, and when he became a homesick man who sang as he went, "Home no more to me, whither shall I wander?" he heard it sorrowfully in dreams.

O Caledonia stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child.

But the poetic child must have been born and bred in the rigorous North, else the force of his native element might well blow away the emotion it were otherwise meant to create. Walter Scott heard the wind blowing ever the moorland, and wrote,

The way was long, the wind was cold,

which was good. Robert Burns, hearing the same sound, wrote with loving devotion,

Wert thou in the cauld blast,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee,

and then almost breaking into tears,

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly lo'e the west,

which was better. But best of all Scottish poets who wrote of the wind was Robert Louis Stevenson, and nearer than all others did he get in his comprehension of the wild tempest that had been calling to him half with awe, and half with dread, ever since his childhood. "Last night it blew a fearful gale," he wrote in one of his early letters, "and I could not get to sleep for the horror of the wind's noise. O how I hate a storm at night! they have been a great influence in my life, I am sure; for I can remember them so far back—long before I was six at least." It must have been in those early days that, like the child in George Macdonald's story, he gained the Back of the North Wind, where he learnt what the spirits of the wind mean when their shrill voices are sighing and wailing. Though in body he might be far away in a land of blue and pearly day, in spirit he was still at home riding behind the tempest on the fierce strong wings of the wind. It was in all simplicity that he wrote down to the level of the child,

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

The next verse is one of those cabinet masterpieces written with a diamond dipped in liquid gold—in such a manner was Tennyson's "Break, break, break" evolved, and Vaughan's perfect inspiration, "They are all gone into a world of light," lines that no abuse of constant quotation can render stale or rob of their pristine grace—

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain
are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Whereabout the graves of the martyrs the whaups
are crying,
My heart remembers how!

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished
races,
And winds austere and pure.

To any but the most insensate these lines create a living picture in tones of a clear Scots grey. The everlasting hills are there, and the sudden lights and shades of the glorious windy weather that comes of a wild March morning. Only the curlew's cry could tone with such a picture, only the curlew that, with a weird wail in desolate places, "cries out that its soul is lost," a sufficiently original idea that two writers of books claim as their own. The grey recumbent tombs were those of the old covenanters who were slain in righteous warfare and buried where they fall; so that between the gusts of the wind a distant chip, chip, chip, is heard, as when a stonemason works with his tools, and a glimpse may be caught of that figure, quite the most picturesque in all fiction and fact, Old Mortality's, who rode on his white pony in olden days over the lonely braes of Scotland, tending the moorland graves and cleaning the rough-hewn names lest with the wind and rain they should become weather-beaten or effaced. The spirit of the wind is in the verses—a long, low wind blowing steadily over the land. The wind entered very closely into Stevenson's life, and whispered a secret message to him that most ears are too gross to hear. When he lay in his childish cot the story it told was of a dark, half-fearsome horseman who rode past in the night time with a heavy thud.

> Whenever the moon and stars are set,
>   Whenever the wind is high,
> All night long in the dark and wet,
>   A man goes riding by.
> Late in the night when the fires are out,
> Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Other ears besides the child R. L. Stevenson's must have often heard the ghost of that highwayman, particularly those people whose dwellings are close upon the high-road. The ring of his horse's hoofs sounds clear above the loudest storm, though the night is always so dark that the horseman who rides abroad on his fleet-footed steed can never be wholly seen. Then when the weary exile at length laid down his brilliant pen and turned his face to the wall, the voice from home that spoke to him was the wind's voice. He could not hear the words of those who were bending over him, he could not hear the tropical breeze stirring the cocoanut-trees, nor the throb of the sea breaking along the silver beach.

> Yet when the lamp from my expiring eyes
> Shall dwindle and recede, the voice of love
> Fall insignificant on my closing ears,
> What sound shall come but the old cry of the wind
> In our inclement city? . . . these
> Shall I remember, and then all forget.

So the wind passed over him and he was gone, with such words on his lips as would almost compare with the sublime majesty of Hamlet's last utterance—though the amazing fact remains that comparatively few people have any acquaintance with these poems, or are even aware that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote poetry.

Born where the winds blow strong on a city by the sea, nurtured into manhood on the steep braes of an upland pasture, small wonder that when the wind piped its magnetic measure this child of the storm and clouds danced in unison to the rhythmical tune.

* * *

THE RHYME OF THE COUNTRY ROAD

O THE life one leads a-tramping,
  Tramping a country road!
A-faring in gipsy fashion
  With never a gipsy's load;
Set free as the winds in springtime,
  Heart-glad as the day is long,
Rejoicing in rain or sunshine,
  In tune with the robin's song.

O the things one sees a-tramping,
  The green, wild things that grow,
The gleam of the tall red lily,
  The tangle of ferns below;
The gay, glad life of the tree-tops,
  The shadows that slowly fall,
The long, still slope of the meadows
  And God's sky over all!

O the things one hears a-tramping!
  The whisper of woodland trees,
The call of a hidden brooklet,
  The murmur of sleepy bees;
The distant roll of the thunder,
  The drip of the silver rain,
The startled rush of a squirrel,
  Then robin's note again!

O the things one feels a-tramping!
  The joy of the country road,
A-faring in gipsy fashion
  With never a gipsy's load;
Delight in the world of beauty,
  A rapture of love and praise,
And a will to make life the truer
  For this glory of common days!

EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN.

In *The Churchman.*

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

By the Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

GOD'S WORKMANSHIP

"We are His workmanship."—Ephes. ii. 10

OUR word "workmanship" does not mean exactly what Paul's word means; rather, it means more than his. The idea of art or skill suggested by the English word is not in the Greek word, which means simply that which has been made. In the only other passage in the New Testament where the word is found (Rom. i. 20) the reference is to the "works" of God in creation; and here what is said is that Christian men are the work of God. And this, as a glance at the context will show, is one of the dominant thoughts of the section of the epistle from which the words are taken. Salvation from first to last is of God; it cannot be won, it must be received; it is not the reward of merit, it is the gift of grace. Christian men, I repeat, are the work of God.

We speak sometimes, in our half-boastful way, of "self-made" men; we say that every man is the architect of his own fortune; we preach Smiles and self-help, or Emerson and self-reliance, and we bid our young men be strong and independent. And, within its own sphere, this which thus we commend is, without doubt, worthy of all commendation. But that sphere is not religion. In the business of life, when a man is dealing with his fellows, by all means let him learn to lean upon himself; but when he turns to God let him thrust his self-reliance all aside, for in that Presence, not they who stand, but only they who kneel are blessed. With the obstinate self-sufficiency of the human heart Christianity can make no terms; and the one man for whom it can do nothing is he who trusts himself and thinks he has need of nothing. It knows no "self-made" men; all its disciples are God-made men, "created in Christ Jesus," and the account which with one accord they give of themselves is just that which the Apostle gave of himself: "By the grace of God I am what I am." "We are His handiwork."

It is a saying which plumbs the very depths of the gospel of Christ and the theology of Paul. The New Testament never tires of telling us that we cannot be good without God; it never ceases to hunt out of us the last obstinate remains of the old heresy, which seems native to the human heart, that man can achieve his own redemption. It is, doubtless, a humbling conclusion to which Scripture with all its force unites to urge us—man does not like being shut up to mercy, even though it be the mercy of God—and for that reason its doctrine of "human inability" has often been resented as a slander on mankind; nevertheless, it holds its own because, rightly understood, it is true to the facts of experience. Moreover, it does not dispense with the doing of man; it does not say that because salvation is of God, therefore man may fold his arms and sit still and God will do everything; but it sets man's doing in its right place, it bids him busy himself where his energies can bear fruit. Not "of works" is our salvation, Paul says (Ephes. ii. 9); nevertheless, as the very next verse declares, it is "for good works." "This little word *for*," says Monod, "reconciles St. Paul and St. James better than all the commentators." "Man's doing must be the fruit and not the root of his salvation."

We are God's making; and small credit, says one with a sneer, are we to our Maker. The sting of the taunt is in its truth. Unfinished, imperfect we are indeed, often with more marks of the work of the world and self and the devil upon us than of the work of God. We know, far better than the harshest fault-finder outside can tell us, the ugly flaws which mar our lives, and his sharpest words are soft and gentle compared with the bitter self-reproachings with which before God we upbraid ourselves. But though we are God's making, we are not yet made, we are only in the making. The noblest Christian life shows (if I may borrow an illustration) but the ground plan of a great structure partly carried out. Be patient; God works with eternity before Him, and the great Master-Builder who has laid the foundation will one day bring forth the headstone with shoutings. "Whom He foreknew He also foreordained to be conformed to the image of His Son." "The life which has come to us is an immortal life. At best we are but seedlings on this side of death. We are not yet planted out under the open heavens and in the soil which is to be our eternal home. Here in this world the life we have received in our own new creation has neither time nor space to reveal the infinite wealth of its resources; we must wait for the world to come to see the noble trees of righteousness fling out their mighty branches to the sky, and clothe themselves in the glorious beauty of their immortal foliage."

There is a beautiful legend of the Apostle Paul standing at the grave of Virgil, and exclaiming, in a burst of admiration of the great poet's gifts, and of regret that they had not come under the quickening spell of Christ: "Oh! Virgil, what would I not have made thee if only I had found thee living!" And what cannot Christ make of any man who will but receive the divine mercy and co-operate with the divine will! We remember how it is written that as Jesus walked by the sea of Galilee He saw Peter and Andrew "casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And He saith unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you——" Yes, Christ will be—may I put it so?—the "making" of every man who will hear His voice and answer to His call.

SECOND SUNDAY

GOD'S BUILDING

"Ye are God's building."—1 Cor. iii. 9

St. Paul is writing of the true relation of Christian ministers to the Christian Church. The jangling partisans at Corinth, with their petty party-cries, "I am of Paul," "I am of Apollos," had touched him to the quick. "What then is Apollos?" he asks, "and what is Paul?" "Ministers through whom ye believed. Ye are God's building, not ours; He is the great Master-Builder, we are but the temple-workmen who do His bidding. Why then do ye wrangle about us?" And still keeping up the figure, the Apostle goes on, in the verses which follow, to speak of the varying worth of the work of those who build on the one foundation "which is Jesus Christ." For the moment, however, let us limit ourselves to this description of Christian men and women as "God's building."

The first point to be observed is that the word belongs to a little group of words of which St. Paul was very fond, and of which in his epistles he makes repeated use; though to the English reader, unfortunately, the connection is often obscured by the use of the words "edify" and "edification." Secondly, the word (with its cognate words) refers, not to the individual believer, but to the Christian community: "Ye are"—not each of you separately, but all of you together—"God's building." As Peter has it, we "as living stones are built up a spiritual house."

The saying, then, is a plea for Christian communism and a protest against all false individualism. This is the truth which finds its fullest recognition and highest expression in the New Testament doctrine of the Church. Religion begins with the individual; but of the individualism which makes religion to be only a matter between the lonely soul and God the New Testament knows nothing. That a man may be saved from his sins by faith in Christ, but that, being saved, he may or may not associate himself with Christ's Church just as seems good to him, is a doctrine absolutely foreign to the thought of the Apostles. In the Christian idea, as it has been truly said, there are no unattached Christians; all the single stones are built up into "a spiritual house," which is the Church of Christ.

Such is the general principle. Now see how, still keeping to his "building" metaphor, the Apostle develops and applies it. "Let all things," he says, "be done unto edifying"—with a view to up-building. That is to say, every Christian man must have regard to his fellow Christians, he must think not only of the individual life which he possesses, but of the corporate life which he shares. He must seek not only what is good, good for him, but good for others, good for edifying. It was on this principle, *e.g.*, that Paul sought, in the chapter from which I have just quoted (1 Cor. xiv.), to determine the character of public worship among the first Christians. He urged them to seek for themselves the gift of prophesy rather than the gift of tongues, and for this reason, that while all present might benefit by the prophesying, in the absence of an interpreter only the speaker could benefit by the speaking with tongues; as he says, "He that speaketh in a tongue edifieth himself; but he that prophesieth edifieth the Church:" "I thank God," he goes on, "I speak with tongues more than you all: howbeit in the Church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that I might instruct others also, than ten thousand words in a tongue." Is not that a common sense way of judging things which might very profitably be applied to the changed circumstances of the Church's life to-day? There would be fewer petty wranglings and miserable heart-burnings among us, ay, and less unhallowed rejoicing in the camp of the enemy, if in all our discussions about organs, and Church music, and the use of liturgies and the like, Christian men had always the grace and the sense to ask, not "What do I like?" but rather, "What best will minister to the building up of the Church in love?"

And so through all his life Paul kept the same great principle steadily at work. "Let us follow after things which make for peace, and things whereby we may edify one another." "All things are lawful," he says, writing of the vexed questions of the idol-sacrifices; and it is easy to see how all the Apostle's natural sympathies went out to the "liberals" in that old controversy, to those who said, "An idol is nothing; there is no God but one." Yes, "all things are lawful; but," Paul adds, "all things edify not. Pull not down for meats' sake the work of God." I wonder, are we Christian men and women to-day, in our discussions of our modern difficulties—amusements, temperance and the like—are we as careful to remember the weak, as concerned for the edifying of the Church, as fearful lest any stone in its walls be injured or dislodged, as was the great and strong Apostle of the Gentiles? or do we think first and last and only of what is pleasing to ourselves?

One more word of the Apostle's let us hear: "Knowledge," he says, "puffeth up; love buildeth up." Knowledge like that in which the Corinthians made their boast only inflates, and by-and-by its bubbles burst and vanish away. But love builds, and the temple which with patient hands it rears shall outlast time, for love is fellow worker with God Himself.

THIRD SUNDAY

GOD'S HUSBANDRY

"Ye are God's husbandry."—1 Cor. iii. 9

"Ye are God's husbandry"; or, as the margin of the Revised Version has it, "Ye are God's tilled land." The connection of thought is the same as in the previous chapter, though the imagery is different. Paul and Apollos are fellow workers with God. Paul planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. Again the Apostle strikes at the Corinthians' foolish partisanships: "So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." The Church is God's husbandry as it is His building; He not only owns it, He tills it; and as He Himself is the great Master-Builder and all His servants but temple-workmen, so also is He the great Husbandman and they but humble garden-labourers.

This idea of the divine husbandry is very common in Holy Scripture. The language both of the Old Testament prophets and of Christ is crowded with the imagery of the fields. We remember Isaiah's noble plaint, "Let me sing for my well-beloved a song of my beloved touching His vineyard"; or Christ's parable of the Tares, "The field is the world; he that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man"; and above all, His parable of the Vine, "My Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, He taketh it away: and every branch that beareth fruit, He cleanseth it that it may bear more fruit." Everywhere the underlying thought is, God toils for man. As a patient husbandman or a skilful vine-dresser, so in the broad fields of human life God is continually at work that man may bear much fruit. "Ye are God's tilled land."

On the morning of the Resurrection, we are told, as Mary Magdalene stood by the empty tomb she beheld Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus, "supposing Him to be the gardener." "Devout Magdalene," says Bishop Hall, "thou art not much mistaken. As it was the trade of the first Adam to dress the garden of Eden, so was it the trade of the second to tend the garden of His Church. He digs up the soil by seasonable afflictions, He sows in it the seeds of grace, He plants it with gracious motions, He waters it with His Word, yea, with His own blood, He weeds it by wholesome censures. O blessed Saviour, what is it that Thou neglectest to do for this selected inclosure of Thy Church?" And not only for the "inclosure" of the Church, but for the little strip of our own lives, what is it that He neglects to do? How manifold are the means by which He seeks to make us fruitful, which we in our half-atheistic way, thinking only of secondary causes, forget to count as His! We speak of the blessings of civilisation and of home, of the sure guidings of conscience, of the shaping hands of sorrow; it is these things, we say, have made us what we are. Why will we not learn to say God? Was not home built by Him? Is not conscience His voice? Is not civilisation the fertile furrow of His share? Are not the hands of sorrow His hands that reach through darkness moulding men? "Ye are God's husbandry."

What, then, shall His harvest be? Like the husbandman who "waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, being patient over it," so is God patient. The soil is often hard, and the harvest ripens slowly; and He knows it and will wait. And when the first tiny blade of green pushes itself up through the bare earth He is quick to see it and to rejoice over it. Nevertheless, we may not shut our eyes to the fact, God may fail. The well-tilled land "which hath drunk the rain that cometh oft upon it" may yield but thorns and thistles. "My well-beloved had a vineyard in a very fruitful hill; and he made a trench about it and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it, and also hewed out a winepress therein; and he looked that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes." Christ spoke of branches of the Vine which bear no fruit. "Lord, let it alone this year," said the dresser of the barren fig-tree to the lord of the vineyard, "till I shall dig about it and dung it: and if it bear fruit thenceforth, well; but if not——" It is a strange mystery, but Scripture does not shrink from it: man may baffle God, he may turn all His toil to barrenness, he may make all His gracious husbandry of no avail.

And then what? "I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; I will break down the fence thereof, and it shall be trodden down; and I will lay it waste; it shall not be pruned nor hoed; I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it." Of the land which beareth only thorns and thistles it is written, "It is nigh unto a curse; whose end is to be burned." The barren fig-tree shall be granted one year more of life, "and if it bear fruit thenceforth, well; but if not, thou shalt cut it down." "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, He taketh it away . . . and they gather them and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." These are not man's words; I leave them in their unexplained awfulness, and I pray God that we may so give heed to them that their meaning we shall never know.

"O blessed Saviour, break up the fallow of my nature, implant me with grace, prune me with meet corrections, bedew me with the former and latter rain; do what Thou wilt to make me fruitful."

FOURTH SUNDAY

GOD'S OWN

"Who also sealed us."—2 Cor. i. 21

"In whom also we were made a heritage."—Ephes. i. 11

"Unto the redemption of God's own possession."—Ephes. i. 14

"A people for His own possession."—Tit. ii. 14

"A SEAL," says Prof. Findlay, "is a token of proprietorship put by the owner upon his property; or it is the authentication of some statement or engagement, the official stamp that gives it validity; or it is the pledge of inviolability guarding a treasure from profane or injurious hands. There is the protecting seal, the ratifying seal, and the proprietary seal." In the verse quoted above, the thought of possession undoubtedly predominates; the idea is, God "marked us for His own." Christian men are God's own.

For the rendering of the second of the above clauses we are indebted to the Revised Version, which takes the verb as passive. In Christ we were made, according to the familiar idea of the Old Testament, the "lot" or heritage of God. "The confidence of Christians," says Bishop Westcott, "is most surely founded in the fact that they were 'made a heritage,' and not that they 'have obtained an inheritance.' God has taken them for His own; that is enough." Again it is declared, Christian men are God's own.

The two last clauses may be taken together and compared with 1 Pet. ii. 9. In all three passages we have a translation of the Old Testament phrase, "a peculiar treasure," or "a peculiar people," as applied to the chosen people of Israel. The revisers of the New Testament, however, have abandoned the old and now misleading word "peculiar"—the proper meaning of which is not "singular," but "belonging to"—and have inserted the word "God's" (or "His own") in order to indicate whose possession the term signifies in Biblical use. "The Lord's portion," said the old Hebrew song, "is His people; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance"; and now in the New Testament all the ancient privileges of Israel are declared to have passed over into the Church of Christ: "Ye are an elect race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for God's own possession." Once again, Christian men are God's own.

This truth of a special relation existing between God and some men which does not exist between God and all men has formed the subject of one of our earlier readings; but in view of its importance, and of the neglect into which with many of us it has fallen, it may be well briefly to consider it anew. The truth, unhappily, has suffered much at the hands of its friends. It has been made to stand sponsor for the most unlovely and un-Christlike Pharisaism. In its name men have claimed for themselves the highest privileges of heaven at the same time that, with a light heart, they consigned their fellows to endless perdition. Nevertheless, it is a truth of which the Scriptures speak with no uncertain sound, and while we do well to reject with indignation such gross perversions of its meaning as those to which I have referred, we must see to it that we do not suffer the spirit of reaction to carry us to the opposite extreme of making the divine love indifferent to all moral distinctions in us. God loves all men, but He does not love all men alike, and we must take care, as Dr. Maclaren says, lest in our zeal for the impartiality of His love we destroy all in Him that makes His love worth having. We cannot love all men alike; we should not think the better of ourselves if we could; and we are not honouring, but rather dishonouring God's love, if we think that it rests in equal measure upon the evil and the good, upon them that fear and them that fear Him not. All men may say, according to the true rendering of the Hundreth Psalm, "It is He that hath made us and to Him we belong"; but there is another ownership which God seeks in man above that of the Creator in the creature; and they, and they alone, are "God's own," in the deepest meaning of the words, who respond to His mercy and yield themselves in loving obedience to His will.

But while we rejoice in the greatness of the privileges which are ours in Christ, let us not forget the responsibilities which they carry with them. Even in ancient Israel, where the sense of a divine call, proceeding only from the sovereign grace of God, was so strong, the greatest of the prophets learned to make the greatness of the nation's privilege the true measure of its responsibility. "Us only hath He known of all the families of the earth," boasted the vainglorious people, "therefore no evil shall befall us." Nay, not so, cried Amos, "therefore shall He visit upon you all your iniquities"; not increased security, but increased responsibility was the true lesson of the nation's past. And into whatever special privileges of grace it has been the good pleasure of God to call us, it is so that we must learn to think of them, lest they bring us into sharper condemnation. "God's own" may take no liberties with God's laws which others may not; rather are they more than others subject to them.

And, again, just as Israel was elect, not for its own sake, but rather that it might be the vehicle through which God should convey His grace to all nations, so our election to a place in the divine favour is that through us God may bless others. His will is to save all men; but it is also His will to save men by saved men: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved"; but how shall they hear and believe and call "without a preacher"? "Ye are an elect race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for God's own possession, that ye may show forth the excellences of Him who called you out of darkness into His marvellous light."

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

THE GREAT AMIR*

By E. K. R.

"MEANWHILE she (Russia) is anxiously watching for an opportunity of attacking Afghanistan after my death." These are almost the last words in "The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan" dictated by himself; and they would seem to indicate concisely the answer which the great Afghan, whose tongue is now silenced for ever, would have given to the question which we are all asking to-day. For the Amir is dead; and the opportunity of Russia has come.

But we need go no further than the Amir's own volumes to find reason for believing that Russia must now let the long-desired opportunity pass. It has come too late. Afghanistan, a region productive only of "men and stones," was never, in itself, a tempting bait for the invader. The Afghan's fanatical hatred of the infidel is equalled only by his wild-cat passion against alien rule, while nature has divided up his country lengthwise and crosswise by mountainous belts which could be held by guerillas against enormous odds. Thus, though an invader might penetrate to the heart of Afghanistan he would never establish his hold upon more ground than his rifles covered; and "this poor goat," as the Amir described his country, shivering between the ravening bear and greedy lion, was too exclusively composed of sinews, bones, and horns to tempt the appetite of either. The peril of the country lay, as the Amir always insisted, in its position rather than its value. To the Russians it has always been the outwork of India, to be taken by force or guile at the first opportunity; and Abdur Rahman was shrewd enough to see that, although we had more often invaded Afghanistan and had filched more territory from its frontiers than the Russians, the force of circumstances compelled us to be his friends at heart. Russia, on the other hand, might court his goodwill; but it was not possible for Russia to succeed in her ambition of conquering India without destroying the independence of Afghanistan. Thus, while we, on our side, were obliged to wish strength and prosperity for the Afghan ruler, he in turn recognised that the more firmly we were established in India and the stronger we made our position on the frontier the better for Afghanistan, because the less would Russia be tempted to break through it in order to reach India.

But the Amir saw more than this. He saw that the Russian dream of a successful invasion of India was futile in itself. "So long," he said, "as Afghanistan does not join Russia, the invasion of India is impossible, and the joining of Afghanistan with Russia in such an invasion is still more impossible." More yet than this he saw—that, even if the impossible happened, and Russia actually invaded India, with or without Afghan co-operation, she would inevitably be worsted in the war that would follow. And here the Amir's words have such a close bearing upon our present military history that they may well be quoted:

"Admitting that England has not such a large standing army as Russia has, I must remind my Russian friends of the words of a great general, Napoleon, who said: 'It can never be known when the English are beaten.' Why? Because the British subjects are so devoted and loyal, that no matter how many times the British army meets with reverses in which large numbers of their countrymen are killed, the more does their spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm and support of their Government, mingled with a desire to crush the enemy, increase in their minds. This feeling is not confined to the British Isles alone, it extends to every one of her colonies. They send one reinforcement of volunteers after another to support the mother-country, until at last the enemy is signally defeated and cannot recover himself to fight any more. So much may be said, that though the British

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* "The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan, G.C.B., G.C.S.I. Edited by Mir Munshi Sultan Mohamed Khan. With Portraits, Maps and Illustrations. In two volumes. Published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, London. Price 32s.

Government has not a large standing army, yet every individual British subject is ready to fight under the victorious flag in her army. Therefore the whole population of the British Empire, which is ten times more in number than that of England, can be calculated upon as forming a reserve force to call up, or who will voluntarily come forward to form part of the British army in time of war. The English could thus continue a war, for which they have plenty of money, arms, and men, till at last Russia's resources for providing for her army are exhausted, and the victory would fall to the English."

In thus estimating the military strength of the British Empire—as we all now know it from experience of the Boer war—the Amir Abdur Rahman found his most convincing argument in favour of the English alliance. And the strength of his conviction is proved by the fact that the alliance was quite contrary to his personal inclinations. It is no mere form where, in the foregoing sentences, he speaks of "my Russian friends"; for the Russians were his friends when we were the friends of his enemies, and he never forgot their kindness. As a born soldier and an ambitious autocrat he had natural sympathy with and admiration for the steadfastness of Russia's policy; while the shilly-shallying of alternate British Governments excited his contempt. He knew, too, that if he threw in his lot with the British and thus tempted the Russians to strike him as a foe, instead of courting his friendship as an ally, he might be deserted in the hours of need, as he was at Penjdeh, by a peace-loving British Ministry. All these objections and, alas, more, were duly set forth in his book; but, as a more than complete answer to them all, he reiterates the facts that while it is Russia's destiny to swallow up all minor states that lie in the way of her ambition, it is Britain's necessity to have a strong, united, and independent state between India and Russia, and that if, and when, these destinies finally clash, the star of England will prevail. Therefore the great Amir, when he found himself firmly seated, after terrible vicissitudes of fortune, upon the throne of his fathers, and when he saw the great problems and responsibilities which lay before him as the single-handed, though iron-handed, ruler of Afghanistan, deliberately chose to be the staunch ally of England. Clouds often arose between us, acrimonious controversies ran their course, his requests were often refused, his hopes disappointed, his claims to territory ignored, and once at least his face was, through us, lowered in shame before the boasting Russians; but he never swerved in fidelity to our alliance, nor ever ceased sharpening his sword to smite a blow, when the time should come, for the defence of India. For well he knew that the Russians would not be tempted to force his gates, were it not that he had barred against them their road to India.

So lived and died our ally: a man whose greatness history will recognise. And well it was for us that the Amir Abdur Rahman was great, towering in intellect and character by head and shoulders over the whole Afghan race; for a weak man, a man tainted ever so little with cowardice or cupidity, irresolution or conceit, a man whose brain was not as able to judge as his hand to strike and his temper to endure, could neither have retained our alliance nor built up the strong barrier which Afghanistan now presents to Russian greed. Nay, had Abdur Rahman been aught but one of the greatest men of his age, he would never have held his throne at all.

For his was a career chequered in its beginning, and magnificently successful in its end as few careers, outside fairy tales, have been. Born in the purple, he became a homeless wanderer. He who had fed hundreds daily at his princely banquets fell to such poverty that a single dog once ran off with the whole of his provisions and his solitary cooking-pot as well. His was the fighting hand of his father's house, whose fortunes he restored by gallantry and generalship, only to see them wrecked again by the weak parent and unworthy uncle, whom he supported on the throne in turn. Then came the darkest days and years of wandering and exile in foreign lands, when sometimes he met with generosity, often with contumely and threats. But he was the man of destiny, the exiled Prince of the fairy tale, all the while; and when the moment came for him to return and strike a blow for the throne of his fathers, he came—and in the Afghanistan of to-day we read the glory of his name. Holding boldly aloof from the Russians, watching them with hand on sword-hilt; bearing patiently with the blundering weakness of our diplomacy; coaxing his own people along the path of progress like little children who must learn to crawl in their own way before they can be taught to walk; building cities of brick when he came back to villages of mud; filling his capital with the hum of factories; importing foreigners to teach his workmen the skill and science of Europe; granting religious equality to all in his fanatical dominions; dreaming by day and pondering through sleepless nights upon the ways and means to achieve the future greatness of Afghanistan, with world-wide commerce, free trade, telegraphs, railways, universities, and all the adjuncts of prosperous civilisation; but all the while restlessly arming his country to the teeth to resist the invader from whatever quarter he might come. To this primary necessity of self-preservation for Afghanistan the Amir devoted an energy which seemed to burn him as with an internal fire. To those around him the fever of his throbbing thoughts visibly flamed in the eyes that yet missed no detail of the heavy day's work which falls to the lot of the king who rules, reforms, and raises his kingdom single-handed.

Nothing succeeds like success, of course; and in the great man who has wooed fate wisely and dies in honour, the glamour of high fortune colours even blemishes as merits. The great Amir had his faults, according to our standards. He was upon occasion hideously cruel to prisoners and criminals; but gentleness is a rare flower on Afghan hills, and you cannot tame wolves without the lash. That the Amir was blindly superstitious in some respects can hardly be accounted even as a weakness in an Oriental: for to time great functions of state by astrology is held for statecraft in the East, where to speak well of a neighbour's infant to its face is an act of cruel enmity. But when the Amir gravely records miracles that were wrought by Heaven in his behalf, such as the passage of a rifle bullet fired at his body, straight through the back of the chair on which he was sitting, without touching him, or his sudden acquirement of the art of reading and writing in response to a prayer, we are compelled to entertain suspicions of his complete veracity. There was a time when we were very near to war with Abdur Rahman, and when to believe in the Amir's loyalty was accounted eccentricity. India had lately changed viceroys. Dufferin of the silver tongue—Abdur Rahman's "wise and learned friend," and "the most statesmanlike of Indian viceroys"—had been succeeded by Lansdowne, formal, dry, and dogmatic in his dealings with the Amir, who smarted under them. It unfortunately fell to the latter to translate to the Amir the feelings of horror and indignation which the details of his alleged cruelties towards his rebellious subjects inspired in England, and also to take over certain frontier territories which, rightly or wrongly, the Amir claimed as his own. The strained relations which then ensued, the fiasco of Lord Roberts' projected mission to Kabul, the compensatory success of Sir Salter Pyne's mission on behalf of the Amir to Simla, and the subsequent settlement of all difficulties by Sir Mortimer Durand's embassy are matters of recent history; but we had been on the narrowest verge of a war which would have wrecked Afghanistan and shattered the finances of India—if it did no worse.

And this episode was only one of a series of severe strains which the Amir's allegiance to England wonderfully withstood at different times. For in the earlier part of his career he had been our avowed enemy. As the grandson of the famous Dost Mahomed, whom we temporarily dethroned, to our great trouble, his nursery knowledge of the English was as a powerful neighbour, unstable and fitfully hostile in policy. His family in the next generation had other reasons to be discontented with their treatment by the British Government of India; and Abdur Rahman's first dealing with the English was a curt verbal rejection of proposals made by our frontier officials. "I will never have anything to do with them," he said. "They are the enemies of my friends, whose enemies are my enemies." So, in the days of his despair, when, "tired, ruined, and broken-hearted," he turned his back upon the land which he had fought so gallantly to win and hold for his weak father and unworthy uncle, he set his face towards Russia. When, too, after many years, he emerged from exile, to the delight of the Afghan soldiery, who still worshipped his memory, he came with the declared intention of driving out the English, then in armed possession of the Afghan capitals of Kabul and Kandahar.

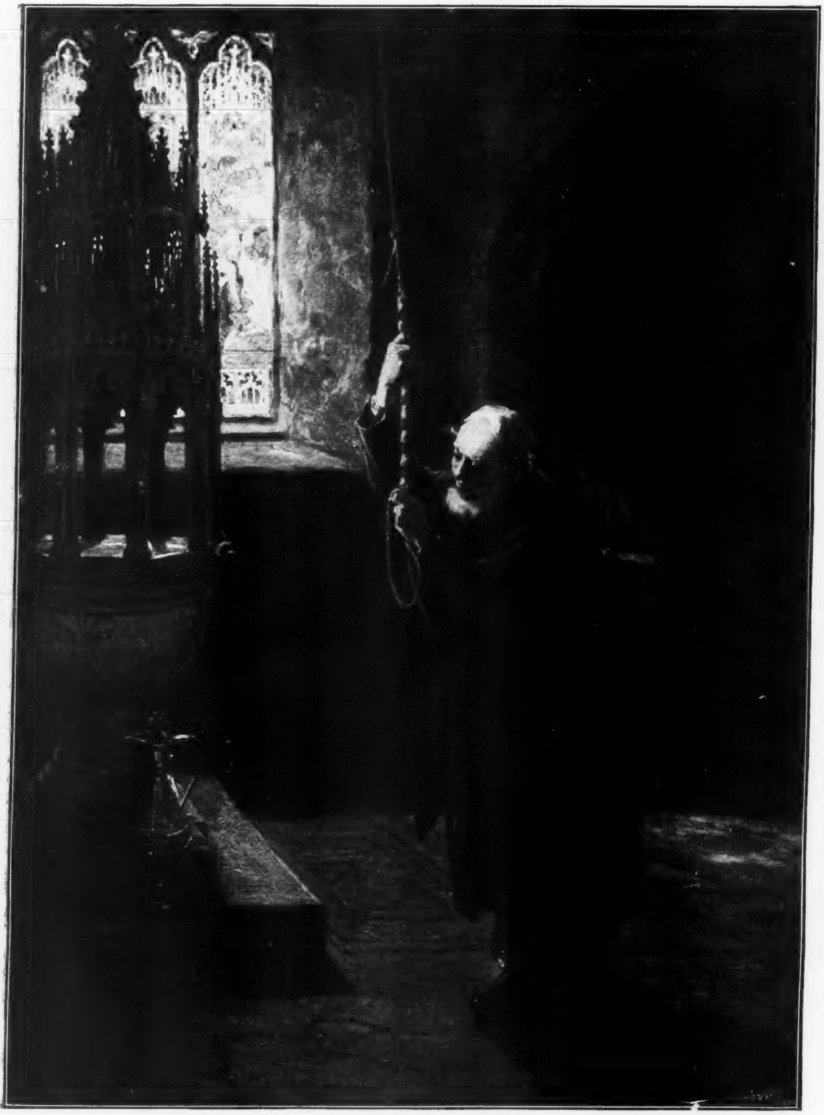
But the hand of his destiny intervened. The negotiations with Sir Lepel Griffin, the evacuation of Kabul, Lord Roberts' famous march, the evacuation of Kandahar, the life-and-death struggle with Ayub Khan, ending in the complete triumph of Abdur Rahman —these also are matters of recent history and well known. From that time the great Amir devoted his energies to consolidating his kingdom, building up its fortunes and extending its frontiers to the furthest limits claimed by his ancestors, however shadowy their authority might have been. How this brought him into occasional conflict with the Russians, necessitating the interference of British diplomacy, is written large in the annals of Central Asia; but few realise how much more frequently there arose between him and the Government of India grave causes of quarrel, which only his controlling sense of the necessity of the British alliance prevented from becoming matters of war. A bare catalogue of his various grievances against us would fill pages; and it is only when we read his own book that we come to understand how much territory, which he accounted his, he believed to have been filched from him by England.

But though the Amir recognised that territory annexed to the Indian Empire was lost to Afghanistan for ever, he had compensating ambitions, towards the realisation of which he looked for British sympathy and support. One of them was that his status as an independent sovereign might be marked by the establishment of an Afghan envoy in London, to treat directly with the Foreign Office. The Amir always regarded it as derogatory to his position as a ruling monarch that he should be liable to be reproved for his conduct by the Viceroy of India, acting under the orders of the Secretary of State for India, at the bidding of a chance majority in the House of Commons. Nor did he believe in the statesmanship or sense of justice of Simla officials. It was to press for this concession that he sent his son, Nasrullah, to London; and the peremptory refusal of the Government cut him to the quick. How deeply it also wounded his successor, Halibullah, the future may show.

The second great ambition of the great Amir was that England should concede to him a strip of territory extending southwards along the Persian frontier to the sea, so that he might have a seaport, and lead his people to the wealth that comes from world-wide commerce. Also, he had visions of Afghan warships co-operating with the British navy to sink the Russian fleets, and of British vessels pouring in through the seaport arms and munitions of war to aid Afghanistan in beating back the Cossacks. Indeed, the possession of a seaport by Afghanistan, under rulers of the stamp of Abdur Rahman, would mightily influence the history of Asia; but it is needless to remark that this ambition has not been realised.

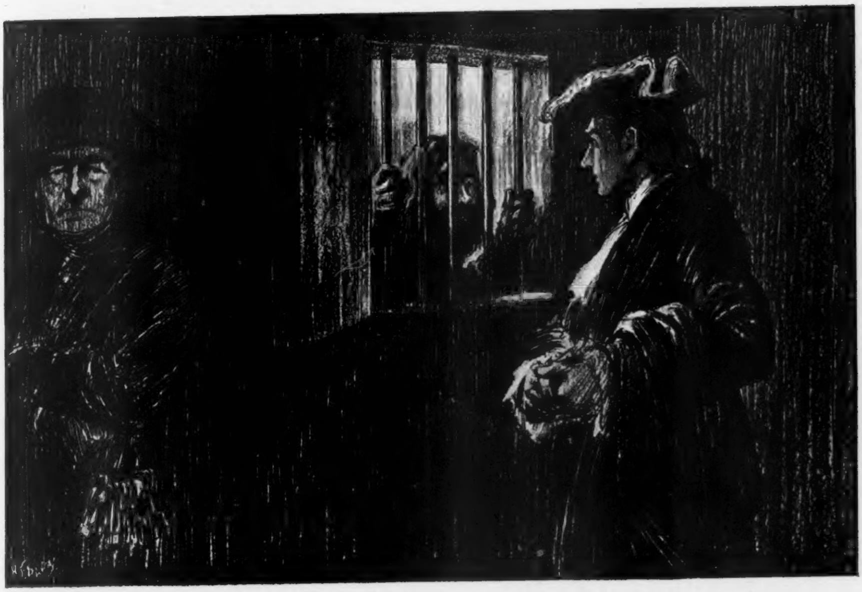
The great Amir's third desire was that the British Government should so far waive its control of Afghanistan's foreign policy as to permit him to conclude a defensive alliance with his two great Moslem compeers, the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey. Each of these three Mahomedan Powers went in dire fear of Russian aggression; but their union for self-defence would mean security for all, because the whole of Moslem Asia would rise with them against the Muscovite and drive him back from his ill-gotten territories. All the Moslems, the Amir insisted, regard England in India as their friend, albeit one who dares not to strike in their behalf; why then should she not allow them to combine to strike, when the time came, for themselves and her? The realisation of this day-dream of Abdur Rahman would also not have been without effect upon the history of Asia; but we know not as yet whether the archives of our Foreign Office contain aught that tends to its fulfilment, nor how far the Amir Habibullah inherits his father's ambition in this or in other respects.

Like our own King Edward, he has come into a succession which is hard to fill, after the greatness of the monarch who has left it empty. To institute a comparison between the late long reign, in which the British Empire rose to the zenith of its power, and that in which Afghanistan emerged from savagery and internecine bloodshed, to be a kingdom with laws, industries, education, arsenals, mints, and factories, would be futile; but if any monarch lives or has lived since the beginning of the nineteenth century to whose name history may worthily append the title of "The Great" it is that of Abdur Rahman Khan, Amir of Afghanistan.



THE VESPER BELL

By Ralph Hedley, R.B.A.



"He glued his cheek against the bars and stared at me from head to foot"

THE SHOES OF FORTUNE

By NEIL MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY A. S. BOYD

CHAPTER XLII

I DEPART IN THE MIDST OF ILLUMINATION AND COME TO A JAIL, BAD NEWS, AND AN OLD ENEMY

WE carried this elation all through England with us. Whatever town we stopped at, flags were flying, and the oldest resident must be tipsy on the green for the glory of the British Isles. The seven passengers who occupied the coach with me found in these rejoicings, and in the great event which gave rise to them, subjects of unending discourse as we dragged through the country in the wake of steaming horses. There was with us a maker of perukes that had found trade dull in Town (as they call it), and planned to start business in York; a widow woman who had buried her second husband and was returning to her parents in Northumberland with a sprightliness that told she was ready to try a third if he offered; and a squire (as they call a laird) of Morpeth.

But for the common interest in the rejoicings it might have been a week before the company thawed to each other enough to start a conversation. The first mile of the journey, however, found us in the briskest debate on Hawke and his doings. I say us, but in truth my own share in the conversation was very small as I had more serious reflections.

The perruquier, as was natural to his trade, knew everything and itched to prove it.

"I have it on the very best authority," he would say, "indeed"—with a whisper for all the passengers as if he feared the toiling horses outside might hear him—"indeed between ourselves I do not mind telling that it was from Sir Patrick Dall's man—that the French would have been on the top of us had not one of themselves sold the plot for a hatful of guineas."

"That is not what I heard at all," broke in the squire. "I fancy you are mistaken," sir. The truth, as I have every reason to believe, was that one of the spies of the Government—a Scotsman, by all accounts—discovered Conflans' plans, and came over to London with them. A good business too, egad! otherwise we'd soon have nothing to eat at Morpeth George Inn on market-days but frogs, and would find the parley-voos overrunning the country by next Lent with their masses and mistresses and so on. A good business for merry old England that this spy had his English ears open."

"It may be you are right, sir," conceded the perruquier deferentially. "Now that I remember, Sir Patrick's gentleman said something of the same kind, and that it was one of them Scotsmen brought the news. Like enough the fellow found it worth his while. It will be a pretty penny in his pocket, I'll wager. He'll be able to give up spying and start an inn."

I have little doubt the ideal nature of retirement to an inn came to the mind of the peruke-maker from the fact that at the moment we were drawing up before "The Crown" at Bawtry. Reek rose in clouds from the horses, as could be seen from the light of the doors that showed the narrow street knee-deep in snow; a pleasant smell of cooking supper and warm cordials came out to us, welcome enough it may be guessed, after our long day's stage. The widow clung just a trifle too long on my arm as I gallantly helped her out of the coach; perhaps she thought my silence and my abstracted gaze at her for the last hour or two betrayed a tender interest, but I was thinking how close the squire and the wig-maker had come upon the truth, and yet made one mistake in that part of their tale that most closely affected their silent fellow passenger.

The sea-fight and the war lasted us for a topic all through England, but when we had got into Scotland on the seventh day after my departure from London, the hostlers at the various change-houses yoked fresh horses to the tune of "Daniel Risk."

We travelled in the most tempestuous weather. Snow fell incessantly, and was cast in drifts along the road; sometimes it looked as if we were bound for days, but we carried the mails, and with gigantic toil the driver pushed us through.

The nearer we got to Edinburgh the more we learned of the notorious Daniel Risk whom no one knew better than myself. The charge of losing his ship wilfully, was, it appeared, among the oldest and least heinous of his crimes. Smuggling had engaged his talent since then, and he had murdered a cabin-boy under the most revolting circumstances. He had almost escaped the charge of scuttling the *Seven Sisters*, for it was not till he had been in the dock for the murder that evidence of that transaction came from the seaman Horn, who had been wrecked twice, it appeared, and far in other parts of the world between the time he was abandoned in the scuttled ship and returned to his native land, to tell how the ruffian had left two innocent men to perish.

Even in these days of wild happenings the fame of Risk exceeded that of every malefactor that season, and when we got to Edinburgh the street-singers were chanting doleful ballads about him.

I would have given the wretch no thought, or very little, for my own affairs were heavy enough, had not the very day I landed in Edinburgh seen a broad-sheet published with "The Last Words and Warning" of Risk. The last words were in an extraordinarily devout spirit, the homily breathed what seemed a real repentance for a very black life. It would have moved me the less if I could have learned then as I did later, that the whole thing was the invention of some drunken lawyer's clerk in the Canongate who had probably invented scores of such fictions for the entertainment of the world that likes to read of scaffold repentances and of wicked lives. The condition of the wretch moved me, and I made up my mind to see the condemned man who, by the accounts of the journals, was being visited daily by folks interested in his forlorn case.

With some manœuvring I got outside the bars of his cell.

There was little change in him. The same wild aspect was there though he pretended a humility. The skellie eye still roved with little of the love of God or man in it; his iron-grey hair hung tawted about his temples. Only his face was changed and had the jail-white of the cells for he had been nearly two months in confinement. When I entered he did not know me; indeed he scarce looked the road I was on first but applied himself zealously to the study of a book wherein he pretended to be rapturously engrossed.

The fact that the Bible (for so it was) happened to be upside down in his hands somewhat staggered my faith in the repentance of Daniel Risk who, I remembered, had never numbered reading among his arts.

I addressed him as Captain Risk.

"I am no Captain," said he in a whine, "but plain Dan Risk, the blackest sinner under the cope and canopy of heaven." And he applied himself to his volume as before.

"Do you know me?" I asked and he must have found the voice familiar, for he rose from his stool, approached the bars of his cage, and examined me. "Andy Greig's nephew!" he cried. "It's you; I hope you're a guid man?"

"I might be the best of men—and that's a dead one—so far as you are concerned," I replied, stung a little by the impertinence of him.

"The hand of Providence saved me that last item in my bloody list o' crimes," said he with a singular mixture of the whine for his sins and of pride in their number. "Your life was spared, I mak' nae doubt, that ye micht repent o' your past, and I'm sorry to see ye in sic fal-als o' dress, betokening a licht mind and a surrender to the vanities."

My dress was scantily different from what it had been on the *Seven Sisters* except for some lace, my tied hair, and a sword.

"Indeed and I am in anything but a light frame of mind, Captain Risk," I said. "There are reasons for that apart from seeing you in this condition which I honestly deplore in spite of all the wrong you did me."

"I thank God that has been forgiven me," he said with a hypocritical cock of his hale eye. "I was lost in sin, a child o' the deevil, but now I am made clean," and much more of the same sort that it is unnecessary here to repeat.

"You can count on my forgiveness so far as that goes," I said, disgusted with his manner.

"I'm greatly obleeged," said he, "but man's forgiveness doesna coont sae muckle as a preen, and I would ask ye to see hoo it stands wi' yersel'. Daniel Risk has made his peace wi' his Maker, but what way is it wi' the nephew o' Andrew Greig?"

"It ill becomes a man in a condemned cell to be preacher to those outside of it," I told him in some exasperation at his presumption.

He threw up his hands and glowered at me with his gleed eye looking seven ways for sixpence as the saying goes.

"Dinna craw ower crouse, young man," he said. "Whit brings ye here I canna guess but I ken that you that's there should be in here where I am, for there's blood on your hands."

He had me there! Oh yes, he had me there! Every vein in my body told me so. But I was not in the humour to make an admission of that kind to this creature.

"I have no conceit of myself in any respect whatever, Daniel Risk," I said slowly. "I came here from France but yesterday after experiences there that paid pretty well for my boy's crime, for I have heard from neither kith nor kin since ye cozened me on the boards o' the *Seven Sisters*."

He put his hands upon the bars and looked at me. He wore a prison garb of the most horrible colour, and there were round him the foul stenches of the cell.

"Ay!" said he. "New back! And they havena nabbed ye yet! Weel, they'll no' be lang, maybe, o' doin' that, for I'll warrant ye've been advertised plenty aboot the country; ony man that has read a gazette or clattered in a public-hoose kens your description and the blackness o' the deed you're charged wi'. All I did was to sink a bit ship that was rotten onyway, mak' free trade wi' a few ankers o' brandy that would hae been drunk by the best i' the land includin' the very lords that tried me, and accidentally killed a lad that sair needed a beltin' to gar him dae his honest work. But you shot a man deliberate and his blood is crying frae the grund. If ye hurry ye'll maybe dance on naethin' sooner nor myself."

There was so much impotent venom in what he said that I lost my anger with the wretch drawing near his end, and looked on him with pity. It seemed to annoy him more than if I had reviled him.

"I'm a white soul," says he, clasping his hands—the most arrant blasphemy of a gesture from one whose deeds were desperately wicked! "I'm a white soul, praise

God! and value not your opinions a docken leaf. Ye micht hae come here to this melancholy place to slip a bit guinea into my hand for some few extra comforts, instead o' which it's just to anger me."

He glued his cheek against the bars and stared at me from head to foot, catching at the last a glance of my fateful shoes. He pointed at them with a rigid finger.

"Man! man!" he cried, "there's the sign and token o' the lot o' ye—the bloody shoon. They may weel be red for him and you that wore them. Red shoon! red shoon!" He stopped suddenly. "After a'," said he, "I bear ye nae ill-will, though I hae but to pass the word to the warder on the ither side o' the rails. And oh! abin a' repent——" He was off again into one of his blasphemies, for at my elbow now was an old lady who was doubtless come to confirm the conversion of Daniel Risk. I turned to go.

He cast his unaffected eye piously heavenward, and coolly offered up a brief prayer for "this erring young brother determined on the ways of vice and folly."

It may be scarce credible that I went forth from the condemned cell with the most shaken mind I had had since the day I fled from the moor of Mearns. The streets were thronged with citizens; the castle ramparts rose up white and fine—the bastions touched by sunset fires, a window blazing like a star. Above the muffled valley, clear, silvery, proud, rang a trumpet on the walls, remindme of many a morning rouse in far Silesia. Was I not better there? Why should I be the sentimental fool and run my head into a noose? Risk, whom I had gone to see in pity paid me with a vengeance! He had put into the blunt language of the world all the horror I had never heard in words before, though it had often been in my mind. I saw myself for the first time the hunted outlaw, captured at last. "You that's out there should be in where I am!" It was true! But to sit for weeks in that foul hole within the iron rail waiting on doom, reflecting on my folks disgraced—I could not bear it.

Risk cured me of my intention to hazard all on the flimsy chance of a government's gratitude, and I made up my mind to seek safety and forgetfulness again in flight to another country.

CHAPTER XLIII

BACK TO THE MOORLAND

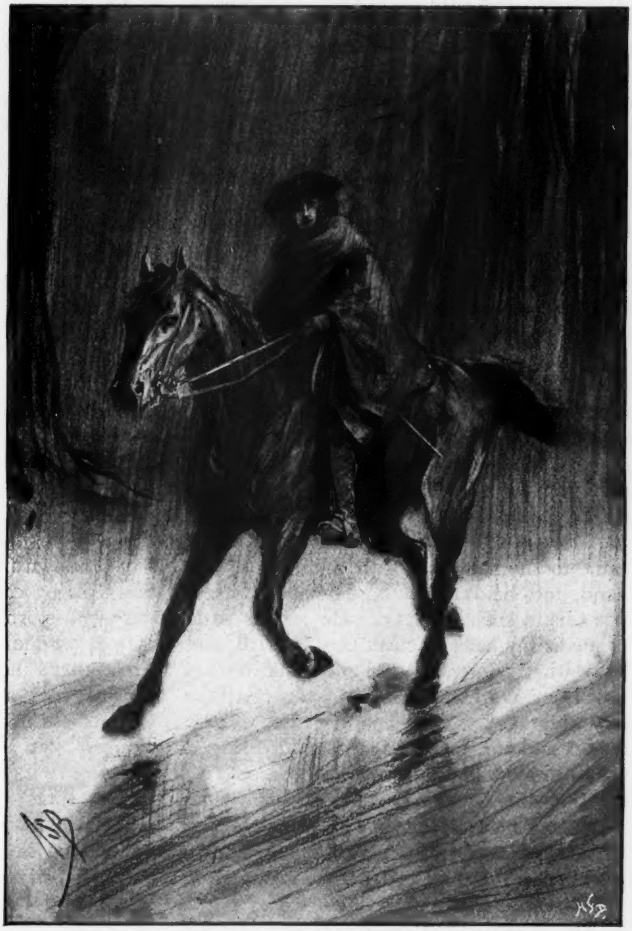
I HAD seen yon remnant of a man in the Tolbooth cell, and an immediate death upon the gallows seemed less dreadful than the degradation and the doubt he must suffer waiting weary months behind bars. But gallows or cell was become impossible for the new poltroon of Dan Risk's making to contemplate with any equanimity, and I made up my mind that America was a country which would benefit greatly by my presence, if I could get a passage there by working for it.

Perhaps I would not have made so prompt a decision upon America had not America implied a Clyde ship, and the Clyde as naturally implied a flying visit to my home in Mearns. Since ever I had set foot on Scotland, and saw Scots reek rise from Scots lums, and blue bonnets on Scots heads, and heard the twang of the true North and kindly from the people about me, I had been wondering about my folk. It was plain they had never got the letter I had sent by Horn, or got it only recently, for he himself had only late got home.

To see the house among the trees, then, to get a reassuring sight of its smoke and learn about my parents, was actually of more importance in my mind than my projected trip to America, though I did not care to confess so much to myself.

I went to Glasgow on the following day; the snow was on the roofs; the students were noisily battling; the bells were cheerfully ringing as on the day with whose description I open this history. I put up at the Saracen Head, and next morning engaged a horse to ride to Mearns. In the night there had come a change in the weather; I splashed through slush of melted snow, and soaked in a constant rain, but objected none at all because it gave me an excuse to keep up the collar of my cloak, and pull the brim of my hat well forward on my face and so minimise the risk of identification.

There is the lichened root of an ancient fallen saugh tree by the side of Earn Water between Kirkillstane and Driepps that I cannot till this day look on without a deep emotion. Walter's bairns have seen me sitting there more than once, and unco solemn so that they have wondered, the cause



"I splashed through slush of melted snow"

beyond their comprehension. It was there I drew up my horse to see the house of Kirkillstane from the very spot where I had rambled with my shabby stanzas, and felt the first throb of passion for a woman.

The country was about me familiar in every dyke and tree and eminence; where the water glucked in the pool it had the accent it had in my dreams; there was a broken branch of ash that trailed above the fall, where I myself had dragged it once in climbing. The smell of moss and rotten leafage in the dripping rain, the eerie aspect of the moorland in the mist, the call of lapwings—all was as I had left it. There was not the most infinite difference to suggest that I had seen another world, and lived another life, and become another than the boy that wandered here.

I rode along the river, to find the smoke rising from my father's house—thank God! but what the better was the outlaw son for that? Dare he darken again the door he had disgraced, and disturb anew the hearts he had made sore?

I pray my worst enemy may never feel torn by warring dictates of the spirit as I was that dreary afternoon by the side of Earn; I pray he may never know the pang with which I decided that old events were best let lie, and that I must be content with that brief glimpse of home before setting forth again upon the roads of dubious fortune. Fortune! Did I not wear just now the very Shoes of Fortune? They had come I knew not whence, from what magic part and artisan of heathendom I could not even guess, to my father's brother; they had covered the unresting foot of him; to me they had brought their curse of discontent, and so in wearing them I seemed doomed to be the unhappy rover too.

The afternoon grew loud with wind as I sat my horse beside the increasing water; I felt desolate beyond expression.

"Well, there must be an end of it someway!" I said bitterly, and I turned to go.

The storm opposed me as I cantered over Whiggitlaw, and won by Brooms, and Bishops Offerance, and Kilree. Shepherds sheltered in the lee of dykes, and women hurried out and shuttered windows. I saw sheep hastening into the angles of the fields, and the wild white sea-gull beating across the sky. The tempest thrashed on me as though it could not have me go too soon from the country of my shame; I broke the horse to gallop, and fields and dykes flew by like things demented.

Then of a sudden the beast grew lame I searched for a stone or a cast shoe, but neither ailed him, and plainly the ride to town that night was impossible. Where the beast failed was within half a mile of Newton and at all hazards I decided I must make for the inn there. I felt there were risks of recognition, but I must run them. I led the horse by a side path, and reached the inn no sooner than the darkness that fell that night with unusual suddenness. Lights were in the house, and the sound of rural merriment in the kitchen where farm lads drank twopenny ale, and sang.

A man—he proved to be the innkeeper—came to my summons with a lantern in his hand, and held it up to see what wayfarer was this in such a night. He saw as little of me as my hat and cloak could reveal, and I saw what greatly relieved me—that he was not John Warnock who had tenanted the inn when I left the country, but a new tenant and one unknown to me. He helped me to unharness the horse, discovered with me that the lameness would probably succumb to a night in the stall, and unburdened himself of the questions every unknown traveller in the shire of Renfrew may expect.

"You'll be frae Ayr, maybe, or Irvine?"

No, I was from neither; I was from Glasgow.

"Sae ye sae, noo! Dod! its nae nicht for travellin', and nae wonder you're horse is lamed. Ye'll be for ower Fenwick way, noo, i' the mornin'."

Nor was I for over Fenwick way in the morning. I was for Glasgow again.

He looked from the corners of his eyes at this oddity who travelled like a shuttle in such weather. I was drenched with rain, and my spatter-dashes with which I had thought to make up in some degree for the inadequate foot-wear of red shoes on horseback, were foul with clay. He presumed I was for supper?

"No," I answered; "I'm more in the humour for bed, and I will be obliged if you send to my room for my clothes in a little so that they may be dry by the time I start in the morning, and I shall set out at seven if by that time my horse is recovered."

I drank a tankard of ale for the good of the house, as we say, during a few minutes in the parlour, making my dripping clothes and a headache the excuse for refusing the proffered hospitality of the kitchen where the plough-boys sang, and then went to the little cam-ceiled room where a hasty bed had been made for me.

The world outside was full of warring winds and plashing rains into which the yokels went at last reluctantly, and when they were gone I fell asleep, wakening once only for a moment when my wet clothes were being taken from the room.

CHAPTER XLIV

WHEREIN THE SHOES OF FORTUNE BRING ME HOME

I CAME down from my cam-ceiled room to a breakfast by candle-light in a morning that was yet stormy. The landlord himself waited on me ('twas no other than Ralph Craig that's now retired at the Whinnell), and he had a score of apologies for his servant lass that had slept in too long, as he clumsily set a table with his own hand bringing in its equipment in single pieces.

There was a nervousness in his manner that escaped me for a little in the candle-light, but I saw it finally with some wonder, rueing I had agreed to have breakfast here at all, and had not taken my horse, now recovered of his lameness, and pushed on out of a neighbourhood where I had no right in common sense to be.

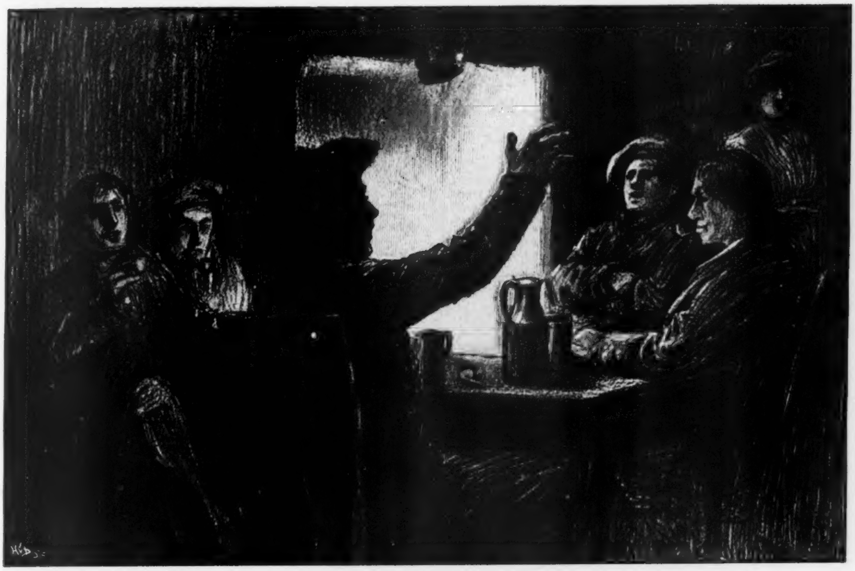
If the meal was slow of coming it was hearty enough though the host embarrassed me too much with his attentions. He was clearly interested in my personality.

"It's not the first time ye've been in the Red Lion," said he with an assurance that made me stare.

"And what way should you be thinking that?" I asked, beginning to feel more anxious about my position.

"Oh, jist a surmise o' my ain," he answered. "Ye kent your way to the stable in the dark, and then—and then there's whiles a twang o' the Mearns in your speech."

This was certainly coming too close! I hastened through my breakfast, paid my



" Where farm lads drank twopenny ale, and sang "

lawing and ordered out my horse. That took so long that I surmised the man was wilfully detaining me. " This fellow has certainly some project to my detriment," I told myself, and as speedily as I might got into the saddle. Then he said what left no doubt.

"They'll be gey glad to see ye at the Hazel Den, Mr. Greig."

I felt a stound of anguish at the words that might in other circumstances have been true but now were so remote from it.

"You seem to have a very gleg eye in your head," I said, " and to have a great interest in my own affairs."

" No offence, Mr. Paul, no offence ! " said he civilly, and indeed abashed. " There's a lassie in the kitchen that was ance your mither's servant and she kent your shoes."

" I hope then you'll say nothing about my being here to any one—for the sake of the servant's old mistress—that was my mother."

" That *was* your mither ! " he repeated. " And what for no' yet ? She'll be prood to see ye hame."

" Is it well with them up there ? " I eagerly asked.

" I'll wager it will be the happiest day o' their lives," he protested.

" I thank God if they're well," said I, " but for the rest of it I must be going away at once and I trust they will not suffer the distress of learning from you or your maid that I have been in the neighbourhood."

The landlord scratched his head and hummed and hawed. The dawn was beginning to show in the east ; I was impatient to be gone, and gathered up my reins.

" Hold on a wee," said he. " They'll be expectin' ye hame the day, for the lassie's awa at the Hazel Den noo to tell them ye're here."

"You could not have done me a worse turn than to send her on such an errand," I said, " for there's that between my people and myself that makes my father's honest house no place for me."

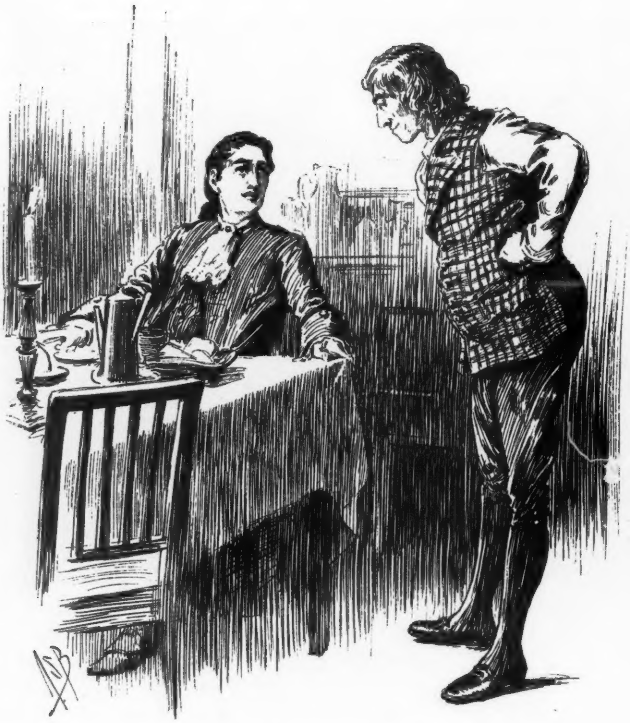
" Michty ! " cried the landlord, " ye're surely no' in ony mair trouble than ye went awa in ? "

" Is it not enough ? " I asked bitterly.

" No' enough to keep ye frae your father's hoose when ye're on the moor o' Mearns," said he boldly.

" You have a very tolerant view of manslaughter," I said.

" Lord keep 's ! " said he. " Are ye in that notion ye went awa wi' yet ? Is it Davie



"'There's whiles a twang o' the Mearns in your speech'"

Borland ye mean? The man's nae mair slaughtered than ye are yoursel', and there's blythmeat in his hoose the day for his wife has just gotten him a son."

For some seconds the meaning of his words failed to find me, for I was too troubled with the knowledge that my people had been apprised of my neighbourhood to grasp the fact that set all else at naught—that David Borland was not dead. When that came home to me I jumped from my horse and seized the inn-keeper by the shoulder till he twisted in my grasp.

"What in God's name is this ye're telling me?" I demanded.

"Oh, jist what onybody could hae tauld ye the very day ye took legs for it oot o' the country. Jist that Borland was nane the waur o' your shooting, and was only in a swound because your bullet skimmed his lug."

"And there's nothing wrong with him?" I cried, still incredulous, recalling the circumstantial assurances of Daniel Risk that I had been the object of the hue and cry; finding it ill to believe even of such a wretch that on the brink of the tomb he should concoct so villainous a fiction for my punishment.

"Nae mair nor what's wrang wi' me," cried the innkeeper. "Am n't I telling ye there's blythmeat at his hoose this very morning?"

"And he's married since I left?" I said, preparing to mount and ride for home with a pang of some regret at this part of my revelation.

"A twelvemonth syne, to Jean Fortune o' the Kirkillstane," said he.

"You mean her sister Isobel?" said I, feeling a new hope rise.

"No, nor Isobel," said he. "Isobel's yonder yet, and like to be until ye gang for her. It was the ither ane that Borland courted a' the time."

I rode like fury home. The day was come before I reached the dykes of Hazel Den. Smoke was rising from its chimneys; there was a homely sound of lowing cattle and a horse was saddling for my father, who was preparing to ride over to the inn at Newton to capture his errant son. He stood before the door, a little more grey, a little more bent, a little more shrunken than when I had seen him last. When I drew up before him with my hat in my hand, and leaped out of the saddle he scarcely grasped at first the fact that here was his son.

"Father! Father!" I cried to him, and he put his arms about my shoulders.

"You're there, Paul," said he at last. "Come your ways in; your dear mother is making your breakfast."

I could not have had it otherwise—'twas the welcome I would have chosen!

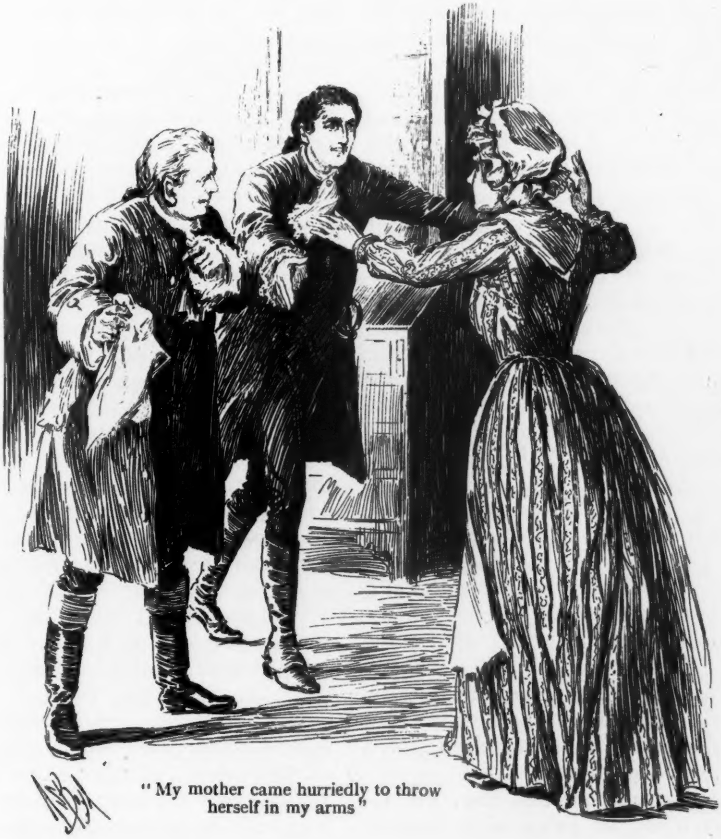
His eyes were brimming over; his voice

was full of sobs and laughter as he cried "Katrine! Katrine!" and my mother came hurriedly to throw herself in my arms.

My Shoes of Fortune had done me their one good office; they had brought me home.

And now, my dear David, and Quentin, and Jean, my tale is ended, leaving some folks who figured therein a space with their ultimate fortunes unexplained. There is a tomb in Rome that marks the end of Prince Charles Edward's wanderings and exploits, ambitions, follies, and passions. Of him and of my countrywoman Clementina Walkinshaw you will by-and-by read with understanding in your history-books. She died unhappy and disgraced, yet I can never think of her but as young, beautiful, kind, the fool of her affections, the plaything of Circumstance. Clancarty's after career I never learned, but Thurot, not long after I escaped from him in Dunkerque, plundered the town of Carrickfergus, in Ireland, and was overtaken by three frigates when he was on his way back to France. His ships were captured and he himself was killed. You have seen Dr. MacKellar here on a visit from his native Badenoch; his pardon from the Government was all I got, or all I wished for from Mr. Pitt. "And where is Isobel Fortune?" you will ask. You know her best as your grandmother, my wife. My Shoes of Fortune, she will sometimes say, laughing, brought me first and last Miss Fortune; indeed they did; I love them for it, but I love you, too, and hope to keep you from the Greigs' temptation and they are to the fore no longer.

THE END.



"My mother came hurriedly to throw herself in my arms"

THE STORY OF JOHN BYROM, AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIANS, AWAKE!"

By ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL

ON the still midnight air in most of the towns and villages in England on December 24th, may be heard the sound of many voices, some old and quavering others strong and lusty, and some young and fresh, but all joining in the beautiful hymn beginning—to quote from the original MS.

> "Christians, awake! salute the happy morn
> "Whereon the Saviour of *the world* was born."

And in almost all the churches and chapels in our land on Christmas Day, thousands and thousands are heartily singing this same hymn of praise; and yet out of these vast numbers, how few know even the name of the writer of the hymn, and fewer still the place of his birth or anything of his somewhat eventful life.

John Byrom was born at Kersall Cell, near Manchester, in February 1691, and was the second son of Edward Byrom by his wife Sarah Allen, and the seventh of nine children. Concerning Kersall, the chronicler tells us that—

"It was granted by Henry II. to the Cluniac Priory of Lenten, in Nottinghamshire." No doubt the monastic cell would be built before Henry's death, for we read that, it remained with the adjacent lands in the possession of the friars of Lenten until the dissolution of the religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII., when, in 1540, the lands belonging to Lenten Priory, including Kersall, were granted by the King to Baldwin Willoughby, Esquire. Soon afterwards we find Ralph and Philippa Sacheverell as owners of the Kersall property, for they conveyed the entire mansion to Ralph Kenyon of Gorton, who in his turn, in 1548, sold two parts of the "Cell, Manor and Demense Lands" to Richard Siddall of Withington and James Chetham of Crumpsall for £248. According to present-day ideas of the value of lands and property this sum appears ridiculously small.

It is probable about this time, that the monastery would be pulled down, and the older parts of the house in which John Byrom was born, and that is still standing, erected.

For a short time again, the Kenyons had possession. How or when it passed from them the chronicler does not relate, but in 1660, or even earlier, it was the country seat of Edward Byrom, of Manchester, grandfather of the writer of the hymn. The Byroms had been extensive merchants, who in those days were sometimes called linen-drapers.

The first notice of the name occurs in the reign of Edward II., when "Henry de Buyroum takes his rank as an attestator among the chief feudal proprietors in his own immediate neighbourhood," and from this date, on to the middle of the nineteenth century, the name occurs more or less in the old Lancashire chronicles, in connection with lands, public gifts, litigations, charities, &c. &c. Of Edward Byrom, the father of the subject of this sketch, nothing very special is recorded, except that he and a brother were the purchasers of land and properties belonging to the Byroms of Byrom, and Byroms of Salford, as the heads of each house passed away.

It may not be out of place here to mention a rather noted relative, Samuel Byrom, commonly called Beau Byrom, a sort of predecessor of the Nashes and Brummels, who fell into the hands of sharpers and gamesters, lost his estates, and worse still, his character, and found himself in the Fleet Prison, and there published, in 1729, "An Irrefragable Argument," fully proving that to discharge Great Debts is less injury and more reasonable than to discharge Small Debts, and much bemoaning his position as a gentleman of quality and education. This extraordinary pamphlet with its doubtful morality was dedicated to his Grace Lionel Cranfield Sackville, Duke of Dorset, K.G., who had frequently relieved his wants. But it was the author of the hymn, on whom he had no direct claim, who showed this spendthrift relative many and great kindnesses, and who frequently wrote in pitying terms about him to different people. Here are two instances: the first is from a letter written to the Beau's sister, Mrs. Goulburn:

"I confess that I was in frequent apprehension of his perishing in the streets of London, and thought that if he was out of that scene of more than ordinary temptation to persons in distress like his, he would be more likely to continue in life, and come to recollect himself. For who would not wish to have an unhappy gentleman, so miserably tossed about, if by his own fault the more miserable, to find some little harbour at last, where he may end his days in peace and penitence? While there is life there is hope."

Again to his wife we find similar kindly sentiments:

"It is a pity but something should be done about him. It is true he has been much to blame, but he is still more to be pitied in one sense for that."

But all that was done for the Beau seemed in vain, and in a later letter to his wife we find John conjuring her to "Pity the poor soul. God knows we are all sinners, and Christ died for him and for us all; He receives all that come, and rejects none."

How or where this erring Byrom died is not known, but there is little doubt it was in obscure poverty.

John Byrom, from all accounts, must have been a man of great intellectual capacity. Canon Parkinson says in his preface to "The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom," which he edited for "The Chetham Society," that "there seems to have been hardly any language of which the literature was any value, which he did not thoroughly master; and his writing of Hebrew, Arabic, &c., was such as the graver might vainly attempt to imitate. Nor was there any scientific or other literary question agitated by scholars in his day into which he did not heartily enter."

He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1708, and took his B.A. in 1712, and became a fellow in 1714. Some of the letters which passed between him and his relatives at this period of his life are exceedingly interesting (as showing the state of society two hundred years ago) and reflect credit on all concerned. How different the tone adopted by young men in these days towards their elders. Here is one to his father beginning,

"HONOURED SIR,

It is a long while since I either wrote to you or heard from you, but I should be very sorry to have you impute my silence to any neglect or forgetfulness of you, but, if you think I have not done well, and take it amiss that I have omitted writing so long, if you please to let me know how often and when I shall write to you, I shall punctually observe your orders."

Another to his home circle begins,

"HONOURED MOTHER, DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS,

How do you all do? I write by Mr. Wilcoxson's man, who brought Mr. Hooper's books and clothes, but nothing for me, you having I suppose deferred sending my cargo till his next journey. I should be glad to hear of any or all of you. If you can spare the spinet I beg of you to lend it me—but as the greatest favour of all I desire you all to write to me, who am, your dutiful son, loving brother, and humble servant, J. B."

The few letters that remain of his father's show him to have been a man of piety and sound common sense. The matter of the wig seems to have caused him some concern, and is most amusing, as the following shows.

"DEAR SON JOHN,

I wrote you by Mr. Brooke's, and sent you a piece of gold for a token. As for your wig, let us know whether you will have it a natural one, or wherein you would have it differ from such as Mr. Banks wears, or Mr. Edmonson, Mr. Worsley's tutor. I took it as a piece of extravagancy the giving a guinea for altering the last in London, and no doubt but you were cheated, and worse hair for your own put in. So I say, write to us when you have noted those gentlemen's wigs, wherein you would have yours differ, and we will venture it, so you may be sure of your sister's good hair and no cheat, as you will certainly be if made at London. See you Dr. Whitby on 11th Matt., 19th verse, and if you have Dr. Hammond to come at, look at him and in both see who are the sons of wisdom, of which number God grant you grace to be; so study profitable knowledge to direct you and give you understanding in all things, &c. If I, by the few books I have see such delightful reading, what pleasure may you have in the many authors' works of so learned men your library and learning may peruse, if you apply to them: and the pleasures of the mind much excel those of sense. I, with my prayers for you, remain your very loving father. E. B."

Again in November 1710 he writes as follows:

"Son John Byrom, I received yours of the 23rd. As to a spinet for you, I will take a little time to consider on: but if your tutor advise you to go to lecture to algebra as you mention, be sure you do; be sure to advance in his favour by observing his advice; if so, he hath undertaken to answer for you, so that I double hope from your virtue and his love and respect to you. We are all well; your sister Ellen we think much better for being put into draff and anointed with rum. I pray God keep you, and am your loving father. E. B."

Medical skill has somewhat advanced since the days of "anointing with rum and being put into draff."

In the interesting "remains" before alluded to, many delightful pictures are given of John, which show he could work with his hands as well as his head, but one must suffice from his sister Mrs. Brearcliffe:

"Brother John is most at Kersall: he goes every night and morning down to the water side and bawls out one of Tully's orations in Latin, so loud they can hear him a mile off; so that all the neighbourhood thinks he is mad, and you would think so too if you saw him. Sometimes he thrashes corn with John Rigby's men, and helps them to get potatoes, and works as hard as any of them. He is very good company."

In 1721 he married his cousin Elizabeth Byrom, daughter of Joseph Byrom of Byrom Hall at the Collegiate Church, Manchester (the present Cathedral). Her father opposed the match, though from a letter her sister wrote a few days after the wedding it appears he must have given a sort of consent for she says, "On Tuesday last Elizabeth was married to Dr. Byrom, with the consent of father and mother." Previous to his marriage he had been abroad and studied medicine at Montpelier, but though gaining a fair insight and knowledge of the efficacy and action of various drugs he never qualified as a medical man or took a medical degree.

It is generally supposed that politics had much to do with this visit, for Byrom was an ardent Jacobite, and as there was much plotting in France in favour of the Young Pretender about this time, there is little doubt that he was mixed up in it.

His marriage appears to have been a very happy one, his letters to his wife being most affectionate, one ends—"Farewell sweetheart, your constant admirer and lover, J. B."

Another, "I am very busy, and yet very idle, I will be with you as soon as I can; but do not think it is anything but a certain sort of necessity that obliges me to be absent so long from my dear wives whom I love so dearly. J. B." The plural here refers to his sister Phœbe, whom in joke he used to call his wife before he married.

Another begins—"My dear love," and ends, "take care of thyself, and don't forget your old acquaintance, lord, master and subject. J. B."

A man who could thus write must have been of a lovable and kindly nature. To quote again from Canon Parkinson regarding the journals that Byrom kept, and which were found in unexplored chests and boxes in the attics of the two old family residences, Kersall Cell, and Quay Street, Manchester, during the life time of his great-granddaughter and last descendant, Eleanor Atherton, who died in 1870.

"Those who delight in honesty and truth, will feel highly gratified by this simple narrative of the daily doings of an extraordinary man; will see in it a most vivid picture of some peculiar forms of life prevalent in that day and now passed away for ever; and will not fail to appreciate the great ability, the lively alacrity, and above all the high tone of religious and moral feeling which he blended with and by which he influenced the various and often curious classes of society among which it was his fortune to live."

"Plain living"—concerning the "high thinking" one cannot be as sure—was evidently the order amongst high-class families in the early part of the eighteenth century, for Aikin tells us in his "Description of the country round Manchester" that:

"At seven an eminent manufacturer, his children and apprentices took a plain breakfast together. In the centre was one large dish of water pottage made of oatmeal, water, and a little salt, boiled thick and poured into a dish. At its side was a pan or basin of milk, and each dipped his wooden spoon first into one and then into the other until the Pater-familias said, 'Hold, enough.'"

It seems impossible to think what the present generation of young people in a similar position would say to such a homely, sensible breakfast!

After his marriage, Byrom had to think seriously of finding some means of earning a livelihood, and having elaborated a new system of shorthand he resolved to teach it. In those days, when newspapers were not allowed to publish Parliamentary proceedings, when people were suspected and papers seized, &c., shorthand was much practised by the educated and higher classes, and it was from these Byrom looked for pupils and not in vain, for we find amongst them Lord Chesterfield, the Duke of Devonshire, Horace Walpole, and many other names of note. Concerning his method of shorthand, he appears to have had much trouble and controversy, notably with one named Weston, but at length after years of labour he obtained in 1742 an Act of Parliament securing to him "the sole right of publishing for a certain term of years, the art and method of shorthand invented by him." His system, though now superseded, is said to be the parent of all now in vogue. For more than twenty years after he was married he lived between London and Manchester, most of his pupils living in or near the capital. Had it not been for these frequent journeys, we should not have had those original and delightful letters to his "Dear love." In his anxiety about his children and domestic matters there is a tenderness that is touching though amusing; one can hardly conceive of a husband in the present day writing; "Dost thou bathe now and then, and the children? Nothing more healthful than keeping the pores of the skin free from any obstruction. See 'em well washed and often, and their hands kept clean and their teeth, &c.; and chiefly their hearts, to direct 'em right that they may be good and keep from harms."

Again he entreats his wife to "Pray look at Beppy's mouth and see that she washes and keeps it clean, and mind what she eats. Keep yourselves and children out of the sun; wash 'em often, health is keeping 'em clean inside and outside."

In another letter he apologises to his wife for thus advising her in a quaint, courtly fashion. After saying, "I am sure that herbs, roots, and fruits in season, good house-bread, water porridge, milk fresh, &c., are the properest foods for them," he goes on, "Thou must excuse me for talking thus ramblingly about their good, &c.; since I have lost one of my young folks it makes me more impertinent about the rest. But I need not ask thy excuse or question thy care, I only wish them under that as much as possible. I can do with this old coat, because my gown covers it."

One wishes some of his wife's letters had been preserved. His diary, which he kept with great regularity, is equally as interesting and quaint as his letters, but one or two quotations must suffice.

"*Thursday, May 1st.*—To Lord Sunbury with Mr. Blencoe and another gentleman as far as Westminster Hall. Thence to East India House, Mr. Wood not within, and so came to this coffee-house, tea *2d.*, bad. . . . Mr. Wood at his office, and we had a long lecture and drank tea and bread and butter. I drank much tea (query whether it be not better to leave it off, for this morning I had such a fit of shortness of breath as frighted me)."

"*Wednesday*, 25.—Noon, dinner at Quarles's. At three o'clock to Gibbons, from him to St. John's to Eyre: to Phil Williams, who read a letter from Taylor in shorthand, and another from Baskervyle that I was *dead* at Richard's; drank tea with him and Sir Thomas Peaton's brother, who was his chum; we looked at the knots in the floor."

"*Monday*, 21.—Before seven waked, and had had a very good night, but dull in prayer, Mr. Blandford below. I drank a dish of bohee tea, very good."

By the death of his elder brother Edward about 1740–1, who never married, John succeeded to the family estates at Kersall Cell; henceforth pecuniary difficulties were at an end, and many gatherings were held there of the famous Manchester sympathisers of the Non-jurors and Stuarts.

Byrom's daughter Elizabeth was a red-hot young Jacobite; and her diary of this period—which fortunately has been preserved—contains many interesting and amusing incidents in connection with Prince Charlie's visit to Manchester, which city was said to have been taken for him by a "sergeant, a drum, and a woman." On one occasion she "dressed me up in my white gown and went up to my Aunt Brearcliffe's, and an officer called on us to go and see the Prince. We went to Mr. Fletcher's and saw him get a-horseback, and a noble sight it is. I would not have missed it for a great deal of money. His horse began a-dancing and capering as if he was proud of the burden, and when he rid out of the court he was received with as much joy and shouting almost as if he had been king without any dispute; indeed, I think, scarce any one that saw him could dispute it."

Amongst his friends Byrom was known as the Poet-laureate of the Jacobites, and many a witty and clever rhyme emanated from his pen at this period. Perhaps the best known are his lines:

"God bless the King! I mean our Faith's defender,
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is King,
God bless us all, that's quite another thing!"

The exact date on which he wrote "Christians, awake!" is not known, but on Christmas Eve 1750, the organist and singing men and boys of the old church came before Byrom's door to sing the hymn, and this may be the date of its composition and sudden popularity. As I write I have before me a facsimile of the original manuscript, discoloured and tender with the years that are gone. It is headed "Christmas Day for Dolly," his daughter Dorothy. The writing is clear and plain, with very few corrections or erasures, several words have been improved (?) by more modern writers: in the original, the second line reads, "Saviour of the *world* was born," in our present form we have "Saviour of mankind." Some lines have been entirely omitted from most, if not all our modern hymn books, for instance the following,

"In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find
The long-foretold redeemer of mankind
Wrapt up in swadling clothes: be this the sign,
A Cratch contains the holy Babe divine,"

follow immediately after the line ending "A Saviour, Christ the Lord."

There are other omissions and slight alterations, but the last two lines in the original read

"Saved by his love incessant we shall sing
Of Angels, and of Angel men the King"

In our present version we have the last line improved I think.

"Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King."

As far as can be ascertained this beautiful hymn, which will hand down the writer's name to posterity as long as Christmas is kept and carols and hymns are sung to celebrate it, first appeared in *Harrop's Manchester Mercury and General Advertiser*, December 19, 1752, in which also appeared another favourite hymn by him, beginning

"God who, at sundry times in divers ways,
Spake by his prophets in the ancient days."

The tune to "Christians, Awake!" was composed by Wainwright, organist of the old church.

Byrom was acquainted with many of the most interesting men of his time, John Wesley, Bishop Butler, Bentley, Warburton, &c.; he knew them all, and besides letters interchanged, there are frequent allusions in his diary to calls from, and conversations with these men. But perhaps the most interesting and most eventful episodes in his life were his interviews and correspondence with William Law, the master mystic of the England of that time. Law was tutor to Gibbon, the father of the famous historian, and author of the book, "Law's Serious Call," which first raised religious feeling in the mind of Samuel Johnson. Some delightful letters passed between the two, showing the strong bond of sympathy that existed between them. In one dated March 26, 1757, Law writes:

"My dear Laureate, whom I love and esteem with all the truth of Christian friendship— Dear Doctor forgive, and renew your usual correspondence with one who sincerely believes he cannot esteem you enough. You have the hearty good wishes of this whole house to you and all yours. From your awakened friend and most obliged servant."

One from Byrom to Law begins:

"Dear Master," and another ends "In a word I am, with cordial remembrance to the ladies, *mon cher maître le votre*, J. B."

Much more of genuine interest might be written about this remarkable man, but space forbids. He died in 1763, aged seventy-two-respected and loved by all who knew him, and is buried in what is now the Byrom Chapel of Manchester Cathedral. His "dearest love" and beloved wife Elisabeth survived him, dying in 1778.

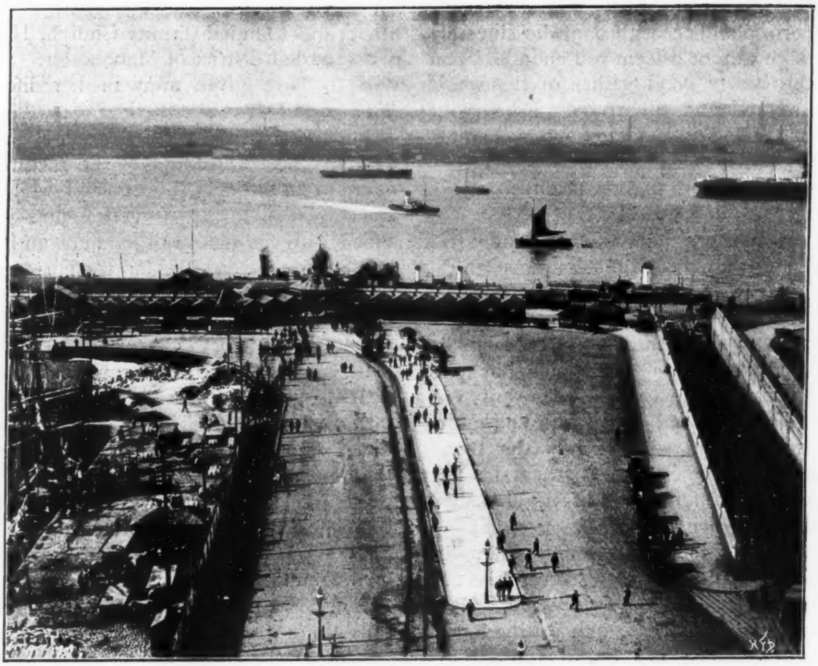
A strange document found after his death shows the contrast between the customs of to-day and 150 years ago. It is a direction "to the Constables of the Township of Manchester, from John Gore Booth, Esq., one of his Majesty's Justices of the peace" "to levy the sum of five pounds by distress and sale of the goods and chattels, which John Byrom had at the time of his death—one moiety of which said sum of five pounds, you shall pay to the overseers of the poor of the said township, for the use of the poor, the other moiety to Samuel Turner who informed me of the said offence, and did sue for the said forfeiture." This said offence, this heinous crime, that had been committed by the poet's relations, and was thus punishable, was the burying of him "in a shirt, shift, or shroud not made of sheep's wool," contrary to the statue made when woollen was the staple manufacture of England, and directed against the linen and silk manufacturers.

The last lineal descendant of Byrom, Eleanora Atherton, his great-grand-daughter died at Kersall Cell thirty years ago, and is well remembered by many Manchester people. Her life was spent in good works, amongst others she founded Trinity Church, Hulme, in a crowded district of Manchester. She is said to have given away in her life-time £100,000.

For the last twenty years or more, Kersall Cell has been inhabited by the picturesque figure of an old lady, whose snow-white hair and eyes—blue as forget-me-nots—combined with her charm of manner and great intelligence, will long be remembered by those who knew her. The writer spent many hours in her company, sitting in the very room in which "Christians, awake!" was written; she died quite recently.

It is pathetic to see the desolate and forlorn state of the Cell, though it still retains much of its ancient beauty; the chapel—the most antiquated part of the house—has on its walls the armorial bearings of a Prince of Wales (period unknown), the arms of the Stanley family, those of the Byrom and Redcliffe families, and on one side may be seen the place where the altar stood. The stair rails are of remarkable beauty, and reach to the top of the house; some of the windows, too, are worthy of note, in one of which is a glass sun-dial. The idea has been mooted of partially restoring the Cell, after the fashion of Wordsworth's Dove Cottage, Carlyle's Cheyne Row, &c., and placing therein some of the Byrom relics (the original manuscript of "Christians, awake!" with Byrom's remarkable library, are now in the Cheetham Library, Manchester), but I fear this will come to nought. Certainly the man, whose hymn is universally sung by all Christendom, and which is undoubtedly the most popular Christmas one, is deserving of a name and place in the niche of fame, which up to the present has not been awarded him.

In writing of Byrom it has been necessary to let him tell his own story as much as possible from his diaries and letters, these being the authentic sources of information, but any reader who cares to learn more about him will find the perusal of his remains as fascinating reading as either Pepys or Evelyn.



(Priestley and Sons, photographers, Egremont)

THE LIVERPOOL LANDING STAGE

AN OCEAN VOYAGER'S TERMINUS

By T. W. WILKINSON

HE who can be apathetic and listless for long on the Liverpool Landing Stage must have a rare recipe for melancholy. The promenaders who use it for taking a constitutional; the "strags" whom it attracts from inland towns; the never-ceasing tide of humanity that ebbs and flows across the river; the enormous traffic to and from the Isle of Man, as well as to and from the Irish, Scotch, and Welsh ports; the continual string of emigrants—an object-lesson in national characteristics; the arrival and departure of ocean voyagers in general, with all the impressive incidents that attend the sailing of a big liner, give the world-famed structure an attractiveness peculiarly its own and banish *ennui* when everything else fails. And a stroll on the great terminus of ocean lines constitutes a specific for dulness that is available at well-nigh all hours of the day or night. For this part of the port on the Mersey never sleeps. It is sometimes comparatively quiet; the human stream runs thin, and only here and there do the lights from the boats fall athwart the river; but it is never wholly silent and deserted, never like Euston at 3 A.M.—closed to the general public.

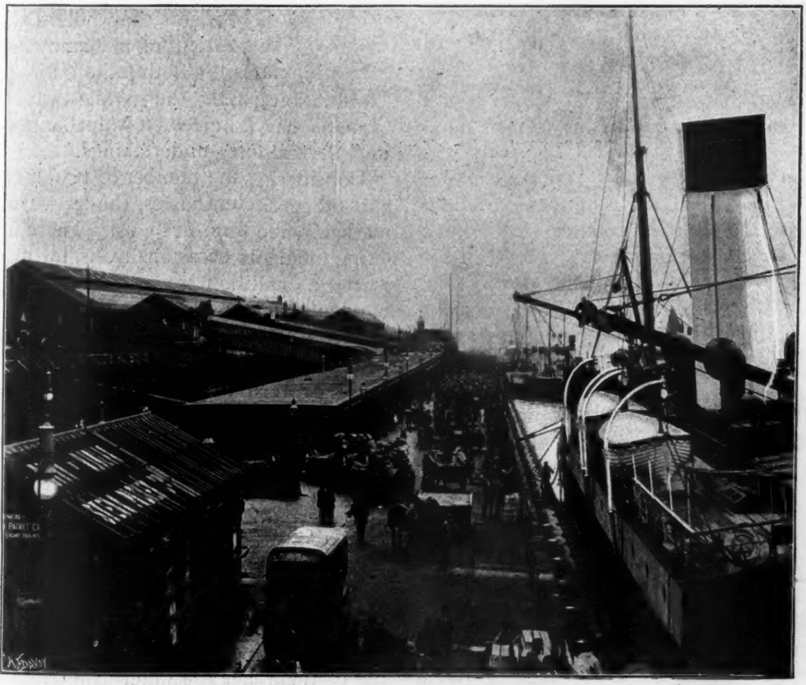
An interesting study are the idlers of the landing stage. Many people look upon it as a sort of park, and visit it as regularly as they dine or go to bed. Day after day at the same hour they may be seen strolling to and fro. Indeed, you could set your watch by some of them. Occasionally, too, the stranger notes a boy whom he finds it more difficult to classify. But the stage officials know this visitor well. He is a runaway—a youngster bent on going to sea, or, at all events, living a "life of adventure." Incredibly large numbers of such lads gravitate to the stage from all parts of the country. One official alone has been the means of stopping more than twelve hundred.

In a single day he has restored between twenty and thirty to their parents.

As a rule, the stage hands have little difficulty in detecting adventure-seeking lads and in making them return home. But now and again they are temporarily outwitted. Last year a boy came down to the stage at three o'clock in the morning in the wake of a gentleman whose bag he was carrying. As he was in a wretched condition, and had been seen hanging about the ferries the previous day, one of the officials set himself to discover his history. The lad then entered into a pathetic narrative. According to his story, he was an orphan and had tramped from London, suffering great privations on the way. Believing all he said, the man kindly got him a situation in a restaurant, and afterwards, as he ardently longed to go to sea, procured him a berth on a South American steamer. Then the good Samaritan had a shock. He discovered, from inquiries made on the stage, that the youth was the son of an English official in Constantinople, and that he had decamped from a school in London, where he had been sent to be educated.

The late master of the stage once picked up another youthful romancer, who said that he had walked from Keighley and that both his father and his mother were dead. Asked where they were buried, he mentioned a local cemetery, and then voluntarily gave a number of details respecting their funerals. The tender-hearted captain of the stage confesses that he wept on hearing these particulars. So, being very sorry for the boy, he had him well cared for and eventually placed him on a steamer.

A few weeks afterwards, however, something made him suspect that he had been duped, and consequently he wrote to the Keighley police, with the result that he learned that the boy's parents were both alive. Owing to this discovery, he ultimately requested the interesting young "orphan," whose ship happened to be in the Clarence Dock at the time, to call at his office at a certain hour. He did so, and, on being adroitly questioned by his benefactor—who



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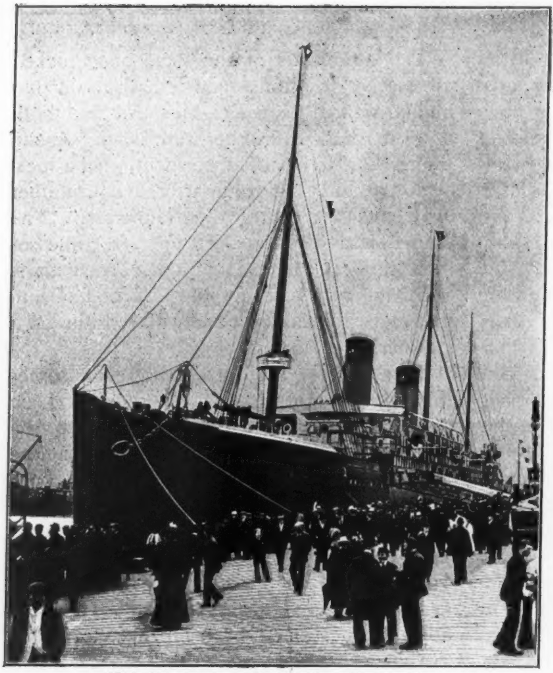
TAKING IN CARGO



(Priestley and Sons, photographers, Egremont)

PASSENGERS EMBARKING

represented that he was about to get him a better berth—repeated all his former statements.

"You young story-teller!" the stage master then exclaimed, walking as he spoke to a door leading to another room and throwing it open. "Why, your father is here!"

And so he was. Brought down from Keighley by the Dock Board's servant, he had been secreted in the adjoining apartment all the time, and had heard every word uttered by his offspring. When he returned home he took the fledgling novelist with him.

Very often youthful runaways, when stopped at the very beginning of their "life of adventure," are found to be armed to the teeth. One of the Liverpool charitable institutions has a veritable arsenal of pistols, revolvers, daggers, &c., taken from youths who have been brought there from the landing stage. And these things are not toys, either. On the contrary, they are serviceable arms, and capable, in skilled hands, of snuffing out a regiment. Why do runaways carry such dangerous tools? Because long study of a certain class of literature leads them to believe that they are absolute necessaries in the "Wild West."

The cross-river traffic also furnishes much to interest and instruct. Originally the ferry rights over the Mersey were held by the Convent and Priory of Birkenhead, but they have long been owned by the Corporation and are now an important source of municipal revenue. The more modern ferries to Seacombe, Egremont, and New Brighton respectively are likewise worked for the common good, belonging as they do to the Wallasey District Council, which has £451,847 invested in them. In 1900 that body conveyed no fewer than fifteen million passengers across the river. So great is the volume of traffic when Lancashire is at play that 150,000 people have used its boats in a single day, and a fine Bank Holiday benefits the whole district to the extent of a penny off the rates. Both the Birkenhead Corporation and the Wallasey District Council have, indeed, a valuable asset in their several ferry undertakings.

Considering the number of people carried, and other circumstances, the ferries are remarkably free from mishaps. There are exciting moments occasionally, as, for instance, when a collision seems imminent. An incident of this kind was some years ago productive of a curious and amusing result. Two boats came so close together that the water between them was forced into the air to a height of about twenty feet and a regular cascade fell on the deck of one of them, half drowning a number of passengers. Stranger still were the consequences of a similar error in navigation. On this occasion a collision actually happened, and one of the boats had therefore to return to the stage. Some of the passengers had then sustained such a shock to the system that they were suffering badly from "nerves," and could not for the life of them face the water again that night. So they determined to reach home by way of the Mersey Tunnel. It so chanced, however, that they jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, for they were soon in another collision—this time, of course, between two trains—and they did not all get off so lightly the second time, several being more or less seriously injured.

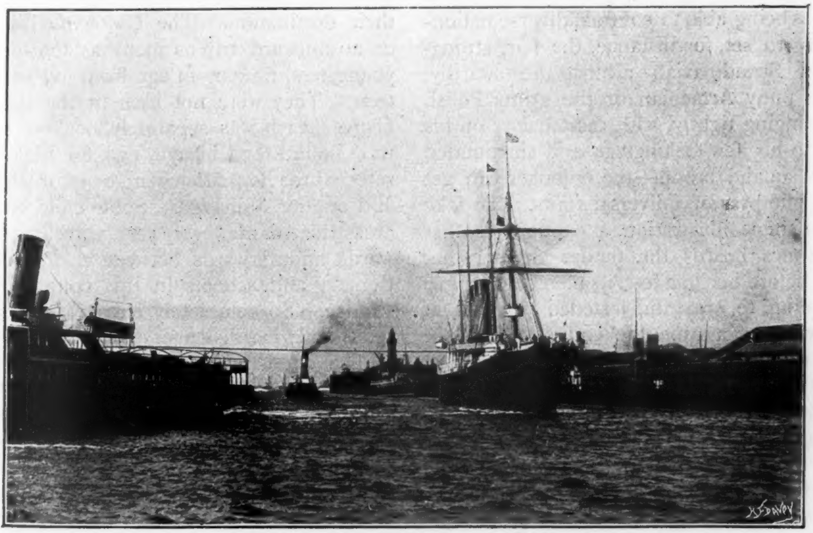
Now and again, too, a common type of riverside accident—a fall into the water—creates a little sensation. A singular case in point occurred some years back, though some of its remarkable features were not visible from the stage. One bitterly cold night a man who was waiting for a boat toppled into the Mersey and was carried by the current underneath the stage. A certain well-known official went in after him, and, notwithstanding the icy water, the intense darkness between the pontoons, and the awkward circumstance that the drowning man's hair came off in a lump when the rescuer clutched it, brought him out little the worse for his involuntary immersion. In consequence of this exploit the plucky stageman was confined to his bed for about a week. When he was able to go on duty again he received a letter from the man whose life he had saved, asking him to call at his early convenience. He accordingly went to the address given, and found that the writer—a merchant tailor—lived in a large, splendidly furnished house. When he was ushered into the presence of the wealthy trader, that gentleman remarked, "I believe I owe my life to you," and then, without thanking him, began moaning over the expense to which he had been put by the accident. His watch was ruined; his wig would never recover its pristine gloss and curliness; he had given 5*s.* to the policeman at the receiving house; and so on for half an hour at a stretch. Having thus paved the way, he generously offered his preserver half-a-crown!

"Is that the value you set on your life?" scornfully asked the stage official.

Turning on his heel, he then made for the door. But the skinflint called him back and held out four half-crowns, which the hero, after a moment's hesitation, accepted and put into his pocket.

"I'll take that," he said deliberately, when the coins had settled at the bottom. "I didn't want anything, and if you hadn't sent for me you wouldn't have seen or heard from me. But I'll take these" (tapping his pocket), "not because I want them, but to give you the misery to-morrow of knowing you're so much the poorer. Good day."

While, however, the cross-river traffic is not lacking in incident, fatalities in connection with it are, on the whole, rare—a result due to the skill with which the boats are handled and to the number of life-savers on them and along the riverside.



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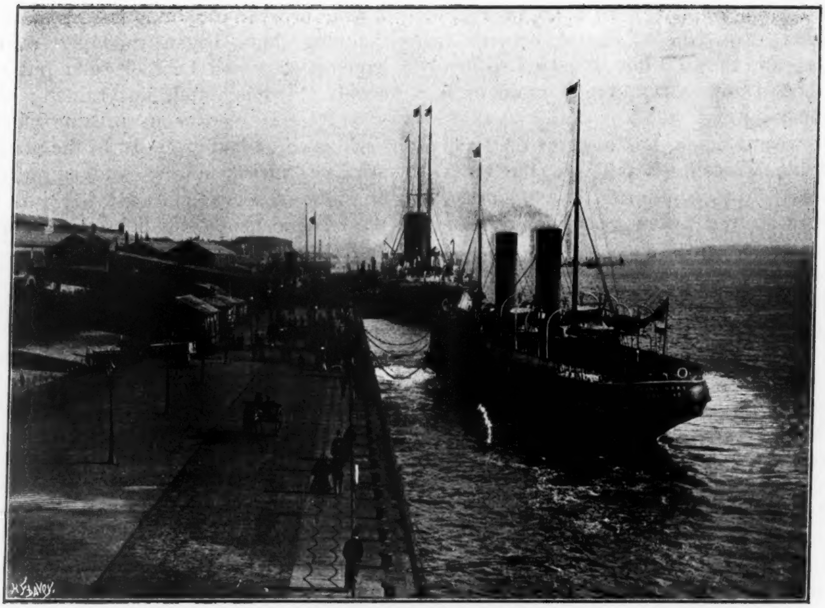
STARTING ON THE ATLANTIC VOYAGE



(Priestley and Sons, photographers, Egremont.)

ARRIVAL OF THE DOUGLAS BOAT

Still more interest is lent to the landing stage by the American service, which, indeed, is now its principal feature on certain days. When the liners are lying in mid-stream the embarking of the emigrants furnishes a spectacle that does not pall by repetition. Besides being able to contrast diverse nationalities—to set, for instance, the fair, strong-limbed Scandinavian against the swarthy, rather puny Armenian or the grimy Polish Jew clinging tightly, with the tenacity of his race, to his few belongings and surrounded by his squalid brood—the onlooker can get novel glimpses of universal traits. To take only a single illustration, a cautious mother sometimes boards the tender driving her flock before her in a row, its members ranged according to size and fastened together at the waist by a rope, the end of which she clutches tightly, as if afraid that the planks might open and swallow one of her bairns. Perhaps they have crossed the North Sea strung together in this fashion, and have never been separated for long since leaving their far-off home.

If the intermediate passengers are a more commonplace class than the emigrants, there are occasionally ranked among them some distinct novelties in the form of human parcels. These consist of children who are going to America alone—that is to say, without adult friends or relations in charge of them—and who wear a label round their necks or stitched to their clothes showing their destination. The *Campania* has had on an outward trip as many as ten of such youngsters, ranging in age from five to fourteen. They were not akin in the slightest degree; each was separately booked. Two were bound for Chicago, two for Massachusetts, three for Michigan, one for Boston, and one for Menango. Some children thus cross the Atlantic every year, travelling backwards and forwards between their home in Canada and schools in this country or in France. So completely have we succeeded in annihilating distance.

The human parcel, however, usually travels from the old world to the new or *vice versâ* only once, and then the circumstances are similar to those in which two brothers, aged respectively eight and ten, were landed at the stage. Each bore a label inscribed: "Please deliver this boy Robert (and James) Barkley, Whingate Colliery, County of Durham, North of England. Please take good care of them. Yours truly, Mrs. Barkley, Parton, Cambria County, Penn." The children were sent to this country by their mother, who, having just lost her husband, and being very ill herself, wished them to be taken care of by their relations in England. They were met at the landing stage by their uncle, who had never previously seen them, and taken to Durham. Precisely similar incidents are not uncommon. It is, as a rule, owing to the loss of a parent that most youthful travellers are sent from one side of the Western Ocean to the other as labelled passengers.

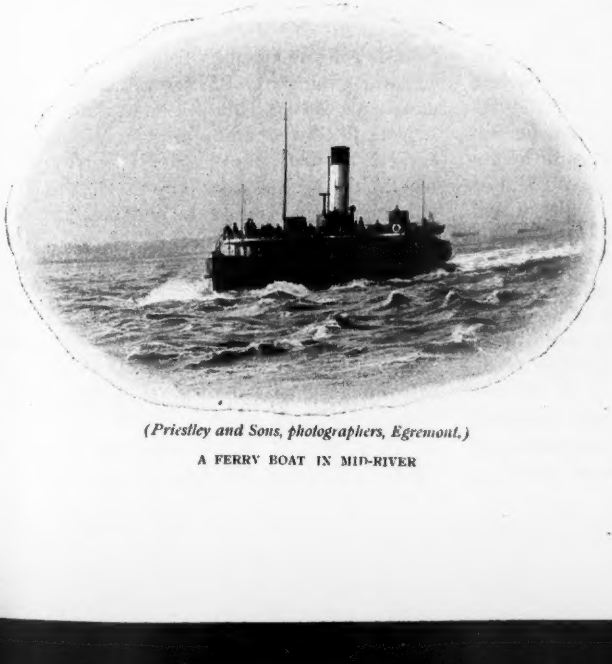
(Priestley and Sons, photographers, Egremont.)

THE RIVERSIDE STATION

Later on in the day, when a steamer which contains her complement of third-class voyagers comes alongside the stage, the embarkation of saloon passengers, the taking on of the mails, baggage, &c., constitute one of the best of Liverpool's free sights. This is the time when many a smart swindler comes to grief. A detective is now always on board, having gone out to her in the tender and taken stock of the second and third-class passengers after they have run the medical gauntlet. Numbers of arrests are quietly made in these circumstances, generally by means of descriptions and photographs sent to Liverpool by the police of inland towns, though sometimes a man against whom nothing is known betrays himself by his manner, and, on being interrogated, admits his guilt, and at others a fugitive gives himself up. At an early stage of the war in South Africa a man would certainly have reached the security of American soil had he not quite voluntarily made a confession at the last moment. He passed the doctor, as well as the detective, who had no "information" about him; but a little later he went up to that officer and said:

"I know who you are, and I'll tell you who I am. I'm an army deserter. I feel that I'm a scoundrel for running away from my country now, and you can take me to the station."

When the first-class passengers come aboard the detective has reviewed their fellow-voyagers of the intermediate and the steerage, and is in such a position that he can command a good view of every one of the later arrivals, and very often he makes a haul just before the last whistle sounds and the ropes are cast off and the leviathan, assisted by a contemptibly



(Priestley and Sons, photographers, Egremont.)

A FERRY BOAT IN MID-RIVER

small and insignificant tug, turns her head round and starts for the west.

The system now in force for the landing and embarkation of travellers has, in truth, made an enormous difference to the landing stage. Busy and rich in comedy and tragedy as it was when deep-sea passengers were conveyed between their steamer and the stage in tugs, it is doubly so now that the magnificent Western Ocean "greyhounds," as well as the big boats engaged in other regular services, come alongside it. Always a splendid promenade and a fine haunt for the student of human nature, it is to-day as pre-eminently the "lion" of Liverpool as the Vatican is of Rome.

THE PEACEMAKERS

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON BROWNE

THE peaks of the Coast Range were lost in driving snow when Indian agent Beeton sat listening to the news a copper-skinned seal hunter brought him in his wooden dwelling on the British Columbian coast. The roar of thrashing pine branches drowned the growl of the breakers, and the windows were crusted with sleet, while the agent's face was troubled as he said:

"I'll have to take the risk of crossing to Klyqualicot; that scoundrel Marvin has been selling the Indians whisky and stirring up trouble again, hoping no doubt to pick up furs a bargain if they loot each other's rancheries. Now Pechacalum, the Klyqualicot Tyee, has done his best to rule peacefully until, incited by Marvin and bad whisky, his suzerain, Donovitch the fox, insulted him past forgiveness on his last state visit. He should have been buried decently long ago, Donovitch said, and advised the Klyqualicot to see that he was forthwith, whereupon I understand Pechacalum threatened full vengeance, and Marvin supported the rebel. They've plenty of sealing rifles, and the sooner I get up there the better."

"I don't envy you, sir," said his companion. "There's a fresh gale blowing, and the peacemaker comes to grief occasionally in these affairs. They nearly shot trader Ferries last time."

"Ferries is too good for his business," said the agent. "He is at Klyqualicot now, but I can't wait for fine weather while another man transacts my lawful business for me. Old Pechacalum is a gentleman in his own way, too, and the launch will have to face it somehow."

So half an hour later, with flame at her funnel and bluish vapour blown flat down astern, for she was burning wood, the plunging craft lurched out seawards in the teeth of a bitter gale, rolling gunwales under through the great-combers' breasts. It also happened that three days earlier Pechacalum, the Tyee, who had once held dominion over reef and inlet down all that stormed-vexed coast, crouched in the spray of crumbling breakers under a giant wall of rock. High above him strange carvings of fishes, beasts, and men springing from out each other, covered a blighted pine, which, though no white man knows exactly what the sea-bred Siwash and his kinsmen believe in, probably suggested reincarnation, for the highest was clearly a heathen deity. Lower down grisly objects filled the crannies, with awful faces turned towards the ice-fields of the Pole where the white man knows death rules supreme, and Indian legends say eternal sunlight fills the ice-barred valleys. How old Pechacalum was, none of his subjects knew, but he had ruled wisely beyond their earliest memory, and now with the drizzle beating upon his bent head he sat as still as the dead around him, suffering, so he quaintly described his sense of righteous indignation, from a very sick tum-tum.

Two soaked white men lay shivering under a boulder close by, as they had done most of the day. One was the agent of a fur-trading company, a man of some refinement, whom love of adventure had driven north; while his companion was of the rank-and-file, who pick up a living hardly in a region where courage and endurance only count and there are no caste distinctions.

"This is getting monotonous," said the latter. "I'm stiff to the backbone, and we're wasting precious time. Still, yonder image has been a good friend to us, and it mightn't be civil to disturb him."

Then rising stiffly Ferries stepped forward speaking in the Chinook tongue, and Pechacalum turned a dim gaze upon him as he said: "The times have changed when such as Donovitch cast dirt at me who was feared from the Smoky Cape to the Russian's country, but I have seen visions of past days out there upon the sea—the long canoes sliding through the mist by night, the torchlight on the harpoons when the avengers land, and Donovitch, the blind fox, burning in his own rancherie. We have slept too long, but though I made King George a promise there shall be only one chief in these waters—Pechacalum, Tyee."

"King George is dead," said Ferries, "but if you turn your men out with the harpoons the smoke-ships will come up and drive out the Klyqualicot. You must try another way."

And the Tyee answered slowly: "Perhaps the sea spirits will show me that other way, I have been listening long, but they will not speak before the white men."

Ferries took the hint, and when they withdrew Marshall said: "I'm a Republican, and don't know much about your British royalties 'cept that they were mostly hard cases, but yonder smoke-dried mummy was surely never Tyee in George's day!"

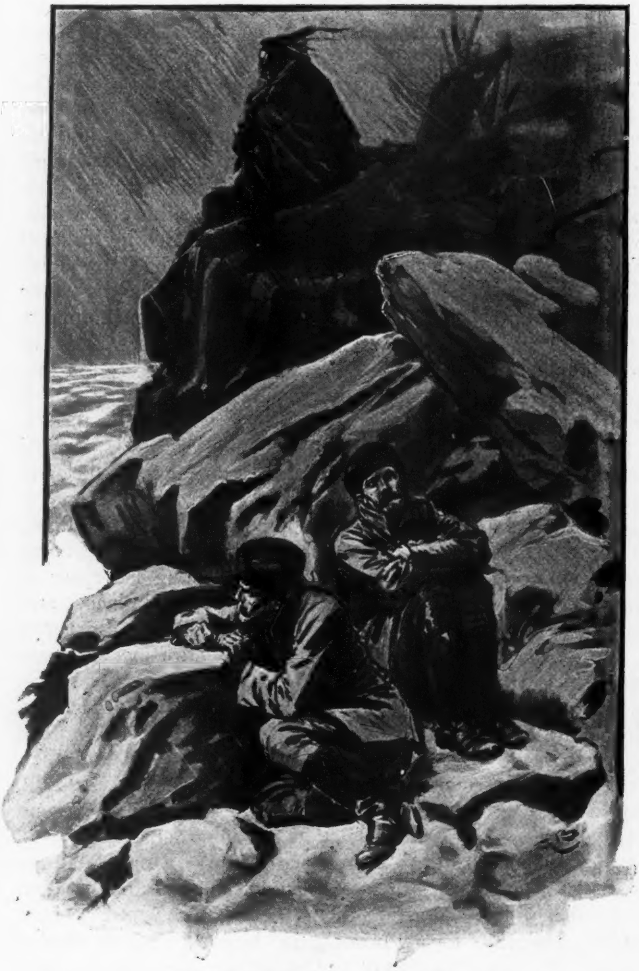
"George is still king to him, and he might be two hundred to judge by appearances," said Ferries. "Most likely his father made a treaty with the commander of some old three-decker, and Pechacalum's memory is hazy."

All night the Tyee sat motionless above the breakers, hearing no man knew what in the calling of the sea; then he stalked, a weird but imposing figure, into the rancherie, and announcing that he had recovered a klosh tum-tum ordained a great potlach. A potlach is an Indian feast and mystery at which the Tyee makes over his possessions to his people to provide his family with an annuity, or the tribe place their possessions at their chieftain's disposal in time of emergency. So fires roared beside the beaches, and the Klyqualicot feasted royally on smoked salmon, dried berries, and green tea, until on the second evening, when some could scarcely crawl, Pechacalum bade them bring in their furs. They were brought, skins of the sea-otter from the waters of Behring, almost priceless, silver foxes from the snow fields beyond, and the fur seal's peltry, while Ferries, who broke the tenth commandment, wondered greatly at the sea-rover's loyalty as in turn each man crouched beside the fire, a pauper, after laying all his goods at his Tyee's feet. Won by keen steel in a turmoil of smoking seas, or hauled far on dog sleighs over the mainland snow, human life had been freely risked for every skin.

"Are there no more?" asked the Tyee; and when all answered that there were none, the old sea-lion lifted his long fish-spear as he said: "It is a great potlach, and to-morrow we will go to show the coast men what my people have done for me. We will put black shame on Donovitch, and then, for I am a very old man, I shall die Pechacalum, the Tyee."

"These are benighted savages, and their customs out of date," said Ferries. "Still, the old ways had their good points, and because Donovitch is a particularly bad lot, and to keep peace if I can, I purpose to go with them and support the rightful dynasty. Besides, when these poor wretches have loyally brought in their last dollar's worth I would not like to see our most modern rival quietly collect the lot."

Lurching through the spindrift with spritsails reefed, eight long canoes swept south next morning before the tumbling seas. Clenching the steering paddle a copper-skinned hunter with long black hair knelt in the stern of each; a comrade crouched beside him tending the spritsail sheet, and the rest lay under the weather gunwale with faces as wooden as the carvings on their totem pole. Still, each knew if the helmsman blundered the next white-topped comber that foamed astern would provide a swift passage down through the icy depths to the sunlit valley where, so their medicine men said, the souls of the loyal go. They possessed the savage's virtues as well as his



"'This is getting monotonous'"

failings, and for the most part kept their compact with the Indian agents faithfully, abandoning warlike traditions and fighting only and always against hunger and cold, while already the white men had incurred a heavy responsibility in bringing them a looser code of morals, small-pox, and whisky.

It was dawn when with lowered masts the flotilla slid under a smoking reef, and a council of war was held, after which Ferries said: "The Tyee thinks it probable that Donovitch is waiting a fair wind to pay him a surprise visit with his canoes ready stowed with arms and provisions. Pechacalum also most sensibly observes that he could reason with them better if they hadn't the weapons, and suggests that somebody should crawl across the isthmus and if possible scuttle the canoes. Nobody, however, seems anxious to go alone, and it would precipitate a crisis to land a company, so, because they probably dare not fire at me, I'm going to try it with one companion."

Marshall desired to go with him, but this Ferries refused, and when he had been landed the canoes stole on until they lay rolling to the cradle swing of the swell, like strange sea monsters with their tall bird's head prows, off the mutineer's rancherie. The forest closed in about the crazy wooden building in which the Indian colony lived, and beyond the long lines of climbing pines dim heights of snow loomed through thick vapour; but what interested the stolid crews far more was the figure of a sleeping man beside the threshold. It was a testimony to the strength of the gale and Indian agent Beeton that he was not more wakeful. Near at hand six big canoes were moored stem to stern, with a line from the last one round a pine-stump before the rancherie, and in a silence that was emphasised by the rumble of the ground-swell the Indians watched them, while the cheerless dawn brightened into such daylight as may be found upon those mist-clogged waters at that season. Half an hour passed, there was no sound save the humming of the blast from either forest or rancherie, and Marshall's heart commenced to beat fiercely while his companions waited with the Indian's unwearying patience, as they would have done until frozen had their Tyee bidden them.

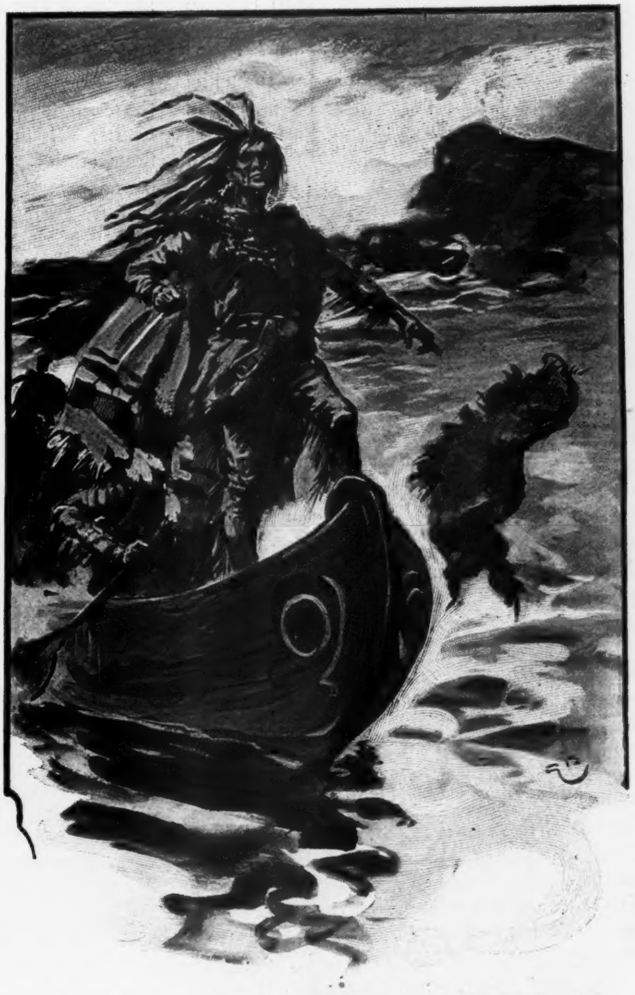
At last two dim figures moved out from the fir branches' shadow, and vanished again among the undergrowth, while Marshall fidgeted, casting anxious glances at the drowsy watchman and a sealing rifle close by. Then he strove to restrain his impatience because it did not seem fitting that a citizen of the greatest republic should be outdone by any inferior race, and so there was the stillness of suspense as the two flitting shapes drew near the canoes. One grasped the mooring-line, a knife-blade glittered, and the craft began to slide seaward before a rush of breeze that set the branches thrashing. Wading out through the backwash the two figures diminished to swimmer's heads, rising and falling to the lift of swell until the canoes hid them, and with a noiseless dip of paddles Pechacalum's craft moved towards the nearest. Then, as Ferries rose dripping over the last one's stern, the Tyee said softly, "Hiyu, white man!"

A wild exultant shout rolled across the forest, and there was a clamour in the rancherie, but when its inhabitants came tumbling forth they halted bewildered by a wholly unexpected sight. Their canoes lay rocking astern of the Tyee's flotilla, with the men they had mocked regarding them ironically over the gunwales, while with fish-spear for sceptre their lawful chief stood erect in the bow of the foremost craft.

"Where is the new Tyee?" he asked, and when the latter ran furiously down the beach his sealing rifle was wrested from his grasp, for Donovitch had not yet proved his right to full authority, and his subjects realised they were at their rightful ruler's mercy.

"Donovitch's fox must have either grown blind or lost its cunning when he left the spears and rifles for my people," continued the Tyee. "Long ago I made a promise or I would burn this rancherie, but there is only room for one Tyee, and according to your fathers' customs you shall choose between Donovitch and me."

There was a breathless hush, the mutineers waited motionless, and Marshall, who



"A skin worth many thousands of pounds in London fell shredded into the sea" could hear his comrade's teeth chattering, also wondered what shape the chieftain's vengeance would take, until there was a growl of satisfaction as Pechacalum seizing a long knife lifted a sea-otter skin. Ferries, however, remembered already that where the ordeal by battle has vanished there remains a quaint and wholly Indian substitute, the ordeal by destruction of property. So a skin worth many pounds in London fell shredded into the sea, while when their leader shouted, scurrying like ants under their burdens, the inhabitants of the rancherie began to drag out small bundles of furs. Donovitch dare not refuse to take up that challenge and so disgrace his people, though the latter were evidently not desirous of supplying all the material, for the chief flung one bundle into the bearer's face, and there was a derisive roar from Pechacalum's men when he beat another with the staff of his spear.

Then seizing a harpoon he commenced slitting a very small bundle of sea-otter furs in a manner that would increase their ostensible quantity, but for every one he spoiled Pechacalum spoiled two, and his followers cried the count aloud. Next as the sea otter ran out, and sea otter fur is precious, there was dissension when Donovitch shouted angrily, and Marshall observed, "He's beaten already, but he must make the best show he can or light out for ever a badly-disgraced man. Still, I guess his people are hinting it's time he drew a little on the royal treasury."

Somebody brought a pile of the fur seal's peltry, and friends and foes wondered alike when Pechacalum contemptuously flung a whole bundle of the latter into the sea, and slit into ribands a silver fox's skin, after which in desperation Donovitch demolished a small canoe, and his over-lord tossed a new Winchester rifle into the depths below.

"We've had our journey for nothing," said Ferries drily. "There won't be a skin left in the country if this continues long. Still, we are bound to second Pechacalum after what we have made out of him, and this system has advantages over the other one of killing each other. Hallo! here's the mischief-maker coming to see the finale."

Gunwale down, with white foam boiling along her weather side, a whaleboat drove round a point, and when with a clatter of tackle her lugsail came down the white man at her tiller shouted angrily, "Quit that fooling, Donovitch, you idiot! We'll soon whip off these scarecrows when I bring the guns ashore."

Ferries gripped the steering paddle, shouting in Chinook, ten redwood blades dipped, and with a white hissing beneath her eagle prow the big seal canoe swept forward like an old rammed galley and barred the whaleboat's course ashore. "I'm sorry to interfere, but when you adopted unlawful methods you knew the risks you ran, and I must ask you to stay where you are," said Ferries.

"Get out of my way!" roared the other, staring blankly at the two white faces among the scowling brown ones. "It's my furs those idiots yonder are cutting up like old leather. I financed them with cartridges, flour, and—— Make way before we run over you."

"And smuggled liquor," said Ferries. "You broke the law of the Dominion besides inciting these people to bloodshed, and it's particularly unpleasant to be caught in one's own trap. We will, however, keep you out of mischief in the meantime—see?"

He called again, and while half the paddles thrashed backwater the rest whirled ahead, and the sealer circled until her lofty prow overhung the whaleboat's waist.

"Confusion!" cried the baffled trader. "If you cut another skin you'll be mighty sorry, Donovitch," and the Tyee's men grinned when, after slitting another, the hapless chieftain shook his knife at the speaker savagely. "I rather admire his courage when you're counting even fur seals at fourteen dollars a skin," said Ferries "Once more—it's good advice—stay just where you are."

By this time Donovitch had few possessions left, while so absorbed were all in watching him that no one noticed the dingy vapour rising behind the reef, and at last the mutineer, sullenly breaking his spear, crouched beside it on the shingle with a blanket drawn over his head. Then for the last time Pechacalum rose stiffly, leaning on his spear, with a face like parchment and long wind-blown hair. "I am Tyee of all these waters; it is my people's gift," he said. "Crawl back into your rancherie; we have many skins left, and my people have shamed you. I made King

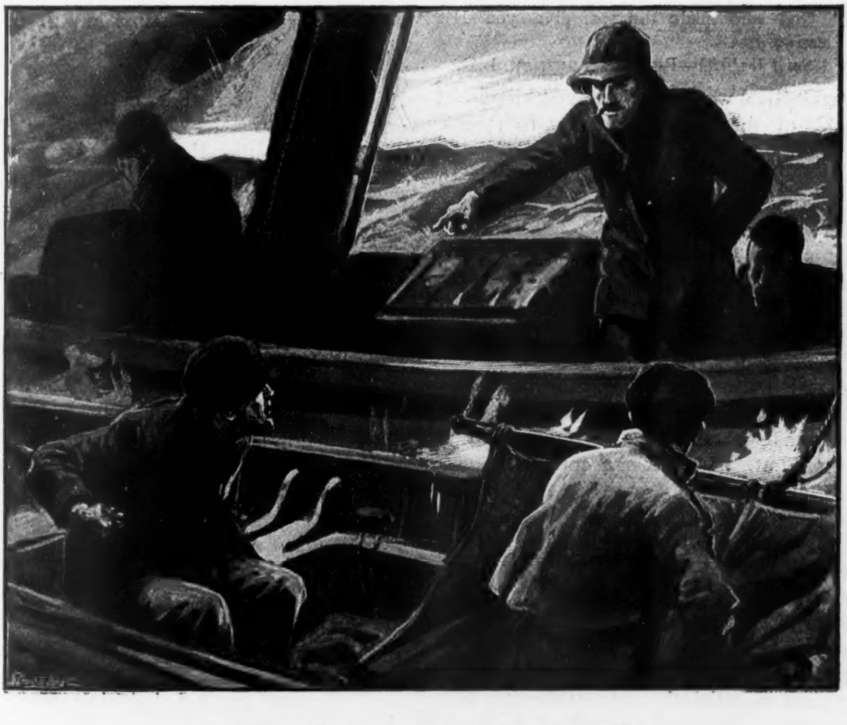
George a promise, so I do not want your Tyee's head, and we have too many women already."

With measured dip of paddles the canoes swung into line, but before the masts were stepped and swimmers from the shore had reached the craft Pechacalum turned adrift again, one man swam hurriedly towards the whaleboat, while a jeering crowd hurled shingle after him. The white man on board her strove to beat him off with the tiller, but he crawled in over the stern, and Pechacalum said softly: "These people have soon grown tired of their new Tyee."

Then there was another murmur, when with flame at her funnel and the quartered ensign streaming astern a launch swept into sight, and when her engines thudded astern Beeton rising lifted his oilskin cap as he returned the Tyee's salutation, "Klahowyah!" Next he surveyed the scene of ruin, and when Ferries related what had produced it, said cordially: "I am indebted to both of you; tried to get here sooner, but a hundred miles head-to-gale with leaky tubes is a long way. However, you seem to have settled it peaceably without me. I notice that Marvin evidently considers it time to take his leave, and I'm particularly anxious to see him."

The speaker's face was soot-smeared, and, like his hair, crusted with salt, one hand was also scalded, but starting the engines he ran alongside the whaleboat before she had her lugsail quite set. "I'll trouble you to come on board my steamer, Mr. Marvin," he said. "I'm going to hand you over to a magistrate down the coast. It's an outrage, and I'm not a sheriff, did you say? Well, I stand for peace and order here—and I don't think you'd like me to hand you over to your late friends ashore. Selling liquor to the Indians is a serious offence, and I see several cases among your ballast."

Marvin submitted scowling, and when the launch overtook the Tyee's canoe, which had spread her canvas now, Ferries laughed as he answered the agent's question. "We were indebted to the Tyee and had to stand by him," he said. "Besides, if the two branch tribes had burned each other out



"'I'll trouble you to come aboard my steamer'"
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there would be nobody to trade with next season, and being white men we couldn't resist the temptation of posing as the beneficent influence over an inferior race."

"I see!" said Beeton drily. "I wish all the rest of your profession suffered from a similar vanity. A fair voyage to you. Klahowyah, Tyee!"

Then the steamer circled, and the canoes swept on over a sea that rose steeply as they drew out from the land until they had sunk her to a dingy blurr on the horizon and the rancherie had vanished. It was the following season before the two traders returned that way, and though furs were more numerous, Pechacalum had gone; while as they passed the great crag on their homeward journey Ferries raised his battered hat, saying: "Klahowyah, Pechacalum, Tyee!" when he glanced at a shapeless object in a cranny. Sitting there with the furs wrapped round him, and the great fish spear across his knee, Pechacalum the peacemaker kept his last watch in state, looking out towards the icebound valleys of delight across the misty sea. "We gave him our best at the potlach," said the Indian pilot. "He was a great Tyee."

THE DAWN OF CHRISTIANITY IN SUSSEX

By the Rev. VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH

.. Row forth
Unto the outside sea: there drop the net,
Rowing half round, then draw the net to shore.

. . . . .

The God who made the sea, give you His blessing.

Saint Wilfrith—Rev. H. Housman, B.D.

SUSSEX was one of the last kingdoms of the Saxon heptarchy to receive the truths of Christianity, and the story of its conversion by Wilfrith reads almost like a romance. But few, perhaps, who have seen the tall, graceful spire of Chichester Cathedral, the ultimate seat of the see which Wilfrith may he said to have founded at Selsey, are aware that there is a great probability for asserting that Chichester itself, long before it bore that title which it received after the successful invasion of the band of Saxons headed by the warlike Cissa, had not only heard of Christ, but was actually connected with Apostolic Christianity, and that two persons mentioned by St. Paul himself were residents of the Roman city of Regnum, by which name it was called in the days of Nero. The legend of the presence of Joseph of Arimathea at Glastonbury is well known, but is only an assumption. On the other hand, the evidence that the ancient city of Regnum was directly connected with Holy Scripture is founded on certain facts and discoveries which cannot be ignored, and which certainly lead one to believe that there is great truth in the hypothesis.

In the year A.D. 68, St. Paul was imprisoned for the second time in Rome, and on this occasion had no hopes of regaining his freedom, but was ready to be offered. In writing the second letter to his beloved protégé, Timothy, he sends him affectionate greetings from that little band of Christians who seem to have still been allowed access to him. Among these he mentions by name, "Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia."

It used generally to be thought that this Claudia was a British princess, the daughter of the famous Caractacus, and a native of Colchester. But a curious accidental discovery at Chichester in the eighteenth century threw a new light upon the matter. During some excavations at the spot where the Assembly Rooms now stand, some fragments of stone were unearthed, among them a tablet bearing an inscription, unhappily partly defaced, running (the lacunæ being conjecturally filled in) as follows:

(N)eptuni et Minervae templum
(pr)o salute d(omu)s divinae
(ex) auctoritat(e Tib) Claud.
(Co)gidubni r. leg. aug. in Brit.
(colle)gium fabror. et qui in eo
(a sacris) sunt d. s. d. donante aream
(Pud)ente Pudentini fil.

From which it is pretty evident that on the spot where the Chichester people now repair for concerts and other amusements there once stood, in Regnum of old, a heathen temple dedicated to Neptune and Minerva, which temple was erected under a certain king named Tiberius Claudius Cogidubnus, and that the land was the gift of a Roman who bore the name of Pudens.

Now this "king" Cogidubnus, so Tacitus tells us, was British, and probably exercised an authority over those wild tribes whose incursions from the north of the city had had to be repelled by the large circle of fortifications raised by the Romans on the tableland under the South Downs, the remains of which may plainly be seen at the present day. In process of time these tribes became friendly and tributary, and Cogidubnus seems to have followed the custom of his day and taken unto him, in addition to his British name, that of his patron, Tiberius Claudius (Cæsar). As a tributary prince he would have had the seat of his government at Regnum, and many a Roman official would have visited his court, and, perhaps, have paid attention to the gentler members of his family, one of which, it is thought, was his daughter Claudia.

With regard to Pudens, the interesting point is that a centurion of this name is spoken of at some length by Martial, the Spanish poet, as having married a certain Claudia at Rome. If they are the same couple mentioned by St. Paul, this marriage had probably not taken place when he was writing, and this would account for the insertion of the name of Linus between them. Antiquaries have conjectured that this Pudens was the same man mentioned on the tablet, and that he was stationed in Britain before Martial met him at Rome, holding some military office under King Cogidubnus. Dean Alford says: "His presentation of an area for a temple to Neptune and Minerva may have been occasioned by escape from shipwreck, the college of carpenters (ship-builders) being commissioned to build it to their patrons, Neptune and Minerva."

The hypothesis that the Pudens and Claudia of Martial were thus connected with the city of Regnum is still more borne out when that poet mentions that Claudia also possessed the name of Rufina, for Pomponia, the wife of Aulus Plautius, the Commander in Britain, was one of the Rufi family, and Claudia may have been taken by her to Rome and have adopted her name. Also, Pomponia was tried for "Superstition," which probably meant Christianity, that being a common name for the new faith. Add to this the fact that Martial was at Rome just at the time that St. Paul was writing to Timothy, and we have a strong presumption for asserting that Pudens and Claudia had recently been converted to the truth, and that the apostle was personally acquainted with a British princess. If this be so an intense interest attaches itself to that fragment of stone discovered in Chichester.

But centuries were to pass before Sussex became a Christian country. No doubt the old British Church penetrated over the Downs to the coast, but if so, the terrible Saxon and Jutish invasions stamped out all trace of it. In the year 477 Aelle and his son Cissa landed on the low-lying shores of Selsey, captured Anderida, massacred the inhabitants, and swarmed over the country, Cissa giving his name to the Roman city of Regnum. And although a few years later Augustine's mission proved so successful in the adjoining kingdom of Kent, no attempt seems to have been made to push into the kingdom of the South Saxons, shut off as it was by its dense forests. Strangely enough, just beyond, in Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, there dwelt Jutes of the same tribe that Augustine found in Kent.

It remained for one of the most striking characters of the Saxon Church to carry the Cross to the south—the extraordinary man who flashes out from history with so many varied lights—Wilfrith. It is not the purpose of this article to enter into his continual quarrels in the North over the Northumbrian diocese which ended in his famous appeal to Rome and journey thither. When, after a long absence in the Eternal City, he returned to Northumbria bringing with him the Papal Bull in his favour, both he and this document were treated with scant ceremony by the Witan and the enraged king Ecfrid. The Bull was burnt contemptuously, and the unfortunate bishop languished in a dungeon for nine months. Upon his release he went first to Mercia, then to Wessex, but the influence of the

Northumbrian king followed him there, and at length he determined to push southward and attempt the conversion of the remaining heathen Saxons. He was not totally unacquainted with the southern coast. In one of his voyages he had been shipwrecked somewhere on the Sussex shore, and had narrowly escaped being murdered by the semi-savages who dwelt upon it. It may have been the memory of this incident that determined him to undertake his enterprise.

So far as we know, the number of Christians in the whole of the southern kingdom was eight or nine at the most. Edilwald, the king, had been baptized in Mercia, and his queen, Ebba, was a Christian princess of the Hwiccian race. About three miles from Chichester, at the extremity of one of those curious arms of the sea that came running up through the woods and forests of the low-lying country under the South Downs, was a place called Creed-field. To-day the quaint little village of Bosham stands on the spot and attracts multitudes of artists every summer. At Creed-field, when Wilfrith journeyed thither, was a little colony of half a dozen Irish monks, presided over by one Dicul, but they seem to have made little or no attempt to evangelise the heathen community among whom they dwelt. Over the South Downs, through the dense forests, came the fiery, quarrelsome prelate on his mission of peace to this quiet little spot. He found the people in a parlous state, ignorant in the extreme, and suffering grievously from a famine which was then raging in the land. To such terrible straits were they reduced that Bede tells us "that very often forty or fifty men, being spent with want, would go together to some precipice or to the sea shore, and there, hand in hand, perish by the fall, or be swallowed up by the waves." I am indebted to the Reverend H. Housman, B.D., in his preface to a poem describing the coming of Wilfrith, for the following explanation of this passage: "Where this certain precipice (*præcipitium aliquod*) could have been had long been a puzzle. It has, however, lately been discovered that a rock in the harbour known as the 'Mixon' would fulfil the requirements of the narrative, provided that the land stood then at a considerably higher level than at present. This it must have done, since the whole of the West Sussex coast has undergone a remarkable subsidence during the historic period. At Bracklesham, the site of an important British Mint is now covered by the waves."

Wilfrith began his work in an eminently practical manner. The famishing inhabitants seem to have known something of eel-fishing in the sluggish rivers and expanses of mud left at low tide, but were totally unaware of the great harvest of the sea lying at their feet, undisturbed by the drought which was devastating the land. So Wilfrith set to work and taught them the art of fishing. One cannot gaze on the little fleet of fishing-boats which lies to-day in Bosham creek without thinking of this strange, proud bishop, who had defied both king and metropolitan, saving the miserable folk from sheer starvation.

Having thus administered to their bodily welfare and won their confidence, Wilfrith turned his attention to the evangelising of the Saxons. In this he was encouraged by the king and queen, and made great progress. It appears to have been the custom of those days for missionaries to establish their head-quarters, if possible, on some island, and the Isle of Thanet, Lindisfarne, and Iona are all evidences of this. Nor was Wilfrith, it seems, inclined to depart from the custom. Southward of Chichester stretches the little peninsula of Selsey Bill. Not so very long ago, before the filling-in of Pagham Harbour, Selsey was almost surrounded by water at high tide, and in Wilfrith's days it was a complete island, as its name denotes. It may possibly mean "The Isle of Seals," though it is many years since one of these amphibious animals has been seen on the coast. On the southern part of the island a grant of land was given to the missionary, and in A.D. 681 he founded a monastery there. For five years he laboured successfully among the South Saxons; and then, on the death of the king of Northumbria, he returned to the north. When the South Saxons were conquered by the men of Wessex, the Sussex Christians were placed under the Bishop of Winchester, but in 709 the see of Selsey was definitely established. In 1075, however, it was transferred to Chichester.

Bosham church still stands to mark the scene of Wilfrith's coming, though the monastery walls have crumbled, and the church itself is a subsequent fragment. Over at Bayeaux they show you this church on the famous tapestry, for it was down that quiet little Bosham creek that Harold set sail for Normandy; while the church itself contains, so antiquarians aver, the tomb of the daughter of the great Cnut. Every one knows the delightful legend of the Bosham bells, how one day strange galleys came gliding through the woods on either side of the creek, and fierce, red-bearded Danes leaped ashore with sword and spear flashing in the air. They left their tale of blood and pillage behind them. They sacked the monastery; they cut down the tenor, or octave, bell and rowed triumphantly down the creek with the trophy aboard. But before they had gone very far the boards of the galley opened, and down sank the bell to the bottom of the waters. And ever since, whenever the bells of Bosham have rung out over the green meadowlands, the lost bell has been heard chiming in from below the sea. As a matter of fact this is the result of a very curious echo. When one stands in a certain part of the coast one can distinctly catch the sound of an eighth bell, though in reality there are but seven.

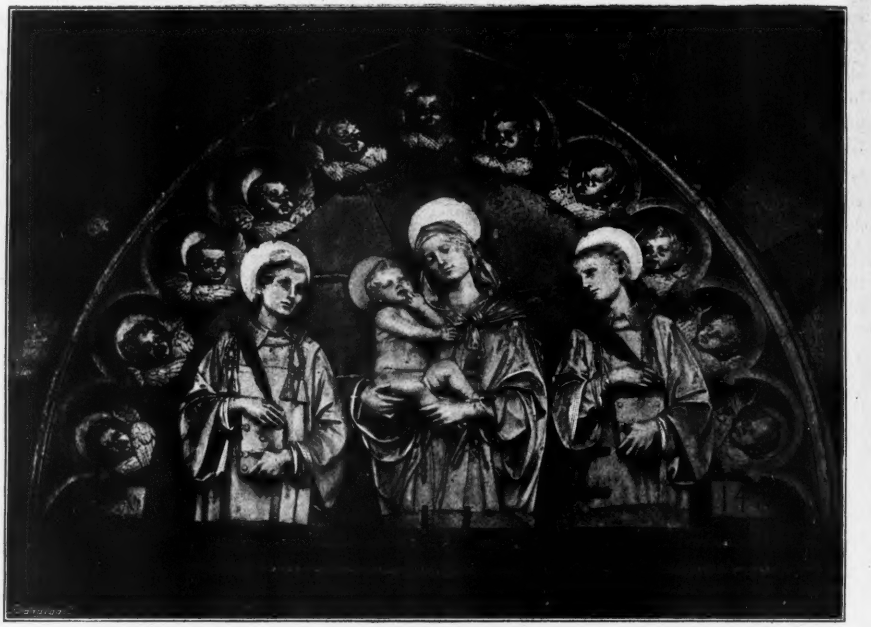
As for Wilfrith's old monastery at Selsey, the sea has swallowed it up ages ago, although I believe it is almost within the memory of man when ruins could still be seen on a very calm day below the waters. Far away inland, against the soft grey outline of the Sussex Downs, the spire of Chichester Cathedral points upwards—the daughter of the see of Selsey—a landmark for the fishermen who sail to-day over the remains of Wilfrith's monastery. Little do the blue-eyed, light-bearded descendants of Aelle's and Cissa's Saxons dream, as they ply their oars and cast their nets, of that man of unconquerable will who founded their industry centuries ago upon the Sussex coast. Perhaps we might find a fit monument to his memory in the Owers light-vessel, anchored not far from Selsey, which flashes a welcome ray of light over the scene of his labours, just as he shone as a ray of hope among the heathen Saxons of the southern forest, and "the sea's murmur on low lying shore" still whispers something of the old romantic memories of his work.

THE DELLA ROBBIAS

HISTORY and art go side by side to supplement and illustrate each other; and as the pleasure-seeking or priest-ridden age stamps its sensual or superstitious mark on contemporary work, so the roughest fragment, modelled, painted, or carved by human hand will, if rightly understood, unite us to the long silent spirit who conceived it, and teach us something of the remote age which demanded this particular artistic expression.

In olden days a great responsibility rested on the artist, for he interpreted through his work the religion of the world, inspiring or misleading men, equally to truth or error, according to his rendering of the spiritual. The great Tuscan sculptor, Luca Della Robbia, spoke through his art a message to his contemporaries, and to-day the same truths reach us through the same means, although all that we know of his far-off pilgrimage through life, apart from his works, may be stated in a very few sentences.

Luca Della Robbia was born in 1440, in Via St. Egidio, Florence, and in his forty-seventh year he removed, with his brother Marco and nephew Andrea, to a house in Via Guelfa, where he remained until his death, which took place in 1481. There are hardly any documents relating to him, and many statements formerly believed concerning him have been proved inaccurate, but it is on authentic record that he was carefully brought up, could read, write, and add accounts, and was afterwards apprenticed to a goldsmith, from whom he learnt to draw and model in wax. Finding soon that success attended his artistic efforts, he gave up the goldsmith's trade altogether, and abandoned himself with the untiring energy of genius to the study of form. And at this early stage of his career we read of him



MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS

working long hours with such characteristic perseverance that his feet were infected with the cold of the very marble he wrought, so that he often stood in a basket full of shavings in his efforts to keep them warm.

This period of Tuscan art was made predominantly famous by the universal genius of Michael Angelo, and by Della Robbia's great contemporary, Donatello, who gave new life to the highest branch of sculpture. Luca, however, can take no secondary place for originality of style, although it is absurd to compare his decorative reliefs with the severe simplicity of ordinary sculpture, for he, Della Robbia, stands apart as having introduced and perfected a new development in art which leapt to such instantaneous popularity that "the fame of his works flew not only through Italy but over all Europe."

Although he did not invent the stanniferous glaze, which is the distinguishing feature of his ware, yet by years of laborious experiment he adapted it to such a pitch of perfection that the figures modelled and enamelled by him retain up to the present day a brilliant transparency of colour which four and a half centuries of the Italian sun has been powerless to fade.

His restless genius overflowed to manipulate every plastic material. Wax was deserted for clay, marble for bronze, bronze for terra-cotta, yet no capricious discontent provoked these changes, rather such was the torrent of his creation that he needed all these mediums whereon to express himself.

The year 1442 was a memorable year to Luca, for in it he made his first successful trial of terra-cotta covered with glazed enamel, and placed it in the form of a frieze of garlanded cherubs round the tabernacle of the Peretola. The Della Robbia enamel preceded the work of Bernard Palissy by about a hundred years, and is of a similar nature, with the difference that the one adapted it for sculpture and the other for pottery.

It is a matter open to individual taste whether substance should ever have colour, or colour substance, and quite as much intolerance exists in matters of art as in matters of religion (arising from that happy, overweening value we place on our own convictions compared with those of other men), yet the most competent judges are unanimous in their appreciation of this great master, and agree in the criticism that his particular kind of work has not only never been surpassed, but has never even been equalled.

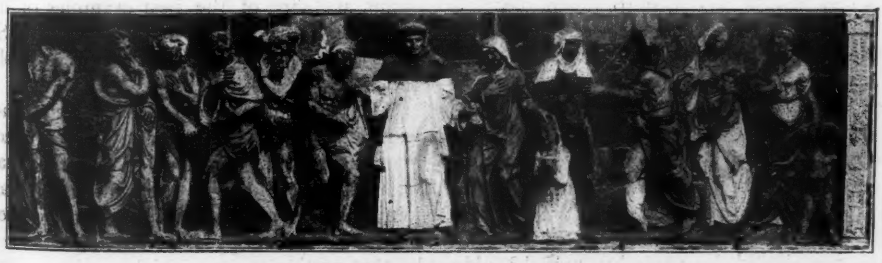
It was certainly not Luca's intention to substitute coloured clay for marble statues; he, himself an artist of the first rank, knew that such an encroachment was an impossibility, but his wish was to execute appropriate designs that might very suitably replace fresco or mosaic work in the exterior or interior decoration of cathedrals and public buildings.

No doubt Luca was a poor man, but as his genius became known orders certainly crowded on him from rich Florentine churches and corporations for his marble work. Yet he wrought comparatively little in that substance, although the reliefs in the Museum (originally intended for the Duomo) of boys and girls, dancing, singing, and playing, exhibit such a perfect use of the chisel as to place him at once on a level with Ghiberti. He, however, turned from marble to plain clay and spent many years of his life labouring to produce some chemical with which to preserve it. We wonder if he thus left costly materials in the desire to see real art ministering to the enjoyment of life, not only for his proud capital, which could boast of every worldly gift and every human talent, but for those more near him—the poor. Marble Madonnas were far out of their reach, but "the Mother," in clay, modelled with the same masterly skill as for the marble block, could be bought to adorn the humblest village church or meanest wayside shrine.

No one who has ever studied the figures of Luca Della Robbia can feel that he is a stranger to them, so much of his own personality has he revealed in his work. And not only has he shown himself, but he has introduced us to a very large circle of his friends, the children, men, and women, who were with him in the world so long ago, and have kindly remained in it until to-day, to ensure our sympathy with the past.

In these revelations he followed the irresistible, untraceable, impulse of art, and it inspired him to interpret men, not only as they were, but as they were to him. We see how, fascinated by beauty and overpowered by nature, he strove to realise the floating ideas that fell on him like reflections from another world. It is but an embodied dream, a throb of conscious power, a groping for things divine, a certainty of the divine in life. Some inward reality has mastered him and forces outward expression, thus, like a cry that will escape, the work of art comes forth because it must. For the great imprisoned soul within each breast, that gives our outward form its value, is made by the soul of art to radiate even dead clay and cold marble with a semblance of our mysterious life. That which we know nothing of, and which no sense apprehends, is sometimes placed within our comprehension by this means. We see it before us we hardly know in what, for it is more than a suggestion of movement or reflection of mind; it is, in fact, an impersonation itself of the silent, inscrutable soul.

To produce something, then, that would render clay durable without loss of its finer properties, was the work of Luca's life. In this he certainly had many difficulties to encounter, for if his model were left to dry it would contract and expand unequally, only to burst across the face; and without his assistance there were already more than enough cracked Madonnas in Tuscany. Then there was the work of putting on the enamel evenly, the endless precautions not to break the clay in the oven, the watchfulness necessary to adjust the right heat, the piecing together of the various parts when



WORKS OF MERCY · CLOTHING THE NAKED

they were safely removed from the oven—for the Della Robbia ware is in many sections. All these difficulties make us wonder that he survived to the great age of eighty-one.

It was believed formerly that he died without revealing the secret of the enamel, and the story goes that on his death-bed those around besought him to write out the receipt for the benefit of his heirs. This he refused to do, but as he was about to draw his last breath a priest bending over the bed heard him say that a list of the chemical ingredients would be found inside the hollow head of one of his figures. This is an unlikely story, never sufficiently believed to warrant the patient investigator going round all his works with a mallet in the expectation of a discovery. Yet the head of the infant Jesus from the church of St. Giovani in Sugano is known to have been broken off on the chance that it might hold the secret, and a part of the head was found many years afterwards in a garden near the church. As a matter of fact, however, there was no mystery about the enamel, for it was always known to the Della Robbia family, although they naturally took every possible care to keep the secret among themselves.

Luca's durable works of clay were at first pure white, but as time went on he added colour to his glaze, generally throwing up white figures upon a blue background, or, where the work was simply decorative, tinting the leaves and fruit according to nature.

In 1471 Luca was elected president of the artists' guild, and in a recently discovered document it is stated that he was obliged to refuse this honour owing to the infirmities of age. It is not known if he ever married; but in his various angels, dancing women, and Madonnas, no one face repeats itself, which would hardly have been the case had he possessed a ready-made model by his side in the shape of a wife. He must have worked fast to produce so much, perhaps with impatience, though never carelessly. What a breezy movement is in some of his figures! Doubtless with door and window open his model is nearly blown away in the flutter of garments, which he swiftly reproduces with such inconceivable grace. Or does he wish the folds to cling to the flesh? A dash of water to soak the dress will speedily round up the form; he does not spare himself, why should he spare his model? He attains also such perfect ease in his drapery, revelling in long flowing lines, and a nude figure is so rarely found among his works that we may be certain he valued, even before form, the suggestion of form. He must surely have been a man too of some humour and one that intensely appreciated happy hearts, or he never could have made his children leap and sing in the very intoxication of joy.

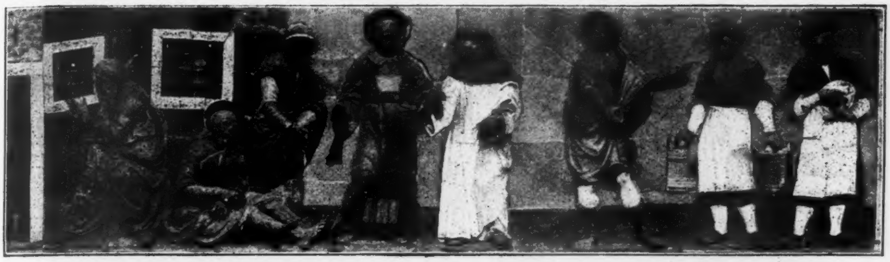
In recalling some of his best known works we may mention his *Christ* in the Santa Croce, Cappella Pazzi, his *Madonna Del Carmine*, in Cappella Canigiana, his *Resurrection* and *Ascension*, his *God the Father*, his *Mary Magdalene*, his *Virgin and Child*, his *Adoring Madonna*, his *Madonna of the Roses*, which, with many others, are all to be found in Florence.

Another of his works, and perhaps the most beautiful, is the *Coronation of the Virgin*, placed over the door of the Church of Ognissanti. It is a very wonderful creation, representing the Virgin enthroned before God (the Almighty in papal raiment, so typical of the age), and they are surrounded by trumpeting angels, while cherubs appear from many unexpected corners. Below are seven half-length portraits, giving exquisite details of human faces with the most varied expressions, and these figures represent St. Benoit, St. Laurence, St. John, St. Peter, St. Gregory, St. Augustine, and St. Lucy, a martyr.

It was about the year 1446 that Luca took into partnership his nephew Andrea, and Andrea's son Giovani, and these three worked together inseparably from that time, and were so often actually engaged on the same relief that it is quite impossible to attribute the numerous works to each individual sculptor.

Andrea Della Robbia's work almost rivals that of his uncle in its masterly drawing and detail, and one of the best examples of his skill is the meeting of St. Dominic and St. Francis placed in the Loggia di S. Paola, Florence.

The two monks bend to greet each other with life-like earnestness, and a calm peace is expressed on their faces, as if sorrow had been taken joyfully to their hearts. They join hands with great tenderness, remembering that this meeting must soon be followed by that parting towards which we all journey;



WORKS OF MERCY: VISITING THE IMPRISONED

and as they stand before us we too almost lose ourselves in the entirely reverent veneration that mastered Andrea as he modelled.

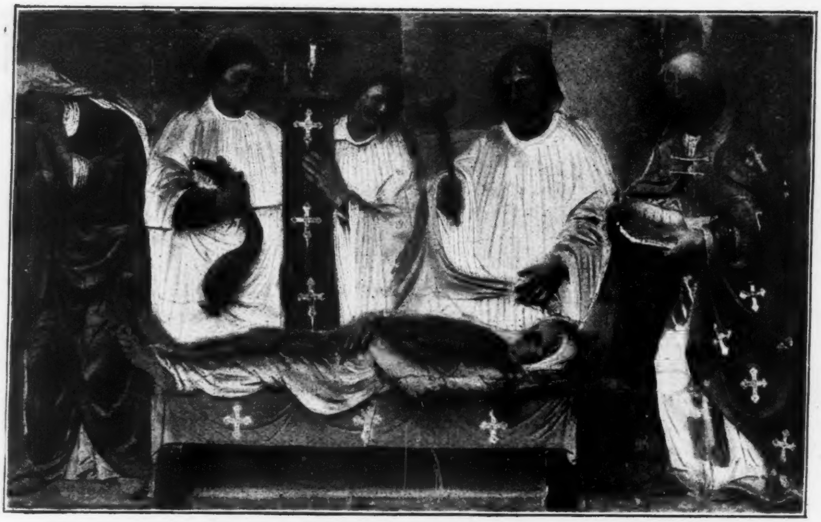
Another great work from the Della Robbia studio is the design for the Pistoja Hospital called the *Works of Mercy*, representing monks (always monks) clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, visiting those in prison, ministering to the dying. And in this last death-bed scene we find every preparation for the sufferer's final moments in the sacred wafer, the holy water, the crucifix and incense, while four priests in full canonicals stand ready to comfort and sustain the weary soul as he is about to enter the undiscovered country.

As the tendency of the age was to utilise all art for religious purposes there are more representations of the Madonna than of anything else. In this subject Luca was peculiarly successful, revealing in his work such sympathy for women that one feels his tools must have possessed the very vitality of his heart. It is not, however, for his saints and angels, popes and anthropomorphical gods that we so revere him, but rather for the profoundly intimate knowledge of human life that he has left.

Brought before his figures we lose sight of the haloed saint and see only the sorrowing woman, and we know that his understanding has penetrated the secret of her expression, and his skill raised it to the surface from its subtlest retreat. He handles her maternal love so tenderly, and has such a marvellous intimacy with the ways of little children—the intimacy of one who loved them and was loved in return. This is the human note that has continued to vibrate since he struck it. For the broad lines of our nature which bind us to one another in such an unspeakable brotherhood lie so deep, that neither the passing of time nor the tread of generations can materially alter them Thus, any truthful expression of life is common property, typical of no place and of no period: it is for all time, and when a master hand portrays it, it is for all people.

There is a story of how this great sculptor once went up into the mountain village of Gavinana to rest and enjoy a change of air. The people, filled with the glory of having such a guest, nursed him back to health and refused all remuneration. He, however, on pressing his desire to repay them, was told by the villagers that if the great master would give them one of the smallest of his works they would prize it beyond all their other possessions. "Not the least, but the best I can do shall be yours," answered Luca, and a few months afterwards the little village received from the sculptor his *Nativity* and *Crucifixion*, which still adorn their church.

So, wandering in the sunny south we are constantly filled with delighted surprise as we come unexpectedly upon works of this original genius. Convents, cloisters, doorways, dark chapels, dreary walls, are illuminated by appropriate subjects from his gifted hand. We thread our aimless way from village to village among the Pistojese Alps, and descend, dusty and foot-sore, upon some little mountain retreat. A golden haze broods over the wide-stretching plain far below. The pulse of uncountable insect life throbs in the motionless air, and the great fierce sun rolls blazing through the sky, while not a cloud dare approach to stem the torrent of his might. We, to escape it, join the group of happy children playing with peach stones in the shadow of the porch, and enter the old church to rest in its cool twilight.



WORKS OF MERCY: BURYING THE DEAD

Here, kneeling before the altar, we are face to face with one of Luca's Madonnas, holding in her spotless purity a child so pathetically helpless in its dependence, that we feel he must have tumbled in from the sunshine, to rest under that canopy of glorious blue, caught from the heaven itself.

Yes, the Madonna of Luca Della Robbia has smiled on the world all those years because no age or race can afford to destroy the perfect portrait of a perfect woman. And we may well bend with reverence to his infant Christ, where many sad hearts have knelt before us. For these two figures, so worshipped of old, are typical of that which our hearts still hold most precious, though not in our religious life, yet in our home life, and to-day, as in the days of Luca, we can never be too often reminded of the very best possessions that the world has for us—the love of a good woman, and the purity of a little child.

JORDAN PICTURES

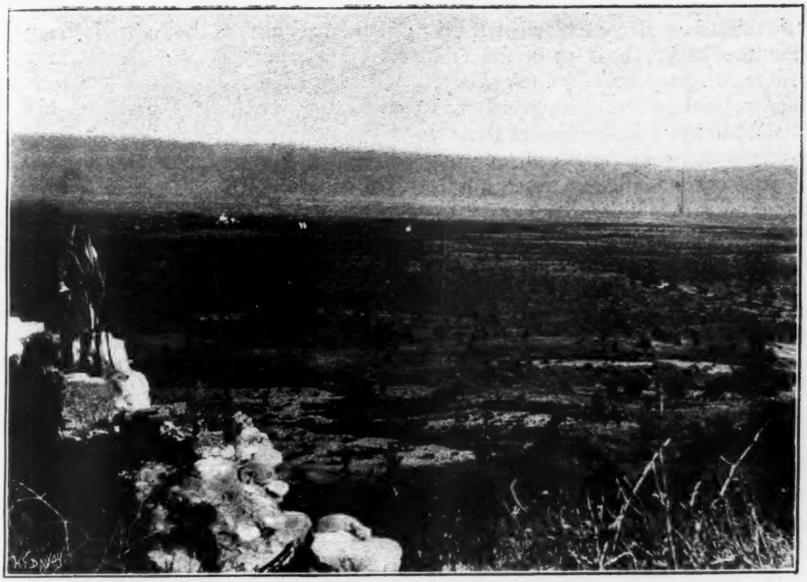
By the Rev. G. ROBINSON LEES, B.A., F.R.G.S., Author of "Village Life in Palestine," etc.

THE Jordan is one of the most wonderful rivers in the world. There is no stream on earth so remarkable for its physical features, its sacred associations, and the marvellous events that have happened on its banks and in its waters. A combination of circumstances that establish its claim to absolute pre-eminence.

It is the river of the Holy Land, the only stream in that country that can be dignified by that appellation. It has been intimately connected with most of the great events of Scripture history. The most astounding miracles of wondrous power and healing virtue ever witnessed have been performed along its course.

When God's judgment fell upon guilty Sodom and Gomorrah the Jordan flowed on and hid them for ever from the gaze of man. When Israel needed a passage to Canaan the hand of God divided its waters.

Around its central lake are grouped many of the loving deeds of Christ Himself. The roaring of its angry billows ceased at His command. His footsteps trod the face of the deep. Along its shores the lame walked, the deaf heard, the dumb spake, the blind



THE PLAIN OF JORDAN

saw, the lepers were cleansed, and the dead were raised to life again.

Its source is on a level with the ocean where the mouths of other rivers are generally found. From the Dead Sea into which it flows, and the summit of Hermon at the foot of which it springs, a distance that could be traversed by an English express train in less than three hours, there are the climate and products of the tropics and the region of perpetual snow.

There is the same singular appropriateness in the connection of the scenes of the most signal occurrences with its physical features. The main source of the river is at Banias, where it issues from a cave in the limestone rock in one deep stream, which is immediately divided by masses of rock and fallen débris. This cave was formerly dedicated to the god Pan, from whence the modern name Banias is derived. Remains of tablets with Greek inscriptions and other signs of idolatrous worship are still visible.

Romantic spots of unusual beauty were always chosen by the heathen for their temples. This is unique in Palestine. No other part of the country is so conspicuous for the variety of its scenery. And no place that formed the scene of the Lord's ministry was so fully occupied by heathen temples and their rites and ceremonies. The situation of Banias, once Cæsarea Philippi, is incomparably fine, combining in an unusual degree the elements of grandeur and beauty. Park-like glades in undulating swells flow from the foot of giant Hermon. Wild gorges and secluded valleys rise from the town itself and are lost in the heights above. Numerous little streams, fringed with oleanders and overlooked by lofty poplars, alone break the silence of a scene of entrancing beauty.

These formed the picturesque surroundings of the worshippers of idols. How deep, then, was the significance of the manifestation of divine glory on a spur of the mountain above the shrines of Greek, Syrian, and Roman deities! The Son of God indeed put beneath His feet all the powers of evil, all false gods, all the works of men's hands whereby weak and wayward men are led into superstitious error.

This scene of the Transfiguration formed the northern limit of the Lord's ministry. From henceforth His face, as the course of the river, was set towards the south. He walked to Calvary, to the cross of shame, and then from the summit of Olivet to heaven. The waters of the Jordan roll on to the Sea of Death, and from thence by evaporation are carried to the clouds above.

The river has a triple source. It is formed by three streams from three fountains.

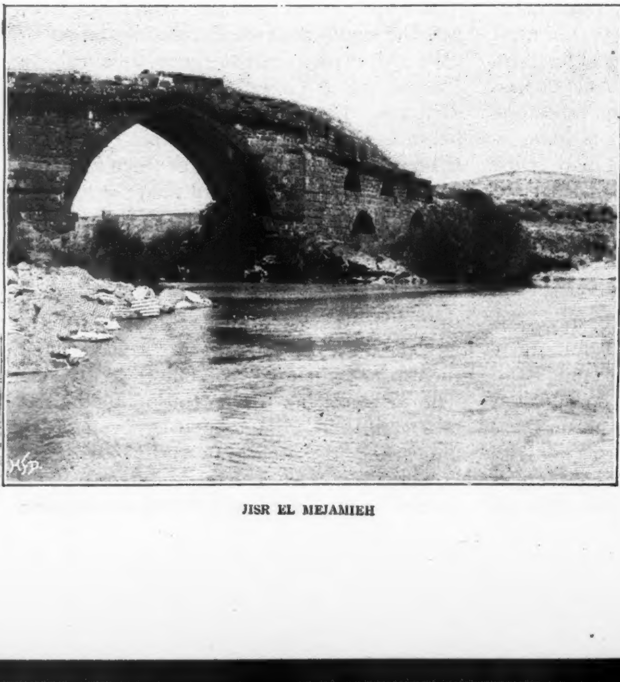
About two miles from Banias is Tell el Kadi, the Hill of the Judge, the Dan of the Old Testament, now represented by a few stones, a heap of rubbish, some broken columns almost buried in the soil, thickets of thorns, briars, and thistles, some jungles of cane and thorn bushes, but nothing else; yet this is the site of the great border city of Dan. Bursting from its ruins, the second source of the Jordan rushes off to join the Nahr Banias, which also receives the Nahr Hasbany, the third stream, from the western slope of the great mountain. Then all together as one river flow into a little lake, called in Scripture the "Waters of Merom," and by the natives Lake "Hûleh." On the north and east there is an inpenetrable marsh of mud and reeds, where buffaloes wallow in the miry waters. On the south and west a rich alluvial plain, now being brought into cultivation by flourishing Jewish colonies, bounds the pebbly shore. A strange contrast is the picture of quiet agricultural labour to the stirring scenes of the days of old. Here the armies of Jabin, in vain endeavour, made a final attempt to drive back the conquering Israelites. The horses and chariots of the Canaanites were hurled back to the marshy ground, and there fell an easy prey to the invaders, or met their fate in the narrow defiles that run up to the hills from the plain.

Three stone bridges cross respectively the three divisions of the river with its triple lakes. One crosses the Nahr Hasbany before its torrent mingles with the main stream, Below the lake of Hûleh another stone bridge spans the Jordan, "Jisr Benât Jakub"—"The Bridge of Jacob's Daughters." This name has nothing to do with the patriarch, but is connected with an old convent at Safed on the hills, and the toll that formed a portion of its revenue in the Middle Ages.

Beyond the bridge the valley becomes a ravine and the sluggish stream a foaming torrent, the haunt of the kingfisher, bordered by the jungle home of the wild boar. The river never rests until it breaks from its rocky sides and enters the fertile plain of Bethsaida (Luke ix. 10) and the Lake of Galilee.

On the left of this entrance the eastern shore stands like a wall. On the right the white strand merges into the ruins of the cities of the northern shore. There by the pebbly beach is the saddening aspect of the fulfilment of the Saviour's prophecy. There in mournful solitude amidst a mass of thorns and thistles are the remains of the cities whose people rejected His message of love and mercy. Beyond the heaps of stone, the scene of desolation, is the tangled garden wilderness of lovely Genesareth, whose oleanders dip their crimson blossoms in the wavelets that ripple on the silver sand. Hard by are the mud huts of once stately Magdala, the home of Mary who followed her Lord.

The only city left on the shore of the lake is the one into which, in all probability, our Saviour never entered—Tiberias. Its sickly appearance is in keeping with the dejected and forlorn condition of the shores around the holy sea. The streets are narrow and dirty, appealing eloquently for relief to the watery element so close at hand. The town itself is notorious, pregnantly described by its people in the saying that it is "the court of the King of fleas." In summer the inhabitants find it more comfortable to reside for a greater part of the day in the



JISR EL MEJAMIEH

THE BROOK CHERITH, A TRIBUTARY OF THE JORDAN

lake, and at night in booths on the roofs of their houses.

The "Ghor," the valley down which the river flows from the Sea of Galilee, is a remarkable fissure in the earth's crust. It is the greatest natural depression in the world, being 1296 feet below the Mediterranean where the river enters the Sea of Lot, the Arabic name of the Dead Sea. There is nothing in nature like it. Though only about five or six miles across its northern part, it attains a width of twenty miles near its mouth, where it is often called the Jericho Plain.

The whole length of the river in a straight line, from its source to the sea in which it is lost, is not more than 120 miles. It varies in width after it has left the Sea of Galilee from 60 to 160 feet. In its course down the "Ghor" it falls 600 feet, and its tortuous windings, over twenty-seven rapids, extend for 200 miles along the plain that is but 60 miles in length.

It has two distinct lines of banks. The upper banks are some distance from the channel, and vary in height from 10 to 50 feet. They are very irregular. In the lower portion of the Jordan Valley they are broken up for miles, presenting a most curious appearance, forming, not a system of hills, but a system of valleys, the original plain being left standing here and there isolated and forlorn, while a series of conical hills fretted by a burning sun and heavy rains increase the inextricable muddle of bank and plain.

There are fifty-six fords, but many exist in name only, and the dangerous and deceptive character of some of them is well known. Lives are lost every year, even horses and riders being swept away by the strength of the current (Jer. xii. 5).

The bed of the river is covered in the lower reaches by soft mud, which annually increases in depth. On one occasion the writer nearly lost his life in attempting to ford the stream without a guide. His spur caught in one of the tassels of his saddle-bags as his horse plunged down the bank into the deep slime of the river bed, the swollen waters almost washing him from his seat in the saddle. He escaped with difficulty; but before his horse was rescued from its perilous position, it took three hours of incessant labour to drag it on to a shelving ledge of sand, and from thence to the bank; which necessitated a rest for the night in a swampy and fever-stricken region adjoining the river.

At Damieh, on the road between Nablous and Es Salt, there is a ferry, and another opposite Jericho. In 2 Sam. xix. 18 we find "there went over a ferry-boat to carry over the king's household."

Between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea, the third division of the river, is the third stone bridge, the only one between these two lakes. This is the Jisr el Mejamieh, situated six miles south of the first-mentioned inland sea, on the road from Bethshan to Gadara, the great highway from the west to the east. There is, however, a wooden structure near the Jericho ford and ferry. The eccentricities of this handiwork of the Turk provide us with the best example

A JORDAN FERRY

of the result of the swelling of Jordan. Every year when the water rises, according to its usual custom (see Joshua iii. 15), the bridge is carried down by the flood and embraced by overhanging branches of trees at a bend in the river and held till the waters subside. The toll-keepers then carry it back, repair and fit it for duty again. It is much safer than the ford in spite of its tendency to move. The wild rush of waters sweep all before them. Even if any one escaped the torrent, the banks would prevent his gaining a foothold and safety when carried beyond the regular landing-place of the ford. Jer. xii. 5: "If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

The first and by far the most important tributary of this sacred river, on the left bank, is the Sheriat el Menadhireh. As the Arabic name of the Jordan is Sheriah, El Menadhireh serves to distinguish the affluent from the principal stream, though before they unite above the bridge it is larger, though not longer, than the Jordan. It is better known by its ancient names of Hieromax and Yarmuk, familiar to those acquainted with the country as the boundary between Gilead and Bashan. Perhaps the most interesting and certainly the most beautiful part of its course is the country of the Gadarenes. Gadara, the city of tombs, stands on the hill above the valley. When it was held by pagan Rome its people devoted their time to pleasure and the vanities of life. They left the bracing atmosphere of their city on the hill for the enervating influence of the licentious groves on the banks of the Hieromax. Near to this part of the river remains of baths and a theatre are still to be seen. About a mile up the stream there is a small plain where numerous little brooks of hot water flow through a mass of undergrowth, where tropical plants entwine in prodigal luxuriance—even seventeen different kinds have been counted in one square yard. More than two hundred palm-trees rise above the wilderness of rank verdure, telling us of a time when it was a smiling garden. The side abutting the river is precipitous. Here and there a jagged limestone rock peeps through a bank of maidenhair fern, sparkling with diamond drops from the hot-water cascades that tumble through their steam into the river.

Rising above the northern bank of the Hieromax is a wall of mountain grim and grey,

A FORD OF THE JORDAN

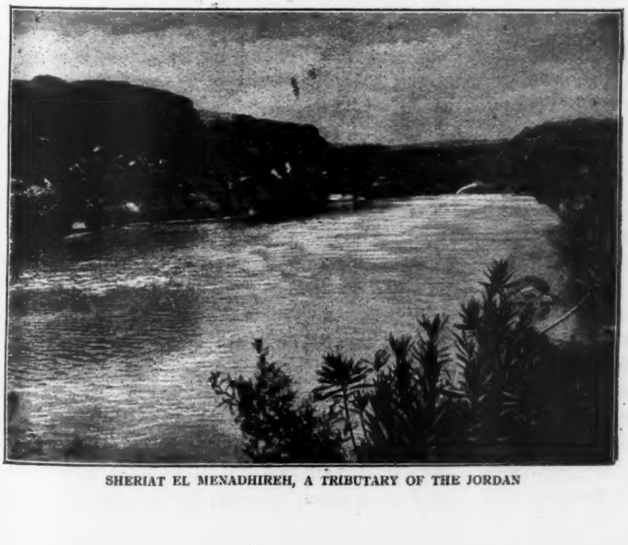
whose summit looks down a steep place into the Sea of Galilee. This is the grazing ground that belonged to the Gadarenes, across the river away from their haunts of pleasure. Yet it flanks the hills of Gergesa, furnishing us by its position with a satisfactory solution to the apparent discrepancy in Matt. viii. 28 and Luke viii. 37, concerning the country of the Gadarene swine.

The next tributary on the eastern bank is the Zerka, the ancient Jabbok, the scene of Jacob's flight and his encounter with the angel.

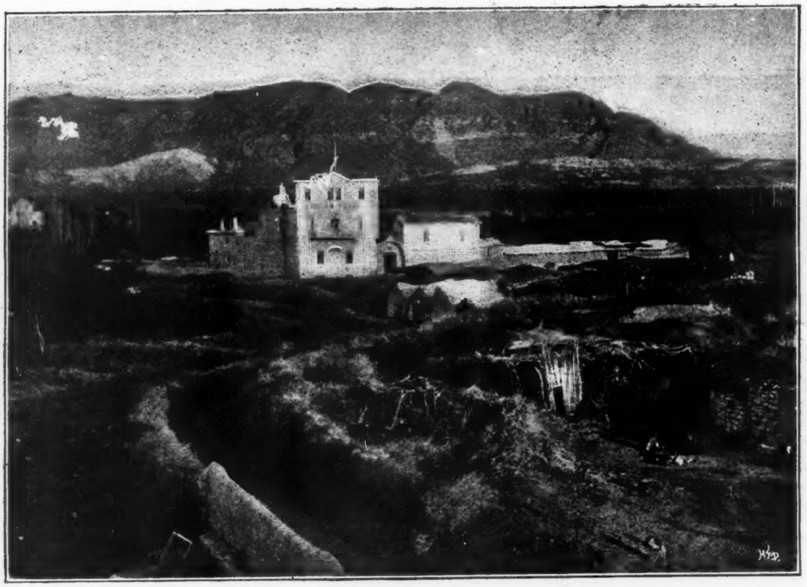
On the western side are the Kelt and Farah, both of which have been identified as the Brook Cherith, but the former is considered to have far the stronger claim to that distinction.

There are at least twelve perennial streams that flow into the Jordan, yet the greater part of the valley is like a desert. A blight is on the land, which cannot be removed until a more settled form of government, a more civilising Power, takes possession of the country. Where patches of ground are cultivated the yield from the fertile soil is abundant, as is seen in the excellent crops of millet and those of wheat and barley. Rice, indigo, and sugar could be grown with ease: the first-named has been tried and the experiment proved most successful. Old sugar mills left by the Romans, that now add to the utter desolation of the wilderness, eloquently proclaim the richness of the earth. Weeds and thistles flourish everywhere, and in many places reach such a height that the rider who is compelled to pass through them will experience some difficulty in keeping even his face from being scratched and torn. Fresh green grass borders the streams all the year round, except in the parts where the oleander spreads its branches and sheds its blossoms, and where reeds grow rank and high. Before Lot removed from the uplands of Judæa he "lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, and was even as the garden of the Lord" (Gen. xiii. 10).

The inhabitants of the "Ghor" — that is, the Arabs who make it their permanent abode—have



SHERIAT EL MENADHIREH, A TRIBUTARY OF THE JORDAN



JERICHO—ER RIHA

a decided objection to every kind of labour, except that which is performed by other people. Peasants from the mountains generally till the cultivated portions, and reap the harvest, for a share of the produce. And in some cases it is necessary for them even to watch the crops, as the ostensible owners are too lazy to scare away the birds and animals that collect in great numbers in this season of the year. Sometimes, however, boys and youths may be pressed into service, and they recline on a platform covered with reeds that is raised on poles about 10 feet above the surrounding country, with a sling and stones, to which is added at night an old flint-lock gun.

There are several wretched villages, and many scattered groups of tents, which, if experience is of any value, it is better for the comfort of all who do not possess a skin as tough as hide, and are not devoid of the sense of smell, to look at from afar.

Jericho, or Er Riha, as it is called in Arabic, has a good and clean hotel and hospice. Tourists may therefore visit the Jordan and plain without meeting with the discomforts that accompany the travellers who journey in less favourable parts of the valley, and they need have no connection with the miserable and dirty creatures that live in the hovels near. They say they are Bedouin, and some travellers believe them. In reality they are the descendants of Bedouin slaves, utterly depraved and lost to all sense of decency. The dwellers in the tents of the Ghor are by no means refined, but they are vastly superior to the people that live in the squalor of Er Riha. A tribe occupying the upper portion of the valley, divided into many smaller branches, is little inferior to the Bedouin of Moab. In winter the Adwan tribe, and the Nimr their blood relations, leave the hills on the east and camp near Nimrin, about two hours' journey from the ford and bridge, and four from Jericho. These are famous sportsmen, fearlessly penetrating the dense jungle on the eastern bank of the Jordan, or scouring the plain with their dogs and falcons.

During the last few years the Sultan has claimed the whole of the valley as his private property. This has given rise to many speculative stories of mortgage to Jews and their ultimate possession. It is now a Jiftlik, governed by a Kaimakam, who resides at Beisan (ancient Bethshan), which is used as a place of exile for a few Ottoman subjects who are too much in the way in Stamboul. The new Governor, who is directly responsible to the Sultan, and not to his superior in the province, has not yet shown himself capable of putting an end to the lawless bands that infest the banks and plain alongside the river, and many portions, especially on the eastern side, are entirely in the hands of the native tribes.

But the Jordan will ever be remembered for the wondrous events that have happened along its course, and the interest of many is centred in these alone. Every stage of the river is sacred with historical associations, and the most holy of all is the pilgrims' bathing-place, where tradition has fixed the identical locality of our Lord's baptism. Several attempts have been made to select another site, but custom is strong and clings with loving faith to what may after all be the exact spot. Every year thousands of pilgrims wash in its waters. Poor and wretched though many be, they have travelled many weary miles to reach its banks, and they bathe in a garment that will afterwards be their shroud. Its turbid stream has no healing virtue, but to them the river is holy and beyond compare. Carefully and tenderly they carry some of its precious water to be shown to less fortunate friends who may never see the sacred river flowing between its banks.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER

By BLANCHE ATKINSON

"HANG it all! I think I'll enlist—or volunteer—and go out to South Africa. One might as well be shot at once as endure this sort of thing. . . . I am a fool. Of course I am a fool. A fellow always is who believes in a woman. . . . But it's so unaccountable! If I could understand why she did it I should be less worried—perhaps. I suppose there is no accounting for women. You think they mean what they say, or what they half-say; and then—all at once, they are off on another tack, and calmly tell you that they cannot imagine how you could dream that they meant—that. And yet Mary is so truthful, so simple-hearted; so different from all other women in the world. . . . Oh! Mary, Mary! my dear! where are you?"

Jack Golborne, the master of Golborne Manor, was a rich, handsome, healthy man of thirty-five. He had—as far as even his intimate friends knew—no cares or troubles to interfere with his enjoyment of all the good things Fortune had bestowed upon him. Yet here he sat, in the cosy library of the Manor, leaning his head upon his hands as he stared into the glowing fire and muttered to himself that despairing, "My dear! where are you?"

Eight years before this time he had been passionately in love, and the woman he loved had chosen to marry another man (his cousin), with whom she went to India immediately afterwards. Jack had heard from time to time that Philip Meadows—his successful rival—was not doing well. He had splendid opportunities, but threw them away; and at last died, to the relief of all who knew him. When Mary Meadows and her little girl came back to England, Jack had gone to meet his cousin's widow, and had been a kind and useful friend to her.

Six months after her return he had invited her to bring Molly to the Manor. They came, and Jack believed that Mary would not refuse him if he waited a little longer. His Aunt Amanda and her daughter Millicent, of whom Jack was very fond, though Aunt Amanda herself was always a trial, were staying at the Manor at the same time; and Millicent, his old confidante and playfellow, had bidden him be of good cheer. She, too, believed that Mary was more than merely grateful to him for his kindness. "Indeed, my dear boy!" Millicent had said to him one day, "if you were even decently civil to her it would be enough to win her heart, after the life she led with that brute of a man! She does not tell one much, of course. But things come out now and then when we are talking quietly. And you know, Jack, you are a good deal more than decently civil. I never imagined you could be such a goose about any woman. You follow her about with your eyes, just as your spaniel's eyes follow you."

"Well—but no other woman— Isn't she a lovely creature, Millicent? And do you really think——"

"Yes, of course, I really think," she said, laughing, "or I wouldn't say so. And, if I were you, I wouldn't wait too long."

Things were in this hopeful situation, and Jack only waiting for a favourable opportunity to put the momentous question, when he was summoned to town on urgent business. When he returned, after two or three days' absence, Mrs. Meadows and little Molly had gone. Gone—leaving nothing behind by way of a clue to their destination. A note of thanks for his hospitality and kindness was all that was left.

Aunt Amanda pursed her lips, cast up her eyes, and said that no one need be surprised at the carryings-on of Indian widows. Mrs. Meadows had received a letter; of course *she* could not say from whom. But immediately afterwards she had announced her intention of leaving, and had taken her departure.

"Take my word for it, Jack," said Aunt Amanda, "she is a woman with a past. You ought to be very thankful to have escaped her toils!"

He was not in the least thankful however, and dashed upstairs to Millicent's room, imploring her to see him for a moment. Millicent had been laid up for three or four days, and was on the couch.

"I don't know anything—and I don't understand it a bit," she said. "I was ill, not out of bed for two days. Mary offered to come and nurse me; but I wanted nothing, and my own maid understands me best. When I get these awful headaches I hate everybody. Yesterday she asked if she might come and say good-bye. She was quite cheerful and quiet; said she was obliged to go away suddenly, and kissed me, and said she hoped I should be happy—with rather a tone of frivolity. I was too ill to ask even where she was going. Of course I thought she would tell you."

Jack shook his head gloomily. "Not a hint. What can it mean, and what can I do?"

"Wait. There is nothing else to be done. You can't put detectives on her track. But you may take my word for it, there is nothing wrong. Perhaps, after her experience, she wants to try you. Perhaps she wants to think about it, away from the magnetism of your personality."

"Magnetism of my fiddlesticks!" Jack broke in. But his face had cleared a little. It was pleasanter to take Millicent's "word for it" than Aunt Amanda's. "I hope you are right, dear," he said, stooping to give her a cousinly kiss. "And I hope your head will be better soon. It must be beastly to have a headache," and he went away.

"Yes, but a heartache is worse," Millicent said to herself, as big tears came from beneath her closed eyelids and stole down her face. She had loved her friend and cousin for years with a love which she well knew would never be returned.

In a few days Aunt Amanda and Millicent went away, and Jack Golborne had the pleasure of the "waiting" all to himself. At first he expected to hear from Mary every day. He persuaded himself that Millicent was sure to be right. She and Mary had been very friendly, and women could understand one another. But as the weeks and months went by, his hopes sank. The uncertainty was horrible. He knew that Mrs. Meadows was left very badly off, and had no relations who could help her. What could she be doing? Where was she?

• • • • •

It was Christmas-eve—an old-fashioned, bitterly cold Christmas-eve too. Jack got up presently and went to the window. The snow had ceased falling, and lay on the lawn, and on the branches of the trees, and on every leaf of laurel and holly—soft, white, and shining. There was a break in the clouds, and a patch of brilliant blue sky could be seen behind the fir-trees. The sun gleamed out as he looked, and the sparkle and dazzle turned the scene to fairyland. "Aunt Amanda and Millicent will have a pleasant journey after all," he said to himself. They were coming to spend Christmas with him as usual, and he had ordered all the usual Christmas festivities in the kitchen and village. But he had no heart in anything.

"The post-bag, sir!" said James, the butler, entering the room. "The roads are very bad, and the train was late, but it seems to be clearing up."

James, with all the rest of the household, wished fervently that the master's spirits would clear up too. "Why, he's that contradictious he could quarrel with his own nose," said the old housekeeper sometimes. She had known him from boyhood, and thought she had a right to make remarks. "It's the widder 'as done the mischief," James would answer with a sigh. "I know what widders are myself!"

"It's nothing of the sort," would be the indignant reply. "It's only the liver out of order—which I ought to know, seeing I was here when his poor ma' died—twenty years ago."

The master, however, knew nothing of his servants' comments. He was beginning to lose all interest in everything around him. He had quite lost interest in his letters. The one he wanted never came, and he tore them open and threw them aside half read. But one attracted him by its crumpled, dirty envelope and unconventional address.

In a large, round, childish hand was written:

Mr. Jack Golborne,
Golborne Manner,
Midshire, England.

With some curiosity he opened it, and his heart gave a great jump. Inside was another envelope addressed to him in the writing he had been longing to see. "At last—at last—I shall know!" he muttered as he opened it. Then his hand trembled, and a mist came before his eyes. . . . O God! could he have read aright? . . . Was the word—dead? . . . Dead! his beautiful, winsome Mary—with her sweet, simple ways and gracious bearing—dead! It was incredible. He passed his hands across his eyes and forced himself to read steadily to the end:

"Dear Mr. Golborne,—When this reaches you I shall be dead. I cannot struggle on much longer. The doctor says that influenza always leaves this terrible depression; but I cannot get the things he orders, and I must die. I shall leave word that after I am dead this letter shall be sent to you. I am going to ask you to do me a great kindness, and I know that you will. I know you so well—so well! I want you to take care of my poor little Molly. There is no money for her; but you will not mind about that. And if by the time you receive this you and Millicent are married, I can trust my child to her as confidently almost as to you."

There was no signature. The writing was shaky, and here and there was a blot on the paper. Tears—perhaps! Good Heavens! to think of it. Mary dying for want of proper care and nourishment, while he had been sitting here longing to cherish and guard her from all harm! As he twisted the envelope in his clenched hand a loose bit of paper fell out. He picked it up and read in the same writing as that on the outer envelope: "Please come soon, Mister Jack." He sprang up and rang the bell.

"Bring me the time-table, and send word to Thompson that he must put one of the horses in the dogcart. And let me have a few things put up in a portmanteau. I don't suppose I can get back to-night."

He found there was a train for Liverpool (the address Mary had given) in a couple of hours. Thompson protested that there was not a horse in the stable could keep on its feet—the roads were so bad.

"Then I'll walk," said the master.

Seeing that he was determined, difficulties were overcome, and he reached the station five minutes before the train was due.

"If I had missed it, you would have had to go, Thompson!" Jack said grimly.

And the coachman, wondering "what the dickens had come to the master," went slowly homewards and agreed with James that "the pretty widder" was at the bottom of it.

It was only when he got into the train that Jack Golborne pondered over the situation. Mary gave no explanation of her departure from the Manor in this terrible letter. But what did the reference to Millicent mean? Marry Millicent! Such an idea had never entered his head—nor hers; he was certain of that. Had any one given Mary such an impression purposely? . . . Suddenly the thought of Aunt Amanda flashed into his mind, and his face darkened. If she had done him this foul wrong he would never forgive her. . . . But Mary was dead. Mary was past his comforting—his care. He would never hear her sweet voice—never look into her dear eyes again!

He drove direct from the station to the street which Mary had named, when he got to Liverpool. It was dusk, but he saw that it was a dingy little street of mean houses. The cab stopped at No. 7. There was not a light in the windows. He had determined to take little Molly away with him; so, bidding the driver wait, knocked gently. Perhaps it was still a house of death. Perhaps he was in time to see her—his Mary—once more. A slatternly maid-servant opened the door. In a husky voice and with a lump in his throat Jack asked if he could see Mrs. Meadows' little girl. The "slavey" stared at him in a bewildered way for a moment. Then, scuttering along the narrow passage, she pointed to a half-open door, whispered, "In there!" and fled downstairs. Jack hesitated a moment to be sure that he had himself well under command, and as he stood heard the chatter and laughter of children's voices. He pushed the door softly wider open and looked into the room. The fire threw flickering lights upon the figure of little Molly Meadows, who was squatted on the hearthrug, her blue eyes fixed with a delighted gaze on the face of a small boy, six or seven years old—who, seated in a rocking-chair opposite to her, was swinging himself backwards and forwards, his long legs—clad in very shabby knickerbockers and holey stockings—stretched out luxuriously, and his arms resting on the sides of the chair. He had curly red hair, a freckled, comic little face, and seemed to be entertaining Molly with some wonderful tale. Jack stood still and listened. He might gather what had happened from the children's talk.

"Oh, do go on, Charlie!" said Molly, clasping her hands, her little white face aglow with excitement. "You are sure he's got the letter?"

"Of course. Didn't I tell you that the postman took it to the Manners House——"

"Not Manners, Charlie—Manor," interrupted the little girl.

"Well, it's all the same," Charlie went on. "And I won't tell you any more if you keep on interrupting me; that isn't manners, anyway. The postman took it and said, 'Here's a very himportant letter for Mr. Jack Goldborne. He'd better read it at once!'"

"Oh! and did he? And what did he say?"

"I'm coming to that. He was sitting at his breakfast—a splendid breakfast—you know, ham and eggs and tongue and chickens——"

"Oh no, Charlie! we never had chickens for breakfast at the Manor!" exclaimed Molly.

"There was chickens this morning, anyhow," the story-teller said emphatically. "How can you know when you wasn't there?"

"Well, how can you?" Molly said. "But, never mind! Go on! What did he say when he opened the letter? Is he coming?"

"Yes," was the decided answer, and Molly clapped her hands. "Yes—if the snow doesn't stop him. But it's snowing awful at the Manners House, and he may have to wait. You needn't look as if you was going to cry, silly! If he doesn't come to-day he will come to-morrow. He got the letter at breakfast time, and now it is—let me see!" Charlie consulted a brass watch which had movable fingers, and carefully set them at five o'clock. "It's five now. He may be here any minute. But he mayn't." Charlie was a cautious prophet, and would not commit himself.

"I hope he will! And what will he bring, Charlie? Do tell me what he will bring?"

"You are in such a hurry, Molly! I'm going to tell you. He will bring a cricket bat and a football. And a splendid gun—a real one——"

Molly shuddered. "Oh! but, Charlie, won't he bring the doll? You know I wanted a doll. And the nice warm cloak for Mummy, and the new shoes for me?"

"Yes—oh yes! He's got all those things. And a whole lot of mince-pies. You never saw such a lot—and the biggest plum-pudding that was ever made in the world! I don't know if it will get into this room!"

Both the children laughed for joy, and the listener at the door, his heart bounding with hope, came forward into the room. They did not see him.

"And then," said Molly, "he will take Mummy and me away."

"Oh yes! and me too," said Charlie. "He'll say, 'I'm very glad, Master Charles, that you found Mrs. Meadows' letter, and sent it to me for Christmas; and I'll tell her not to be angry——'"

Jack laughed outright. Molly jumped up and flew to him. Charlie looked slightly abashed.

"Oh! dear Mr. Jack!" Molly cried, hugging him joyfully. "It's all true then? You really did get the letter Charlie and me sent? . . . And oh! do tell Charlie. Had you chickens for breakfast?"

"No," he said. "But Charlie is right about most things. I am very glad indeed that he sent me that letter. But I want to know how he got hold of it. And first—Molly darling! where is your mother? Is she ill?"

Charlie having vacated the rocking-chair, Jack sat down in it with Molly on his knee, her arms about his neck, and her face resting happily against his waistcoat.

"Mummy goes to the shop every day to get money," she said. "She was ill after we came here from the Manor House. She used to cry all day and all night. I think she was sorry we had come away from you, Mr. Jack, and so was I. . . . Will you let us come back?"

"Yes, dear! And now, Master Charlie—about the letter?"

"Promise that Mrs. Meadows won't be angry, and I'll tell you," said Charlie.

Jack promised.

"Well, Molly is always talking about you, and all the fine things at the place where you come from. And one day we were tidying out Mrs. Meadows' desk——"

"Mummy lets me tidy her desk and her work-basket, and Charlie comes to play with me after school," interpolated Molly.

And Charlie continued: "And I found a spring—I'm prime at puzzles—and it opened a secret drawer, and the letter was in it. And Molly and I thought that perhaps Mrs. Meadows had meant it for a Christmas letter—'cos many people writes for Christmas, you know. And Molly had wanted to write to you before, and her mother wouldn't let her. So we thought *we* would send it, and not ask her till after. I can write very well—though Molly can't. So I wrote, and posted it yesterday. Molly wanted you to come, and I said you would bring—" Charlie stopped short, turning very red, and the tears brimming up in his eyes. His prophecy had come partly true, but there was no sign of the plum-pudding or the gun!

"I couldn't bring anything because there was no time," said Jack. "But the cab is waiting. You come with me, Charlie, and we will go and order supper at my hotel. And I don't think the toy-shops will be closed for an hour or two. And, Molly, when your mother comes home, tell her all about it, and say that Charlie and I will be back in an hour or two, and shall expect you both to be ready to come to our supper-party."

Never had Charlie imagined anything like the joy of that drive through the gas-lighted streets, from shop to shop, with Mr. Jack. And then the arrival at the fine hotel, where a room was engaged and a dinner ordered; and at length the return home, to find Mrs. Meadows and Molly waiting in the fire-light still. Perhaps Mary did not want Jack to see too plainly the happy blushes on her fair face.

. . . . .

The children were sent away for five minutes. A great deal can be said in five minutes.

"You must have known that I loved you, Mary!"

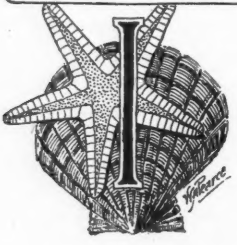
"I thought so. But when your Aunt Amanda said that Millicent was pining away for love of you, and that she knew, and Millicent believed it too, that you were beginning to care for her now; and would have married her if I had kept out of the way—what could I do? Oh! forgive me, Jack! I was not sure that you cared for me. You had never said so; and I thought it might be only your kindness. And I did not want to spoil Millicent's life, she has been so good to me! So I promised your aunt that I would go away and keep away for twelve months. Then—if you had not married Millicent—I meant to let you know where I was. That is all, dear!"

"Is that all? Do you know that for five or six hours to-day I have believed that you were dead? . . . Mary, I must never lose sight of you again. I shall not go back to Golborne until you come too—as my wife!"

. . . . .

"You must try to forgive poor mother," wrote Millicent some weeks later. "She honestly believed that I was dying of unrequited affection. Isn't it humiliating for me? However, I know that you know better. And by-and-by I shall come and pay you and Mary a visit, and you will see that I am not 'a maiden all forlorn.' But what a lucky thing it was that Master Meddlesome sent you that Christmas letter!"

SOME EYES & WHAT THEY SEE

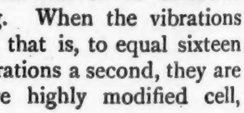


By the Rev. T. BIRD

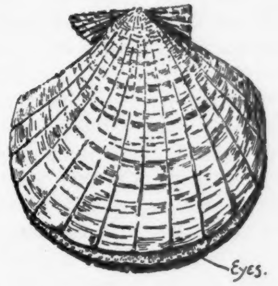
ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. PEARCE

I HAVE given a double title to this article because the evolution of sense-organs is a very different thing from the evolution of sensation. To trace the gradually increasing complexity of a sense-organ in the animal kingdom is, comparatively speaking, an easy matter; but when we pass on from the sense-organ to sensation we are on very difficult ground. In treating of sight we have to remember that this depends as much upon the brain as on the eye. Certain vibrations fall upon the retina of the eye and set up in the endings of the optic nerve certain physico-chemical actions which cause corresponding impulses to travel along the optic nerve to the brain, and then a wonderful thing happens—which science, so far, has been unable to explain—the brain is able to interpret these impulses, and the interpretation we call sight. The eye, then, is the instrument of the thinking, conscious mind, and sight depends upon the brain quite as much as on the eye; and, therefore, in treating of the sight of those lower animals, which are far removed from us in the order of development, we can only judge of their capacity by analogy. And as this analogy is based upon our own experience, the more removed the animals we treat of are the less the analogy will hold. In order to see, there must be consciousness; and, so far as our evidence goes, it appears that consciousness only arises when a nerve-centre attains some degree of complexity and elaboration as are met in a brain. But whether or not there is a dim subconsciousness in those apparently isolated nerve-centres low down in the scale of nervous evolution is a question that we cannot answer; if there is, we can be quite sure of this, that the consciousness is only of a very dim and shadowy kind.

In the lowest forms of animal life all the sense-organs, which are so widely distinct in the higher animals, are represented by an unmodified cellular structure performing all the functions of the animal body, but performing them, of course, in a very imperfect manner. Each cell in such an organism will feel like a nerve-cell, will contract like a muscular cell, will respire like a lung cell, and will digest like a stomach cell. This is the case in the protozoa: they are little lumps of undifferentiated sarcode performing all the functions of life. As we advance in the animal kingdom we see this common structure differentiated, certain groups of cells become set apart as nutritive cells and others as nerve-cells. Now all the special sense-cells have been regarded by biologists as the result of the refinement of a common sensation, the sense of touch, and so we get cells specially modified for taste and smell and hearing and sight. Course vibrations are perceived by the nerves of common sensation as jarring. When the vibrations become more rapid, that is, to equal sixteen complete double vibrations a second, they are received by a more highly modified cell, and are perceived as sound. These vibrations are not felt by the nerves of common sensation, but the special nerve, the auditory, with a specially modified nerve aiding, is organised to respond to or co-vibrate with them. As these double vibrations increase



A.A – Sense organs in pits round the edge.



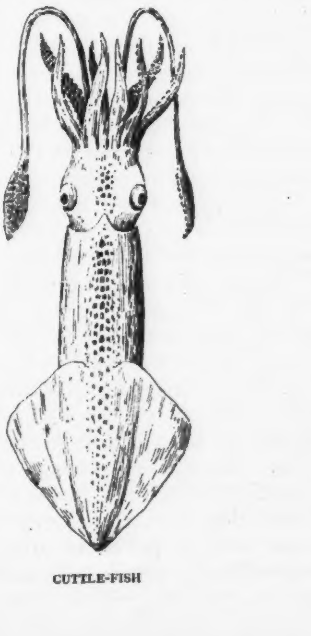
Pecten
eyes embedded in edge of mantle

in rapidity they are perceived as notes of a higher and higher pitch until they reach the number of about 40,000 a second. This is the last and highest note that our ears can perceive. Vibrations higher than this do not affect us; we cannot hear them; there is absolute silence. We have no nerve so organised as to co-vibrate with them, but, though they are inaudible to us, it is quite possible they may be perceived by other animals. There are certain insects, we have reason to believe, which can hear sounds which we cannot, just as there are some people who can hear musical notes of a higher pitch than others. After a long interval the vibrations again appear in consciousness as light. The vibrations which produce their highest sensation are so rapid as almost to defy imagination. They are said to equal 399,000,000,000,000 double vibrations a second. For the perception of these vibrations a very highly specialised organ is necessary, and is found in the eye. The number of vibrations just given falling upon the retina produce the sensation of a deep red colour, but as they become more and more rapid they are perceived in the order of the various colours of the rainbow until they reach 831,000,000,000,000, which is a dark blue. Beyond this we have no nerve capable of responding. That there are colours beyond the deepest red and the deepest blue that we have never seen, and are unknown to us, we can have no doubt. Bisulphide of carbon, for instance, which to us has all the appearance of clear water, has undoubtedly a very bright colour which is perceived by certain insects.

Eyes capable of receiving these vibrations are found in every stage of development, from the most rudimentary to the perfect. In the simplest cases they are known as eye-spots, and consist of an irritable cell containing pigment granules. In this rudimentary form the animals can merely distinguish light from darkness. It has been supposed that it is not light, but warmth they perceive. In all the cases in the lower animals in which specific nerve-endings cannot be made out we have probably only the forerunner of the eye, the animal being sensitive simply to changes of temperature. Many of the free swimming protozoa, such as Noctiluca, the little animals which make the sea phosphorescent, though they have no sense-organs as far as we know, yet become exceedingly excited when subjected to bright rays of light. But it is probably not the light which makes them so active and so excited, but the sensation of warmth.

The first distinct eye-spots we meet with are in the order Cœlenterata, and especially in the jelly-fish. Most of the jelly-fish are provided with sense-organs, they have hairs for touch and otoliths or auditory organs for sound, and pigment spots for sight. But, as a jelly-fish has no brain, highly developed eyes would be useless to it. How much they see it is difficult to conjecture; probably it is merely a consciousness of light. The eye-spots are arranged round the edge of the sub-umbrella and are all connected with a nerve ring and ganglia round the margin. Star-fish and sea-urchins, as far as we know, have no eyes at all.

When we advance from the jelly-fish and



CUTTLE-FISH

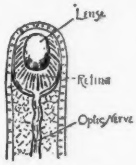
sea-urchins and star-fish to the sea-shells and land-shells and other molluscs, we meet with a variety of eyes, from simple eye spots in the jelly-fish to very complex eyes in the octopus. The simplest eyes are found in the solens and ostreas and pectens, the sword-shells and oysters and scallops. They consist of pigment spots placed along the two edges of the mantle, so as to receive the light when the shell gapes. They vary in number from 70 or 80 to 120. They possess a cornea, a lens, a choroid, and an optic nerve which is connected with a ganglion that performs the functions of and is a rudimentary brain. The development of these functional eyes in bivalve shells is due to their special needs, and they are most abundant in shells living between tide-marks. All these molluscs living in the sand between high and low tide are constantly exposed to their ever-watchful enemies the gulls. As they protrude their siphons, and often a considerable portion of their shells, out of their burrows, anything which would enable them to apprehend the approach of danger would be greatly to their advantage. The visual power of solen can be seen by any one walking along any of our sandy bays when the tide is out. If the day is bright and warm, numbers of them will be seen rising an inch or two out of their holes. If you wish to catch them, on no account must you allow your shadow to fall upon them, or in an instant they will pop down into their holes. Oysters and pectens, too, are very sensitive to light, for the shadow of a boat passing over them causes them suddenly to shut up. Molluscs living below low-water mark are not exposed to the dangers of littoral genera, and in their case the eyes are consequently not so much needed, and therefore not so developed. In garden snails and slugs the eyes are mostly two in number and are placed at the end of tentacles: they are most of them very short-sighted, or at most never see more than a few inches. The land-snails seldom emerge from their hiding-places till twilight or after dark, and so escape their enemies the blackbirds and the thrushes by feeding at night. In their case, being slow of foot, more highly developed eyes would be rather a pain than a protection, for to see your enemy and be powerless to escape would only add to the torture. To seek their food they use the sense of smell rather than the power of sight. The Rev. A. H. Cooke tells us in his most interesting book on "Molluscs," in the Cambridge Natural History Series, that he placed a bean-pod before a hungry snail enclosed in a narrow glass tube, and there it remained unnoticed by the snail, but when he took it out and placed it behind the snail it immediately turned and devoured it. The same writer also tells of a French naturalist who saw an empty bean-pod lying in the middle of a dusty road, and about two yards off he saw a hungry slug hurrying straight towards it. When the slug got quite close to the pod he picked it up and put it into his pocket. The slug immediately stopped and turned in every direction, waving its tentacles, but without advancing. He then carried the bean-pod to the other side of the road and put it out of sight in a hole behind a stone; after a moment's indecision the slug started off straight for the bean. Amongst the octopuses the power of sight and intelligence, if we may trust Miss Power's story, seems very highly developed. She saw an octopus watching a pinna till it opened its valves; then the octopus immediately inserted a stone, thus preventing it closing its valves. That octopus was worthy of its meal.

It is, however, amongst the insects of all the invertebrates that we meet with the most highly developed brain, and amongst them we find the most complex organs of vision. Indeed they are perhaps supreme in this respect to all other classes of animals. They have two kinds of eyes, simple and compound. The simple eyes, or ocelli, vary in number from one or two to as many as eighteen or twenty, and are situated in groups on each side of the head. In their most perfect form they are found in the Hymenoptera, the bees and wasps, and Orthoptera, cockroaches and grasshoppers, and Diptera, flies.

The ocelli, or simple eyes, present the appearance of small, perfectly transparent lenses, inserted in the skin, but the compound or faceted eyes are the most remarkable of all. In the higher and more active insects, such as the dragon-flies and hovering diptera, they attain a complexity and delicacy of organisation that elicit the highest admiration from every one who studies them. The eyes consist of many facets, increasing in number with the size of the insect rather than with the power of vision. There is a small beetle which Lord Avebury says has as many as 25,000 facets. In these compound eyes each facet is a complete eye in itself, but as the eyes are immovable and the head almost immovably attached to the body, and as it is impossible for the insect to see all round it with one facet, they are increased to a great number and set in a half circle, thus enabling the range of vision on each side of the head to equal an angle of between 80° and 90°. The structure of each facet is the same, and consists of an outer corneal lense which is seen on the surface, and which focuses the rays of light; beneath this is a crystalline rod resting on a rodlike object. The rod is imbedded in what is called "retinal pigment," into which pass from beneath a very complex network of nerve-fibres.

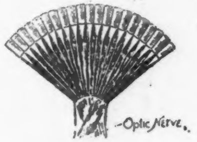
Insects which undergo a complete metamorphosis in arriving at their full development have, as a rule, no compound eyes in their larval state, but only simple eyes or ocelli.

It seems clear that the image produced by the ocelli must be altogether different from that given by the compound eye, and we may, therefore, reasonably conclude that the two organs have distinct functions.

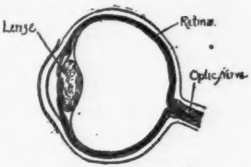


Eye of Garden Snail on protruded tentacle

As regards the vision of compound eyes, there are two theories. There is, first of all, what has been called the "mosaic theory." According to this interpretation, each facet receives the impression from one pencil of light, so that the image formed by the compound eye is a mosaic. The other theory supposes that each facet acts as a separate eye. The former is the prevailing view, for it is difficult to conceive how 20,000 images can be combined into one picture. These eyes have often no lens, and, therefore, there can be no image. The only use these lensless eyes seem to have is to distinguish degrees of light and shade. As to the mosaic theory, it would seem that an insect with but few facets would have a poorer range of vision than one with many. Again, while the image produced by the ocellus must, of course, be reversed, as in our own eyes, in the compound eyes, on the contrary, the vision on this theory would be erect. That the same animal should see some things directly and others reversed, and yet obtain definite conceptions, is certainly very remarkable. As Lord Avebury says, if the male ant sees a thousand queens at once when only one is present, it would seem a somewhat bewildering privilege. But while it is difficult to understand how insects see, it is quite clear that they do see, and see remarkably well, as any one who has tried to catch springtails in a pond knows. There is little doubt that they have the power of distinguishing colour and have their favourite ones. That their sense of colour is very different from ours there can be little doubt, for though the limit of vision at the red end of the spectrum corresponds approximately to ours, it is not so at the blue end. Many insects seem to be very sensitive to ultra violet rays which our eyes are incapable of seeing, and then must make themselves apparent as distinct colours, of which we can form no idea, but as unlike the rest as red is from green or yellow from blue. It would be very interesting to know whether sunlight, which appears to us as a pure white light, has the same appearance to the insect world, or whether the addition of the extra ultra-violet rays makes any change. If we can argue from analogy, it certainly would; and if that is the case, the whole aspect of nature would be changed.



Compound Eye of insect



Human Eye

In the limits of this short paper I have only been able to touch upon the eyes and sight of a few invertebrate animals, but they show us very clearly how wonderfully adapted to the needs of each animal are the eyes which they possess both to obtain their food and escape their foes. This adaptation is still more marvellous amongst vertebrata or animals with back-bones, amongst the fishes of the sea, and the birds of the air who feed by day, and the birds who hunt at night, in the cat and the dog and the horse, and in the last and highest creature—in the specially organised binocular vision of man.

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL

By the Hon. the Very Rev. JAMES WENTWORTH LEIGH, D.D.,
Dean of Hereford

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDLEY FITTON

SECOND PAPER

ONE of the finest of the episcopal monuments is that of Bishop Aquablanca, situated between the north choir aisle and the north transept. The effigy was formerly elaborately coloured. Slender Purbeck shafts support a rich and sharply pointed canopy. It is of the same period as the north transept (thirteenth century), and probably was designed under the superintendence of the Bishop and executed by Italian workmen. Peter de Aquablanca was one of those most hated foreigners forced on the clergy by the King. He was a Savoyard of low origin, ignorant of the language, and proved himself to be a turbulent, ambitious, and mercenary man. In 1263 he, with other foreign monks and prelates, was expelled from England, but soon after returned. On one occasion, Henry III., coming to dispose the garrisons in the Marches of Wales, found in the church of Hereford neither bishop, dean, vicar, nor other officer to discharge the spiritual functions, and the church in a state of ruin and decay. Whereupon he commanded the Bishop "forthwith to repair to his church; and that if he did not do so he would take into his hands all the temporal goods belonging to the barony of the same, which his progenitors gave and bestowed for spiritual exercise therein with a godly devotion." It appears that this remonstrance made the Bishop return to his see; for Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, afterwards seized the prelate in his Cathedral, took from him all his goods, and imprisoned him at Eardisley Castle, where he died a miserable leper. It is said, with what truth I know not, that he was the bishop who was stopped and robbed in Sherwood Forest by the famous Robin Hood.

Close by, in the north transept, is the monument which once contained the shrine of Bishop Thomas de Cantilupe, the rival in saintly honours and post-mortem miraculous bestowing gifts of St. Ethelbert. He was a son of William Lord Cantilupe and Millicent Countess of Essex. His life, as written by his biographer, is full of romance and exaggerated saintliness. From childhood to death he is represented as all perfection and given up to acts of piety; yet he was able to fill a number of secular duties and to be a pluralist of the first grade, for he held the varied offices of Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Chancellor of England, Bishop of Hereford; he held canonries at York, Lichfield, London, Hereford, and was Archdeacon of Coventry and of Stafford. He appears to have been mixed up with not a few political intrigues, for it was when engaged in one of these that, returning from Rome, he was seized with a serious illness, and died in August 1282. His body was separated into three parts: the flesh deposited in a church at Florence, the heart inurned at Ashridge, Bucks, and the bones conveyed to and deposited in Hereford. The fame of the miracles performed at the shrine soon eclipsed the fame of St. Ethelbert, and devotees from all parts were attracted. Healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, and even reanimating the dead were among the wonders performed.

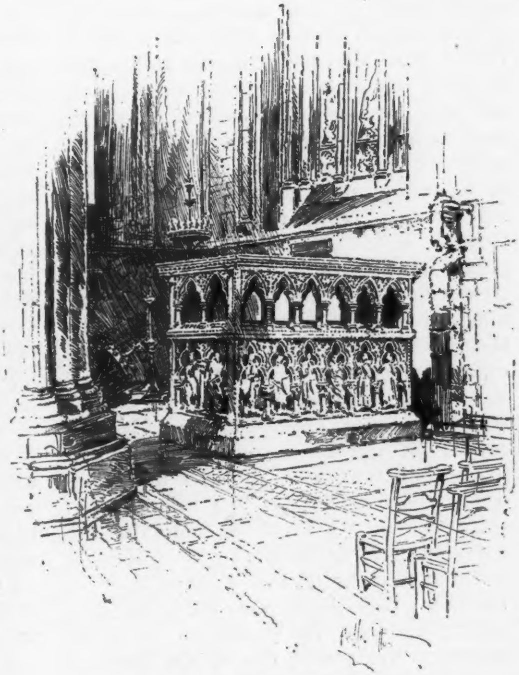
Twenty-five years after his decease a commission was appointed, at the instance of his great friend and secretary Swinfield, to inquire into the alleged miracles; and he was canonised by Pope John XXII., and is the last English saint in the calendar of the Church. The ancient chronicle by Matthew of Westminster makes the number of the miracles wrought through the intercession of this saint to be 163.

He was succeeded in the see by his friend Richard Swinfield. The household roll of this bishop for the year 1289 is preserved at Stamford Court, and has been published by the Camden Society; it is interesting as illustrating the manners and customs and expenditure of that age. His monument is in the north-east transept, over which is a defaced representation of the Crucifixion.

There are but two complete chantries left untouched, both charming specimens of florid Gothic, and in style of beauty similar to the chapels of Henry VII., of King's College, and of Windsor, although mere miniatures of these exquisite works. One is that of Bishop Audley, on the south side of the Ladye Chapel. Audley was translated to Salisbury, where he built another chantry, in which he was buried in 1594. The Audley Chapel forms five sides of an octagon, and consists of an upper and lower storey. The upper storey is lighted by five windows under obtuse arches. The lower storey is lighted by three windows. The interior is separated from the Ladye Chapel by a stone screen of exquisite workmanship, with curious frescoes in the panels.

The chapel of Bishop Stanbury is equally elaborate in its decorative features, and, to my mind, is one of the gems of the Cathedral. This bishop was a native of Cornwall, the most distinguished Carmelite friar of his time at Oxford. He was confessor to Henry VI. by whom he was made the first Provost of Eton College. He was a learned and eloquent scholar and a faithful adviser of his sovereign. He was taken prisoner with the king after the battle of Northampton, 1460, and suffered a long imprisonment at Warwick Castle. On his release he returned to the home of the Carmelites at Ludlow, where he died, 1474. He was buried on the north side of the high altar under a magnificent alabaster tomb. He gave a piece out of the palace grounds for the building of the picturesque college for the vicars choral which is situated south-east of the Cathedral.

In 1645 Hereford had to endure the evils of a long siege and the usual misfortunes resulting therefrom, for the Scots, under Lord Leven, erected numerous batteries and began to fire upon it from the south side of the river, doing much damage to the Cathedral, palace, and chapter-house, the latter of which, a noble and elegant structure, was almost entirely destroyed. Having reduced the besieged to great straits, a summons was sent to Sir Barnabas Scudamore desiring him to surrender the place, but he sent answer: "That the command of the city was entrusted to him by the king and to him alone would he deliver it up." Being baffled in their designs to take it by storm, the Scots resolved to change the siege into a blockade, and here again they were unsuccessful; but what the force of the whole army could not accomplish, the skill and ingenuity of Colonel Birch effected by stratagem, and the garrison being taken by surprise, the castle and city were occupied by the Parliamentary army. The Cathedral, as well as many other places in the city, was much injured, the monuments defaced, and nearly two hundred curious old brass plates torn away from the stone slabs and sold for old metal. The Dean at this time was Herbert Croft, who afterwards became Bishop; he was taken prisoner, but was allowed to preach in the Cathedral, and being a fearless man, hesitated not to reprove the conduct of the Parliament and their army from the pulpit; so that on one occasion he irritated the soldiers so much, by showing them the heinous nature



THE CANTILUPE SHRINE, NORTH TRANSEPT

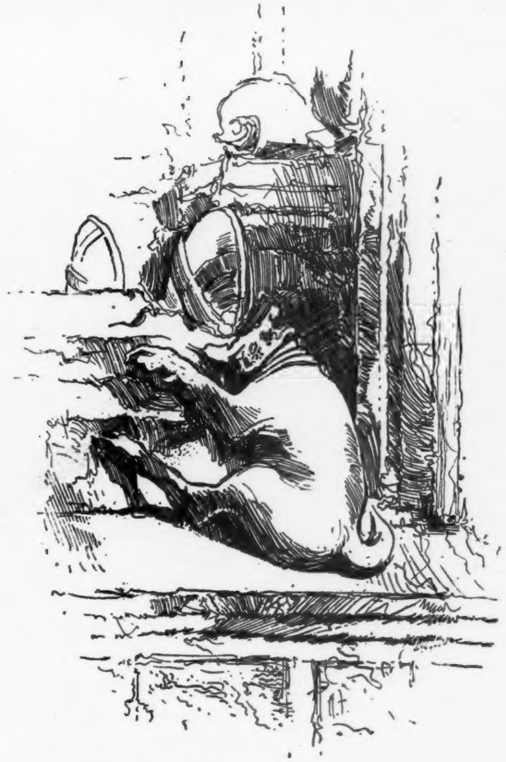
of rebellion and sacrilege, that they levelled their muskets at him in the pulpit, and were with great difficulty restrained by Colonel Birch from firing.

In the south-east transept are to be seen two flat memorial stones, side by side—one to the memory of Bishop Croft, the other to that of Dean Benson, who both died the same year. Two clasped hands unite the slabs, and an inscription (a testimony of their life-long friendship) reads as follows: "In vitâ conjuncti, Morte non divisi." Dr. Croft belonged to the ancient and noble family of Croft Castle in this county, the head of which was Sir William Croft, an energetic loyalist, who fell in an unsuccessful attempt to recover Stokesay Castle, a short time before the battle of Naseby; and the family is still represented by Sir Herbert Croft, Bart., of Lugwardine.

It was during the episcopacy of Dr. Herbert Croft that an edict went forth to suppress the Jesuit College at Cwm in the neighbourhood, and to destroy the large library of books belonging to the College. Bishop Croft, however, managed to rescue some two hundred of these volumes, which are now to be seen in the Cathedral library, and which consist chiefly of small manuals of devotion printed abroad and in the Latin tongue. Bishop Bisse, who was advanced to the see in 1713, was a man of great munificence, but, with the best of intentions, seems to have been unfortunately destitute of all sense of architectural fitness; so that although he spent large sums on the Cathedral (erecting amongst other things a ponderous, Grecian, stately altar-screen, thereby completely shutting out the Ladye Chapel with its vestibule from the choir, and building up a hideous structure intended to support the fabric of the central tower, but which served only to weaken it by lateral pressure), it was found necessary later on to remove all his so-called improvements. He also carried out large and costly alterations in the palace, but employed in the work the stones of the much injured, but not half-destroyed chapter-house, for which we naturally owe him a grudge. It was during his episcopate that the meeting of the Three Choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester first took place, and the promotion of these gatherings was greatly due to the exertions of the bishop's brother, Dr. Thomas Bisse, Chancellor of the church, well known as a reverent lover of Church music. The meetings, however, were not connected with any definite purpose of charity until 1724, when a collection was made at Gloucester for the education and maintenance of orphans of poor clergymen belonging to the three dioceses, which the following year included relief of clergymen's widows. Professional performers seem to have been engaged in 1733, and for several years the performances were conducted by Dr. Boyce. Of late great pains have been taken to remove any objectionable features in the performances, which had been criticised not without some cause. Last year (1900) the 177th meeting was held at Hereford, with more than usual success.

The celebrated "Mappa Mundi" (preserved in the south aisle of the choir) deserves more than a passing notice, as fresh interest has been imparted to mediæval geography by the publication of Dr. Conrad Miller's great work entitled "Die ältesten weltkarten" (Stutgard). In it is described not only the Hereford map, but amongst others the Ebstorp map, from a place near Hanover, where it was discovered in 1833. Up to recent years we had boasted of our map as the most ancient one of its size known, but now it seems that it will have to give way to the Ebstorp, which is larger, more highly coloured, and of the same age. There is a good deal of resemblance between the two, and Dr. Miller infers that they are both descended from a common ancestor no longer existing, but which he supposes to have been executed at the commencement of the eleventh century, or about 200 years earlier than the two existing maps. During this interval other smaller maps were drawn, which show affinities to these two—viz., the map of Henry of Mainz, preserved in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and the smaller Psalter map, preserved in the British Museum. The conclusion of Dr. Miller's investigations is to show that such maps as this at Hereford owe their distinctive character not, as has been generally supposed, to the fancies of ecclesiastical writers of the Middle Ages, but to the maps of the Roman Empire, and probably to the one drawn up by Agrippa at the command of the Emperor Augustus. Those who wish for further information on the subject may find it in an article entitled "New Light on some Mediæval Maps," by Mr. Raymond

Beazley in the *Geographical Journal* of February 1900. These maps are monuments at once of great artistic skill and of erroneous notions about geography prevalent in those days. In the account of the wonderful Munchausen tales relating to marvels seen by Sir John Maundeville in all countries, he tells us that "after thirty-four years of wandering and exile he returned to England, taking Rome in his way home, in order to get the Pope's imprimatur to his book," for which he naïvely gives as reason: "And forasmuch as many men believe not that they see with their eyes, or that they may conceive and know in their mind, therefore I made my way to Rome in my coming homeward, to show my book to the Holy Father the Pope, and tell him of the marvails I had seen in diverse countries, so that he with his wise council would examine it . . . and a little time after, when he and his council had examined it all through, he said he had a book of Latin containing all that and much more, of the which 'Mappa Mundi' is made, the which book I saw, and therefore the Pope ratified and confirmed my book in all points." If this statement is true, it is probable that the book of Latin may have been Pliny, Solinus, or some other equally veracious writer. It is not certain which "Mappa Mundi" is referred to, but "Maundeville's Marvails" must have been published about 1356, and the map at Hereford designed by Richard de Haldingham, Prebendary of Hereford, 1300.

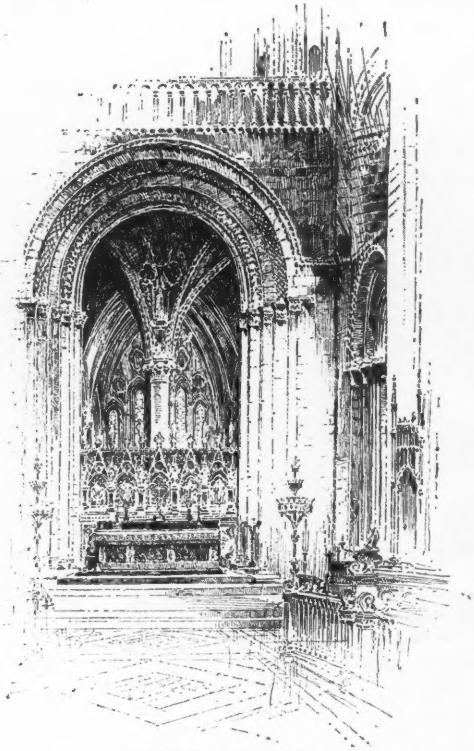


CARVING ON BISHOP MAYHEW'S TOMB

An excellent account of this map has been published by Archdeacon Bevan of Hay, and the late Canon Phillott of Hereford.

The Cathedral library is well worth a visit, containing as it does a greater number of chained volumes than is to be found in any other collection of the kind. The building is quite modern, having been opened by the present Archbishop of Canterbury in 1897. It consists of three bays or cloisters (built on the site of the old western cloister) with a chamber above for the old volumes: the lower part, together with four bays restored of the old south walk, being used for a recently-formed library and place of meeting for the clergy and laymen of the diocese. The old library is supposed to have been formerly on this same site. On the west cloister being pulled down in the sixteenth century the books were stored in what is now known as the Ladye Chapel; then they were, in 1842, transferred for a time to a room in the Vicars' College, and thence, in 1856, to an old archive chamber above the aisle of the north transept, so that until recently few persons were aware of this interesting and valuable collection. Originally there were about 2000 volumes, all chained; now there are 200 MSS., in the original bookcases, with chains attached, besides many other of the valuable works chained in a similar manner.

In early days in churches and monasteries books were kept in chests in well-secured



CHOIR AND LADYE CHAPEL

chambers; but as bishops and other ecclesiastics from time to time bequeathed books to their church, it became necessary about the fourteenth century to provide a special place for their reception. It is said that our last Saxon bishop bequeathed the ancient copy of the Gospels, which is supposed to be at least 1000 years old, and has coloured initial letters with the runic knot, and interlaced animals interwoven with wondrous intricacy and perfection of execution, similar to the remarkable MSS. found in the Durham Gospels and the Book of Kells. It is curious that in no example of pure Irish illumination is any foliage found.

Bishop Ffolliott (A.D. 1186) gave "multa bona in terris et libris"; Bishop Hugh Ffolliott left "several ornaments and books"; Bishop Charleton left, among other books, "A Bible, Concordance, Glossary, Lira, and five Books of Moses, which he appointed to be chained in the Cathedral" (1340). Bishop Booth and Dean Frowcester left many fine volumes (*circa* 1516–35), and Bishop Scorie in 1559 left all his books, chiefly works of the Fathers.

Among the many valuable MSS. and old printed volumes may be mentioned a beautiful MS. in splendid preservation, written upon stout vellum by a French hand about the twelfth century, with a spirited composition, in which the Saviour is represented sitting, supported by angels. Immediately below appears the figure of an ecclesiastic habited in canonicals. On either side is a cherubim with six wings. At the foot are figures of two priests looking upward in an attitude of adoration. This drawing is of the same school as the Psalter at the British Museum, known as Queen Mary's Psalter. There is a copy of the celebrated "Hereford Use" of the thirteenth century, the Kalendar containing the obits celebrated in the Church of Hereford. The first two pages, the Kalendar and the Instructions in Music, are particularly worthy of notice. And we must not overlook Wycliffe's Bible, written 1420, presented by Bishop Bennet (a very fine copy); a copy of the "Bangor Use," written about 1400, with a curious charm for the toothache inserted in the middle of the Book; and the "Decreta Gratiani," one of the largest and finest volumes in the library, with numerous initials executed with great skill, and several pages entirely covered with very rich colouring—written *circa* twelfth century—and many other richly illuminated MSS. of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Of "Incunabula," or fifteenth century printed books, there are many good examples, *e.g.*, "Nonius Marcellus" (1476), printed at Venice by the unrivalled Nicolas Jensen; the "Nuremberg Chronicle," of which there are two copies (printed 1493), with 2000 wood-cuts; "Zabarda super Clementinis," with a remarkable ink drawing of the Crucifixion, with figures of St. John and the Holy Mother standing on either side: this is pasted on the cover at the end of the book, and evidently is a work of the thirteenth century.

A Latin Bible and Commentary, five volumes folio, by Nicholas de Lyra (1485), is cased in an old cover of oak, with richly stamped leather, and brass studs and old clasps. With reference to this book there was an old saying: "Si Lyra non lyrasset, Luther non saltasset."

We may complete the record with a reference to the following volumes:

"Polycronycon," by Ralph Higden, with additions by Caxton (1495), a very rare edition, printed by John Francis, of Southwark. There is a fine woodcut on the title-page of St. George and the Dragon.

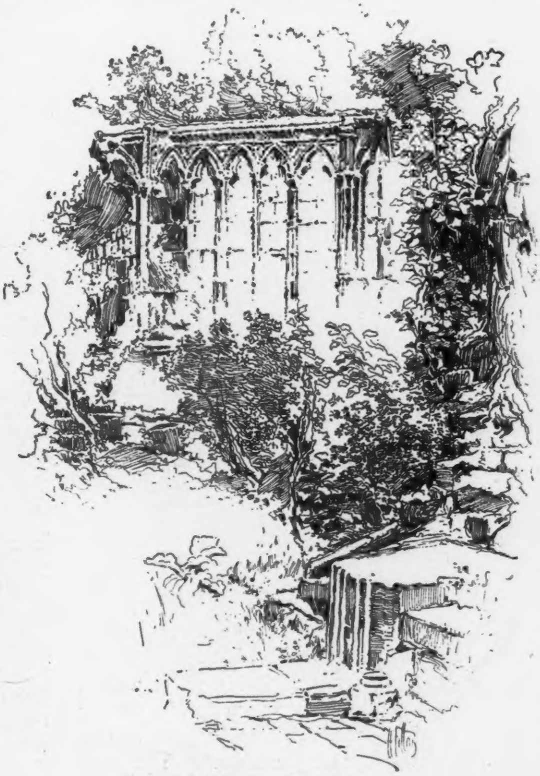
"Breydenbachii Peregrinatio ad Hierosolymam et Sepulchrum Dominicum" (1490), printed at Spires: a perfect copy, with maps of Jerusalem, Venice, &c., and a very elaborately executed book-plate.

"The Golden Legend," printed by Caxton, first edition (1483): in splendid condition; the original binding, metal work and chain; perhaps the most valuable work in the whole collection.

A most curious specimen of ancient art is in one of the cases in the library, viz., an ancient chasse or reliquary, representing the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury; on the lower part the murder; on the upper part the entombment of the Saint. The reliquary consists of oak, covered with copper plates, overlaid with Limoges enamel. Those parts of the copper plates which are not enamelled (viz., the figures and some of the circles, &c.) are gilded, while the colours used in enamelling are blue, light blue, green, yellow, red, chocolate, and white.

In the same case is also to be seen a perfect specimen of a pre-Reformation chalice and paten, which was taken from the stone coffin of Richard de Swinfield, who died 1316. Facsimiles of this chalice and paten have been manufactured by Messrs. Pratt, of London.

Returning by way of the south cloister, I would draw attention to two early Norman or Saxon windows, which were evidently lights from an ancient chapel that stood between the cloister and the bishop's palace. There were two chapels here, built and roofed with stone, one over the other. The upper part was dedicated to St. Magdalen, the lower to St. Catherine. Both these were pulled down, with much trouble, at some expense by Bishop Egerton, for what reason it would be difficult to say. The same fate befell the ancient chapter-house, the few remains of which are to be seen at the south-east corner of the east cloister. This building, in 1645, was a perfect gem of architecture, by all accounts and by the few sculptured fragments that remain. During the gallant defence of Sir Barnabas Scudamore against the rebellious troops much damage was caused by the cannon of the latter. The lead of the roof was taken by the Royalists for their barracks at Castle Green. A good deal of the material was afterwards carted away by one of the bishops to assist in repairing the adjoining palace. All that now remains of this once beautiful structure is three niches, with curiously carved spandrels of one of the nine arches, which, together with the entrance, formed the decagonal chamber and a portion of the lofty vestibule and entrance. This consists of a pointed arch, having clustered shafts on the sides with foliated capitals. In the centre is a slender pillar or mullion, dividing the archway into two smaller openings, beautifully cusped with carvings in spandrels representing an angel with censer, a mitred bishop, a nun with cross



RUINS OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE

in hand, and another figure supposed to represent Purity. Above is the tympanum, richly moulded and finished with pinnacles at the side and crockets up the gables.

It is much to be desired that a structure so elegant, and withal so necessary an appendage to a cathedral, may yet be restored to something of its original beauty. Although upwards of two centuries and a half have passed away since it first began to fall into decay, we do not yet despair of seeing the restoration accomplished.

Retracing our steps through the Cathedral, it will be well to take a parting look eastward from the centre of the nave on the way to the north exit. The eye will travel from the massive Norman pillars of the nave, with their finely decorated arches, past the carved oak Jacobite pulpit, and will naturally rest on the metallic screen, designed by Scott and executed by Skidmore of Coventry, perhaps the finest and most complete work of its class produced in modern times, and not, indeed, to be surpassed even by ancient metal work extant, at least, on so large a scale. It will bear minute inspection. Sufficient now to state that in the construction of it five tons of iron were used in the solid work, about three tons in grilles, spandrels, &c.; that the brass and copper used in ornamentation of columns, capitals, cornice, &c., exceeded 4500 lbs., and the various coloured mosaics are composed of more than 50,000 pieces of marble, ironstone, &c. Lichfield has a somewhat similar screen, although not so massive or elaborate. Another great work of Skidmore's is to be seen in the canopy over the Albert statue in Hyde Park. Through the arches of the screen may be seen the matchless choir, with its handsome Norman arch at the east end, opened by Dean Mereweather, with the elaborately carved reredos erected across the lower part of the arch, at the back of which is a single pillar supporting the vaulted roof of a section of the ambulatory, on the spandrel of which is a carved representation of the Virgin Mary and St. Ethelbert. On this pillar and capital is to be seen, at certain times in the day, a remarkable effect of light and shade, producing what may be called "the shadow of the Cross." Beyond the reredos and pillars we get a distant glimpse of the lancet windows of the Ladye Chapel, and the general effect of the different distances is very pleasing to the eye.

With this last impression one leaves the ancient edifice, a cathedral which, if not so magnificent as some others, is yet one of the most ancient and interesting among these grand monuments of the faith of past ages, and of the genius of the old master builders.

SUNDAY READINGS IN ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES

By the Rev. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

FIRST SUNDAY

THINGS UNSPEAKABLE—I.

"Groanings which cannot be uttered."—Rom. vii. 26

"Unspeakable words."—2 Cor. xii. 4 *

"His unspeakable gift."—2 Cor. ix. 15

SO, then, there are some things which can never be told, sacred things which words do but profane, things great and high which speech cannot attain unto, thoughts that do lie too deep for words—things "unspeakable." Yet how marvellous is the power of speech! Once but a rude and clumsy tool, equal only to the simplest tasks, language has become a finished instrument, perfected by the ages, capable of the finest and most delicate workmanship. In the hands of a master—a Shakespeare or a Milton, a Newman or a Ruskin—what miracles of skill and beauty it can work! Nevertheless, there are tasks which are beyond even it—scenes which pen can never paint, moods of the soul which words can never catch, deep things of the spirit of a man which tongue can never tell—things "unspeakable." And in the words which I have quoted above St. Paul reminds us that these may have their place in the religious life. The first two clauses speak of spiritual experiences which "cannot be uttered," the last of spiritual truths which language can never adequately express. Let us consider each of these in turn.

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* Cf. 1 Pet. i. 8. "Joy unspeakable."

"It is one of the signs of the true connoisseur," says James Smetham, "not to talk much in the presence of pictures. The gabble and fribble, the shallow exclamations of delight, and the presumptuous, hasty censure of the R.A. crowd, who come more to be seen than to see, mark out the persons to whom pictures are like bracelets and bugles more than like Sibylline books." We do not envy, we scarce can understand, those who never feel that they must be still, that only silence can say all that is passing through their souls. Only on one condition is it possible for us always to say all we feel, and that is, that we feel very little. Life is rich, it might almost be said, in proportion to the number of its "unspeakable" spiritual experiences; and there are none so utterly poor as they to whom these never come. But if art or nature has power to awaken emotions like these, must it not be that in religion also silence is sometimes the soul's true and only refuge?

This is one side of a truth which is not by some of us emphasised as is its opposite. In the Methodist Church, *e.g.*—the Church to which the present writer belongs—the duty of Christian testimony has always received a foremost place. From the days of John Wesley until now, in our class meetings, our band meetings, and our love feasts, our members have been encouraged to speak openly of God's dealings with them. How much as a Church we owe to this it is beyond all human power to calculate, and it can only be at the peril of losing much that is most characteristic of our Church's life that we suffer this ancient practice to die through disuse. Nevertheless, there is another side to the truth, and we ought not to be so wedded to our own way of looking at things as to forget it. I say nothing just now of the danger of prematurely forcing religious experience; that is obvious to all. What is not so obvious, what indeed many persistently refuse to remember, is that for some the deepest things of religion become literally "unspeakable" just in proportion as they become real. One of the words which Paul uses above means that which is unspeakable by reason of its sacredness, which lightly to reveal were an act of profanation. Can we not understand how it may be possible for a like feeling sometimes to keep a man silent concerning religion? We do not usually think well of one who will take any chance acquaintance into his confidence, and reveal to him the innermost secrets of his life, making a comman highway through the very holy of holies of his soul.

> Not easily forgiven
> Are those, who, setting wide the doors that bar
> The secret bridal chambers of the heart,
> Let in the day.

And there have been those, like Robertson of Brighton, in whose strong, pure souls no coward's fear could find a place, who yet could speak but little of the soul's fellowship with its Saviour, because to them it seemed a thing as sacred, as "unspeakable," as the sanctities of holy wedded life.

Therefore let those of us to whom the utterance of our religious experience comes as an easy and a joyous thing take heed how we judge those to whom it is always hard and sometimes impossible. Their lips may be locked by the very gladness which opens ours. And, on the other hand, let those of us who always seek refuge in silence take heed lest we misjudge our silence. There is a silence which comes of fulness, from having so much to say; there is also a silence which comes of emptiness, from having nothing to say. We may deceive each other; we may deceive ourselves; we cannot deceive God. He knows the silence which is only the silence of the empty heart or the coward lips; He knows, too, the silence of the heart too full for words. And just as they who love "dumb things all" can read the mute appeal in large eyes of pain; just as every mother can understand the broken speech of her child struggling with thoughts too big for his tiny utterance, so does God hear and interpret those "groanings which cannot be uttered," which are the cry of His own Spirit in the soul of man, making intercession for us.

SECOND SUNDAY

THINGS UNSPEAKABLE—II.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."
—2 Cor. ix. 15

THE "gift" of which the Apostle speaks is "the whole wonderful and inexpressibly blissful work of redemption"; and it is an "unspeakable gift" because (the word here used is different from either of those referred to in the previous chapter) no words can ever set out before us the wealth and variety of its infinite significance. So that there are not only spiritual experiences which are "unspeakable," but spiritual truths which equally transcend the language of all our creeds and formularies. If only men had always remembered this, what dust and chaff, ay, what tears and blood, of theological controversy we might have been spared! All the greatest truths of religion are "unspeakable" once they are real to us.

God—what is He? How shall we define Him? If we know Him, we cannot. "God," says the Catechism, "is an eternal Spirit, infinite and unchangeable in His nature and attributes, who alone exists of Himself." In its own place and for its own purpose that may serve well enough, but that is not God. Ask some old saint who has leaned his weariness these many years against God's breast, and will presently fall asleep there, like a little tired child—ask him what God is. He will not give you the Catechism's answer.

> **Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,**
> **My Prophet, Priest, and King;**
> **My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End.**

He wants every great and tender word which life and love have taught him, and when he has them all he still has not enough.

There was a book published in the eighteenth century with this astonishing title, "The Existence of God Mathematically Demonstrated." Religion in those days had come to be regarded as something to be "proved"; what was to be done with it when it was proved no one seemed quite to understand. And so they went on "mathematically demonstrating" the existence of God. But turn to the Bible; there are no demonstrations of the existence of God here, mathematical or otherwise, no definitions of Him, even; yet open the Book where you will, "closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet"—here, everywhere, but "unspeakable."

Inspiration—what is it? The Catechism may tell you; the candidate for the ministry will have his answer ready. I had one myself once; but as my eyes were slowly opened to behold the wonder of the inspired Book, somehow, somewhere, I lost my definition. How could my tiny cup contain that great ocean? It was my good fortune to sit for two years at the feet of a theological professor who rarely spoke of inspiration, who always refused to define it, but who did that which was better than either, who helped his students to realise it. What is it? It is a haunting mystery, a brooding presence, an all-pervading Divine Spirit. I feel it, I am sure of it, but when I long to grasp it and put it into words, and cabin it within the four walls of my definition, it eludes and mocks me; it is "unspeakable."

Christ—who is He? By what name shall we name Him? What definition can tell us the whole truth concerning Him? He is Man, "born of the Virgin Mary," bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, made in all things like unto His brethren. Yet is He more than man, greater than any that are born of woman. Nay, if He be not higher than the highest, He is no longer even among the highest. On His head are many crowns, but if we take away the crown of Deity He wears no more the crown of highest manhood. "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ; Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father." All this we do most surely believe: Christ is Man, Christ is God. But where is the formula big enough for the facts? Who can unite the twofold truth in one intelligent, self-consistent whole? Who can state the great mystery in terms no logic can assail? We are baffled, helpless; we are come again to the unspeakable things of faith.

What, then, is the issue of all this? That all our theological discussions are idle as the chattering of sparrows, that we had better disestablish our theological chairs and send our theological text-books to the paper-mill? Not at all; man's intellect demands a theology just as it demands an astronomy. What is astronomy? Our knowledge of the stars systematised. What is theology? Our knowledge of God systematised. And shall we systematise our knowledge of the stars and not also our knowledge of Him who made the stars? But now observe the difference: we may get all the stars and all about the stars into our astronomy, and so our definitions may be as wide as the facts. But we cannot treat God as if He were a star. Religion is always greater than theology, God is always greater than our explanations of Him. And it is because so often men have forgotten this that hence have come jealousies and suspicions, heart-burnings and strife. Why will we set so much store by this or that poor effort to say what, after all, words can never say? Another, it may be, holds the truth which I hold, but this that says it for me does not say it for him. What then? Let him speak in his own language; they know all languages up yonder. "On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round."

Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!

THIRD SUNDAY

INTERCESSION

"We pray always for you. . . . Brethren, pray for us."—2 Thess. i. 11; iii. 1

THIS double note is heard through all St. Paul's epistles. He prays for others; he entreats others to pray for him. "Making mention of you in my prayers"—this is the apostolic token in almost every epistle. The care of all the churches was upon Paul daily, and daily he carried his care to God. Brethren in Asia Minor, brethren in Philippi, in Thessalonica and in Corinth, brethren in far-off Rome—he remembered them all when he knelt to pray. Nor was it only for churches that he prayed; he named men and women by name before God. "Making mention of thee in my prayers," he writes to Philemon; and to Timothy, "I thank God how unceasing is my remembrance of thee in my supplications." And a man who prayed thus for his friends could not but desire the prayer of his friends for himself. There is, indeed, an almost pathetic eagerness in the oft-recurring entreaty, "Brethren, pray for us." "Brethren, pray for us." Was it that the Apostle thought of his own salvation as in one sense owing to the prayer of another? It may not be possible to determine with exactness the indebtedness of Paul to Stephen; but that the dying martyr's prayer, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," shook to its very centre the confident Pharisaism of the youthful Saul of Tarsus, it seems impossible to doubt. Perhaps St. Augustine scarcely goes too far when he says that the Church owes Paul to the prayer of Stephen.

> Si Stephanus non orasset
> Ecclesia Paulum non haberet.

"Who rises from prayer a better man," says Sir Austin Feverel, "his prayer is answered"; and the saying well deserves a place among the subtly pointed and profoundly religious aphorisms which have delighted and edified the readers of "The Pilgrim's Scrip." Every true prayer re-acts on him who prays; it exalts him, it purifies him, it makes him there and then a better man. And this is as true of some of the prayers which we offer for others as of those which we offer for ourselves. It was one of William Law's axioms that "intercessory prayer is an infallible means of renewing and cleansing and sweetening the heart." "You cannot possibly," he argues, "despise and ridicule that man whom your private prayers recommend to the love and favour of God"; and if we do honestly desire to "put away all these: anger, wrath, malice, railing, shameful speaking out of your mouth," there is no more effective method of doing it than by being importunate and particular in intercessory prayer.

But now we must take care to guard ourselves against wholly unscriptural limitations of prayer. Prayer is more than communion, and the benefits of prayer are more than its reflex influence, blessed as that may be, on those who pray. "The man who prays," it has been said, "is not so much a suppliant to God as a sympathiser with Him. He does not beg at the gate; he adores at the throne." Of course there is truth in this; but if it be held as the whole truth, intercessory prayer is withered to its root, for the very life of such prayer is our belief that God will hear and answer us. Further, the truth suggested by the words I have quoted, important as it is, is not, as a matter of fact, the truth which at the present moment most requires emphasis, for there are few Christians to-day who have any need to be warned against expecting too much in answer to their prayers.

That there is a great mystery in intercession cannot be denied. "The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working." We may be able to understand how this should be when the suppliant is pleading for himself, and his whole being fervently desires the thing he asks; it is not so easy when the prayer is for another, and that other, it may be, himself prayerless, indifferent, or even hostile. Nevertheless, the testimony both of Scripture and of experience is unmistakable. The power for good of a good man's prayer in the life of others is one of the great assumptions of the New Testament writers. It was not with them a matter for logical demonstration; it sprang out of, it was the necessary corollary of, everything which they had learned concerning God, and it was verified for them in a thousand experiences of daily life. And have we not also the witness within ourselves? Who is there among us whose life has not been visited and watered and greatly enriched by the prayers of others? In hours of weakness and of peril ministering angels have been sent forth to minister to us; we have been upheld by unseen hands; we have had meat given us to eat that we knew not of.

Therefore, let us learn to pray for one another more. Let parents pray for their children and their households, that the wise example and the tender precept may bear fruit. Let congregations pray for their ministers, that utterance may be given unto them to make known with boldness the mystery of the Gospel, that in it they may speak boldly, as they ought to speak. Let ministers pray for their congregations, remembering that they who speak much with men about God have need first to speak much with God about men. Let us pray for our fellow Christians, "for all the saints," making through our prayers "the communion of saints" to be the most real thing on God's earth. And let us pray "for all men," for we know not who thereby may be blessed, nor on what dry and thirsty soil the gracious rain of heaven may fall.

FOURTH SUNDAY

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

> "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might become rich."—2 Cor. viii. 9

"He was rich"—"He became poor"—"for your sakes." This is the sum of the Christmas message, the doctrine of our Lord's Incarnation in its briefest, simplest form. Let us dwell for a moment on each of the three points in turn.

"He was rich." Our best commentary here is the well-known passage in the Epistle to the Philippians: "Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant"; or Christ's own words in the great prayer which He offered on the eve of His Passion: "Now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." The truth assumed—may we not say the truth taught?—is that of the pre-existence of Christ; that is to say, Jesus did not begin to be when He was born in Bethlehem. His three and thirty years were but a brief and gracious interlude betwixt two eternities. This doctrine, as all readers of the New Testament are aware, is specially prominent in St. John's Gospel, though it finds no place in the Synoptists; and in the general assault which has been made on the credibility of the four evangelists, opponents have not failed to make the most of the apparent discrepancy. But now, apart from all other considerations, is it not manifest, on the evidence of the unquestioned epistles of St. Paul, that the first Christians did believe that Christ had descended from the heights of eternal glory in order to achieve salvation for man? And is it not certain, further, that such a doctrine could never have been, within twenty years of the death of Christ, an accepted part of the common Christian tradition unless it had first received the authority of Christ Himself? But while we are careful to defend the doctrine let us take heed lest the glory of its truth be hidden from our eyes. He who was "in the form of God," He who "was the eternal Word," who was "with God" and "was God," He who was "before all things," "the Heir of all things," in whom and through whom and unto whom all things were created—He it was who for us men and for our salvation came down out of heaven, who humbled Himself and became poor, who was made flesh and dwelt among us. Surely, if, as we listen to the great Christmas message, our souls know no thrill of holy wonder it can only be because our eyes have not been opened to behold the heights from which the eternal Son of God stooped to save us.

"He became poor." The glory which Christ had with the Father was laid by and exchanged for earthly privation and weakness. Think of the manner of His life from Bethlehem to Calvary. What mother does not remember the loving thought and care, the thousand little tendernesses which made ready for the coming of her first-born child? But Mary's Son was born in a stable and cradled in a manger. Poetry and art have transfigured for us the lowly scene, "and all about the courtly stable" we have seen "bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable"; but far other was the stern reality. And as was the Saviour's birth so also was His life. There were at least seven children in the home at Nazareth, and if, as seems probable, Joseph died early, hard work and much planning would be always needed to keep want from the door. And in after years He was still poor. His long journeys were taken on foot. When, by the sea of Tiberias, He bade His hungry disciples come and break their fast, bread and fish were all He had to set before them. If He sat at a feast it was in another man's house. Women "ministered unto Him of their substance." Home of His own He had none. "Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests," He said, but He Himself, in whose Father's house were many mansions, had not where to lay His head. And when at last He lay down in the sleep of death it was in the tomb of another they buried Him. Verily, He was amongst us as one possessing all things and yet having nothing. And this impoverishment, be it remembered, was all His own choice and doing. No other hand stripped Him of the glory which He had with the Father. "He laid His glory by." He was rich, but by His own will and act He became poor. His voluntary self-emptying was the crowning manifestation of a love which was its own only source and all-sufficient cause.

And the meaning of it all? "For your sakes." The manger-cradle, the cruel pinch of poverty, the long and weary wanderings, the faithlessness of friends, the poisoned hate of foes, the garden, the cross, the grave—Christ bore them all for one great end: "That ye through His poverty might become rich." "Poor, yet making many rich," such was His life whose story is written within and without with this one word, "For your sakes." Who can tell how much we owe to Him? All that is best in the world to-day was born when He was born. The manifold ministries of mercy, the spirit of service and helpfulness, the tender pity without which no sparrow falleth to the ground—they came with Christ, and still they come from Him. The Incarnation was the temporary impoverishment of the Son of God for the everlasting enrichment of the sons of men. He came down to us that He might lift us to Himself. In this word, "For your sakes," is revealed the whole mystery of the Passion of God for man.

FIFTH SUNDAY

"*BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD*"

"We beseech you, on behalf of Christ, be you reconciled to God."—2 Cor. v. 20

THERE was put up in the town of Bedford, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, a statue to the memory of John Bunyan. On the pedestal of the statue are engraved these words: "It had eyes uplift to heaven, the best of books in his hands, the law of truth was written upon his lips, the world was behind his back; it stood as if it pleaded with men, and a crown of gold did hang over its head." This was the picture which Christian saw in the Interpreter's house, and this is the picture which the sculptor has sought to embody in his bronze. "It stood as if it pleaded with men"—what better picture could we have of the great Apostle whose words we have been studying throughout this year? Thrice in the one short passage (v. 20–vi. 1) from which I have quoted is the word of entreaty on his lips, with such tender solicitude did he urge upon his readers, and does he urge upon us, "Be ye reconciled to God." How can we more fittingly close these brief readings than by giving heed to this solemn, beseeching word?

"Reconciled to God." What does it mean? For once the novelist rather than the theologian shall be our interpreter.

"It was after midnight that Jamie rose and crept to Leeby's bedside. Leeby was shaking the bed in her agony. Jess heard what they said.

"'Leeby,' said Jamie, 'dinna greet, an' I'll never do't again.'

"He put his arm around her, and she kissed him passionately.

"'Oh, Jamie,' she said, 'hae ye prayed to God to forgie ye?'

"Jamie did not speak.

"'If ye was to die this nicht,' cried Leeby, an' you no made it up wi' God, ye wouldna gang to heaven, Jamie. I canna sleep till ye've made it up wi' God.'

"But Jamie still hung back. Leeby slipped from her bed, and went down on her knees.

"'O God, O dear God,' she cried, 'mak' Jamie to pray to you!'

"Then Jamie went down on his knees too, and they made it up with God together."

And that is just what we have to do, what Christ our Mediator has made it possible for us to do—we have to "make it up with God." Just as, at this season of the year, if we are wise, we seek to bury our grievances and put away our enmities and be reconciled to our brethren, so, too, if we are wise and know the things which belong unto our peace, we shall seek to be reconciled with God.

Have we not all need to "make it up with God"? We know that there is a God, holy and righteous, hating iniquity, transgression and sin. We know that we have sinned, that sin has stained and spoiled our lives, that it lives in us as a power to further sin. We know, too, that before that righteous God we sinful men must one day stand to be judged of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be evil. How are we preparing ourselves to meet Him? Is there one among us who can bear the thought of standing before God with all his sins heavy upon his own head? Yet what are we doing that we may be saved? We have seen the first year of this new century; but none of us—neither he who writes these words, nor any who read them —will see its last. Where—but we will not ask the question; we will not even hear it; we had rather put it out of our minds altogether. Nevertheless, if God be God, if sin be sin, there is no question so tremendous in its urgency as the old question of the Philippian jailor: "What must I do to be saved?" there is no need so pressing as that we sinners should be reconciled to God.

But, as I say, so often we refuse to face the question. Sometimes we meet it with blank indifference. We do not deny the truths the question assumes; we simply pass them by, we treat them with blank unconcern. Yet, unless religion be the one great unreality, a thing of shadows and mere make-believes, cannot any attitude towards it justify itself sooner than an attitude of indifference? If religion be but a fiction, then is there no more to be said; but if not, indifference towards it stands condemned at the bar of reason not less surely than at the bar of God.

Sometimes we are content to let the question slide. We think, or pretend to think, that all will come right in the end, "somehow." How dare we think that? Has the policy of "muddling through somehow" served us so well as a nation that we can afford to adopt it in our dealings with God? God is a God of order; His is no chance world. If we want results, we must look after causes. If we would reach the goal, we must walk in the way that leads thither. If we wish things to come out right in the end, we must set to work getting them right now. "If the righteous is scarcely saved, where," asks Peter, "shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" Does that look like coming out right in the end "somehow"?

And sometimes, when God's claims are urged upon us, we answer, "Not now, not now; by-and-bye." And with that dishonest mortgage on a future which is not ours, we try to discharge the duty of the present. Shall the warnings of experience have no weight for us? "As Thou gavest me demonstration of the Truth from every side," writes St. Augustine, "I had no answer to make to my conditions but slow and drowsy words, 'Presently, yes, presently; let me be for a while.' Ah! those presentlies never presented themselves! those little whiles lasted a long while." Wherefore, let us take heed, lest some day God answers our "not now" with His "then never!" lest some day He meet our light-hearted "soon enough" with His awful "too late!"

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW

By WILLIAM CANTON

DR. JESSOPP combines in a delightful fashion the erudition of the antiquarian with the freshness, colour and vital warmth of the writer of romance. With most of us it has grown a habit to regard old inventories, parish accounts, wills and legal deeds as mere musty lumber, which may attract the eccentric souls of Dryasdust and his friends; and perhaps after all we are not greatly to blame. Much there is in these stained and tattered records of bygone generations that is dull and unintelligible except to the expert; and even when they do contain materials of genuine human interest, it is singular how few people appear to possess the sympathetic imagination without which it is impossible to handle them effectively. In his latest book* Dr. Jessopp furnishes an admirable example of the manner in which the old life and vanished surroundings of our predecessors can at least in a measure be reconstituted from a careful and enlightened investigation of these unpretentious documents.

Few periods in our history have been more completely involved in obscurity by deliberate misrepresentation and the prejudice of blind partisans than the twenty years which closed with the death of Edward VI., and probably there is none in regard to which modern research has more completely reversed traditional accounts and opinions. The fresh light which Dr. Jessopp throws upon the subject is especially welcome. His knowledge, derived at first hand from unquestionable sources, is as wide and accurate as his judgment is impartial and the expression of his convictions straightforward and fearless. In his essays on the Parish Life and the Parish Priest in England on the eve of the Reformation most readers, who have had little opportunity to consider the subject, will discover an aspect of old English life of which they had no means of even forming a conception.

Mrs. Green in her "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century" traces the curiously interesting growth and development of the trade guilds, but the phase of existence which Dr. Jessopp deals with springs from roots which strike back into a still more remote past. How the geographical areas of the townships up and down the land became in the Saxon period the religious territories of the priest—in a word, how the Parish began to be we shall probably never know with certainty; but when the darkness clears from men and things it is possible to perceive and understand the relations and functions of the community of the township "organised for Church purposes and subject to Church discipline." Strangely enough, the first notable peculiarity of this organisation is the fact that the priest, though he acts as president of the parish meeting, is by no means the dominant personage. The trustees for the parish property are the churchwardens appointed by annual election; the priest has no control over income raised for parish purposes; the parish clerk, grave-digger, watchman, and other officials are nominated, paid, and dismissed by the parishioners; the very fabric of the church itself is the property of the parish, and it is the parishioners who are responsible for its maintenance and repair. In this connection too much emphasis cannot be laid on the protest which Dr. Jessopp makes against "two most mischievous and widespread mistakes which people have been making and repeating for the last two or three centuries." As to the first, that the monks built our parish churches, he points out that "the monster grievance against which the beneficed clergy had to complain and which thousands of parishes in England to this day have to complain of, was and is that the monasteries robbed the parishes of their endowments; and as for building churches for any one except themselves, they were about as likely to build them as to build cavalry barracks!" Neither did the squires build the churches; for the simple reason that "in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there were no squires." It was the parishes that built their own churches, and the right understanding of that statement, which is at once so simple and yet so wonderful, throws an amazing light on the character of the people, on their intense faith and impassioned devotion.

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* "Before the Great Pillage: With other Miscellanies." By Augustus Jessopp, D.D., Hon. Canon in the Cathedral of Norwich. Fisher Unwin. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*

For consider how, in those ages of belief, the whole country was dotted with churches, chantries, wayside chapels, wayside crosses, of which a large proportion was communal property. Take into account the churches, often large and costly, which were erected in places that must always have been poor and thinly populated. How were the parishioners able to raise the funds for the fabric, and to add tower and spire, transept and side-chapel as the years went by? Whence did it come from, how was it gathered, that huge amount of money which was lavished in the service of religion? In a dim way it is comparatively easy to understand how the splendid abbeys and minsters of the religious orders were erected. But with the parish it was different. It is only by realising that through the piety and unstinted donations and legacies of the faithful the parishes had accumulated enormous wealth that it is possible to explain the problem. Year by year the churchwardens delivered to the care of their successors the continually increasing bulk of their possessions—houses and lands, flocks and herds, jewels and vessels of silver and gold, costly vestments and service-books and carpets and tapestry, bells and candlesticks, crosses, and ornaments, and furniture. And year by year the poor widow dying left her wedding-ring, the trader bequeathed house or field, the farmer a pen of sheep or a cow; and as the seasons come round there were gifts of honey and wax and produce of wood and stream, orchard and tilled land, which were sold and accounted for. The gross value of the parish property of the country is estimated by Dr. Jessopp at several millions of pounds sterling.

And if faith and devotion begot generous giving, on the other hand, the beautiful churches which sprang up through the length and breadth of the land amply repaid the people for all they gave. "All that was joyous and gay in their lives, all that was beautiful and ennobling, all that was happy in their recollections, all that was best in what they imagined, all that was elevating in their dreams and their hopes and their aspirations—all came to them from the influence which these churches exercised upon them." The church was the democratic refuge and stronghold set over against the feudal manor. Within its walls all men were equal and all men free. It was their inspiration in art and industry, in legend-lore and such approaches to literature as they were able to make. For Dr. Jessopp contends that not only was the parish church the property of the parish, paid for and maintained by the parishioners, but that the actual workmanship, the building and decoration, the carving of spandril and cornice, of screen and stall, the painting of wall and panel and pictured window, were all executed by local craftsmen. "We find the names of artificers, described as *aurifaber*, or worker in gold and silver, living in a parish which could never have had five hundred inhabitants; we find the people in another place casting a new bell and making the mould of it for themselves; we find the blacksmith of another place forging the iron-work for the church door, or we get a payment entered for the carving of the bench-ends in a little church five hundred years ago, which bench-ends are to be seen in that church at the present moment." He no more believes that the Freemasons, "whoever the Freemasons may have been," built these churches "than that they built Noah's Ark."

The evidence from the parish ledgers is both curious and convincing as far as it goes. It suggests forcibly the loss we sustained in art and craftsmanship not so much perhaps through the ravages of the dissolution of the monasteries as during the years of the canker-worm in the reign of Henry's childish successor. It is possible that the spoliation of the religious houses and the wreck of minster and abbey might have been accomplished without entailing disastrous results on a trained and skilful race; but when the churches of the people were pillaged a blight fell on the people themselves, and the love of art and the faculty of noble work seem to have well-nigh perished. This distinction between the monasteries and the parishes, if it be a just one, may possibly go some way to reconcile Dr Jessopp's contention as to local skill with the legend of those mysterious companies of master-builders who are believed to have travelled over Europe raising the great houses of prayer. The striking resemblances in scheme and style which have been noted in the abbeys and cathedrals of our own and other countries strongly support this tradition of a masonic brotherhood, and very recently "Leader Scott" elaborated the argument in the "Cathedral Builders." It would be instructive to know what evidence there is that our parish churches are in the main the creation of independent local architects; or, on the other hand, that their chief structural characteristics prove that they owe their origin in various instances to one and the same designer. It is easier to believe in a masonic confraternity than to suppose that the local architect travelled far afield to assimilate the ideas of greater builders than himself.

These, however, are matters of minor importance beside the outstanding fact that the parish churches belonged to the people. How did it come to pass that the people allowed their property to be pillaged without rising in armed protest throughout the country? One is constrained to make the deduction that the spoliation of the religious orders had utterly demoralised the nation. Dr. Jessopp urges us to get rid of the old assumption that the wholesale robbery of chantries, hospitals, free chapels and collegiate churches formed a necessary part of the Reformation. "Religion had just about as much to do with this business as religion had to do with the September massacres at Paris in 1792." Indeed, as he points out, "the most startling fact in the long series of surprises which meets us, as the events of the first two years of King Edward's reign pass before our view, is that during all this time the old ritual was still kept up in all our churches. The Mass was still said or sung, prayers for the dead were still offered up, and in an unknown tongue; and Henry VIII. in his last will left vast sums to be spent in masses for his own soul." There was no real question of religion at issue; it was a wild rage of rapacity which took possession of all who could fix their grip on plunder of any kind. "Sometimes the churchwardens themselves were authorised to lay hands on the church goods, and were not slow to use their opportunities; sometimes commissioners were sent down to the parishes from the council; sometimes emissaries from the bishops appear to have taken part in the confiscation. In three years it may be said that almost all the parish churches in England had been looted." Yet in spite of this general corruption one wonders that the great mass of the parishioners, who could not have provided by a single farthing, stood by inert and silent, or made such ineffectual objection that nothing came of it. This monstrous pillage was nothing more or less than the disendowment of the parishes of England, and if we may accept Dr. Jessopp's new view of an old fact, "pauperism came in, not by the suppression of the monasteries, but by the disendowment of the parishes." The disestablishment of the parishes has taken three and a half centuries to get itself realised, but at last, in 1894 the Local Government Act defined the parish—and closed a long chapter of history by the definition—as "a *place* for which a separate overseer is or can be appointed." Meanwhile, Dr. Jessopp concludes, the parish churches remain. To whom do they belong? And what follows from the answer?

Equally interesting and illuminative is the chapter on the Parish Priest—a dim and on the whole a pathetic figure which is almost crowded out of view by the monk, the friar and the hermit, though the beautiful picture drawn by the master-hand of Chaucer can never be forgotten. The "Miscellanies" are of unequal value and, as their title implies, have no relation to each other or to the principal topics of the volume. The most important, "The Cry of the Villages," contains an urgent plea for the extension to the rural districts of some of the benevolence and solicitude which are being devoted to the improvement of the working classes in the great centres of industry. "After painfully studying this matter in many of its aspects," Dr. Jessopp writes, "and especially as it effects what we may call the *open parishes*, I affirm without hesitation that almost any village in England might be changed in a few years into a 'model parish' by the wise expenditure of such an amount of capital as would be a mere insignificant contribution to the vast outlay which our large towns are absorbing annually."

Mr. Step, who has done such excellent work in popularising the botany of the wayside and woodland, has just issued a book on Shell Life,* which is not only profusely illustrated but packed with information most attractively and lucidly set forth. Of all the living creatures about us, with the exception perhaps of the insects, the makers and tenants of shells are probably least known to us. And yet they are numerous enough and on the whole easily accessible to those who are desirous of learning something about their characteristics and their way of life. Mr. Step's volume covers a sufficiently wide area, for of the seven hundred and fifty species of mollusca which are indigenous in the British Isles and the surrounding seas it describes no fewer than six hundred and fifty. To form even a bowing acquaintance with such a multitude of comparative strangers seems at the outset a formidable task, but Mr. Step makes matters easy by starting with the familiar and selecting for graduated study the garden snail, the swan mussel, and the sepia as types of the three principal classes of molluscs he proposes to deal with. At the first blush the sepia with its eight suckered arms, its two long clubbed tentacles, its hideous goggle-eyes and its formidable parrot's beak appears to have little claim to being classed among the shell-fish. Nature in a moment of eccentricity, however, placed its shell inside for some good purpose or other. The primitive form of the molluscan shell, it is surmised, was pretty much the same as that which enables the limpet to plant on the rock a fortalice which defies the shock

> Of cataract seas that snap
> The three-decker's oaken spine;

and a more perfect shell for the purpose could hardly be conceived. While we are prepared, however, to admire and wonder at the forms of shell-life, this particular section of creation strikes us as so being remote from humanity that sympathy appears to be completely out of the question. Yet on page 369, Mr. Step cites from the "Descent of Man" a remarkable observation which goes to prove that the snail has a fellow-feeling for the maimed and weakly of its own kind which would not discredit humanity. Think of a snail climbing a garden wall, surveying the land of promise on the further side, taking note of the grapes of Eshcol and returning after an absence of twenty-four hours to bring tidings of abundance to a sickly companion, and help him to undertake the same adventure. How the sepia or "cuttle-fish," which belongs to the most highly organised order of molluscs, compares in sympathetic intelligence there seem to be no means of ascertaining, but one is more disposed to credit it with a fiendish malignity than with any kindly sensibility. On the 26th of April, 1875, one of the giant specimens belonging to the family appeared off Boffin Island, Connemara, and was killed by the crew of a canvas-covered curragh. The arms were 8 feet long with a circumference of 15 inches at the base; the tentacles measured 30 feet, and in the centre of the club was a row of fourteen large stalked suckers nearly an inch in diameter. An unpleasant sea-creature to encounter in the course of a swim on a spring morning!

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* "Shell Life: an Introduction to the British Mollusca." By Edward Step, F.L.S., author of "Favourite Flowers of Garden and Greenhouse," "The Romance of Wild Flowers," &c. With upwards of Six Hundred Illustrations. Frederick Warne. Price 6s.

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